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A Seal-Skin Cloak.

Paul Carson.

I had always wanted one. I should not have been satisfied with a short sacque; I wanted a three hundred dollar cloak, at the least. I do not think I was more fond of dress than ordinary women, but I loved nice things. Real laces, velvets and silks gave me positive enjoyment. Not that I might dress to outshine others; but I loved luxury, and, alas! we were poor—Leon and I. We were very young; I was eighteen and my husband twenty-three. We had been married six months, and were keeping house in a cute little cottage, plainly but comfortably furnished, and which I made beautiful by various little devices that cost nothing.

Leon made a mistake, perhaps, in not telling me from the first just what he could afford, and what he could not; but he was foolishly in love with his "little wife," and tried to gratify every wish of mine. I was selfish and exacting, utterly undisciplined, and the more I thought about the cloak, the more I coveted it. I had a neighbor, newly married like myself, and she had a lovely one. I did not stop to consider that although Mrs. Aylmer's husband was only a clerk, like mine, that she was a wealthy man's daughter, who had given her an elaborate outfit.

She was calling upon me, one day, and wore the elegant cloak.

"I do wish I had one!" I said, childishly patting the glossy fur as she was leaving.

"Make your husband get you one," she laughed, adding, "Fred would get me anything."

Her words rankled, and I determined I would have that cloak.

After supper, we sat in our little sitting-room I broached the subject.

"Leon dear," I said, sitting down on an ottoman at his feet, a favorite position when I wanted to tease, "won't you get me a seal-skin cloak like Mrs. Aylmer's for a Christmas present?"

"But, my darling," he expostulated, "Mrs. Aylmer's cloak cost three hundred dollars, at least.

"Well," I pouted, "three hundred dollars isn't such a vast sum, is it!"

"No, dear, but infinitely more than we can afford. You know my salary is small, and the furnishing of this house with a year's rent in advance, took nearly all the money I had saved before our marriage. Since then I have laid up only a hundred dollars. So little one,"—smiling fondly down upon me—"where am I to get the other two hundred?"

"Dear, me, I replied pettishly, "can't you make it some way—speculate or something? Other men make money faster than you do."

My husband's face grew very grave as he inquired—

"Lulu, do you think I would deny you this, if I could get it for you?"

Oh, Heaven forgive me! I knew I was wrong, but I replied sulkily:

"If I had married Edwin Armstrong, he would have bought it for me."

I was frightened at Leon's white face as he rose to his feet, pushing me from him when I tried to detain him.

"Has it come to this," he said hoarsely, "that you regret having refused a richer man for me?"

Without a word more he left the room, and a moment later the house shook as he slammed the front door after him.

I sat where he left me and cried awhile, then I grew resentful.

"I don't care," I said; "I want the cloak so much, and I do believe he could get it if he would; beside that, I might as well show him first as last that I am not going to be scared by his tantrums."

I retired early. Leon seldom stayed out late, and only when compelled to do so; but that night it was one o'clock when I heard the latch key in the door, and when he came and stood beside me I pretended to be asleep.

The next morning Leon was very grave. He kissed me as usual, but all the warmth had gone from his kiss; my temper rose, and I skulked.

"He shall see that I don't care," I thought.

Very little was said at the breakfast table, and I grew more and more uncomfortable.

At length the tedious meal was finished. He came and stood beside me. I thought he was going to put his arms around me and take his good-by kiss as usual, but he did nothing of the kind. He only said:

"Lulu, I have found a way to make some extra money, and you shall have the cloak; but unless you want to drive me mad, never repeat what you said last night."

He stooped, kissed my forehead and left me, but somehow the prospect of obtaining my wish failed to elate me.

The days dragged along. Leon seemed utterly changed. All the buoyancy and laughter was gone; instead, he was silent and cold; never cross, always gentle and kind, but so cold!

Perhaps his love had been warmer than mine at first, but now, when I felt that his affection was wanting, I began to value it, loved him better, and grew wretched accordingly. He was frequently absent at night, and when I asked what detained him he said briefly:

"Business."

Christmas morning came at last. I went down early to the dining-room. A large box stood on a chair. I opened it eagerly, and lifted out the most lovely seal skin cloak I had ever seen; far surpassing Mrs. Aylmer's.

"It must have cost four hundred dollars," I said, under my breath. "It is superb!"

In the bottom of the box was a card on which was written:

"I have fulfilled my promise. LEON."

Not a word of love, not a Christmas wish. With a heavy sigh I laid the cloak back in the box as my husband entered.

"Does it suit you?" he asked quietly.

"It is very beautiful," I said; "where did you get the money, Leon?"

"Never mind where," he said more harshly than he had ever spoken to me. "You have the cloak; are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes," I replied slightly, driving back the tears that filled my eyes. "Only you are getting to be a regular bear."

That evening there was a concert. I went with Mrs. Aylmer and her husband. Leon said he had business.

"Christmas night?" I asked wonderingly.

"Yes, 'Christmas night'—business that must be transacted," a bitter smile curving his lips as he replied.

We were early. Two of those women who perpetually canvass their neighbor's affairs at all times and in all places sat behind us. Presently one of them mentioned my husband's name, and willingly or not I was forced to hear.

"Did you know Leon Ray before his marriage?"

"Yes, I met him several times, but I never saw his wife."

"Nor I; but at one time I knew him quite well. He is a clerk in Allen & Gray's wholesale house. The other day I was down at Lee's and I saw him pay four hundred and fifty dollars for a seal-skin cloak for his wife. I knew his salary would not allow him to do such a thing, and yesterday I asked husband where he supposed the money came from. Husband says"—lowering her voice—"that he has taken to gambling lately."

My heart almost stood still. My husband—Leon Ray—of whom I had been so proud—my husband, who had always been looked upon by his associates as a model of what man should be—Leon—a gambler!

Mrs. Aylmer was shocked and when I turned to her with "Take me home," she arose, explaining to her husband that "Mrs. Ray is ill," and we passed out.

She tried to say something to console me, but I stopped her, crying vehemently:

"It is all my fault! Let me alone!"

They left me at my own door, and going in I threw myself down on the floor in an agony of remorse and self-abasement.

May I never suffer again as I did then! I saw at once the precipice on which my husband stood, saw the one weakness of his nature, his overwhelming love for his unworthy wife, and how I had used that love to bring about his destruction.

After a while I rose, removed my wrappings, changed my dress, folded away the

cloak that had so nearly ruined us both, and sat down to wait for Leon's return.

He came at midnight, and oh, merciful heaven, he had been drinking! He was thoroughly intoxicated! If anything could add to my misery it was this—and I the cause! It seemed to me that I could not bear the punishment I had brought upon myself.

I knelt down by him, as he lay flushed and senseless on the lounge where he had fallen, and promised before heaven that I would leave nothing undone to reclaim him.

"Grant, oh, God," I prayed, "that my punishment shall not fall on him also! Punish me alone, for the fault was mine in the beginning, not his."

At length I grew more calm, but no sleep came to me that wretched night, as I sat gazing on the ruin I had wrought.

But in the morning it was terrible—no one can know what my husband's condition was except those who have seen a strong, upright man writhing under the lash of honest self condemnation after having yielded to a great temptation.

It was no time to speak of my penitence. He was overwhelmed with his own. At length he told me that he had gambled several times during the past month.

"But Lulu, my darling wife, indeed I never drank a drop of liquor till now. Last night Mr. Allen told me he could not retain a gambler in his employ—think of it! Oh, Lulu, Leon Ray—a gambler!" And he bowed his head in an agony of shame.

I said very little. What could I say, when I felt that all this was my doing? I took his hot head in my arms, kissed him tenderly, while the tears fell fast.

"I love you, my husband, I love you! The fault is all mine."

He was ill and worn out, and at length I left him sleeping. Now it was time to do something to prove my repentance. I dressed myself plainly, took the box containing the cloak in my arms, and went with it to Mr. Lee's. My courage did not fail when I asked to see the senior partner and was shown into his private office.

"Mr. Lee," I began, "I am Mrs. Leon Ray. A few days ago my husband bought this cloak here, for which he paid four hundred and fifty dollars. I wore it once only, a little while last night. Will you take it back at any price?"

The old gentleman looked at me, then said very kindly:

"Would you mind telling me why you do not wish to retain it?"

"Because my husband has nearly ruined himself to purchase it, and he would not have done so if I had not insisted upon it."

The tears were very near now, but I kept them back.

"You are a brave little woman," Mr. Lee said. "I doubt not that you will make matters all right. Under the circumstances we will take back the cloak and give you four hundred dollars, which is the price at which we shall offer it again."

I thanked him, and with the money safe in my purse, turned my steps toward Allen & Gray's, where my husband had been employed. The clerks looked curiously at me as I asked to see Mr. Allen alone.

Twenty-four hours before I would have thought it impossible to do what I had gone there to do; but suffering had made a woman of me; I would never again be a spoiled child.

I opened the subject abruptly.

"My husband told me, Mr. Allen, you discharged him because he was a gambler."

"I am sorry," he replied courteously, "but it is an inviolable rule with us never to retain an employé after we know he frequents such places, and, unfortunately, we know this of your husband."

"But, Mr. Allen," I said, "it is all my fault, every bit. He has never denied me anything, and when he refused me a seal skin cloak I taunted him with the fact that I could have married a richer man. I drove him nearly frantic. I told him he might make the money some way if he would. I never thought of this. I came here without his knowledge to beg that you will take him back and give him a chance to regain what he has lost through my vanity and wickedness."

Then I told him how I had returned the cloak, and that I was going to give Leon the money to return to those of whom he had won.

Mr. Allen was visibly moved, and finally said:

"Well, Mrs. Ray, it is an uncommon case; your husband has been one of our most trusted employes, and we have regretted his downfall greatly. It is better that he should not know just now of your having been here. He may come to me voluntarily; if he does, I will reconsider what I told him."

I drew my veil down to hide the blinding tears that would come, and went home.

Leon was up waiting for me. He sat by the fire and I knelt down beside him.

"Oh, my husband," I cried, "if you will forgive me for all I have made you suffer, for all the evil that I have led you into, and take me to your heart again, I will be a good, true wife—a helpmate, not a hindrance. But love me as you used to, or I shall die!"

I broke down and sobbed bitterly. He lifted me in his strong arms, and his lips trembled as he said:

"Oh, my dear little wife, I have always loved you. What about the disgrace I have brought upon you? If you forgive me, do you suppose I can ever forgive myself?"

"Hush!" I replied. "Your great weakness has been that you could not bear to deny me anything, and upon me rests the blame of this miserable affair."

"Oh, my love," he said, "as if I did not know wherein I sinned, and how low I have fallen!"

After a while I told him about the cloak. It was bitter humiliation to both of us, but we knew we were right. He wrote a note to each of the men of whom he had won, enclosing the amount. Doubtless he had only been permitted to win in order that they might ruin him afterward. Then he said:

"Lulu, I am going down to the office to see Mr. Allen; I don't expect to be reinstated, but at least I can let him know that I am fully sensible to my disgrace."

I never knew what passed between the two men, but Leon was given his former place, and he told me that after a long interview in Mr. Allen's office the matter was never referred to again.

It was not till long afterward that he learned that I had been there before him. It was a bitter lesson for us both. Leon never yielded to temptation again; and I was cured of my vanity, selfishness and temper.

That was ten years ago. A year afterward he said, laughingly, one day, looking into my eyes as he kissed me tenderly:

"It is fortunate, little wife, after all, that you did say 'no' to Edwin."

Then I knew that my bitter words had ceased to wound him.

Since then he has been taken into the firm, and has made money enough to buy me a dozen sealskin cloaks if I wished; but to this day the sight of one recalls what I went through the only time I ever wore one, and I prefer something else.

The Labor Question.

Victor Hugo.

The poor cry out to the wealthy. The slaves implore their rulers. And as much now as in the days of Spartan Helots.

I am one of them and I add my voice to that of the multitude that it may reach the ears of the rich. Who am I? One of the people. From whence come I? From the bottomless pit. How am I named? I am Wretchedness. My lords, I have something to say to you.

My lords, you are placed high. You have power, opulence, pleasure, the sun immovable at your zenith, unlimited authority, enjoyment undivided, a total forgetfulness of others. So be it. But there is something below you. Above you, perhaps. My lords, I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists.

I am he who comes from the depths. My lords, you are the great and the rich. That is perilous. You take advantage of the night. But have a care; there is a greater power, the morning. The dawn cannot be vanquished. It will come. It comes. It has within it the outbreak of irresistible day.

You, you are the dark clouds of privilege. Be afraid. The true master of the house is about to knock at the door.

What is the father of privilege? Chance. What is his son? Abuse. Neither chance nor abuse is enduring. They have both of them, an evil tomorrow.

I come to warn you. I come to denounce to you your own bliss. It is made out of the ills of others. Your paradise is made out of the hell of the poor.

I come to open before you, the wealthy, the grand assizes of the poor—that sovereign who is the slave, that convict who is the judge.

I am bowed down under what I have to say. Where to begin? I know not. I have picked up, in the vast experience of suffering, my vast thought, straggling pleas. Now what shall I do with them? They overwhelm me and I throw them forth, pell-mell before me.

I am a diver and I bring up from the depths a pearl, the truth. I speak because I know. I have experienced. I have seen. Suffering? No, the word is weak, O masters in bliss! Poverty—I have grown up in it; winter—I have shivered in it; famine—I have tasted it; scorn—I have undergone it; the plague—I have had it; shame—I have drunk of it.

I felt it requisite that I should come among you. Why? Because of my yes-

terday's rags. It was in order that my voice might be raised among the satiated that God commingled me with the hungered. O! have pity. O! you know not this fatal world, whereto you believe that you belong. So high, you are outside of it. I will tell you what it is.

Abandoned, an orphan, alone in boundless creation, I made my entry into this gloom you call society. The first thing that I saw was law under the form of a gibbet; the second was wealth—it is your wealth—under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger; the third was luxury under the shape of a hunted man chained to prison walls; the fourth was your palaces beneath the shadow of which cowered the tramp.

The human race has been made by you slaves and convicts. You have made of the earth a dungeon. Light is wanting, air is wanting, virtue is wanting.

The workers of this world whose fruits you enjoy, live in death. There are little girls who begin at 8 by prostitution, and who end at 20 by old age. Who among you have been to Newcastle-on-Tyne? There are men in the mines there, who chew coal to fill the stomach and cheat hunger. Look you in Lancashire. Want of work everywhere. Are you aware that the Harlech fishermen eat grass when the fishery fails? Are you aware that at Burton-Lazars there are still certain lepers driven into the woods, who are fined if they come out of their dens. In Peckridge there are no beds in the hovels, and holes are dug in the ground for little children to sleep in, so that in place of beginning with the cradle they begin with the tomb.

Mercy, have mercy for the poor! Oh, I conjure you, have pity!

But no, you will not. I know ye all. Devils bred in hell and dogs with hearts of stone. Upward to your golden thrones for ages has gone the cry of misery the groan of hunger, and the sob of despair, and ye heeded not. What mercy thou hast given shall be meted out to you in turn.

Bear in mind that the series of kings armed with the sword was interrupted by Cromwell armed with the ax.

Tremble! The incorruptible dissolutions drew near; the clipped talons push out again; the torn-out tongues take to flight, become tongues of fire scattered to the wings of darkness, and they howl in the infinite. They who are hungry show their idle teeth. Paradises built over hells totter. There is suffering, there is suffering, and that which is above leans

over, and that which is below gapes open. The shadows ask to become light. The damned discuss the elect. It is the people who are on-coming. I tell you it is man who ascends. It is the end that is beginning. It is the red dawning of catastrophe.

Ah! this society is false. One day, and soon, the true society will come. Then there will be no more lords; there will be free, living men. There will be more wealth, there will be abundance for the poor. There will be no more masters, but there will be brothers. They that toil shall have. This is the future. No more prostration, no more abasement, no more ignorance, no more wealth, no more beasts of burden, no more courtiers, no more kings—but light!

Shall I now speak to the poor after having in vain implored the rich? Yes, it is fitting. This then have I to say to the disinherited:

Keep a watch on your abominable jaw. There is one rule for the rich—to do nothing; and for the poor—to say nothing. The poor have but one friend, silence. They should use but one monosyllable: Yes. To confess and to concede—that is all the "rights" they have. "Yes," to the judge. "Yes," to the king. The great, if it so please them, give us blows with a stick; I have had them; it is their prerogative, and they lose nothing of their greatness in cracking our bones. Let us worship the sceptre which is the first among sticks.

If a poor man is happy he is the pick-pocket of happiness. Only the rich and noble are happy by right.

The rich man is he who being young has the rights of old age being old, the lucky chances of youth; vicious, the respect of good people; a coward, the command of the stout-hearted; doing nothing, the fruits of labor.

Carriages, poor slaves, exist. The lord is inside; the people are under the wheel; the wise man makes room.

The people fight. Whose is the glory? The king's. They pay. Whose is the magnificence? The king's. And the people like to be rich in this fashion.

Our ruler, king or Cæsar, receives from the poor a crown-piece, and renders back to the poor a farthing. How generous he is? The colossal pedestal looks up to the pigmy superstructure. How tall the manikin is! He is on my back. A dwarf has an excellent method of being higher than a giant; it is to perch himself upon the giant's shoulders.

But that the giant should let him do it,

there's the odd part of it; and that he should admire the baseness of the dwarf, there's the stupidity. Human ingenuousness!

The equestrian statue, reserved for kings alone, is an excellent type of royalty. Let us be frank with words. The capitalist who steals the reward of labor is a king as well as the man of blood. The king mounts himself on the horse. The horse is the people.

Sometimes this horse transfigures himself by degrees. At the beginning he is an ass; at the end he is a lion. Then he throws his rider to the ground and we have 1642 in England and 1789 in France; and sometimes he devours him, in which case we have in England 1649 and in France 1796.

That the lion can again become a jack-ass, this is surprising, but a fact.

What happiness to be again ridden and beaten and starved! What happiness to work forever for bread and water! What happiness to be free from the delusions that cake is good and life other than misery! Was there anything more crazy than those ideas? Where should we be if every vagabond had his rights? Imagine everybody governing! Can you fancy a city directed by the men who built it? They are the team, not the coachman. What a god-send is a rich man who takes charge of everything. Surely he is generous to take this trouble for us! And then he was brought up to it; he knows what it is; it is his business.

A guide is necessary for us. Being poor, we are ignorant; being ignorant, we are blind; we need a guide. But why are we ignorant? Because it must be so. Ignorance is the guardian of virtue! He who is ignorant is innocent! It is our duty not to think, complain or reason. These truths are incontestable. Society reposes on them. What is "society?" Misery for you if you support it. Death if you dare touch it.

Be reasonable, poor man; you were made to be a slave.

Not to be a slave is to dare and do.

So FAR as engineering and financial considerations are concerned, the proposed tunnel under the English Channel is now thought to be entirely practicable, and if the political obstacles, arising from anxiety as to the security of England, are overcome, it probably will not be long before one may travel by rail from Dover to Calais.

HONEST DUTY.

The fates that sow select the plough
That cuts the cleanest furrow;
That man is only all a man
Whose work is clean and thorough;
And the fates that reap for the harvest sweep
Aye choose the keenest sickle;
That man is only half a man
Whose course is weak and fickle.

They err who deem life's busy stream
But meant for craft of power;
No honest work's so cheap and mean
But hath its solemn hour;
For the lowly pure in walks obscure
Have still their human duty,
As well as those whose statelier ways
Move on in light and beauty.

Do well your work, as porter, clerk,
'Longshoreman, groom or carter—
The crowns of toil are won as oft
In sweat of brow as barter;
Blunt duty takes all sorts of tracks,
Broad, narrow, dry or muddy,
As much of conscience may be thrown
In worship as in study.

Work without flaws the custom draws
From hands that slur and blunder;
The chiefest cause for making laws
'Gainst false pretence and blunder
Springs out of sloth and folly, both
With naught but scorn before them,
All honest wages scorn unless
You give good labor for them.

The toll you use in pegging shoes,
Or wielding pick and shovel,
As much as that of pen and brain,
May glorify a hovel;
And mean and base to all his race,
To alien and to neighbor,
Is he who in his heart denies
The dignity of labor.

Then, though you toll above the soil,
Or underneath it burrow
In mines and tunnels, always let
Your work be clean and thorough.
Humanity's a family tree,
Requiring honest duty
Of little twigs, as well as boughs
That wave in strength and beauty.

George Eliot.

R. G. Ingersoll.

George Eliot tenderly carried in her heart the burden of the human race. She looked through pity's tears upon the faults and frailties of mankind. She knew the springs and seeds of thought and deed, and saw, with cloudless eyes, through all the winding ways of greed, ambition and deceit, where folly vainly plucks with thorn-pierced hands the fading flowers of selfish joy—the highway of eternal right. Whatever her relations may have been—no matter what I think, or others say, or how much all regret the one mistake in all her self-denying, loving life—I feel and know that in the court where her own conscience sat as judge, she stood acquitted—pure as light and stainless as a star.

A Death to Shun.

Memphis Weekly.

While sitting in the smoking room of a palace car, conversing with an acquaintance of mine from Brooklyn, the conductor dropped in and commenced an easy chat.

"Being a railroad man," he said, "it may be foolish in me to speak of it, but did you ever notice anything particularly dangerous about the upper berths of a Pullman?"

"No," I exclaimed, "and yet I have slept in them frequently—what do you mean?"

"Come here and I will explain," was the reply, and leading the way into the car, he let down one of the upper berths, and putting aside the mattress, displayed its inner workings.

"Now, to look at it," he said, "you would imagine this heavy bottom weighed fully a hundred pounds, yet so nicely is it balanced, the slightest pressure lifts it up into place. Give a mere push and it goes up as light as a feather. This is done by means of the strong coiled springs inside, which roll up the supporting berth chains. The woodwork fits so closely that when shut the whole appears as one solid part of the car. The cracks are not even visible. If a man were to be shut up in one of these places, it would be an air-tight tomb, and he would die of suffocation."

"But is it possible to be shut up in one of them?" I exclaimed, a shudder passing through me at the idea.

"Certainly," replied the conductor, grimly. "This lock, as you see, shuts with a spring. Push up the berth ever so gently, and the lock fastens automatically, with an almost imperceptible click. The lock is on the outside, and it would be utterly impossible to open it from within. Let the berth shut on a man, and he will be smothered to death in less than ten minutes—would be flattened out and jammed between the berth and roof of the car, gasping for breath."

"Is there nothing to prevent these berths from flying up?"

"They make only a pretence of it. This small wire cable is fastened to the berth floor and the lower end fitted by slats to the berth below. But a little jolting is enough to jerk these out of place, and then the slightest tipping of the car will send the berth flying up into its place, imprisoning the unconscious sleeper in the twinkling of an eye."

The conductor's story was very hair-

raising, and we all looked around at each other uneasily.

"If this thing is so dangerous why don't we hear of some accidents?" I asked.

"You would hear of them if you looked in the right place. A case occurred not long ago, though fortunately not a fatal one. The car somehow jumped the rail, and the jolt caused one of the upper berths whose wire fastening had come loose, to fly up in its place. A young man was sleeping in the berth, and, as it happened, had his arm hanging over the side. The arm was pretty badly mashed, but it saved his life, for it kept the berth from entirely closing and gave him air until we came to his relief. It is becoming difficult now to sell upper berths."

The above is given to the public in order to warn the unwary of the horrible fate which at any moment may swallow the tenant of the upper berth. Even the vibration of a snore may collapse the whole thing and flatten out the unsuspecting sleeper like an autumn leaf. In the midst of life we are in the immediate neighborhood of death.

Imagine the surprise of the porter when he opens the upper berth to see if the previous occupant has lost any loose change out of his pockets! He pulls down the black walnut shelf with hope in his eye and there lies before his horrified gaze a tourist as flat as a sheet of tin-foil, with his features spread out like a surprised huckleberry on the seat of the picnic pants.

It would also dispel the joy of the passengers in the car and darken the horizon of the whole train. When the baggage-man and the coroner came in and removed the excursionist as they would a front door, turning him up on edge to get him out the car, the regular game of euchre in No. 8, and bridal couple in No. 7, and the weeping child in No. 3, would all be silent in the presence of the depressed remains. If we all knew that when we climbed up on a step ladder and crawled into the Pullman wall-pocket to sleep out a \$2 bill, if we knew that we would wake up where the wicked cease from troubling and the election returns can never enter, we would hesitate before we entered. If we knew that the gay laugh would be forever smothered in the chilled steel blankets, and that we would be taken out of there like a wall map with our nose running around among our other features, and a fixed smile, eleven inches long, we would probably invest the \$2 in an accident policy

and sleep in a lunch basket in the rear of the car. We do not say this to injure the business of the sleeping car company, because it is a concern we want to encourage. We want to see it grow up into a paying thing, and we desire that its stockholders should get ahead. We just casually suggest, however, that if a man happens to be nervous and sleeps in an upper berth, he might casually prop it open with his umbrella.

A Temper and a Fortune.

Boston Post.

A few years ago a young man named John Peck secured a situation as conductor on the Metropolitan Railway, Boston, and it chanced that during the first days of his service his car was several times thrown from the track by rails becoming misplaced. One day the end of the rail flew up and became fast in the car truck. He lifted and pushed, and lost his temper in the effort to get the car on the track and the rail in place again, and at night was so disgusted with his work that he threw up his situation. But his experience set him to thinking, and in a few days he called on an officer of the road and said that he could make a "chair" that would hold the rails firmly together at the joints.

The officer laughed at his confident assertions, and told him that he had heard similar stories dozens of times. But the ex-conductor exhibited his model drawings, which appeared so promising that he was told to go ahead and make a trial. The result was a complete success.

To-day John Peck's patent railway chair, for which he secured his first patent in 1872, his second in 1876, and his third and last in 1881, is used by all the street railways in Boston, and by many of the great steam railways of the United States.

Advice to a Novelist.

Chicago Tribune.

"Good day, gentlemen."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the doorway of the editorial room and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell you a story?"

"What kind of a story have you ground out?" asked the horse reporter.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, and—"

"It isn't one of those 'and as Ethel

stood there in the soft moonlight, her little figure sharply outlined against the Western sky, there was a loud crash in Coatscliff Castle, and the girl knew that her mother had dropped the doughnut jar' kind of stories, is it—because it won't do," said the reporter.

"There is nothing at all about doughnuts in this story," replied the visitor, rather haughtily, "but if you like, I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere," replied the horse reporter. "Suppose you give us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think——"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself and read as follows:

For answer Gladys' beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands; and there, under the heavy-fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and, raising her long ringlets, to his lips, kissed them reverently.

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was. It makes me tired to read about such ducks."

"Why, I don't see ——" began the author.

"Of course you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's colt?"

The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning that historical animal.

"Well, Thompson's colt," continued the horse reporter, "was such an eternal idiot that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now that fellow in your story is a dead match for him."

"I don't understand—"

"Probably not. It is not expected of literary people. But I will tell you. This young fellow, in your story is out under an apple-tree holding a girl's hand, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he 'raised her long ringlets to his lips, and kissed them reverently.' That right?"

"Certainly."

"Now what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling around a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to nature that should ever

characterize the work of genius. No, my genial imbecile, you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree racket ourselves."

"Good day," said the author, starting for the door.

"So long," was the response, "Make George act like a white man in your story, and come around again."

An Historic Solitude.

Youths' Companion.

Daniel Webster had a great love for recreations. The joys of the hunter and of the fisherman were well-known to him. This was one reason why the great statesman chose Marshfield, quiet, solitary Marshfield, as his home. It was such a retired, lonely spot that few strangers would be likely to disturb him.

Here he could hunt and fish to his heart's content. Men, now living, tell how he would appear at a friend's house in old Plymouth, early in the morning, ten miles distant, his breakfast eaten.

Webster took great satisfaction in adding more and more acres to his large farm. An ample estate became quite a passion with him, and at one time he owned eighteen hundred acres. He was a genuine farmer.

Perhaps the applause of the Senate did not afford him as much real pleasure, in his later days, as did the possession of fine cattle well-proportioned and well-fed. His interest in, and care for, his stock was very noticeable.

The surroundings which a man chooses often mark the limits of his mind. Some men seem to hedge themselves in, and their minds seem equally narrowed. Other men choose broad, grand prospects, and their minds are commensurate with the grandeur of view about them.

Marshfield and Daniel Webster are appropriately named together. The reach and breadth of his views and the solemnity of his thought found fitting natural surroundings at Marshfield.

The stranger who approaches Mr. Webster's place pauses involuntarily to note the effect of hill and plain, of woods and ocean. A long stone wall, painted white, runs in front of the farm. Within one sees a large meadow and an old, scattering orchard. It is a broad domain. Leaving the road and entering the winding drive-way, one passes under beautiful shade trees till at length he reaches a large ancient-looking white house.

Thus, at least, it was in the opening days of 1878. It has since been burned. Near it stood a little white building scarcely more than ten feet square. Here the famous orator spent many days in hard thought and study.

A very interesting spot is the resting-place of Webster. We pass by the house and the commodious barn and little lakes and ornamental trees, and walk on through meadow and orchard perhaps one hundred rods to the northwest.

We have come out upon a little open plateau of land covering two or three acres. There is not a tree or shrub upon it. It is native soil unturned by any plow.

Stop an instant and survey this strange scene. To the north a vast marsh stretches away for several miles. To the west more marsh and then higher land, and some timber. To the south a level half a mile of open field, Webster's field, and then hills and woods. To the east, low, marshy land and the sound of the surf-beating ocean two miles away. There is no house near. Only the quiet or rugged aspects of nature; of broad-handed, far-reaching nature.

Hither, many years ago, the few isolated families living in this region brought their dead and buried them. Among them are some men of talent and bravery who won renown in the armies of their country.

It is here that the gifted Senator and his family rest. On the southern slope of this elevation of land a space is fenced off by an iron railing, some eight feet high. It is about four rods each way, and would be square did it not jut out on the north side and take in a little spot some ten feet wide and deep.

In this inclosure lies buried the Webster family. I may add, the Webster race, for they are all gone now. No man lives to uphold to-day the great name which Daniel Webster has so exalted. Within this iron fence lies the wife whom Webster tenderly loved. Also Major Edward, his son, who died in the Mexican war, and Col. Fletcher, who died in 1862—3, from wounds received in his country's service. The Websters were a race of brave men.

Webster's grave is situated at the north end of the plot in this little jut of land. A mound of earth is thrown up, some four feet high, and overgrown with grass; at the head of this is a simple, pure white marble slab, some fifteen by ten inches, bearing this inscription: "Daniel Webster."

In this obscure place reposes this man whose eloquence charmed a nation; upon whose lips ten thousand hung delighted; who walked among crowds of noble men, "the observed of all observers."

When Fletcher Webster died they opened the grave of his father, and found that the features of the dead statesman were as perfect as ten years before. Then they closed his tomb, and men have not looked upon his form since.

Bill Nye and the Dead Beat.

Laramie Boomerang.

It begins to look now as though Major F. G. Wilson, who stopped here a short time last week and week before, might be a gentleman in disguise. He has done several things since he left here that look to a man up a tree like something irregular and peculiar. The Major has not only prevaricated, but he has done so in such a way as to beat his friends and make them yearn for his person in order that they may kick him over into the inky night of space. He has represented himself as confidential adviser and literary tourist of several prominent New York, Chicago, Omaha and Tie Siding dailies, and had such good documents to show in proof of his identity in that capacity that he has received many courtesies which, as an ordinary American dead beat, he might have experienced difficulty in securing.

When last seen he was headed West, and will strike Eureka, Nev., in a week or two. His mission seems to be mainly to make people feel a goneness in their exchequer, and to distribute tobacco daddoes over the office stoves of our great land. He is a man who writes long letters to the New York Herald that are never printed. His freshly blown nose is red, but his newspaper articles are not.

Such men as Major Wilson make us suspicious of humanity, and very likely the next man who comes along here and represents that he is a great man and wants \$5 on his well rounded figure and fair fame, will have to be identified. We have helped forty or fifty such men to make a bridal tour of Wyoming, and now we are going to saw off and quit. When a great journalist comes into this office again with an internal revenue tax on his breath and \$19 back on his baggage, we will probably pick up a fifty pound chunk of North Park quartz and spread his intellectual faculties around this building till it looks like the Custer massacre.

Thurlow Weed's Span of Life.

New York Tribune.

Thurlow Weed's life almost spans the history of this country under its present Constitution. He was born before Washington died, and when Webster, Clay and Calhoun were making their reputations he had edited several country newspapers and fought in the battles of his country. He was older than Seward, or Lincoln, or Greeley, and when Clay, Webster and Calhoun were dead he had not entered upon the most important part of his career. He was alive when Napoleon's star appeared in the darkness of the French Revolution, and was already a young man when the battle of Waterloo was fought. He lived and worked with three generations of public men. Most of the men who are now beginning to attract attention might have been his grandsons. Benjamin Franklin died seven years before Mr. Weed was born. The lives of these two journalists take the world back into the reign of Louis XIV. and beyond the birth of Frederick the Great. Another such would very nearly reach the time of Shakespeare.

How Fast Does Light Travel?

Cleveland Leader.

Important experiments are to be made at the East End by Professor Albert A. Michelson, under Government auspices, to determine more accurately than ever before the velocity of light. Mr. Michelson is a young man who graduated from the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., in 1873. He came to Cleveland in May of this year, and is now connected with the Case School of Applied Sciences. After his graduation he remained at the Naval Academy in Annapolis and undertook patient experiments to determine how fast light travels. The most accurate previous conclusions on this point were those of M. Cornu, made at the Observatory at Paris in 1874. The velocity of light, according to these experiments, was 300,400 kilometres, or nearly 186,584 miles, per second. Mr. Michelson, in his experiments in 1879, arrived at a velocity of 199,040 kilometres or 186,380 miles per second. While he was experimenting Professor Simon Newcomb, of Washington, Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, visited Annapolis and interested himself in Mr. Michelson's operations. Mr. Newcomb did not believe the result obtained was as close as possible, and with Mr. Michelson's assistance undertook experiments of his own at Washing-

ton. He arrived at the conclusion slightly differing from Mr. Michelson's figures, but has not yet published the results. He obtained the same result as at first. He then asked Mr. Michelson to repeat his experiments. The latter has agreed to do so at Cleveland, and preparations for the work are almost complete.

The cost will be about \$1,200, and will be borne by the Bache scientific fund. The site of the experiments is the grounds of the Case School at the East End. Here two buildings have been erected by E. P. Ingersoll, the well-known contractor and builder of Logan street. The larger building, 16 by 45 feet, contains a small engine and the chief apparatus. Two thousand feet west of it is a small building containing a stationary mirror. These buildings have been erected, and the apparatus will be ready for work in about two weeks. The machinery and manner of the experiments are quite complicated. In brief, however, a ray of sunlight is thrown upon a slowly revolving mirror, whence it is reflected upon the stationary mirror two thousand feet away, and from there reflected back over the same path. As the revolving mirrors turns slowly the returning ray is moved slowly to one side. The velocity of the light is measured by a calculation of the various distances from mirrors to mirrors, angles, rapidity and distance of movement of the revolving mirror, distance of movement of the returned ray, etc. Professor Michelson thinks that when he gets at work he can conclude his experiments and investigations in about three weeks. The work will be closely watched by scientists interested in that subject. The velocity of light has an important bearing upon astronomical calculations and the experiment will be one of considerable value. Professor Michelson, though a young man, has a reputation as a careful, reliable and conscientious investigator. His being placed in charge of the Department of Physics of Case School is evidence that he is an accomplished scientist.

Lots of folks start out on the right track, but they never get ahead very fast for the reason that they are forever trying all the switches, and it takes some time to get back on the right track again.

BROOKLYN EAGLE: A brave man's record is better than any essay on courage, and a kind man's deeds than any sermon on philanthropy.

Whirling Towards the Sun.

Albany Journal.

The new comet is whirling through space at a tremendous rate of speed, and in time will span half the arch of the sky, making the autumn evenings brilliant with incandescent light. By the first of May the celestial visitor should be visible to the naked eye, and everyone who can command the use of a telescope ought to get at least one look at it before that time. It is a sight to be remembered, especially if the comet should make as great a display within two months as the astronomers predict it will. Remembering that this gives promise of being one of the grandest comets ever seen, it is interesting to look at it in its babyhood. It is far from possessing anything imposing in its appearance. The inexperienced observer has to look twice before seeing it at all, especially if the telescope he is using be of small aperture. Yet anybody can see that it is an infant Hercules. It has a head like a star, compact and brilliant, and it trails behind it in its million-a-mile-a-day flight a little, straight, bright tail, bigger already away out there in space than most comets are able to display at their perihelion.

The latest observations confirm the early declaration made by Professor Boss that the comet will go extraordinarily close to the sun. No astronomer has succeeded in identifying it with any previous comet, and it is probable that this is its first visit to the solar system, at least since men have made records of celestial phenomena. It is not impossible that it last exhibited the glories of its train to the inhabitants of the worlds revolving around some distant fixed star. The question is frequently asked, "How large will the comet be?" It is impossible to say more than that, judging from the brightness of its nucleus and the present rate of increase in the size of its tail, it ought to be a more brilliant comet than that of last summer. But nobody can promise that it will be, because the nature of comets and the laws that govern the development of their tails are not well enough understood to enable astronomers to make positive predictions concerning their appearance. This comet's position when nearing the sun will not be such as to give us the best view of its tail. The comet of 1858, like this one, was watched from the time that it appeared as a faint object in the telescope until it hung like a great band of light in the western heavens.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE WORKINGMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed with no ancestral groves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows kings or warrior's fame.

The workingmen, whate'er the task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds on a coronet.

God bless the noble workingmen,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them; for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

Detroit Free Press.

"It am my painful dooty," said the President, as he opened the meeting, "to inform you dat death has again invaded our circle. Brudder Slipback Burbanks, of Syracuse, N. Y., am no mo' on airth. He breathed his last three days ago, after an illness of sixteen days. What axshun will de club take in de matter?"

"I move dat we send de widdar a resolushun of sympathy," announced Judge Cadaver.

"I reckon dat we had better resolve dat de club has lost a shinin' light," timidly added Pickles Smith.

"De club will neither resolve nor for'd any resolutushuns of sympathy," remarked the President. "De widdar an' chill'en can't eat a resolutushun, eben if written in blue ink. De Seckretary will mail her a ten-dollar greenback from de club funds, an' express de hope dat she am dooin' well under de circumstances.

"Dis club hasn't lost no shinin' light by de death of Brudder Burbanks. He was no shiner. Fact am, he was a werry common sort of a hump-backed cull'd pusson, an' it took him as long to add seven an' eight togeder as it would some odder men to airn two dollars. He was accomplished in nothing; he excelled only in killin' time when at work by de day. He would be no better off if we pronounced forty lyin' eulogies on his character. He can be no worse off if we tell de honest truth. De usual emblem of sorrow will be hung to de knob of de inner doah fur de space of two weeks, an' we will remember Brudder Burbanks as extremely good-natured, eben if extremely lazy."

Home Life a Hundred Years Ago.

Philadelphia Ledger.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country.

No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron frame fireplace which still bears his name. All cooking and warming in town as well as in the country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens.

Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century.

There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled; and if the fire went out on the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp, so the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds and they never complained.

A Queer Angler.

Whitehall Times.

Mr. Wright went out to fish. And he became a Wright angler. He thought he would try and catch a shark. And he became a try angler. He laughed to think how smart he was. And he became a cute angler. But he did not see the shark with his nose under the stern of the craft. He was such an obtuse angler. Until the creature tipped over his boat. And then he was a wrecked-angler.

The peculiar costumes of the dwellers in Arizona is thus graphically described by a "tenderfoot:" "In ordinary weather he wears a belt with pistols in it. When it grows chilly he puts on another belt with pistols in it, and when it becomes really cold he throws a Winchester rifle over his shoulder."

Terrible Strain on Engineers.

Railway Age.

When people read about or ride upon extraordinarily fast trains they seldom think of the severe strain and excitement to which the brave men who run the engines are subjected. To sit in a passenger coach and glide over a smooth track is a different thing from standing on the shaking footboard, with hand on the lever, straining eyes and ears to detect a possible danger, every nerve tense and every thought centered on the safe accomplishment of the journey upon which so many lives depend.

What such a labor means is shown, to some degree, in a recent dispatch announcing the death, at the early age of 39, of William Phillips, the engineer who ran the celebrated Jarrett & Palmer train from Jersey City to Pittsburg, a distance of 443 miles, without a stop. The dispatch says: "Mr. Phillips has been sick for nearly a year past, his illness dating really from the time when he undertook the task of running the Jarrett & Palmer train. He accomplished the feat in less than the schedule time, but the strain on his system was so severe that he never recovered from it. He continued on duty, and was called upon invariably when a trusty man was required, but his health grew more precarious, and he was finally compelled to relinquish his position."

Warm Hearts and Ragged Jackets.

Warm hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, as shown by the following incident: A kit is a box of tools or whatever outfit is needed in a particular branch of business.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Little Tom" coming among them in a quiet way, and hear him say: "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'skursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change, and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said: "I guess I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a

death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gone up to Hevin, left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the door-step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?

Deaf and Dumb Pro Tem.

Whitehall Times.

Quietly entering a barber shop, the stranger removed his hat and coat, and, taking a card from his pocket, wrote on it.

A barber stepped forward, read the card and, pointing to a chair, said to his brother artist:

"Deaf as a brass kettle, and dumb as an oyster."

The man straightened himself out in the chair, when his manipulator began lathering his face.

"This deaf cuss has a cheek like a stone wall," he said, when a general laugh followed.

"Stick a pin in him, and see if he is entirely dumb."

The victim remaining undisturbed, the following shots were fired at him by the delighted tonsorial artists:

"He needs a shampoo, his hair is dirtier than a cess-pool."

"Shave him with a stool leg, don't spoil your razor on that stubble."

"Gracious, what a breath! It smells like a Dutch band of music."

"He ought to rent that nose for a locomotive headlight," etc.

While all these complimentary allusions were flying about him, the operation of shaving was finished, and the man arose, put on his coat, and then turning to the astonished barber, said:

"How much for the shave and compliments?"

"I—I—I—I," gasped the astonished man. "Oh, nothing—nothing, call again, excuse."

And, as the stranger left the shop, the discomfited barbers swore they would never believe in a deaf and dumb man again until they had first fired a ten-pound cannon about his ears.

Somebody's Love.

Exchange.

It is not necessary, thank Heaven, to be beautiful or talented, or charming to the world in general to be the dearest one on earth to some one person. In fact, the beauty, the celebrity, the belle, may not be the chosen one of any particular heart. The great man may be utterly unbeloved; the wise man almost as solitary as a hermit. Yet there is Hannah Anne, slim, bashful and gawky, who is the treasure of the household where she is the only daughter. There is Sarah, who is great only in the cooking of apple-dumplings and cheese-cakes, whose name finds its way into every sentence her old grandfather utters, and who, though she is to others simply that plain Sally Slow, is believed by him to be as far superior "to those flighty creatures that think nothing but fal lals"—by which the old gentleman means all other girls—"as the sun is to a tallow candle." You and I might see in Mrs. X. only a solid-looking housewife, whose hair is fast turning gray; but Mr. X. thinks "my wife" a more wonderful person, a more lovely person than words can describe. He wondered, thirty years ago, how she came to marry him, and has been humbly thankful ever since; while the sons and daughters hold mother to be simple perfection.

There is Solon Street, now. How stupid you might think him as he trudges home from his work, rather shabby and very tired, or answer your questions in his work-room with little more than a grunt; but at home he becomes a sort of king.

He is simply adored by his wife and daughter, and revered to a degree not to be believed by outsiders. You can't see what Jim sees in Susan, but he is evidently madly in love. You cannot understand why Fanny likes Richard, but she informs you that "the world is divided into two places—where *he* is and where *he* is not;" and though you would decidedly prefer the portion in which he was not, that does not alter the fact that he is idolized.

As for the Slopers' baby, a cold and cruel description of it might read thus:

"Fat, cross and slobbery, with no eyes to speak of, and a mouth of immense size, generally open to emit a shriek."

Yet all the Slopers live but in the smiles of that infant. They have pride in his beauty, in his size, in his weight, in his brilliant remarks, such as "Da, da," "Boo," and "Goo." He makes them all happy by his existence, and if he died, their hearts would break.

In fact, you never can tell, as a stranger, how much love and admiration any living being may have somewhere from somebody; and happy, indeed, is it to know that this is so, for it would be a very wretched world if it were otherwise.

"How Charming She Wasn't."

Anon.

A New York letter-writer and critic describes an actress, as she appeared among hundreds of others who were witnessing a drama in one of the theaters of that city. The sketch is certainly well drawn, and apparently the writer "holds the mirror up to nature," but really the picture is not a pleasant one to look upon: "She looked as nearly like a figure in a fashion-plate as is possible to any mortal; that is to say, she was phenomenally splendor, every square inch of clothes exposed was precisely in the right place, and she was fragiley, expressionlessly, a doll. It seemed to me that a good hug would break her all to pieces, so manifestly was she made up and glued together. Her own hair was completely covered by an impossible orange colored wig, coming down to her eyebrows in front and to the nape of her neck behind, and held in place by a bonnet made of open meshes of lace and beads. Her waist was a mere span, and that, as well as her entire figure from the neck to the point of her contact with the seat, was an unwrinkled, skin-tight inclosure of Jersey-woven silk. Not a scrap of trimming was on this corsage, and a row of tiny buttons down the back revealed how she had got into it. Well down on her hips a sash covered the joining of the skirt. Her gloves reached to her elbows. She was a hideously pretty creature—daintily pretty in form and feature, and hideous in paint. Her face was heavily coated with white, red and black paint, exactly as though prepared for the stage. And she was acting all the while, instead of taking a rest while out of the cast. Her poses were artful; her eyes were

constantly raised above the point at which she might be supposed to be looking, in order to keep them very wide open; her changes of facial expression were as bright and rapid as possible, with the features partially transfixed by the pigments, and the little gestures of her hands were triumphs of skill. But, deary me, how charming she wasn't, and how charming she might have been."

Engineers to the Front.

Boston Journal.

There has been considerable discussion recently in some quarters as to the advisability of a pilot for fast trains, who should ride upon the front of the locomotive, and thus relieve the engineer of the task of looking out ahead, and thus giving him more time to attend to his engine. An old railroad man of many years' experience claims that the position of the engineer should be in a cab located on the front platform or bumper of his engine, as very near all the locomotives of the present day are so constructed that the view of the engineer is confined to a line straight ahead. On most engines now running the engineer, being on the right-hand side, can not see the track fifty feet ahead of him on a left hand curve. It is said that "there is no difficulty whatever about placing the engineer in the position on his engine that will obviate all this risk of accident that arises from an imperfect view of the track. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, built an engine for the Reading Railroad Company, to haul passenger trains, that had the cab on the front platform; and the engine builder who breaks through the present prejudice and puts the engineer in the proper place on his engine will take a step that will not only pay, but will add to the safety of the engineer and the train behind him."

Saving the Train.

Travelers' Magazine.

The usual crowd of autumn liars were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little bleary-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door, and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bumner with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not power to move it. A sudden roar and a rumble told me that the night express was thundering down and soon would reach the fatal spot.

Nearer and nearer it approached till, just as the cowcatcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied, "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it, and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and slid toward the door. "The obstruction was a moon-beam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero, there wouldn't have been a much bigger grease-spot frescoed on the panel.

An Astrologist's Notion.

Baltimore News.

Astrologist "Ruthiel," as he affects to be called, has figured out the following relating to the twelve jewels mentioned in the New Testament as making up the foundations of the New Jerusalem. The first was Jasper, which means "coming to bruise," and is thought to have referred to the sign of the Virgin and the bruising of the head of the serpent.

The second was Sapphire, which means "number or weight," which is the sign Libra, or the scales.

The third was Chalcedony, which means "affliction or torture," which is the showing of Scorpio, the sign of the cruel planet Mars.

The fourth was Emerald, which signifies "defending," this is the picture of

Sagittarius, the archer, ruled by Jupiter.

The fifth was Sardonyx, which means "the Prince Smitten," the sign Capricorn.

The sixth was Sardios, which signifies "the power issuing forth," or Aquarius, the water-man.

The seventh was Chrysolite, which means "he who holds with bands," answering to the two fishes bound together in Pisces.

The eighth was Beryl, which signifies "the first born, the exalted head," corresponding to Aries, which is the first of the Zodiac and the sign in which the Sun has his exaltation.

The ninth was Topaz, translated "dashing in pieces," typifying the angry bull in Taurus.

The tenth was Chrysoprassus, meaning to they who are united"—that is, Gemini, the twins.

The eleventh was Jacinth, which signifies "possessing," that is, Cancer or the Crab, which seizes and holds tenaciously. This sign is the house of the Moon, who has so much influence over things born on the water. Fishermen tell many strange facts of the lunar effects upon crabs and also upon oysters as well as all shell-fish. Oysters are observed to fatten during the moon's augmentation. The Egyptians called this sign Klaria, "the folds or resting-places." We call it Caince—that is, as explained by the Noetic-roots, Khan, "the traveler's resting-place," and Ker or Cer, "embraced or encircled." This refers, of course, to-night, the season of sleep, when the moon holds dominion.

The twelfth stone was Amethyst, translated "he that destroys," referring to the sign of the lion, the most ferocious and destructive of beasts.

How She Got Even.

Chicago Times.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment. "Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue un-kinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?" "Ye-yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He wasn't in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons. "Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl; "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?" "Oh, yes,

thanks," murmured the drummer. "Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?" "No, please," he muttered; "I—I'm doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can!" "You'll—you'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer; "I—I don't think you really mean it!" "You look so tired," she pleaded; "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories." "No—no, thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you!" and the drummer looked hopelessly. "Your scarf pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!" and she arranged it deftly; "at the next station I'll get you a cup of tea and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance. "I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauling down his gripsack he made for the door knee-deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow passengers.

"Strange," murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and, big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking car for them to fly for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly all the same and at a convention of drummers held in the smoker that morning it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.

SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS, of West Virginia, was in early life first a railroad brakeman and later a conductor. He started a small private banking establishment at Piedmont, W. Va., and from that has grown the National Bank of which he is President. He is now a millionaire.

A Famous Fast Run.

Louisville Commercial.

Last night as a Commercial reporter was lounging through the corridors of the Galt House listening to the friendly clatter of the engineers, a group of veterans, seated around one of the pillars, laughing over old stories, drew the news man toward them. "Did you ever hear how Jim Hamett brought De Funiak from Nashville to Louisville?" asked one of the Louisville engineers. "Well, you all know Jim, I guess, or know of him. He can make the fastest time on the Louisville and Nashville when he wants to. He has been in a dozen wrecks and got hurt in all of them. I don't believe there is a sound bone in little Jim's body, but the more bumps and knocks he gets the faster he wants to run. About two years ago De Funiak was down at Nashville and had important business that required his immediate presence in Louisville. He was then General Manager of the Louisville and Nashville, and ordered the road clear between the two cities. Then he looked for an engineer to haul him through. Hamett was just in off his run and De Funiak knew he was just the man. He sent for him and said:

"Mr. Hamett, I want to get to Louisville as soon as possible. The road's clear; you won't find any obstruction. Will you take me?"

"Hamett's eyes sparkled, but he touched his hat and said quietly: 'I'll try, sir.' Any man who knows Jim Hamett would know what that meant. De Funiak had his car coupled right on next to the tender and another car behind. Jim climbed up into his engine (he can't walk straight since the last wreck,) and there was a kind of a smile hanging around his mouth. The train pulled out of the depot at Nashville as the negro porter was fixing the dishes in the side-board. They started out at a pretty lively gait and went on increasing it. The conductor in the back car began to get uneasy, for he hadn't heard Jim's instructions. Every minute the train went faster and faster. Houses and trees and fences became a blurred line. The cars jumped and rolled and rocked like mad animals wanting to leap from their place of confinement. The porter began to look frightened. The train instead of slackening increased its speed. Nobody in De Funiak's car could remain in the seats without desperately clutching to the seat in front. It seemed impossible for the cars to remain on the track, they bounded and rolled so violently. The

dishes in the side-board rolled out, the bed fell in the middle of the floor, chairs were rent from their fastenings; but the porter didn't care a straw for that—he thought his time had come, and was praying desperately.

"De Funiak, with his expressionless face, was calmly holding on to some straps hanging from the ceiling and waving at Hamett through the back door to go on. The conductor grabbed the bell cord and nearly jerked it off. He firmly believed that if they escaped with their lives both he and the engineer would be discharged as soon as they reached the city. Jim was sitting on his seat in the engine calmly smiling and paying not the least attention to the frantic conductor. About 100 miles from Nashville Jim got a couple of hot boxes and had to stop. He made the 100 miles in about 87 minutes, about the fastest time on the road. There wasn't a bit of furniture left in De Funiak's car. There was a confused heap of broken plates, pictures and chairs and that was all. Jim was outside calmly limping around, and cursing the hot boxes between times, when De Funiak came out of the car and brusquely told Jim he had made a fast run.

"'Not very fast, sir,' said Jim. 'If I had run as fast as she can go it wouldn't have only broke your plates and pictures, but there wouldn't have been a bit of the inside of the car left. That was a mighty poor run, sir, a mighty poor run.' The porter resigned as soon as he got to town and always goes by boat now, when he can."

Zero's History.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty; hence, nothing. In expressions like "90 deg. Fahr.," the abbreviation "Fahr." stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the Baltic sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only 19 years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year. And that day was the coldest day the oldest inhabitant could remem-

ber. Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather-glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32—because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded a 180th on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than "from Dan to Beersheba," expressed the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland and America. Russia and Germany use Raumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above the freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so-called because it marks the boiling 100 degrees from freezing point. On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when so zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put up 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made this one of the many improvements after the public had adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.

It is so true, that misfortunes never come singly that the true philosopher is he who nerves himself to bear not the past but the coming trial.

We ought not to judge of man's merits by his qualifications, but by the use he makes of them.

THE OLD LETTER.

Crouching over the fire, with wan cheek and
whitened hair,
And sad, sunk eyes on the embers fixed with
a dull, unseeing stare;
Crouching over the fire, the woman, worn
and old,
With the flickering flame on the letter that
trembles in her hold.

Outside the sleet beats fast and thick on the
uncurtained pane.
The wind sobs round the lonely house as it
sweeps the snow-clad plain;
Inside the ghosts of joy and hope and fearless
household mirth
Flit and whisper round the woman who sits
beside the hearth.

Yet the magic spell of the letter has sent her
fancies back,
Flying past all the graves that mark the
past's long track,
Flying past change and sorrow, flying past
wrong and ruth,
Till the heart beats fast and the pulses thrill
to the passionate glow of youth.

Ah, duller still her life will show, harder the
task-work seem,
For that weak hour by fancy snatched for
memory's golden dream!
Put by the letter; let it share thy slow and
sure decay;
Patient and meek take up again the burden
the day.

Calhoun in Domestic Life.

Youths' Companion.

John C. Calhoun, as a statesman, excited strong antagonisms. But as a man he commanded the admiration of opponents. In dignity and elevation of character, and in the virtues which make home blessed, he was paralleled by few American statesmen, and excelled by none.

He was ambitious; but it was the ambition of high and noble aspirations. His character was based on an integrity that was unspotted and an honor never impeached.

Daniel Webster's eulogy, "We saw before us a Senator of Rome, while Rome survived," was the high praise of a masterly antagonist to the genius and character of the statesman, with whom on nearly all public questions he had been in conflict.

But great as he was in public life—and for a score of years he was the venerated leader of Southern politics—yet it was in domestic life that the virtues of the man won the homage of the heart.

His family loved him even more than they admired him, and yet they exulted in his endowments and career. "Come soon again," said a younger brother to the eldest son, as he was leaving the homestead for his home in Alabama.

"Come soon again and see us, for do you not see that father is growing old? and he is the dearest and best old man in the world!"

"I wish you had known my father," said his daughter, then the mother of several children, to a gentleman with whom she was conversing. "You would have loved him. People admired him, but those who knew him in his family revered him. We all worshipped him."

Webster's eulogy is a graceful compliment to the statesman, but those who think that a man is greater than his trappings, and that the great man who is a hero to his own family is worthy of the highest respect, will prefer the son's and the daughter's artless praise.

There was as much of the noble Roman about Mr. Calhoun's domestic as about his public life. He was solemn and earnest, grave in manner and dignified in address. He seldom, if ever, jested, and seemed, indeed, to want the sense of humor.

Yet few men were so attractive as a host or friend, and not one was more fascinating as a husband and a father. He made his home cheerful, and united its members in free, confidential and familiar intercourse.

The daughter already referred to used to accompany her father to Washington, as Mrs. Calhoun was compelled by domestic cares to remain at their Carolinian home. Great and self-reliant as was the statesman, he took pleasure in counselling with his gifted child, and often made her his confidant in perplexing cases.

"Of course," she said, referring to the high compliment he paid her. "I do not understand as he does, for I am comparatively a stranger to the world; yet he likes my unsophisticated opinion, and I frankly tell him my views on any subject about which he inquires of me."

Could lover pay a sweeter or more graceful compliment to the woman he adored, than did this father to his gifted daughter? And how many fathers, when anxiously awaiting important news, ever rose to the level of the devotion indicated by another anecdote?

A younger daughter, being an invalid, found her favorite occupation in reading. She was allowed to go to the letter-bag when it came from the office, and select the papers she wished to read. Once, two papers, containing news of importance which her father was anxious to see, were taken by her to her own room. But he would allow no one to disturb her until she had finished reading them.

Our public men are often tempted to sacrifice their families to the exigencies of official life. If Mr. Calhoun was thus tempted, he never yielded to it. His cheerful home was more attractive to him than the Senate Chamber. He preferred Fort Hill to the White House.

Several years ago, a distinguished lawyer, of interior Massachusetts, was offered the nomination for Congress, which was equivalent to an election.

"Gentlemen," he said to a large assembly, which had gathered at his house to urge him to accept, "I am too poor to go to Washington with my family, and God knows I won't go there without them."

American politics and politicians would be purer if more members of Congress refused to go to Washington without their families.

Torpedo Warfare.

St. Nicholas.

The weapons used for under-water warfare are called "torpedoes."

There are two kinds of torpedoes; those that are anchored in one place and those that swim about in the water. Of those that are anchored, there are also two kinds. One kind consists of great iron boxes filled with dynamite and sunk in the water at particular places. They rest in the mud, or on the sand and stones, till they are ready to be fired, when they blow up and explode with terrible effect; and if a ship happens to be passing over one of them, she is sure to be torn to pieces. The other kind have a float anchored just out of sight under the water, while the torpedo rests on the bottom. These, too, when they explode, destroy anything that happens to be near.

There are two ways of firing these ground torpedoes: In one there is a wire, carefully protected from the water, leading from the torpedo to the shore. The soldiers in charge of it can send electricity through the wire and set fire to the dynamite, and thus fire the torpedo. The torpedo is lost and destroyed, but the broken wire can be pulled ashore, and used again on another torpedo. The second method is to fasten to the torpedo a wooden float.

If one of the enemy's ships passes over such a torpedo and happens to strike and push aside the float that is anchored just over it, this will also fire the torpedo, for the chain of rope that anchors the float is connected with the torpedo, and any strain or pull on the rope discharges it. In this way the ship itself may fire the

torpedo, and thus become an agent in its own destruction.

The swimming torpedoes are of two, kinds. One of these swims like a fish, and, if it strikes its nose against a ship explodes, and sinks the vessel by tearing a terrible hole in the bottom. Another kind can also swim, but it carries fastened to it a tail of long wire, which it drags through the water wherever it goes.

By means of this wire, the soldiers who stand at the end, on shore, or the sailors on board ship can make the fish turn to the right or left, dive, turn around, go backward, or come home again when it is wanted. Besides this, the fish will blow up if it strikes against the enemy's ship, or whenever the man at the wire wishes to fire it.

The Government will not tell us how such a wonderful thing can be done, but you may be sure that these fish-torpedoes are strong fellows. They seem to be able to do everything that a fish can do, and more, for when they get angry they can burst out into a frightful passion and send the water flying into the air for hundreds of feet, and woe to the sailors who are near!

Torpedo, ship and men go to the bottom in a volcano of fire and water. Besides these anchored and swimming torpedoes, there is another kind called spar-torpedoes, so named because they are placed on the ends of spars or booms that run out under water from the bows of small boats. The boats rush up to the side of a big ship, in the dark, and explode the torpedo underneath, thus sinking the vessel.

THE highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak, Egypt. Karnak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies a part of an ancient Thebes. The obelisk is ascribed to Hatasau, sister of Pharaoh Thotmes III., who reigned about 1600 B. C. Its whole length is 122 feet; its weight, 400 tons. Its height, without pedestal, is 108 feet ten inches. The height of the obelisk in Central Park, without pedestal, is sixty-eight feet eleven inches; its weight, about 168 tons.

As true marriage is necessary to the full development of woman's heart and nature, so is a mercenary one dwarfing and stunting to her nobler powers, and leanness of heart and hunger of soul, like carrion birds, will follow in the wake.

The Waltz.

One of the best of the poetical diatribes directed against the waltz was from the pen of Sir W. Elford's friend, Sir H. Englefield:

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced?
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?
What! pressed in the dance by another man's knee?
What! panting recline on another than me?
Sir, she's yours: you have pressed from the grape it's a fine blue;
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew,
What you've touched you may take. Pretty waltzer—adieu!"

Labor Papers.

Utica Press.

One year ago, there were not half a dozen labor papers in the country. We have the pleasure of calling attention to the following list which we can call to mind, as alive and "kicking," literally for the rights of Labor:

Argus, Austin, Tex.
Irish World, New York.
Truth, Chicago, Ill.
Workman, New Orleans.
Mercury, Memphis, Tenn.
Truth, San Francisco, Cal.
Labor Herald, Pittsburg, Pa.
Sunday Truth, Buffalo, N. Y.
New Argo, Kansas City, Mo.
The Unionist, Detroit, Mich.
The Press, Utica, N. Y.
Sunday Star, Cleveland, O.
Labor Tribune, Pittsburg, Pa.
Progressive Age, Chicago, Ill.
Labor Index, Milwaukee, Wis.
Workingman, Philadelphia, Pa.
Labor World, Philadelphia, Pa.
Union Advocate, Columbus, O.
Labor Standard, Paterson, N. J.
People's Advocate, St. Louis, Mo.
The Carpenter, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cigarmakers' Journal, New York.
Buchdrucker Zeitung, New York.
Our Organette, Indianapolis, Ind.
Essex Statesman, Marblehead, Mass.
Journeyman Builder, Cleveland, O.
Laborers' Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.
Iron Molders' Journal, Cincinnati, O.
Firemen's Magazine, Terre Haute, Ind.
Granite-Cutters' Journal, Westbury, R. I.
Hayes Valley, Advertiser, San Francisco.
Trade Union Advocate, Toronto, Can.
Journal of United Labor (official organ of the Knights of Labor), Pittsburg, Pa.

THE largest inland sea is the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 180,000 square miles. Great Salt Lake, in Utah, which may be properly termed an inland sea, is about ninety miles long and has a varying breadth of from twenty to twenty-five miles. Its surface is 4,200 feet above the sea, whereas the surface of the Caspian is eighty-four feet below the ocean level.

Sayings of Wise Men.

Nothing more detestable does the earth produce than an ungrateful man. —[Ausonius.]

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused; and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought up against him upon some subsequent occasion. —[Johnson.]

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them. —[Addison.]

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. —[Chesterfield.]

Trust not too much to an enchanting face. —[Virgil.]

A picture is a poem without words. —[Horace.]

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places. —[Shenstone.]

It is only those who are dispicable who fear being despised. —[La Rochefoucauld.]

Many people are esteemed merely because they are not known. —[From the French.]

The man who builds, and wants therewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away. —[Young.]

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. —[Cicero.]

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man. —[Pope.]

No flattery, boy! An honest man can't live by it;

It is a little sneaking art which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't;
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive. —[Otway.]

To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application: "No thanks to him; if he had no business, we would have nothing to do." —[Steele.]

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. —[Tillotson.]

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should freely forgive, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself. —[Colton.]

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neck-cloth and a general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address. —[Sir Jonah Burrington.]

Were I to make trial of any person's qualifications for a union of so much delicacy, there is no part of his conduct I would sooner single out than to observe him in his resentments. And this not upon the maxim frequently advanced, "that the best friends make the bitterest enemies," but on the contrary, because I am persuaded that he who is capable of being a bitter enemy can never possess the necessary virtues that constitute a true friend. —[Melmoth.]

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honset fame, than shedding seas of gore. —[Byron.]

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all. —[Lavater.]

We take cunning for a sinister or crooked wisdom, and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty but in point of ability. —[Greville.]

It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. —[Hughes.]

Nether a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. —[Shakespeare.]

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. —[Fuller.]

MISS BELLE BRADEN, who has recently been re-elected Treasurer of the Waynesburg & Washington Railroad, in Pennsylvania, for a second term, is probably the only lady in the United States who is a railroad officer. She is also Paymaster, and makes regular trips over the road in the pay car.

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
 Jewel of joys, arise!
 The little red lark like a rosy spark
 Of song to his sunburst flies;
 But, till you are risen, earth is a prison,
 Full of my captive sighs;
 Then wake and discover to your fond lover
 The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark to
 me,
 Pulse of my heart, I pray
 And gently gliding out of thy hiding,
 Dazzle me with thy day!
 And oh! I'll fly to thee singing, and sigh to
 thee,
 Passion so sweet and gay;
 The lark shall listen, and dewdrops glisten,
 Laughing on every spray.

1140 Trains a Day at a Single Switch.

There are few people probably aware, says the Philadelphia Ledger, that the signal tower on the Pennsylvania Railroad, on the Elevated Railroad at Seventeenth and Filbert streets, control the passage of more trains within a given period than any other in the world. Even the famous railway junction in and near London cannot equal the daily record of trains, full and empty, that move past and are controlled by this tower that regulates the traffic of the Broad street station. We are informed that about 1,140 trains pass this point every twenty-four hours, and yet so accurate is the system and so perfect the control exercised that this enormous traffic moves with thorough safety and without delay or stoppage through the admirable switch and signal system that has been brought to a marvelous degree of perfection in that tower. The great "interlocking switch," which puzzles all laymen who try to study its intricacies, so controls the traffic automatically that it is impossible for the men in charge to set the switches or signals erroneously, as they can not move the levers when out of the necessary combinations for properly shifting the trains. Thus we have in our city, in connection with this station, the greatest railway traffic achievement of its kind that has yet been produced. The Pennsylvania Railroad, by concentrating so much of its passenger and freight traffic at this admirably located station, has found an arrangement of this kind necessary, and the interlocking switch and signal system, as there exhibited, is the result of diligent labor during many months of the best railroad minds in Europe and America. The passenger, as he glides into or out of the station, little realizes the intricate yet admirable system of switches,

signals, levers and interloping bars that are brought into requisition to direct the train aright, and secure its swift and safe passage along the Elevated road. It is constructed as to meet the requirements of this rapidly developing traffic of this great railroad, and is, in fact, one of the leading railroad curiosities our city has to exhibit.

It takes but thirteen minutes to lead an elephant on a railroad train, while it takes twenty for any sort of woman to kiss her friends good by and lose the check for her trunk.

LOWELL Citizen: A North Carolina husband shot himself because his wife would not pull off his boots. How long will it be before woman will appreciate man's tender and sensitive nature?

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

TEXAS Siftings: A teacher writes us: "What will you charge to publish an advertisement of a high school four inches long?" A high school four inches long must be such a curiosity that people will go to see it without advertising.

A "SOLAR" locomotive has been placed on the French Northern Railway. It is so called owing to an electric light which is placed in front and fed by the engine itself, and intended to illuminate the way for a long distance ahead.

WHEN those of generous disposition fall through habits of dissipation we should remember that the demon of temptation walks hand in hand with the most lovable traits of human nature.—*M. F. Wilson.*

SOCIAL peculiarities in Arizona life are shown in the following excerpt from the Tombstone Epitaph: "Coyote Bill got his skin full of budge last night, and it then began to dawn upon his muddled intellect that he was a 'very bad man.' He accordingly chassayed into the Dexter saloon and announced himself the boss wolf from Bitter Creek. Grizzly Sam, who was in the act of drowning a snifter at the bar, stowed his beverage, cracked his heels, and went for the Coyote, sweeping the floor with him and taking one of his ears as a memento. Grizzly Sam comes from higher up Bitter Creek than Coyote Bill."

Firemen's Magazine.

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

JANUARY, 1883.

The New Year.

The year 1883 has become a fact in the world's history. It is here, laden with its responsibilities, its pleasures and its sufferings. In this rushing, pushing world of ours, a new year is a great event. Who knows what it may bring forth? Who knows what discoveries, what great inventions, may see the light within the coming twelve months? Who knows how many great heads will be brought low before 1884? Eyes may see the light for the first time this year, that will see this country the grandest on earth before death seals them with its eternal darkness. Friends we love, may touch the farther shore, and opposite their names be written the strange words—"died in 1883."

It is well to think of these great and sad possibilities. Life is no less a solemn thing than death. Each creature has a duty to perform and to perform this well is a solemn matter. Steady hands and brave hearts are needed to cope with the responsibilities of life. Brothers and all enginemen of the United States and Canada, we greet you upon the threshold of the year 1883. Welcome its duties.

Welcome its cares. Welcome its pleasures. Whatever it may bring forth the great desire of our hearts is to see the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen the greatest organization of laboring men on earth before the sun of 1884 lights the world. It can be done, it must be done. Let this be our work for the present year. Let us join hands and strive with a will for this great object. We greet our friends with pleasure, because we know that we are banded together in a noble enterprise. We want the wives and children of our Brothers to feel that in our Order they have a sure and steadfast friend. Onward, Brothers, to the great battle to be fought in the year 1883. With firm hand on the throttle and keen eye on the rail, let us rush on fearlessly, irresistibly, with our banner at the pilot—"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

Our Magazine.

We take great pleasure in placing before our readers our Magazine for 1883. We have striven in the past to make it subservient to the interests of our Brotherhood, and that will be our great object in the future. The interests of enginemen are our interests, and to do them good, is the object of our Order. With politics and religion we have nothing to do, and our readers will bear out the statement that political and religious discussions have never been allowed in our columns. To inculcate the great lessons of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry has been, and will continue to be, our ambition.

We are pleased to be able to present our Magazine in a new dress and, we hope, in a better form. We intend to spare no pains in making it as presentable a periodical as can be issued from the press. Our circulation is gradually increasing, and by the end of the year we hope to see it touch the figures 15,000. In fact, this must be done, and we desire to impress upon our members the absolute necessity for pushing our circulation

as rapidly as possible. It is through the pages of our Magazine that we become known to the world. It speaks for us when we are asleep; it pleads our cause at all seasons and with all persons; therefore, the more it spreads, the quicker do we become a great power in the land. We have only to be understood to be appreciated.

We offer this year a prize to that Lodge which secures the greatest number of subscribers. It consists of a set of Officers' Regalias and will be as handsome as art can make it, and it ought to be the pride of every Lodge to be possessed of it. No great good is every gained in this world without striving for it. Let the Lodges, therefore, go to work with a will and help on the good cause of our Order by increasing our Magazine circulation.

The Lodges should enter into this friendly contest for the prize at once, and keep it up "on that line if it takes all summer."

Labor the Genius of Civilization.

If all the money in the world were heaped together in one vast pile it would be as powerless to do good for man as is the nerveless hand of death. Labor is the power that moves the world. Labor has brought us out of the darkness of the past into the noon-day light of the nineteenth century. To labor, our country is indebted for its magical development of the past one hundred years.

Labor has builded our cities, scooped out our canals, bound ocean to ocean with bands of iron, over which rush the commerce of millions; wiped out time and space by girdling the earth with electric wires, and she has made it possible to send not only the messages, but the very tones of love across continents by means of the wonderful telephone.

Labor brings to the feet of man the minerals of every zone. Ships come home to him laden with the fruits of every climate. The diamond of Brazil reflects the beauty of woman and the gold of the Ural and Sierra Nevada form

her ornaments. The wool of Cashmere is woven into the beautiful textures of the Orient, while the iron of the Occident is welded into locomotives and steamships. The wheat of Dakota feeds the hungry millions of Europe, while the trained laborers of Europe manufacture the cloth which clothes the Western farmer. Over all this the genius of labor presides. Her magic wand touches the rough unhewn things of earth and shapes them into forms of beauty and use.

The deft hand of the sculptor turns the forbidding block of marble into shapes of historic beauty. The Appollo Belvedere slept for ages a shapeless mass in the quarries of Cerrara. Labor forced it from its dark and damp resting place and formed it into lines of beauty that have been wondrous for centuries. The genius of the painter shapes itself into immortal images on canvas out of the common clay and pigments of the earth.

Art, science, religion, government, cannot exist without labor; she makes all these things possible. The king cannot wear his crown till labor gives him the power to do so. The pampered beauty cannot array herself in jewels and silks till labor has fitted them for things of adornment.

The world recognizes the value of the laborer more as the years go by. The days of lords and ladies, the days of feudal barons and kings, by right divine, are surely passing away. The lines which have been so cruelly drawn between the rich and titled on one side, and the laboring classes on the other, are being rapidly obliterated. The newer, brighter day is dawning; the day wherein the laborers of all kinds, from the skilled artisan down to the shoveler upon the streets, will be justly rewarded. Civilization has placed her hand trustingly in the hand of her mother Labor, and together they walk with majestic step along the highway of Progress, drawing after them all the honored laborers of earth and trampling to death, the drones and the worthless.

Correspondence.

Canadian Comments.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., NOV. 1, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Our worthy Master for the coming year, Bro. George D. Westfall, is just the man for the position and Charity Lodge No. 5 will prosper under his administration. He is very energetic and reads the "riot act" to tardy and delinquent members. He and Brother Vail were placed in the "sweat-box" last week and passed a very creditable examination. They will now hold down the right hand seat-box and finger the throttle. It "does us proud" to report their promotion. Brother Gill Hutchinson, our worthy Vice Master proves himself to be no "Gillie" in the good work.

Fontaine Mike is still to be seen behind the Financier's desk, having been unanimously re-elected to that "posish". He says he struck oil on his prospecting tour on the Fontaine, but gives no particulars. Anyway he wears a gold chain and fob now and has a mortgage on the Russell House, we believe.

Brother McBain, our worthy Conductor, looks coaxingly at the steam-gauge of No. 3 now instead of No. 59. Poor Dennis!

Our annual picnic (C. S. R.) was held at St. Clair, Mich., last Thursday, August 17, and was a grand success. The party was conveyed by special trains to Court-right and from there to the "Oakland" by boat. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves and a happy day was spent.

Yours bituminously,

P. S. M.

A Sheriff in the Brotherhood.

EVANSTON, WYOMING, DEC. 20, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having a few items concerning the members of No. 88, I would be pleased to be given a space in the Magazine. I will first inform you of the election of Bro. J. J. Le Cain, our worthy Secretary, to the office of Sheriff of Uintah county, Wyoming. The Sheriff being a sample of our Brotherhood men, it goes to show that they are fit for something else besides shoveling coal and polishing brass. Now, Joe, as he is familiarly known, although he soared beyond us, does not feel himself above stoking on a big ten wheel engine

until he takes his office, which will be on January 1, 1883; a very good way to open the new year. The result of the election was a surprise to everybody. We all expected to see Joe come out winner, but not with a majority of over 300 votes over his opponent, considering that he is a Republican and his opponent a popular Democrat and the county has as a general thing gone Democratic. Our Brothers in the East may think that the office of Sheriff is an unimportant one in the far West; but it is quite the contrary. Uintah county is 85 by 300 miles in dimensions, and Bro. Le Cain will receive a salary of \$3,000 per annum and fees. The B. of L. F. is beginning to develop some very fine men, and the older the Order grows the more good men will be pushed into prominence.

Among those recently promoted in No. 88 are Bros. Wm. Woods, Ed. Denis and James Maher. Bro. Chas. Stewart is dispatching at Ogden and Bro. George Kiehm at Evanston. Bro. John Phalon is a conductor now, and a good one too. Bro. Thos. J. Allen is many a mile away, but he is making himself conspicuous by having so thoroughly introduced the Brotherhood that the Firemen of Sprague, Washington Territory, where he is located, have sent in their application for a Charter. Having quite fully reviewed the news, I now close with best wishes to all.

Fraternally,

P. P.

Our Gulf City Lodge.

TEMPA, TEXAS, NOV. 7, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Since Mr. Stevens' event in Galveston, organizing a Brotherhood Lodge, all is bustle. On the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway nothing is heard only Brotherhood here and Brotherhood there; each member vying with the others for a prominent part. I am told many engineers are becoming members, notwithstanding that they have a Brotherhood of their own. Nothing can be heard from the energetic Master of No. 115, when he meets a member, excepting something or other about Brotherhood matters or their meetings. He it is who is marching them to the grand stand from which they vow never to return. I understand there are many applications and withdrawals from other Lodges to join No. 115. I often wished to be a Brotherhood man; but, as I am not in any way connected with locomotives, I cannot become a member;

therefore, I have not that warmth of feeling which characterizes the boys here. They make the Brotherhood their little heaven.

Though not a member, I am one of the many readers of the much longed for Magazine, which is so readable and entertaining. It does credit to the Brotherhood—more especially so to the worthy editor. Besides the many entertaining qualities of the Magazine, there is one thing I am sorry to see in it, month after month, viz.: the expulsion list. Were it not for this, I have no doubt the Brotherhood would be a crown of success. Yet, let it be purified, though at a loss. I have said loss with impropriety, as it is a benefit to cast out the withered and withering branches rather than that they should be allowed to contaminate any of the trunk.

I think if all other branches are as earnest as the "Infant" Lodge, Gulf City, there will not be a fireman, perhaps not an engineer, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but what will sooner or later become a member. Not only this, but many of those who are silently watching the onward course of those worthy men will wish themselves of their number. That all may be a pride to the Brotherhood, is the wish of

NON LITERATUM.

Local Gatherings.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 5, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have not seen anything in the Magazine about No. 13, I thought I would drop a few lines and let our sister Lodges know that we still live. All the boys are doing well. Some of them have left the single rank and taken a partner for life. Among them are Bros. Mahoney and Porter. They have the good wishes of No. 13, and we hope that prosperity may be with them. Our Master, T. E. Kelton, was called home very suddenly, the other day, and was presented with a booming boy, who tipped the beam at eleven pounds. We had an invitation to Bro. E. Doyer's, on Thanksgiving day, to partake of a turkey dinner. Bro. Charles Mohr, was in the East, visiting. He sends his sincere thanks to No. 73 and No. 4, for the courtesies shown him. We meet the second and last Sundays of each month, in Masonic Hall, corner Pacific avenue and Maple street.

Yours fraternally, C. A. WILSON.

The Empire State.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is with much pleasure that I announce the healthy condition of the Lodge at this place. The present officers guarantee continued prosperity.

Quite a number of our boys have been set up and handle the throttle gracefully, with the best wishes of hosts of friends both within and without the Order. The most prominent among them are Chas. Beach, Noble Thompson, Wm. Coddle, Wm. Chambers, Henry Whittlesey, John Trant and Ben Blue. These men are all deserving of the confidence placed in them by the officials and are a credit to our Order. There are many more who are looking forward to a similar promotion, and no doubt will have like honors conferred upon them as soon as there are vacant positions. With best wishes for the prosperity of No. 99, I remain yours, truly,
BROTHERHOOD MAN.

Excursion to Jersey City.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 30, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

8:30 A. M., of November 12, 1882, found forty-two of No. 75's members aboard a car that had been specially assigned to them, and which was attached to the rear of train No. 18, on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. We were bound to Jersey City, ninety miles distant, to visit our sister Lodge No. 3, in response to a kind and pressing invitation we had received a few weeks ago. We received an addition of one member at Trenton and another at Jersey City, making quite a good sized delegation. The road was new to most of our Philadelphia division members, and they made good use of their eyes and tongues as we rode along; in fact, some of them thought we should have had a large rear platform, so that more could have occupied it and had better opportunities for seeing the road. Upon our arrival at Jersey City we were met by a committee from No. 3, when, forming in line, we were escorted to a first-class restaurant, and, seating ourselves at the table, we endeavored to do justice to the elegant bill of fare that had been so bountifully provided for us.

Our worthy Financier at this point of the proceedings succeeded in maintaining his reputation as a *good feeder*, and while none of us were far behind, yet we were obliged to give him the medal. After dinner we took up the line of march to

the Lodge room, where the time was passed in quiet conversation until the time of opening.

When the Lodge opened we made a formal entry as a delegation, witnessed the regular routine of business, including initiation. This completed, appropriate remarks were made by several of the Brothers present; the first of which was made by our worthy representative. His remarks were responded to by one of the members of No. 3; thus the feast of reason and flow of soul was kept up alternating from one to another, including also a delegate from No. 13, who added to the entertainment which continued until we adjourned at 7 p. m.

Next we wended our way to the tea table and next to the depot, taking leave of our Brothers who had so kindly entertained us; we were well pleased with our visit, and the occasion will be long remembered by the delegation from

"No. 75."

A Species of Cactus.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, NOV. 29, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As many of the members of No. 94 are away and have only the Magazine to consult for information, a few words will not be out of place.

Our Lodge now numbers fifty-five members in good standing, NONE in bad standing. We have no debts, have a new hall finely furnished and cash on hand. Arrangements are being made for a grand ball to take place February 5, it being the second anniversary of our organization. We shall invite every member of the Brotherhood to attend; our Grand Officers shall be complimented by getting special attention paid them by the Committee on "Disturbances."

Let me state, by the way, that refreshments will be in order, so that Bro. Dean, of the Northwestern, will not hesitate in coming.

The team that our delegates drove to Terre Haute will convey guests to and from the Round House: we shall do all we can to make it pleasant for visitors. No presents will be received.

Bro. J. C. Spahr is now located at Bowie as hostler; Bro. Adams is stopping with him assisting him at chair bottoming; hard worked boys, both of them, deserving the sympathy of every member of the Order.

Bro. Simpson is at Tucson running a switch engine and studying the theory of working water. His fireman does not

see the benefit to the jacket. We think Simpson will convince him.

Bro. Wiley is our Magazine Agent for 1883, and he is already on the war path for dollars. Send them in, boys, give him the benefit this year.

Our noble doctor is on the pusher at Bowie as assistant engineer on the left. You will find Sargent anywhere between Tucson and Deming studying political economy and how long it takes a water tank to run dry after the pump gives out.

Bro. Baker has returned from the Web-footed region and taken to the ways of the Arizonian; too much travel makes one weary.

No. 94 will be glad to entertain Bros. Debs and Stevens and show them some great curiosities.

LATIN.

Death of T. E. Cashman.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 10, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

No. 61 has lost one of her truest men, Bro. Cashman. He was a man of good principles and a good Brother; he was prompt in the payment of his dues and a frequent attendant at meetings. He was the only support of three sisters, which is a good recommendation for a young man. Faithful in the discharge of his duties, he was well thought of by his employers. While we all miss him very much, we feel truly grateful to know that his sisters, who receive his insurance, will be well provided for. There is some satisfaction in knowing that he did what we ought to do, died leaving his family protected, so far as it lay in his power.

MINNEHAHA.

Astronomical Observations.

AUSTIN, MINN., NOV. 27, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The "Comet" has changed its position in the last few days, and is now seen to blaze forth from the exact latitude and longitude of Austin, Minn. It has also been numbered, and will be known hereafter as No. 126. Whether that number is correct in an astronomical sense I do not know, but it is the one that represents our last acquisition. Grand Instructor Stevens, in company with Bros. Sharick, Lighter, Errison and Tucker, arrived in the city on the evening of the 21st inst., and on the 22d held two meetings, giving the new members a most thorough instruction in the work of the Order, both in and out of the

Lodge room. The new Lodge starts with eighteen charter members, all fine, earnest and intelligent men, who have embraced the Order after a careful investigation of its aims and principles. During my connection with the Brotherhood I have never seen men take hold of the work in a more straightforward, businesslike manner than the men who have founded Comet Lodge 126, and we bespeak for her a marked and glorious as well as a profitable future.

Want of time prevents my going into further details, but in conclusion I will say that the men went about the business earnestly and without show or flourish, and if they continue as they have begun, success is certain.

At the close of the evening session a vote of thanks was extended to the visiting brothers, and after bidding each other a hearty adieu we returned to our homes, well satisfied with the result of our visit, feeling that we had benefited ourselves while assisting our fellow men.

Yours fraternally,

NUCLEUS.

The Left-Hand Side.

AUSTIN, MINN., December 26, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Please allow me a small space, for the introduction of Comet Lodge No. 126. We started in on the 22d of October, 1882, with eighteen charter members and have now twenty-three, with a number of applications. Bro. A. Pullar, our first Master, has left this road to accept a better situation. He has been succeeded by Bro. F. Fairbanks. He is a good Master, also a good despatcher. Bro. Frank McWhorter is our quill driver and also holds the job of dispatching here. Bro. Vore, our Vice Master, is switching in Bro. Pullar's place. Bro. P. M. Chambers is our Financier and boils water in the 380. Bro. Charles Gillece, our Magazine Agent, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, is convalescing. Bro. Chancey holds forth in the boiler house; the latch string hangs on the outside. Bro. Bowhall has left the I. and M. and gone on the River Division; Bro. Nixon on the Short Line; Bro. Foulz is on the Moonlight Express; Bro. Stevens on the right-hand side of the 4 spot in McGregor, where Bro. Ruddy is hostling. Bros. J. Hughes and F. Chambers stoke on the east end and cannot attend meetings very often. Never mind, boys, we know ye are with us, "in your minds" if ye can't attend

meetings. The thanks of this Lodge are due Division 102 of the B. of L. E. for the free use of their hall until January 1st, 1883; also to Bro. Stevens for presenting us with a beautiful Chart. With many good wishes for the success of the B. of L. F. I am

Fraternally yours,

LEFT-HAND SIDE.

Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 25, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Among the recent promotions in this vicinity, we note that of A. W. Spurr, our Master. He is on the right side now, as he always is in the Lodge room, and if he handles the throttle as artistically as the gavel, there is no doubt but he can make up a train. Bro. Greene, our ex-Financier, is running the way freight on the B. & P., and will soon remove to Providence, R. I. Success go with him. Bros. True, Trenholm and Wheaton, of the Fitchburg Road, are pulling the throttle. Bro. Londen, of the N. Y. & N. E., met with a painful accident in a recent collision on the N. E. road. By jumping he saved his life, but the engineer staid at his post and went down with the wreck. He crossed the river to receive the reward that awaits all who do their duty. He put on the brakes, reversed the engine, and with one hand on the sand box lever met his fate like a hero. Billie asked him if he was going to jump. He said, "No, good-bye."

The old "war horse" Greene, of Salem, is yet alive, and lets the boys know it when he sees them.

Our sixth annual ball takes place on Thursday evening, January 11, 1883, at Paine Hall, Boston. Music by Salem Cadets' Band. Those who wish a good time, we ask your attention. E.

News from the North West.

BRAINERD, MINN., Nov. 28, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It is with pleasure that we send you the names of Bros. H. A. Boedecker and H. Smith to enroll among the balance of our right side men; if we can judge the future by the past they are both worthy of the responsibility.

Bro. Boedecker has not only "just got there," but he informs us, with smiling countenance, of the arrival of a new son and heir, who tips the beam at 12 pounds. As he is a little B. of L. F. boy we hope that "Boed" will be a good pa to him.

No. 81 has been in luck lately; we thought so when we saw Bro. Ed. Benton's strut and learned that he too had received a "governorship." The little one came on October 29. The boy is quite well and Ed as well as circumstances will permit. May he long continue in the good work.

Bro. Smith, the new engineer, who has been absent for some time, has returned and is again within the radius of his friends.

We have two Brothers on the sick list. They are Bros. McDonald and Farrer, but with the careful nursing they receive from the boys of 81 they are beginning to rally.

A grand ball and banquet is to be given in behalf of Mrs. Millspaugh, wife of our late Master. We are making every effort to make it a success in order that we may be able to turn over a snug sum to her. We can hardly fail of success, since the matter is being engineered by Bros. Wadham and Wheaton, with the assistance of others who are equally competent.

Fraternally yours,

C. S. L.

The Golden Rule.

BRAINERD, MINN., NOV. 30, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Be firm, be just, be true,
And do to others as you would that they
should do to you.

This little sentence should be written on every heart, stamped on every memory; it should be the Golden Rule, practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world.

By helping one another we not only move the thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing that we are doing a duty to a fellow creature, in return gaining his love, and who does not want to be loved? A helping hand or an encouraging word is no less to us, yet, it is a benefit to others. Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How good, when perplexed with some task that is both difficult and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder and hear a kind voice whispering: "Do not be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you." What strength is infused, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt. The great difficulty dissolves as dew before the sunshine.

Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to remember the Golden Rule. This world would be less sinful if we all

acted upon those golden words. Lift the burden of care from the weary and the oppressed and life will glide smoothly on and the fountain of bitterness yield sweet waters. Every good deed will be "bread cast up on the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

We will put our trust in Him whose Almighty power reigns over us. In the hour of trouble, "seek and ye shall find."

I trust that the Brothers of 81, as well as others, will impress this upon their memories.

CAL.

A Late Acquisition.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., NOV. 24, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Through the columns of the Magazine I wish to express my sincere thanks to the members of H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122; also to the engineers and all employees who so generously donated to my aid in consequence of my three months' sickness last summer; and especially to those who manifested such a willingness to assist my wife in caring for me through the critical part of my sickness. I must say that a more noble, refined and generous body of railroad men cannot be found than is in the employ of the C., B. & Q., on the St. Louis division.

Our Lodge was organized the 8th of October and has a membership of twenty-five; a pretty good showing for a Lodge yet in its infancy. Applications and initiations are on the docket every Tuesday night.

H. B. Stone Lodge is made up of good men and promises to do honor to the man after whom she is named. Our officers are faithful workers in the cause, and with the assistance of the members we shall try to number with the best. May our ambition never flag and may H. B. Stone Lodge never grow less.

A "Q" FIREMAN.

Border Breezes.

ELLIS, KAN., NOV. 31, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I notice that several Lodges are regular contributors to our Magazine, a fact that speaks very favorably for them. Although No. 32 is heard from occasionally she does not do as much as she ought. Our Lodge is in fine working order and the boys are zealous to come up to the standard; they are all trying to so live and so conduct themselves as to gain the respect of their employers and the public at large. Since the return of our

worthy Master and Delegate, Bro. Schuyler, from the Convention, the boys feel inspired to work more earnestly than before; the pay their dues promptly, and those who were in the habit of falling behind are desirous of keeping ninety days in advance. I agree with No. 39 in regard to strong drink. No member of our Order can allow himself to be spoken of as a drinker. He cannot indulge himself in anything that robs him of his manhood, to say nothing of the havoc it creates in the hearts of those who are near and dear to him.

Speak again, R. R. Centre, for who can doubt your good purposes? It is surely true that the Brotherhood has done more toward elevating railroad men than all the temperance lecturers. May every member hold in remembrance the clause in the Constitution that forbids us to use intoxicating liquors.

Fraternally yours,
EXODUS.

Worthily Bestowed.

BELLEVEILLE, ONT., NOV. 12, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

After discharging the regular business of the Order at one of our late meetings, Bro. Morris took the chair and called the members to order, whereupon Bro. E. L. Adamson was made the recipient of a beautiful pin, the emblem of our Order, with a shield attached and bearing the following inscription: "Presented to E. L. Adamson by the members of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, B. of L. F., August, 1882." The pin is a very handsome piece of workmanship manufactured at the establishment of S. A. Spangenberg of this city.

Bro. Morris in making the presentation, read the following address:

E. L. ADAMSON:

Dear Sir and Brother. The members of Challenge Lodge No. 66, B. of L. F., are now assembled to perform a pleasant duty, which you necessitated by your strict attention to and prompt discharge of your duties while holding the responsible office of Financier of our Lodge; also for the many other acts of kindness you conferred upon us; and having done all these good deeds without thought of recompense, we cannot allow this occasion to go by without giving you at least a small mark of our appreciation; therefore, we beg of you to accept this pin as a token of our esteem, and having so long remained silent we hope this gift will be none the less acceptable. Although you have retired from an office so full of labor we hope that you will still take an active part in everything that pertains to the Order. Signed on behalf of the members of Challenge Lodge No. 66.

JOHN LOGUE,
WM. HIGGINS, } Committee.
EDWARD MORRIS. }

Advances from Iowa.

CREXTON, IOWA, NOV. 30, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In the last issue of the book, I noticed a great many promotions; of our number four have lately laid down the scoop. I refer to Bros. Cherrington (Master), Jas. Allen, Thos. Burns and C. Weydert, all of whom are doing nicely in the new field.

We have quite a good Lodge of about sixty-five members, among them Bros. M. Bay, C. Raiforce, O. Younkings, E. Leens, J. Ellison, L. Baker, W. Cooper, G. Igre, J. Vanzant and A. Danielson are engineers.

We were pleased to receive a visit from Bro. Stevens, and he seemed satisfied with what had been done since our organization. He gave us credit for having a good Lodge.

Thus far but one misfortune has befallen us. Death robbed us of one of our best men, Bro. John C. Quartermaster, who, after a long sickness, passed away on the 26th of October. His death was a severe blow to us all; trusting that our ranks may long remain unbroken, I am fraternally yours,

Top.

A Grateful Recipient.

DENVER, COL., NOV. 26, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

With your kind permission I will use the columns of your Magazine to return my deep and heartfelt thanks to the members of Lodge No. 77 for their many acts of more than kindness to me and my family. When sickness had laid me prostrate they cared for me and saw to the welfare of my little ones. The attack was long and severe, and left me broken in health. The small fund accumulated by industry was soon exhausted, but the brothers came and quietly slipped in my hand a sum sufficient to complete my humble home, making me and my family comfortable for the Winter and saving me the expense of rent, which is no small item here. This debt of gratitude I feel I can never repay, but with the return of my health I hope to replace the money. It is the kind feeling, the sympathy, the care given to my children, and those many little acts so full of tenderness and consideration, that even to mention them seems to take from their nobleness of character and purity of motive.

JOSEPH H. PELHAM.



DAN. PHELAN, of No. 56, is running a Mogul on the H. & St. Joe.

J. LYNCH and Geo. Loda, of South St. Louis, are on the sick list.

THERE is a "Bunch" of manhood at the head of our Lodge at Stuart, Iowa.

WHO says that the old "War Horse" of No. 82 is losing his interest in the Brotherhood?

FOR prompt and complete returns, Twin City Lodge No. 39 takes the lead of most others.

MR. and Mrs. Wm. Hull, of No. 113, gave thanks on Thanksgiving day; not for a turkey, but for a little daughter.

BRO. LEIBTAG, of No. 96, is one who is always on hand when there is any work to be done.

F. J. COLLINS, of Banner Lodge, is now on construction train, with headquarters at Pattonsburg, Mo.

SINCE the organization of Beaver Lodge Bros. Clifton and Smith have padded over to the right-hand side.

ANY ONE desiring a first-class clown will please send for W. H. Dolly, of Alexia Lodge who guarantees a good, square laugh every time.

THE well-deserved promotion of Bros. Sheets, Barlow and Given, of No. 96, is reported. The first named is the founder of the Lodge.

J. JAMES, of No. 86, who had his foot mashed some time ago, has so far recovered as to be on duty agin; he is firing a pony engine.

AFTER his return from the Convention, Bro. Jacob E. Opp, representative of No. 3, of Jersey City, was deservedly promoted. Bro. Opp is one of the men of whom we are proud.

G. W. Greenwood, of Cedar Valley Lodge No. 30, has returned from his trip to the Northwest. He says that the climate at Winnepeg is a little too "fresh" for him.

No. 61 was honored by a visit from Bro. D. O'Brien, of No. 122. He conducted himself in so pleasing a manner that the Minnehaha boys want him to come again.

AMONG our most prominent Masters may be mentioned A. W. Spurr, of Boston Lodge No. 57, and A. E. Dennison, of Great Eastern No. 4. Our New England brothers may feel proud of such leaders.

AFTER an extended visit to his old home, in Canada, Bro. James McCarthy, of No. 61, returned, much improved in health. During his journey he met many Brotherhood men of both the right and the left side.

No. 4 is getting along very well, although some of her boys are a little hard-hearted. Bro. George Young is one of them; he laid down the shovel without shedding a tear and took the right side.

BRO. J. W. Cox, one of our Beavers, has entered into matrimonial bliss. His bride is an accomplished and estimable lady of London. These two excellent young people are in every way worthy of each other.

THE new regalias, worn for the first time by the members of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, on the occasion of Brother Stevens' recent visit to St. Paul, are very beautiful. The boys are exceedingly proud of them.

WE all have an invitation to call on Bro. and Mrs. M. J. Sullivan, of No. 61. Bro. Sullivan is the pay-car engineer on the C. St. P. M. & O. R.R. He and his lady have just gone to housekeeping, hence the invitation.

THE redoubtable Zeb Moore is at Keokuk, holding the "Gate City" well up among the stars of the first magnitude. Zeb is an earnest worker, whose head is as clear as his heart is warm. The Gate City Lodge contains only the best of men.

PASSED over from left to right: Bros. C. W. Beach (Financier of No. 99), H. C. Whittlesey, Jacob Brewer, William Candle, Frank Webster and Thos. A. Loftus. They are a fine lot of men, and as engineers will do themselves credit.

IN organizing Northern Light Lodge No. 127, our Instructor was ably assisted by the following brothers, viz: Harry Cochrane, of No. 84, Harry Lynes, of No. 67, George Dowling, of No. 38, and Bro. Jacobs, of No. 47.

A DUPLICATE policy was required in favor of Mrs. R. A. Harris. Bro. Harris is a member of Gulf City Lodge No. 115, and Mrs. Harris is a new acquisition. We wish them a world of joy and prosperity.

THE Union Pacific boys at Omaha have again wheeled into line, closing up an important gap in the great overland route across the continent.

ROYAL GORGE Lodge No. 59 has among her many good ones, one who will hereafter bear the title of the "Boss Rustler."

THE first "Pioneer" to lead out, is Bro. William Davis, of No. 108, who has taken unto himself a wife; the bride was formerly Miss Hannah Harris, of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are worthy of all the good that may be in store for them.

ALTHOUGH a bran new officer, Bro. W. W. Williams, of No. 65, who is acting as Financier and Magazine Agent, is distinguishing himself by his good work. Under his supervision No. 65 will retain her present good standing.

SINCE the organization of Evening Star Lodge No. 112, the following members have been stationed on the right side: T. E. Peck, J. M. Covington, D. E. Missett, T. F. Thicksten, John Starks, R. L. Bracy, C. O. Simms, and F. C. Wiard.

WE have in Texas, two warm supporters, without which, our Order would be incomplete. Both are engineers and both are noblemen. We refer to James McDonough, of Gulf City Lodge No. 115, and Harry Keler, of Fargo Lodge No. 85.

A LETTER from Bro. Crawford advises us that Overland Lodge is progressing finely—that several new members have been added to the roll, with many applications on file awaiting action.

THE very proficient Ex-Magazine Agent of No. 99, Bro. Richard Callow, has made a good record by crossing over to the right side. We can recommend Bro. Callow as an industrious and exemplary man and one who will make every effort to enhance the interest of his employers.

BORNE upon a northern breeze, comes the intelligence of the marriage of Bro. Armstrong, of No. 72, to Miss Lizzie Eagan. Starting in life under such favorable circumstances as they, their future looks bright, as we all hope it may be.

THROUGH the Magazine, the members of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61 desire to return thanks to the members of Rochester Lodge No. 99 for assisting in the burial of Bro. Thomas Cashman, particularly to Bro. H. L. Crofut.

TO THE members of Gate City Lodge No. 93, Bro. Chas. Timblon, of No. 44, desires to return many thanks for kind attentions shown him while in Iowa.

ED. RUGAN, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, has been transferred from the Logansport Division to the main line of the Vandalia Road. He is on the right hand side, of course.

THE numerous friends of Bro. J. E. Hagerty will be pleased to learn of his prosperity. He is an employee of the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad, in the capacity of engineer. Although away from his Lodge, (The Old Guard) his heart is warmly in the cause for which his comrades are battling.

THE boys at Glendive are making a fine start in the work of the Brotherhood. Wm. T. Field, formerly of Garden City Lodge No. 50, holds the gavel and John Casey handles the quill. Fred Mersereau has taken the Agency for the Magazine and will do good work in that capacity. We have full confidence in our Montana brothers.

ANY information regarding the whereabouts of Bro. W. J. Hall, of No. 57, will be thankfully received by his Lodge. When last heard from he was on his way south, with expectation of accepting work on the Mexican Central R.R. All communications concerning this matter should be directed to J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

THE sincere thanks of Instructor Stevens are returned to Mr. Lew. Hinckley, engineer on the C., B. & Q. R. R., for courteous treatment received at his hands during his visit to Galesburg, Ill. Mr. Hinckley is a firm friend of our Order, and the members of Progress Lodge No. 105 are not unmindful of the fact.

MR. RICHARD RHINE, Chief of Cream City Division No. 66, B. of L. E., Milwaukee, Wis., is an earnest advocate of united action, when based upon the broad principle of right and justice. In Mr. Rhine the members of Guiding Star Lodge will have a warm friend and an able adviser.

ED. POWERS, of Inter-State Lodge No. 92, is "starring" in Texas. The last reports from him came from Beaumont, where he is employed on the "Star and Crescent" route. Ed. is a typical Texan—although he did not follow the noted Sam Houston to victory at San Jacinto, he is a good one, just the same.

WM. McDONALD, of No. 36, is now on the right hand side of the engine, and is doing the switching in the L., N. A. & C. yards at Lafayette.

SAMUEL CLARK, of No. 46, is one of our busiest workers. Although employed all day with his work, he manages to find time to put in a big helping hand for his Lodge. We admire him for his energy.

WE are in receipt of a very encouraging letter from Bro. H. S. Smith, of Pioneer Lodge No. 108, who is now located at Alamosa, Col. He regrets not being able to attend meetings—otherwise he is perfectly happy. Bro. Smith had charge of the Magazine department last year and the size of his list is evidence that he was not remiss in his duty.

THE engineers and firemen at Keokuk have taken a step in advance of their fellows in other places. By a harmonious co-operation, they have laid the foundation for their future success. Now, when an expelled member of our Order seeks admission to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, he finds the doors barred against him.

ED. DENIS is looking for the scalp of the bloodthirsty "Modoc," who gave him away in the November Magazine. He says he never undertook to learn the Indian dialect, and has no desire to. On the occasion referred to by Modoc, he was making a Greenback speech in Greek to some late arrivals from Lapland. The Indian business is a campaign falsehood, gotten up by his political enemies, and will not bear the light of truth.

HARRY BARNES, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, who took Greeley's advice some time ago, and went West, has embarked in the laundry business at Aken, Minn. As his work is all done by hand, he is prepared to guarantee satisfaction to his patrons. His supply of water is drawn from "Mud Creek" which is said to be peculiarly adapted both to washing and bathing purposes. Harry ought to know, for he has tried it.

ALL members of the B. of L. F. and B. of L. E. are cautioned against harboring or assisting Harry W. Stone, a former member of Royal George Lodge No. 59, at South Pueblo, Col. He is a thorough-going dead beat and has violated the confidence of all true men by defrauding those who helped him in sickness and trouble. This is published by order of his Lodge.

THE Financier of Alexia, Bro. S. J. Clark, is the boss boy. May he long hold the office, for he cannot be easily replaced.

THE bachelors of No. 45 are inconsolable, as one by one of their number is exchanging single misery for married bliss. Bro. E. H. Raiford and Miss L. B. Coakling, Bro. S. Kile and Miss Ida Tague, Bro. Jno. Adams and Miss Emma Vass have signed the contract for a life firm. Bros. Henry Williams and Frank Wilson are still upon the ragged edge, but hope to embark during the holidays.

HAWKEYE Lodge No. 27 is in luck. They were recently presented with a magnificent gold-fringed banner, bearing the inscription, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The banner was presented by Mrs. Eckman, on behalf of Mrs. Calkins, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Carrie, all of these ladies wives of members of No. 27. The boys are justly proud of the esteem in which the Order is held by these worthy ladies.

IN a collision lately, Bros. Day and Green, of No. 27, were frightfully injured. These two Brothers were on the same engine, Bro. Day as engineer and Bro. Green as fireman. The former was brought home shortly after the accident, but the latter was so badly injured that he could not be removed; he is lying at Albert Lea, Minn., the place of the wreck. Although both sustained great injuries, it is thought that with proper attention and careful nursing they will recover. Throughout the weary days of their sickness they have the sympathy of the Brotherhood.

THE following extract, taken from the Paris (Tenn.) Post, will be of special interest to the Delegates to the late Convention, as Walter C. Nance was one of their number, representing Bluff City Lodge No. 55:

"NANCE—GATES.—On the 16th inst. (yesterday), at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. W. W. Gates, Jackson, Tenn., Mr. Walter C. Nance, of this city, and Miss Fannie M. Gates. After receiving the congratulations of friends the bridal party boarded the train for this city, arriving at 2:30 P. M. They were entered a reception at the residence of the groom's mother last night.

Mr. Nance is a young man full worthy of the lovely young lady whom he has chosen for his bride, and has many friends in this city. We have the good fortune to know the beautiful bride personally and we but echo the sentiments of all who know her when we say there is not a more noble woman in the land. Paris should, indeed, be proud to receive her into her society circles.

The Post wishes the happy pair a long life and much happiness."

Miscellaneous.

Caned.

On the 18th of November, 1882, the Master Mechanic of the H. & St. Joe R. R., was presented with a fine gold-headed cane by the members of Phoenix Lodge No. 23, B. of L. F., as a testimonial of their good feeling and regard. He is a gentleman who is loved and respected by every member of the Lodge. The presentation was made neatly and appropriately by John Ray.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis noon of night! the crescent moon,
 Career'ing on her way sheds her clear beams
 On the cold bosom of the ice-bound Lake;
 The stars, thin veiled, by the flying clouds,
 Like gems bedimmed in the blue vault of
 heaven.

Peep forth in beauty thro' the misty air.
 The leafless trees, like sentinels, stand round,
 And shrubs that yesterday were green with
 life.

Appear like hearts bereft of every joy.
 O'er hill and dale the lowing herds are mute:
 In the broad ways where earth's chased phan-
 toms moved.

The busy throng is still; no sound is heard;
 None save the torrent from the distant hill,
 Or the hoarse murmurings of moaning winds.
 Silence and solitude, twin sisters, since
 The fall wrapped in their sable hue that
 draped

Man's Eden home, his bower of sinless bliss,
 Now hold their empire o'er a slumbering
 world.

The clock strikes twelve, startling the knell
 that breaks

Upon the ear in strong emphatic tones.
 We tremble as the sound with force comes
 home

Upon the mind: "The year is fled, is gone."
 The year is gone, but oh! what sad accounts
 It bears upon its winged flight to heaven?
 In such an hour, let conscience make con-
 science

The great viceregent of the soul—faithful
 Forever in her sacred trust. Now let her
 Aid reflection as the soul inquires:—
 "What have I done to glorify my God?
 What good or ill report departed years,
 Have carried to the skies; what of my time,
 My talents, thoughts; what of my words and
 deeds?

What have I done to soothe my fellow-men—
 To relieve distress, and bind up the broken
 heart;

To feed the hungry, destitute of bread,
 To clothe the naked, shivering with the cold?
 My means of grace, how have I them im-
 proved?

My closet and my bible what knowledge
 Have I gained, as o'er its pages I've leaned?
 How have I profited beneath heaven's smiles,

As o'er my path life's brightest flowers were
 strewn?

And when dark clouds in adverse skies arose
 Spread o'er my couch of pain, their sicken-
 ing pall,

How were those hours improved, as health
 returned

With her reviving smiles?—health, sweetest
 gift

God o'er bestowed on man, upon the altar
 Of his love was my pure offering laid.
 The year has fled! How silently it died.

Midnight's high noon now hangs her curtain
 round

Studded with stars that shone when earth
 was new.

No sigh, no groan, no strong convulsions rock
 The world, no waking of the elements,
 No marring winds proclaiming its departure.

Without one throe, a New Year's ushered in.
 The stream of time maintains its rapid roll—
 Swiftly the current upon its bosom bears.

The untold myriads of peopled earth—
 This atom world to an unfathomed deep—
 The boundless ocean of unnumbered years,

Where nations, in the flood, were all engulfed,
 Where kingdoms sleep in dark oblivious
 night,

Mid wrecks of ages, never more to rise.
 On this swift stream our fragile bark still
 floats,

While those we loved have sunk beneath the
 waves.

What still awaits us on these shores of time,
 Is wrapped in clouds impervious. The future
 None can pierce, the present bounds our
 vision,

All all beyond is hid from mortal eyes.
 How many hearts thro' falsehood and deceit
 Will writhe in anguish thro' the coming year.

Sigh, when the morn in rosy beauty breaks;
 Weep, when the evening with its shadows
 comes;

Mourn, when the pale moon throws her light
 o'er all

And breathe their sorrows to the listening
 skies.

What storms will rise, what waves of trouble
 roll

E'er we may reach the blissful port of peace,
 Archangels know not and no tongue can tell
 in the perfections of a faithful God.

Then let our trust be fixed. Altho' the wheels
 Of Providence to us move high and dreadful,
 Still we will smile as wrapped in mystery.

They onward roll harmonious as the spheres
 All shall conspire to bring the grand result:
 To bring our greatest good—the good of all—
 The glories of that King, whose hand divine,
 Guides all the planets in their destined
 course.

Be this, our source of bliss, our highest joy:—
 While in this vale of tears to look above,
 To trust in Him, who sees with equal eye,
 The sparrow fall and empires sink to dust.

To take the volume of His dark decrees,
 Turn o'er its leaves and read our hidden fate.
 Upon the page inscribed we'd have no wish:
 No picture would we see—whether of light
 Or shade, for oh! 'twould pain our souls and
 rob

Us of our bliss. Over our sunny hours
 The halcyon days of sweet domestic joy—
 Would cast a shadow where now all is bright.

Be this our chief desire:—To keep our
 thoughts,

Our life, our actions, right; our passions calm;
 To live each day as if it were our last,
 That when our circling years shall cease to
 roll,

We may with joy yield up our fleeting breath
 To Him who dwells where time is known no
 more.

Firemen's Department.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

We learn with great pleasure that J. M. Dodge, of San Diego Lodge No. 90, San Diego, California, has been elected County Clerk of the county in which he resides. This will be glad news to the many friends of Brother Dodge all over the land.

As Vice Grand Master of the Order he became widely known and made a name for himself of which he can feel proud for all time.

The campaign in which he was engaged was close and warmly contested, but success could not turn her face from such a man as Brother Dodge. He is deserving of the confidence thus reposed in him and will make a splendid record for himself—one that will open for him every avenue to higher political distinction.

We can safely say that the whole Brotherhood unites with us in our hearty congratulations to this "Blue-eyed Boy of Destiny."

IN MEMORIAM.

For *Firemen's Magazine*:

[The following lines were written on the death of Angela Walsh, daughter of Bro. W. E. Walsh, of Border Lodge No. 32, by her mother. The child was aged one year and eleven months and died October 2, 1892.]

An angel came to gather flowers,
To deck the throne of heaven;
He took the fairest of them all,
That God to us had given.
The bird that sang so sweetly,
The vine that crowned the rock,
The glory of the household,
The flower of the flock.

Can we without repining,
Lay her beneath the sod?
And with a calm resigning,
Bow to the will of God?
The bright and jewelled casket,
That shrouded her pure young soul
How could Death's angel ask it,
To be at his control.

And then so unrelenting
To hide it from our sight,
Despite our wild lamenting
Within the grave's dark night.
But we've a hopeful token,
In this stern trial hour,
Though death the vase hath broken
He could not blight the flower.

Down from the starry portal,
An angel spread her wing,
Up to the bowers immortal,
This lovely flower to bring;
Nourished by living waters
That ripple past the throne
She blooms mid Eden's daughters,
Where death is never known.

MRS. LAURA WALSH.

A SERMON.

"Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman that need not be ashamed." 2 Tim. ii. 15.

Delivered before Lodges Nos. 11 and 13, of the B. of L. F. in the Greens Bridge M. E. Church, Phillipsburg, N. J., by the Rev. Wm. M. Trumbower.
In every honorable pursuit of life we may

have the blessing of God upon us, whether it be a labor of the brain or muscle, relating to spiritual or temporal affairs. God has made us to be workers—for "in the sweat of (the) face" are we to eat our bread. And, in the struggles to maintain life, there is profit—for "in all labor there is profit"—if it receives the approving smiles of God; and in the performance of which none need be ashamed.

In considering this text there are some thoughts springing from it applicable to the present occasion; and which we hope to be able, by the blessing of God, to impress upon your minds and hearts.

1. God is first to be obeyed.

It is not of so much importance as to whether we are approved of men as it is as to whether we are approved unto God. This is taught by Peter and the Apostles, who, when brought before the council and charged not to teach longer in the name of Jesus, answered: "We ought to obey God rather than man."

mits the humiliation it costs to serve men. That we should first obey Him, we may conclude for the following reasons:

1. Because God is infinite and man finite; God, the Creator, man the created.

2. Because all the power of man comes from God.

Pilate, as Governor of Judea, thought he possessed considerable power when he said to Christ: "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee and have power to release thee?" Jesus answered: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above."

3. Because in Him we live and move and have our being. The author of faith, Father of all mercies, giver of all our blessings, the Savior of our souls. Therefore, I think we will all agree that for these reasons, briefly presented, and many more, we should first obey God, having now and always His approval. The command is, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." "Study to show thyself approved unto God."

2. The chief requisite to an honorable life is God's approval.

Life is not to be judged merely in its relations to this life, but also in its relations to eternity; and I claim that that life is most honorable which is best fitted for the higher existence which awaits us—a future made blessed only as we are approved unto God; the chief requisite to an honorable life is God's approval, because that life is honorable in the true sense only as God's approval is had.

The applause of the world, the favor of men, what effect would all this have upon our eternal destiny without God favoring us. We cannot enter the Paradise of God and spend an eternity with Him in bliss without first passing under the scrutinizing glance of Him who shall judge the world without respect of persons. And when we but call to mind that to win this approval we are only called upon to do the right as we know it, to accept of naught but that which commends itself to our consciences, without the sacrifice of a single principle, do we add emphasis to our assertion that the chief requisite to an honorable life is God's approval.

3. This approval secured by doing the will of God.

We secure the approval of men by doing their will; and a will, too, which is many times most humiliating and degrading, requiring this submission to advance their own interests and not for the good of the humiliated. Not long since did we read the testimony of a Governor of a great State, the second in importance of the Union, who ad-

God requires of His followers submission, but it is such as elevates, ennobles, and never degrades—a submission which results in our good, in bringing to us benefits incalculable in worth and blessing to us.

What is the will of God? It is His will that we should love Him; not with a forced love such as a tyrant receives from unwilling subjects, but with a love drawn to Him by His own love to us. He commends Himself as worthy to be loved, in that while we were His enemies, transgressors of His law, workers of iniquity, He gave his life to ransom us from sin and moral slavery. He would have us to keep His laws which have been enacted for our good, in view of the eternity which lies before us; and that they are for our good we have our own experience and the testimony of millions of earth whose piety, truthfulness and judgment commands our very highest respect, and to which might be added the voices of countless millions more who are reigning to-day with God in glory, helping to swell the glad halleluiahs which are ever being shouted by the spirits of the just made perfect, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The service of God is a delightful service, His yoke is easy. Let the will of Him, who doeth all things well, be done on the earth as it is in heaven and then we shall be able to look up into His reconciled countenance.

"And, Father, Abba, Father cry," and receive in turn His smiles of approval.

4. This approbation insures self-respect and the respect of others.

A man never has more self-respect than when he has the consciousness that his acts are in accord with God; and when is a man more respected by his fellows than when he does what he believes to be right, whether it accords with their sentiments or not. How much self-respect has a man who is in sin? Who would have the accusing conscience of man who is constantly doing what he knows to be wrong? The world may be ignorant of his acts, and by the world uncondemned, yet is he self-condemned and loses all respect for himself, and that lost he cannot command the respect of others. When does this respect come from self and others so grandly as when we know we have passed from death unto life, as when old things have passed away and all things become new, and others see us as Israelites indeed, in whom is no guile. With a conscience void of offense toward God and man we can then endure the frowns of the world and receive the fiery darts of the adversary with faces untinged by a single blush of shame."

5. God's approval adds dignity to the workman and to his position.

Labor sanctified by religion becomes dignified. Where, but where God is recognized, do we find the laborer given the social position which he occupies to-day. Take Christ out of the world and the laborer would sink into slavery most abject, and honest toil be looked upon as only employment for slaves. Jesus, working at the carpenter's bench, gives a dignity to labor which can never be lost until the world loses sight of Christ. A good man takes with him into his employment an influence which gives to it a higher standard and which will have a retroactive influence upon himself, and thus both given a more elevated character, a dignity which only the consciousness of being "a child of a King" can give.

6. God's approbation not only to be had, but to be seen.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God."

Make it a subject of thought and care as to how you may display to the world the power of this Divine approval upon your life. Our lives are to be felt; we are to let the world see that we are the children of God, so that none need ask us, "Know the Lord?" for our sayings and doings will be proclaiming loudly that we are the Lord's. This display is not to be after the manner of the Pharisee, but rather that of the publican. We are to set a guard upon our lips that nothing may escape them which would make us ashamed; we are to watch our acts that we may "never be put to confusion." A life approved unto God will send forth influences which will be most satisfactory to us, and we prove ourselves to be workmen that needeth not to be ashamed.

I have thus hastily sought to point out some of the benefits of God's approbation, hoping that you may develop them more fully in your own minds; benefits such as I believe to be undeniable.

Are we this morning approved unto God?

The days, weeks, months and years are rapidly passing away, and even if allowed to reach the three score and ten "twill all be over soon." Are our lives such as to enable us to approach with joy the end, or such as to make us ashamed? like the one without the wedding garment on. We are all passing through dangers, seen and unseen, so that we have no assurance that we will see the next coming day or moment; and none are in more imminent danger of life than you whose daily employment is upon railroad. You leave your homes in the morning; good-bye is said to wife and children, a kiss is thrown back to the little face pressing against the window pane, who is watching you until out of sight; ah, in a few hours you may be borne back to that home, but cold and lifeless, and then how changed the picture. With this threatening of life ever before you, I ask you, gentlemen of the Brotherhood of Firemen, are you this morning approved unto God, workmen that needeth not to be ashamed? With lightning speed you traverse the country, signals are given now and then that all is well or else as a warning of danger ahead; but, notwithstanding all this precaution, the news frequently comes flying to us, quick as thought, that an accident has occurred. You hear the sharp, shrill whistle, but it is too late, for the next moment you go crashing into a coming or going train—a bridge gives way, and you are plunged into the depths below—there's a misplaced switch and you are hurried on to destruction, and the news is borne to us that you are numbered among the dead, sent into eternity—approved unto God? "Ay, there's the rub!" There was a time when railroaders were looked upon as a very rough and wicked class of men; but that sentiment is rapidly vanishing; and how has it been accomplished? By being men approved unto God, so that to-day many of the Lord's chosen are among your fellow-workmen, who have had a new song placed in their mouth, even praises unto God. Follow their example as they follow Christ; begin to study to show yourselves approved unto God, even as the jailer did by crying, "What must I do to be saved?" As the blind beggars on the Jerico highway did, by shouting, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on us;" and wrestle like Jacob until thou art blest, approved unto God. You have engineers on the locomotives whose skilled hands govern and control it and in whose expertness you trust. So is there a master hand upon the main springs of our lives to govern and control us; to subdue these impulses of our natures and to direct them into channels which will make us work-

men who need not be ashamed. The steam in the boiler, unless managed properly, would become most destructive and not the source of good which it is when brought into subjection to man's will. So with these innate powers, which we bear within us, they must be directed in the right course by a skilled hand or else lead us to destruction.

Have we the great Engineer of our lives on board this morning? Do we feel His hand on the levers, moving us onward upward, nearer to the realms of joy and gladness where we shall be beyond the possibility of a wreck?

Here too have we signals, flagging us from earth to glory, signals of danger warning us of death and a judgment to come, urging us to cling to the cross and to flee from the wrath. Ho! my comrades! See the signals waving in the sky on every hand? Wave the answer back to heaven this morning, by God's grace I will be approved unto Him a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

Magazine Agents, or other persons, having a surplus of Magazines of the January, February, April, May, July and November issues of volume six, will oblige us very much by returning them to this office. We will pay One Dollar for every twelve copies returned. Large packages can be sent free of charge, by express, by being marked "Dead Head" and notifying the Express Agents that they are Firemen's Magazines.

AMUSEMENTS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

On Tuesday evening, January 16, occurs the eighth annual ball of Buffalo Lodge No. 12. Many familiar names appear on the invitations, and we predict a splendid time for the boys.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The annual ball of Eureka Lodge No. 14 proved a grand success. The hall was crowded to overflowing, there having been about six hundred tickets sold. More than three hundred couples were present and everything passed away quietly and to the utmost satisfaction of all. The net proceeds will reach about \$175. The ball was given in the new Lyria Hall, the finest in the city. Refreshments were served in every style except intoxicating liquors. Visiting brothers from Mattoon, Galion and Terre Haute were present, and had a splendid time. Altogether it was one of the finest balls ever given in the city of Indianapolis.

DANVILLE, ILL.

The Daily News of Danville contains the following account of the recent ball of Hercules Lodge No. 63:

"Very decidedly the largest dancing party of the present dancing season was that last night at the Armory given by Hercules Lodge No. 63, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The great space of the entire floor was occupied by fully one hundred and fifty couples, and we are under rather than above the estimate. During the seasons of intervals between the dances the whole range of seats on either side of the Armory, and also including the chairs in the hall near the entrance, were filled, at the same time there being

many promenaders on the floor and guests in the galleries. The seats controlled the space from the orchestra, closely packed with almost uncomfortable space from side to side, and to the muzzles of the battery at the entrance. The party was in its make-up one of the best to look upon, well-dressed and genteel, and among the number there were noticeably some fine dancers.

The programme was in twenty-four numbers, the music interpreted by Ringgold's famous band, of Terre Haute, ten pieces. The Committee of Reception were Messrs. D. Morgan, E. Crowl, T. Carter, W. A. Pickering, P. Reinert and J. Lumsden. Mr. Charles J. McGee acted as general floor manager, assisted by Messrs. J. Mills, J. C. Goodrich, Charles Helmer, F. Robinson, N. Haley, H. Baldwin, D. Beatty and J. O'Laughlin.

Such dancing parties as this are of the most sociable character, with no detracting quality upon which to hang an objection. They serve to unite their society, and to bring ladies and gentlemen together into enjoyable relationship of healthy and refined amusement. To wherever the credit is due—and we place with the locomotive firemen fraternity—we record this as one of the best ball room assemblies that can or will be given this season."

MOBERLY, MO.

Communicated.

Through the columns of the Magazine the officers and members of West End Lodge, No. 18, desire to return thanks to their many friends in Slater and the surrounding towns for their kind attendance and liberal patronage of the ball given by the above Lodge.

To Miss Nannie Smart, of Moberly, Mo., for an elegant memento in the shape of R. L. F., wrought in the rarest of natural flowers. It was an artistic piece of work and deserving of great praise. It will always be remembered by the members of No. 18.

To Messrs. William Reed and H. L. Perkins, for their kind assistance as floor managers.

To Mr. William McPhail, for the use of two monstrous headlights.

To Mr. Thos. McKee, for the loan of one hundred chairs.

To Mr. Stewart, for serving a delicious repast, which found a place in the hearts (?) of every one present.

To Mr. L. H. Baer, for a painted banner, in oil paint, to represent the Brotherhood badge.

To Mrs. Joseph Peabody, for a never-to-be-forgotten fruit cake, feed. The memory of this will be cherished with pleasure.

To Mr. A. De Grant, for free use of his spacious hall.

There are many more who deserve praise and thanks, but lack of space forbids any more personal mention. Therefore, extending one and all our hearty thanks, and assuring them that their kindness will not be forgotten, we close.

COMMITTEE.

BRAINERD, MINN.

Communicated.

The ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Pine City Lodge No. 81 at Hartley's Hall, on Friday evening, November 17, was, financially considered, a complete success. The jolly party tripped the light fantastic until the "wee sma" hours, and then wended their weary foot-steps homeward, fully satisfied that they had enjoyed themselves. The hall was neatly decorated, the music par excellence and everything was

merry as a marriage bell. The committee having the affair in charge, deserve great praise for the manner in which their arrangements were carried out. Our Brothers, at different points along the U. P., came from their distant homes to join in and make it all the merrier. We congratulate our "Great dancing Master," Bro. Wheaton, of 81, for having done so well. Bro. H. Curry, from Duluth, and Bro. Gavin, from St. Paul, swelled the crowd by their gentlemanly presence.

It is our intention to give another ball before the close of the season, and we hope to make it as pleasant, if not more, than the one just given. We shall extend our invitations to you and all our sister Lodges.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL.

The following account of the ball of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59 is taken from the South Pueblo Chieftain:

Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is now over two years old. It was started in 1880, and now numbers 110 members, comprising locomotive firemen from the Denver & Rio Grande, Denver & New Orleans and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways. The meetings of the Brotherhood are held weekly in their hall at the corner of Union avenue and C street, and the Lodge is in a very prosperous condition.

Last night the Brotherhood gave their annual ball at Turner Hall, and it was a surprising success. Every arrangement had been made for the happiness of all guests, and the firemen again added to their laurels. They believe in plenty of steam, and didn't do things by halves last night. A big crowd attended, filling the room so well that not all who were present could dance at the same time. Some of the best lady dancers, some of the best waltzers, some of the richest ball dresses, some of the most gallant gentlemen, some of the best music, some of the best of everything—that was the programme.

Two locomotive headlights had been procured for the outer door, facing in different directions up and down Union avenue, and made such a glare of light that the fire alarm was raised the instant they were lighted. Within the hall had been elegantly decorated with flags, streamers and banners. Over the stage was the device on large letters, "Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59 B. of L. E." Opposite on the gallery was the motto of the Order. On one wall were the words, "Organized August 12, 1880; paid since \$800 in sick benefits," alluding to the local Lodge. On the other wall were the words, "In 1873 twelve Lodges, in 1883 one hundred and twenty-five Lodges," referring to the general Brotherhood. Raised seats were placed along each side of the ball for the "wall flowers." Prof. Robinson's orchestra filled the stage and furnished excellent music. At midnight a grand supper was spread in J. B. Veith's restaurant under the hall. Everything was gay and gorgeous, and the merry dance was kept up till the wee sma' hours.

Mr. E. B. Mayo, Master of the Firemen's Brotherhood, is entitled to much of the credit for the success of the affair. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of John A. Hill, William Ryan, J. F. Eshnauer, Thomas Wing, L. E. Wade, J. M. Jones and E. B. Mayo. Many of the locomotive engineers, including some of the old pioneers of the rails, were present. Among them were Matt Vandever, George Hutchinson, W. M. Parr, John Walker, Tom Andrews, W. A. Kalat

and J. H. Brown. The last named veteran graced the occasion as one of the floor managers. Mr. John Kelker, the popular master mechanic of the Rio Grande, was present with his wife and smiled upon the boys.

The firemen all wore elegant silk badges and each had out on the floor the prettiest girl in the Pueblos. It was all very nice. May the firemen always have good luck, and may each hold the throttle in due time.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

The ball of Challenge Lodge, No. 66 was a great success as will be seen by the following from the Daily Ontario of that city:

There was a happy gathering in City Hall last night, the occasion being the second annual ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Challenge Lodge, No. 66. There were upwards of 100 couples present, and many of the ladies were handsomely attired in fancy dresses of different shades. The ball was well managed, as all those who took part can testify.

The hall was decorated in a very pretty manner, which spoke volumes of praise for the taste displayed by those engaged in the work. Just back of the music, and facing the visitor as he entered the hall, was a motto having the word "Welcome." On either side were British and American flags nicely festooned, and above the motto was a large letter "B," made of evergreens and trimmed with rosettes. Lower down were a couple of pictures, and in the centre of these was a beautiful wreath of artificial flowers (resembling wax at a distance, but made in wool) by a lady friend of the Brotherhood enclosed in a glass front case. The Odd-fellows' Orchestra sat on the platform in front of the decorations mentioned, and discoursed choice music for those engaged in the mazy dance. The remaining part of the hall was equally as well trimmed. Lengthy pieces of white and colored flannels were suspended across the hall from the four corners of the room, crossing each other in the centre, and in the open space on either side were suspended beautifully colored lanterns, which gave that part of the room a brilliant and animated appearance as the ladies and gentlemen below tripped "the light fantastic." Along the walls were evergreens nicely arranged and trimmed with white rosettes and miniature flags. The south wall of the building bore the manly motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," and directly opposite on the north side were the words, "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen." There were besides a multitude of smaller mottoes; pictures of locomotives and other characteristic things. The hall never looked so well before.

The first dance was called a little after 9 o'clock, and until midnight, one after the other followed without cessation. After supper the floor was again taken, and the programme was not finished until after 5 o'clock this morning.

The supper was furnished by that genial caterer, Mr. John Soby, and was a capital one indeed. Every person who sat down to the table was loud in praise of the feast, and characterized it as the best prepared in Belleville for many a day.

The ball was managed by the following Committee: Chairman, E. Adamson; Secretary, J. Logue; Director, E. Morris. Floor Managers—F. Collins, W. N. McCarthy, R. Gernon, R. Gormau, J. Davis, E. Adamson. Committee—E. Morris, F. Collins, R. Gernon, W. N. McCarthy, J. McGee, E. Jones, F. Flagler, W. Higgins, G. Elliott, J. Martin, J. Davis, G. Ormond, T. Daly, W. Tenny.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, E. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 1st, 1882.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending November 30th, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 13 and 14.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 13 and 14.	Total.
1	\$4 00	\$32 00	\$36 00	64	\$4 00	\$24 00	\$28 00
2	2 00	17 00	19 00	65	3 00	27 00	30 00
3	2 00	91 00	93 00	66	2 00	36 00	38 00
4	21 00	21 00	42 00	67	2 00	58 00	60 00
5	26 00	26 00	52 00	68	8 00	24 00	32 00
6	7 00	7 00	14 00	69	2 00	33 00	35 00
7	1 00	1 00	2 00	70	3 00	12 00	15 00
8	12 00	31 00	43 00	71	2 00	38 00	40 00
9	21 00	45 00	66 00	72	5 00	77 00	82 00
10	21 00	79 00	100 00	73	23 00	35 00	58 00
11	64 00	64 00	128 00	74	67 00	58 00	125 00
12	52 00	52 00	104 00	75	84 00	84 00	168 00
13	32 00	32 00	64 00	76	38 00	38 00	76 00
14	95 00	95 00	190 00	77	30 00	30 00	60 00
15	34 00	34 00	68 00	78	11 00	11 00	22 00
16	31 00	31 00	62 00	79	44 00	41 00	85 00
17	35 00	37 00	72 00	80	5 00	30 00	35 00
18	38 00	44 00	82 00	81	39 00	39 00	78 00
19	43 00	43 00	86 00	82	11 00	11 00	22 00
20	21 00	21 00	42 00	83	2 00	56 00	58 00
21	29 00	32 00	61 00	84	8 00	8 00	16 00
22	37 00	40 00	77 00	85	45 00	45 00	90 00
23	57 00	61 00	118 00	86	46 00	46 00	92 00
24	33 00	33 00	66 00	87	30 00	30 00	60 00
25	20 00	20 00	40 00	88	1 00	1 00	2 00
26	24 00	48 00	72 00	89	14 00	79 00	93 00
27	46 00	1 00	47 00	90	3 00	44 00	47 00
28	1 00	41 00	42 00	91	2 00	27 00	29 00
29	2 00	26 00	28 00	92	60 00	60 00	120 00
30	5 00	17 00	22 00	93	30 00	1 00	31 00
31	46 00	37 00	83 00	94	2 00	1 00	3 00
32	6 00	51 00	57 00	95	100	100	200
33	57 00	57 00	114 00	96	101	101	202
34	47 00	50 00	97 00	97	102	102	204
35	18 00	18 00	36 00	98	103	103	206
36	19 00	19 00	38 00	99	104	104	208
37	2 00	2 00	4 00	100	105	105	210
38	22 00	22 00	44 00	101	106	106	212
39	42 00	42 00	84 00	102	107	107	214
40	15 00	15 00	30 00	103	108	108	216
41	42 00	15 00	57 00	104	109	109	218
42	31 00	41 00	72 00	105	110	110	220
43	29 00	29 00	58 00	106	111	111	222
44	9 00	9 00	18 00	107	112	112	224
45	46 00	46 00	92 00	108	113	113	226
46	39 00	34 00	73 00	109	114	114	228
47	26 00	26 00	52 00	110	115	115	230
48	54 00	54 00	108 00	111	116	116	232
49	106 00	106 00	212 00	112	117	117	234
50	2 00	38 00	40 00	113	118	118	236
51	25 00	25 00	50 00	114	119	119	238
52	49 00	20 00	69 00	115	120	120	240
53	3 00	27 00	30 00	116	121	121	242
54	102 00	24 00	126 00	117	122	122	244
55	84 00	186 00	270 00	118	123	123	246
56	26 00	72 00	98 00	119	124	124	248
57	54 00	54 00	108 00	120	125	125	250
58	106 00	106 00	212 00	121	126	126	252
59	2 00	38 00	40 00	122	127	127	254
60	25 00	25 00	50 00	123	128	128	256
61	49 00	20 00	69 00	124	129	129	258
62	3 00	27 00	30 00	125	130	130	260
63	102 00	24 00	126 00	126	131	131	262

Balance on hand Nov. 1st \$4,974 50
Received during month 4,221 00
Total \$9,195 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 20, 21, 22 and 23 \$4,000 00
Balance on hand Dec. 1st \$5,195 50
Respectfully Submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

ELLIS, KANSAS, Nov. 20, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood
of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day from A. H. Britton, Financier of Border Lodge No. 32, a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) on the policy of my late husband, F. Cook, for which I extend my heartfelt thanks.

I wish also to thank the members of No. 32 for their sympathy and assistance at the burial of my husband.

I hope and pray that your noble Order may long live and continue to be a blessing to the widows and fatherless.

Gratefully yours,
MRS. ANNIE COOK.

PARSONS, KAN., Dec. 17, 1882.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: On the 15th day of this month I received from J. Tierney, Financier of Great Western Lodge No. 24, a draft for One Thousand Dollars, as payment in full of the policy of my late husband, T. B. Spencer, which I acknowledge with profound thanks. I wish also to thank the members of Lodge No. 24 for their kindness to me. That prosperity may always attend the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is the sincere wish of
Yours truly,
MAGGIE SPENCER.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

S. L. WISSINGER,

of Old Post Lodge No. 17, died of Consumption November 9. His policy is payable to Mrs. Maria Wissinger, of Carmi, Ill.

T. NORMILE,

of Chicago Lodge No. 95, died of Acute Tuberculosis November 14. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Normile, of Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS YOUNG,

of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, died of Heart Disease November 16. His policy is payable to Mrs. R. A. Young.

T. E. CASHMAN,

of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, died of Typhoid Fever November 23. His policy is payable to Maggie Cashman, of St. Paul, Minn. The Rochester Tribune has the following notice of his death:

"Thomas E. Cashman, a former resident of Spencerport, and who had been employed for a number of years by the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co. at that place as a night operator, and of late by the St. P. M. & M. R. Co., died at St. Paul, Minn., last Thursday of Typhoid Fever. Mr. Cashman was a young man of promising abilities and genial disposition. He was respected by all who knew him, and had a peculiar faculty of making and retaining a large circle of friends. For a number of years he has been the mainstay of a large family of brothers and sisters, who were deprived by death of the aid and assistance of a father and mother. The news of his untimely death

was a sorrowful surprise to his numerous friends, and the family will have their sympathy in their sad affliction. Mr. Cashman was twenty-five years of age and had every prospect of a bright future before him. The funeral will take place from St. John's Church, Spencerport, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

E. T. Powers of No. 92, will correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

Bros. Young, Phalon and Mullaney, of No. 50, are requested to correspond with this Lodge.

James Welch, of No. 89, please correspond with J. A. Tweedie, 253 East Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind.

John M. Drake, of Old Post Lodge No. 17, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

Bros. Green, Cazineaw, Harry Brown, Goff and Burns, of No. 94, will please correspond with F. P. Sargent, Box 218, Tucson, A. T.

A. B. Crandall, of Border Lodge No. 32, is requested to correspond with the Master, F. J. Schuyler, without delay.

Bros. Aaron Brooks, Fred. Beaumont, Pat. Cumming, C. Chamberlain, Ed. Martin, L. Hardison, W. Howard, P. Kennedy, J. McLain, A. W. Guimby and J. E. Bannerman, of No. 45, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge and avoid trouble.

H. W. Scott, of No. 88, is hereby requested to correspond with J. J. Le Cain, Evanston, Wyoming Territory.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
14	Justus Hogan	14
46	Patrick Allen	46
49	Geo. Walsh	46
54	E. C. Harvey	46
57	C. E. Wilkins	32
61	J. R. Watson	18
82	G. C. Thomas	76
108	James Murphy	94
108	Thos. Flavin	54
115	R. A. Harris	59
124	T. W. Dalley	70
		56

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
10	W. P. Sheets	96
16	A. Simmons	63
29	Jos. Flage	128
32	Ed. C. Harvey	54
34	J. S. Keith	132
38	Geo. Dowling	127
44	Jos. Sincraft	49
46	Geo. Walsh	49
55	P. Ryan	104
61	J. J. Symonds	123
61	E. H. Wergin	128
67	Henry Adams	12
70	John Jay	115
70	Mike Gorman	128
70	Ed. Savage	83
73	Jas. Flahrity	57
76	J. Watson	61
84	Harry Cochran	127
84	Harry Curran	127
84	Jas. B. Milligan	127
87	W. P. Lawry	—
105	C. K. Brown	28

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
33	Wm. Marsden	56	E. Fitzsimmons.
39	Martin Coulson	58	P. F. Schnabel.
39	Chas. F. Jones	91	Geo. Resing.
40	Thos. Hamilton	98	T. B. Keisker.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
49	A. Johann.	59	Jno. McLaughlin.
57	R. H. Stone.		

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
1	L. Seward	Non-payment of dues.
1	A. T. Aumick	Non-payment of dues.
3	Cornells Sullivan	Non-payment of dues.
3	F. Green	Non-payment of dues.
3	Wm. Hoy	Non-payment of dues.
3	M. Carroll	Non-payment of dues.
3	T. Daley	Non-payment of dues.
6	C. J. Burke	Defrauding Lodge.
6	T. Vineyard	Non-payment of dues.
6	J. W. Swift	Non-payment of dues.
6	J. W. Turnbull	Non-payment of dues.
6	I. Wells	Non-payment of dues.
6	I. Wright	Non-payment of dues.
12	Wm. Eimmons	Non-payment of dues.
12	Frank Cooley	Non-payment of dues.
13	James McGriel	Defrauding members.
13	Richard Lang	Non-payment of dues.
13	Walter Aulaw	Non-payment of dues.
16	F. H. Mullen	Non-payment of dues.
16	D. F. O'Connell	Non-payment of dues.
22	Thos. Gillon	Non-payment of dues.
22	S. M. Harvey	Non-payment of dues.
31	C. A. Alexander	Non-payment of dues.
31	W. Bergen	Non-payment of dues.
31	E. Miller	Non-payment of dues.
31	B. McInrow	Non-payment of dues.
31	W. H. Davies	Contempt of Lodge.
42	C. E. Thompson	Non-payment of dues.
44	F. E. Lane	Non-payment of dues.
44	H. Whittlesey	Non-payment of dues.
44	W. A. Dunn	Non-payment of dues.
49	C. Parks	Non-payment of dues.
49	J. Nolan	Drunkennes.
53	C. A. Miller	Unbecoming conduct.
61	R. Peel	Non-payment of dues.
61	Orlando Chase	Non-payment of dues.
62	H. Fitzpatrick	Non-payment of dues.
62	J. L. Ribble	Non-payment of dues.
71	O. C. Jaynes	Non-payment of dues.
71	Wm. Olin	Non-payment of dues.
71	G. C. Morton	Non-payment of dues.
73	James Flannigan	Non-payment of dues.
75	Wm. J. Quinn	Non-payment of dues.
75	J. S. Wright	Non-payment of dues.
75	D. Harker	Non-payment of dues.
82	Eastman Leavey	Non-payment of dues.
83	C. J. Brock	For selling liquor.
86	Geo. McCoy	Non-payment of dues.
88	F. L. Kingswood	Non-payment of dues.
89	Walter G. Scott	Non-payment of dues.
94	R. Fetterly	Non-payment of dues.
94	C. W. Green	Unbecoming conduct.
98	J. D. Bennett	Non-payment of dues.
106	Wm. Geare	Non-payment of dues.
106	Ed. Winslow	Drunkennes.
109	F. P. Kiddle	Non-payment of dues.

Resolutions

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 20, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge No. 95, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who doeth all things well, to take from our midst by death our beloved Brother, Thomas Normile, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed Brother to say that we sadly miss him from among our number and truly feel that we have lost one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our departed Brother, our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

Resolved, That we tender a vote of thanks to the foreman of the Chicago Avenue Shops, Mr. Geo. McNamara, for his kindness in allowing so many of the members to attend the funeral of our deceased Brother.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, that the foregoing resolutions be published be the Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy of the same be given to the family of our deceased Brother, Thomas Normile.

JAMES WARN,
CHAS. A. MILLER, } *Committee.*
FRANK CARLSON,

BRAINERD, MINN., Dec. 15, 1882.

At a meeting of Pine City Lodge No. 81, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be extended to the Brothers of No. 101, at Creston, Ia., in behalf of their beloved Bro. John Quarterman, owing to the fact that he was an old friend and acquaintance of Cal Larison, a member of 81, and who feels greatly depressed over the death of Bro. Quarterman. We sincerely trust that the removal of our beloved Brother from among us has been for the best.

C. S. LARISON,
H. A. BOEDECKER, } *Committee.*
G. W. VAUPEL,
WM. WADHAM,

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Nov. 8, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Gulf City Lodge No. 115 this afternoon, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to Bro. Eugene V. Debs, G. S. and T., for appointing such an able delegate to represent us in the Ninth Annual Convention; also that we return our sincere thanks to Bro. Wm. F. Hynes for acting as our delegate and representing us in such an able manner. Furthermore, that we place this resolution in the columns of the Magazine and spread the same on our minutes.

JAS. STANTON,
P. O. WARD, } *Committee.*
M. A. CLARK,

BRAINERD, MINN., Nov. 25, 1882.

At a meeting of Pine City Lodge No. 81, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Pine City Lodge No. 81, are under many obligations to a number of persons who assisted in making our ball a success; therefore, be it

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to Superintendent McHugh for loaning us the pictures of his office to decorate the hall, on the occasion of our banquet, given on Friday, November 17; also to Miss Goodman and Miss Libbie Robinson, sister-in-law of Bro. Boedecker, for kindly assisting us in many ways. They deserve much credit for their goodness, and we hope to be able to do in return some act of kindness to repay them.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

W. WADHAM,
C. A. LARISON, } *Committee.*
H. A. BOEDECKER,

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, Dec. 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Guide Lodge No. 125, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held Sunday, December 10, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been kindly favored by Mr. John Player, M. M., by helping to organize a B. of L. F. here, and

WHEREAS, His foreman, Robert K. Hooper, has kindly assisted in making the B. of L. F. a success, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby extended to Messrs. Player and Hooper for their kindness:

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the interest manifested by these gentlemen in the welfare of our Lodge, and that we shall try our utmost to so conduct ourselves as to be worthy of their continued esteem and friendship;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Messrs. Player and Hooper and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. TUBBS,
M. KELLIHER, } *Committee.*
H. COFFIN.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Dec. 20, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, B. of L. F., held in their hall November 5, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a beautiful banner, on which is inscribed the words, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," worked by the wives of our Brothers,

Resolved, That this beautiful motto is well calculated to keep before us the fundamental principles of our Order and to inspire us to nobler deeds and a higher living; and esteeming it a duty we owe to our families, our employers and ourselves to cling to its teachings, and be it further

Resolved, That we tender to the ladies our sincere thanks for so beautiful a gift, which will hereafter adorn our hall as a mark of their appreciation of our noble Order, and that we will always be worthy of their confidence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and printed in the Firemen's Magazine.

E. L. DUY,
HENRY MALBRAND, } *Committee.*
WILL GIBSON

OMAHA, NEB., Nov. 16, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Overland Lodge No. 123, held November 15, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, By the kindly aid of Bro. P. H. Sullivan, of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, the Locomotive Firemen of Omaha were enabled to secure a charter,

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby extended to Bro. Sullivan for the interest he has taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That we also extend to Bro. S. M. Stevens, G. O. & I., our sincere thanks for his untiring efforts in our behalf and for the many words of encouragement he gave us.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to Bros. Sullivan and Stevens, and that a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

T. F. BARRY,
W. E. JOHNSON, } Committee.
F. CRAWFORD,

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, B. of L. F., held in their hall December 10, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to remove from his home on earth to that on high, our esteemed and worthy Brother, Thomas Cashman, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being prepared for death, and

WHEREAS, This Lodge has lost one of its best members, the Order one of its most earnest supporters, his brother and sisters a dutiful and affectionate brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the brothers and sisters of our deceased Brother, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and we commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit;

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our deceased Brother, that our Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the brother and sisters of our deceased Brother and that they be entered on the minutes of this meeting and a copy be sent to the Magazine for publication.

S. J. MURPHY,
M. J. SULLIVAN, } Committee.
JNO. A. O'BRIEN,

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

Grand Lodge.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer
Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1726 Indiana Ave.
Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind.,
Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind.,
Grand Organizer and Instructor

Grand Executive Committee.

H. Walton, Chairman, West Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary Centralia, Ills
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can

Grand Trustees.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

District Secretaries.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheire, C., St. P. M. & O.
R. R. St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, 110 W. Ave H., Galveston, Tex
M. Shick Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo
W. L. Dean, Box 365 Butte, Wyoming
F. P. Sargent, Box 208 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Cleveland, O
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis

Subordinate Lodges.

- 1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets at Rosencrans Hall, Pike St. Alternate Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M. and Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 381 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 654 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent
- 2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, No. 26 Exchange Place, first Monday and third Wednesday of each month at 8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. Master
E. H. Turner, Valley Falls, R. I. Secretary
G. D. Oliver, 330 North Main St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent
- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets at Union Hall, Cor. 4th and Grove Sts., the first and third Wednesdays of each month at 1 o'clock P. M. and second and fourth Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Mag. Agent
- 4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Congress and Temple Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 1 o'clock P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. R. Mag. Agent
- 5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 573½ Talbot St., every Friday evening at 8 o'clock P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Johnson Mag. Agent
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
J. W. Walker, Box 103 Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
J. W. Evans Financier
P. H. Coyne, Box 103 Mag. Agent
- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carnall St.
S. E. Mag. Agent

8. **RED RIVER**; Denison City, Tex.
Meets on Cor. of Main St. and Burneth Ave. the first and third Sundays of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.
E. J. Bouchard Master
T. H. Motter, Box 138 Secretary
J. F. Mortimer, Box 90 Financier
J. F. Mortimer, Box 90 Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 62½ N. High St.—fourth floor—the first and third Mondays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets at K. of P. Hall, 180 Ontario St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets at Gwinner's Hall, South Main St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 108 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets at Conductor's Hall, 253 Michigan St., every Friday at 8 o'clock P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Master
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets on Cor. of Washington and Meridian Sts. every Tuesday at 8 o'clock P. M.
B. F. Gorden, 77 Indiana Ave. Master
C. Zepp, 98 Malott Ave. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
Meets at St. Charles Club House, Cor. Wellington and Richmond Sts., every alternate Sunday 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. Secretary
J. Ryan, 211 Burgeois St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets at A. O. U. W. Hall, Cor. 8th and Main Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1328 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debe Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Cor. of 7th and Broadway Sts., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, Care O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, Main St., the 2nd and 4th Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
20. **STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Gould Building, South Division St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 388 Financier
E. Cahon, Box 8 Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**; South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Main St., between Roberts and Vine Sts., every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between Primus and Tesson Sts. Secretary
K. C. Donehew, 7306 Main St. Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL**; Urbana, Ill.
Meets in K. of U. B. Hall, Cor. of Main and Markets Sts., every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
J. Lalrd, Box 517 Financier
C. B. Foote, Box 198 Mag. Agent
23. **PHOENIX**; Brookfield, Mo.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, the second and fourth Sundays of each month.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN**; Parsons, Kan.
Meets in Fisk's Hall (up-stairs) on North side of Johnson Ave., every alternate Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK**; Boone, Ia.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on 8th St., between Marshall and Tama Sts., the first and third Sundays in each month at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
26. **ALPHA**; Baraboo, Wis.
Meets in Enginers' Hall, on 3rd St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
G. Graham Secretary
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 680 Mag. Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**; Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Meets at Room 13, Cor. of 2d St. and 2d Ave, in Post Office Block, the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
E. Meacham Mag. Agent

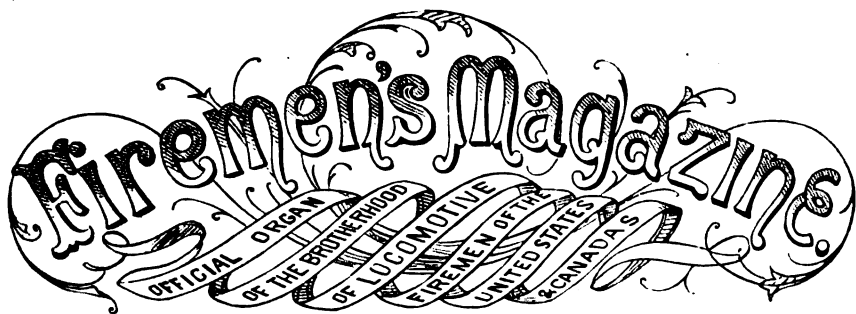
- 28. ELKHORN**; North Platte, Neb.
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
J. N. Bonner Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO**; Mason City, Iowa.
Meets at K. of P. Hall, Cor. of 5th and
Commercial Sts., the first and third Sun-
days of each month at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY**; Waterloo, Ia.
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, Pardu
Block, on 4th St., between Commercial
and Jefferson Sts., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. E. B. CENTRE**; Atchison, Kan.
Meets at Hall 710 Commercial St., between
7th and 8th Sts., the second and fourth
Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
A. Studer, 203 South Liberty St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER**; Ellis, Kan.
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Hippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS**; Trenton, Mo.
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
C. A. Carson, Box 292 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON**; Clinton, Ia.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, on 4th St., be-
tween 9th and 10th Aves., the first and
third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 985 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 985 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY**; Amboy, Ills.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, over No. 19 Main
St., the first and third Sundays of each
month at 3 P. M.
C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
T. Hinchcliff, Box 409 Financier
J. Mc'ormick Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE**; Lafayette, Ind.
Meets Cor. of 4th and Ferry Sts.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St. Master
P. Ielndecker, Care L. E. & W.
Shops Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 153 North St. Financier
 Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE**; Centralia, Ills.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, in first block
east of I. C. Depot, the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cornick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON**; Stratford, Ontario.
Meets in Forester's Hall, Market Square,
the first and third Sundays every month
at 2 P. M.
Ben. Tapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 103 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY**; Rock Island, Ills.
Meets at B of L. E. Hall, Star Block, on 2d
Ave, Harper House, the second and
fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Daven-
port, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING**; Bloomington, Ills.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, North Centre
St., between Front and Washington Sts.,
every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washing-
ton St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD**; Mandan, Dakota.
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Satur-
day at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
J. F. Rellly Financier
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO**; Madison, Wis.
Meets in Sharp's Hall, Cor. of Dayton and
Charter Sts., the first Tuesday and third
Wednesday of every month at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, Box 1903 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1903 Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH**; St. Joseph, Mo.
Meets at Daunkmyer Hall, Cor. of 9th and
Olive Sts., the second and fourth Sun-
days of each month at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
I. Dupuis, 2324 S. 6th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ills.
Meets at Finke Hall, the 1st and 3rd Tues-
days of each month at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 282 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
Meets at 406 E. Markham St., up stairs,
every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Schimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger 819 E. 2nd
St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ills.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Munroe St., be-
tween 6th and 7th Sts., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Summerhill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 1155 N. 9th St. Secretary
H. Ettinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets in Railway Chapel, State St., the
second and fourth Sundays of each
month at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
F. J. Rosbach, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES**; Peoria, Ills.
Meets in Druids Hall, Cor. Main and
Adams Sts., the 1st and 3rd Mondays of
each month at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
T. Curran, 303 Maple St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent

- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets on Morgan St., between Eldorado
and Cerro Gordo Sts., every Sunday at 3
P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 1137. Master
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672. Secretary
W. W. Donaldson, Box 672. Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672. Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets at Cor. State and 47th Sts., the 1st
and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 7:30
P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3243 S. Dearborn
St. Master
F. W. Smith, 4010 State St. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. J. Hannahan, 3243 Dearborn
St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, between
Commercial and Boonville Sts., the
second and fourth Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40. Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64. Financier
W. Geister, Box 12. Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets at Good Will Hall, Cor. of Spear and
12th Sts., every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626. Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626. Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626. Financier
F. E. Wolfkill, L. Box 626. Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, southeast Cor.
of Commercial St. and 5th Ave., the 2nd
and 4th Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609. Master
C. Raymond, Box 657. Secretary
G. E. Brooks. Financier
R. S. Mears. Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Reed
St., second door west of Post Office, every
Tuesday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667. Master
G. Zang, Box 667. Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667. Financier
F. Emery, Box 781. Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets in Fuchs' Hall, No. 16 Johnson
Ave., the first and third Sundays of each
month.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. R. R. Shops. Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops. Secretary
J. Fuchs, No. 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops. Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. 2d and
Park Sts., every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76. Master
P. M. Dermott. Secretary
A. Coffenberger. Financier
J. B. Miller. Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, 17 Hanover St.,
third floor, the first and third Sundays
of each month at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, 58 Washington
St., Charlestown District. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
J. M. Keys. Master
C. C. Brown. Secretary
C. C. Brown. Financier
F. Schnabel. Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Union
Ave. and C St., over South Pueblo Na-
tional Bank, third floor, every Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45. Master
A. Wyhe. Secretary
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45. Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45. Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets at Dover Hall, 2204 Marshall St.,
every alternate Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St.,
31st Ward. Master
E. T. Green, 2013 N. 3d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 210 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets in Druid's Hall, Cor. of 7th and
Jackson Sts., the second and fourth
Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley 714 Reaney St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets in Arkin's Hall, Cor. Main and Wall
Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of
every month at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis. Master
J. A. Dryden, Box 70. Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288. Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288. Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772. Master
J. C. Burroughs, Box 772. Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772. Financier
F. Kronil, Box 772. Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
A. Canfield, L. Box 6. Master
J. M. Sheld, Box 1181. Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751. Financier
E. A. Bennett. Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84. Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseon, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26. Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26. Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets in Marble Hall, Front St., the second
and fourth Sundays of every month at
2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Loque, G. T. Ry. Financier
E. Morris, G. T. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets in Occidental Hall, Cor. of Queen
and Bathurst Sts., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. Master
W. J. Walker, 26 Brant St. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets at A. O. U. W. Hall, 208½ Barstow
St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each
month at 2 P. M.
M. Cuddy, Box 877. Master
A. McKay, Box 1050. Secretary
H. Schulze. Financier
R. White. Mag. Agent

- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets in Merrill's Block, the second Sunday of every month at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 204 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reltch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 670 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets at Lentsfelder Hall, northeast Cor. of 3d and Federal Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 114 Hamilton St. Master
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
G. H. Parker, Glassboro, N. J. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets in Room 9, Piper's Block, 419 Main St., the first Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and the second and fourth Sundays at 1 P. M. of each month.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets at A. O. F. Hall, 1215 W. 9th St., every alternate Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
J. Mulvihill, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Grand Army Hall, northeast Cor. of 38th and Market Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
G. B. Garrett, 128 N. 32d St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 117 Master
G. B. Dicklunson Secretary
J. B. Gaston, Grand Forks, Dakota, Ter Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Room 14, Crow & Clark Block, Halliday St., between 14th and 15th Sts.
A. H. Chapinan, Box 1,388 Master
A. Clark, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588 Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Cor. Ohio and 3d Sts., the first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Miller, Box 1100 Master
C. T. Kelk, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ills.**
Meets at I. O. M. A. and B. of L. F. Hall, north side of Square, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 114 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
E. H. Beecraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, over 8 and 10 Broadway St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larison, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets at Swedish Bros. Hall, No. 220 Nicolet Ave., the first Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and the third Sunday at 3 P. M. of each month.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
A. W. Dean, 310 19th St. N. Secretary
J. Newton, 510 14th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 612 12th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets at Engineer's and Firemen's Hall, Quality Hill, upper end of South Main St., every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tuncy Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets in Whitcomb Block, the second and fourth Sundays at 2 P. M. and the first Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. of each month.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Highe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets at K. of P. Hall, Second St., every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 210 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Front St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. LeChin Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. C. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
J. P. Vasque Financier
J. P. Vasque Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
G. Resling, 1724 Stevenson St. Master
T. W. Martin, 726 6th St. Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent

- 92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.**
 J. R. McCartney Master
 W. Winters Secretary
 C. B. Hall Financier
 T. Ryan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 8th and Main Sts., the second and fourth Sundays at 2 P. M. of each month.
 Z. Moore, L. Box 7 Master
 M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
 J. H. Carter, Box 651 Financier
 George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
 Meets at B. of L. F. Hall, Rear of Porter's Hotel, 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month at 7 P. M.
 F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
 M. H. Adams, Box 218 Secretary
 F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
 F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, 241 Milwaukee Ave., Cor. of Green St., the first Tuesday and the third Friday of each month at 7:30 P. M.; and the last Sunday of each month at 2:30 P. M.
 J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
 R. S. Fullinwider, 341 Walnut St. Secretary
 A. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
 E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton Ave. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
 C. S. Given Master
 W. P. Scheets Secretary
 S. J. Clark Financier
 W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
 Meets at Firemen's Hall, over S. P. R. R. offices, San Fernando St., the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
 C. Elton, Box 72 Master
 F. R. Shaffer, Box 72 Secretary
 H. E. Moore, Box 72 Financier
 M. M. Smith Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 3d and Cedar Sts., every Tuesday.
 E. A. Peck Master
 R. W. Shields Secretary
 G. W. Jacobs Financier
 E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
 Meets on first floor, between State and Mill Sts., on Market St., the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
 A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
 J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
 C. W. Beach, 21 Foehner St. Financier
 R. Callon, 67 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
 Meets at Depot, on Adams St., opposite Ritter House, every Monday at 7 P. M.
 A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
 M. J. Collins Secretary
 J. Martin Financier
 G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Union St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
 A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
 W. L. McClure, Box 263 Financier
 J. K. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
 Meets at Good Templars' Hall, Cor. 5th and Locust Sts., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 J. Anderson Master
 L. K. Carter Secretary
 J. Masgrovee Financier
 J. Clarye Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
 Meets at Whedekind Hall, on Market St., between 6th and 7th Sts., every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
 T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
 T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Secretary
 H. Prout, Broadway Hotel Financier
 T. Newton, 1518 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON; Louisville, Ky.**
 J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store, Master
 C. F. Hahn, Bender's Drug Store, Secretary
 C. F. Hahn, Bender's Drug Store, Financier
 G. Buxie, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
 T. E. Green, Box 1278 Master
 H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
 J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
 H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
 Meets at Good Templars' Hall, 640 Main St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 7:15 P. M.
 W. McDonald, Box 1373 Master
 E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
 T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
 E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
 Meets at Rister's Hall, 29 Main St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. H. Ness Master
 J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
 A. N. Jenkinson, Box 198 Financier
 W. Shull Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
 W. Cline, Alamogosa, Col. Master
 K. B. Rhelm Secretary
 J. C. McCabe Financier
 H. S. Smith Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
 Meets at Summit Hall, Cor. Ewing Ave. and Market Sts., every alternate Sunday, at 7 P. M.
 G. W. Bouchard, 1314 Pratt Ave. Master
 W. J. Ponceille, 2718 Gamble Ave. Secretary
 Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
 W. A. Isbell, 230 Montrose Ave, Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Sandusky Ave. and Mansfield St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 W. T. Craig Master
 W. C. Bruce Secretary
 J. R. Gordon, L. Box 25 Financier
 G. D. McLaughlin Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, West Broadway St., the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
 J. F. Glenson, Box 498 Master
 F. S. Strickland, Box 833 Secretary
 H. H. Kirchgraber, L. Box 142 Financier
 L. Welsh, Box 295 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
 Meets at Masonic Hall, Stratton's Block, the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
 A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Master
 C. Joyce Secretary
 J. Murphy, Box 598 Financier
 A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Mag. Agent

- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL;** Eagle Rock, Idaho.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull, Master
Will R. Dean, Box 365, Butte, Secretary
Wyoming, Territory
Will R. Dean, Box 365, Butte, Financier
Wyoming, Territory
E. B. Nye, Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY;** Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Meets in Hall over Post Office every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229, Master
C. Madison, Box 625, Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625, Financier
W. McGuire, Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY;** Galveston, Texas.
Meets in Temple of Honor Hall, Cor. of Centre and Market Sts., the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month.
J. M. Donough, 110 Ave. H west, Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts, Secretary
J. L. Pralnc, Cor 27th St. and Ave. H, Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts, Mag Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR;** Fort Gratiot, Mich.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, on Huron Ave., (Edison's Block,) the first, third and fourth Sundays of every month at 2 P. M.
R. E. Allen, Box 57, Master
G. W. Rae, Box 31, Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31, Financier
F. Minard, Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER;** London, Ont.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, on Waterloo St., the second Tuesday and fourth Friday of every month at 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 364 South St, Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St, Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road, Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St, Mag. Agent
- 118. STAB OF THE EAST;** Richmond, Quebec.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, near Locomotive Shops, the first two Wednesdays of every month at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays of every month at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P. O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P. O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL;** River du Loup, Quebec.
Meets in the English School House, every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
R. Findley, Master
F. Gosselin, Secretary
H. D. Brown, I. C. Ry, River du Loup Station, Financier
F. Clenard, I. C. Ry, River du Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE;** Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets in I. O. of G. T. Hall, 107 Seymour St., every Tuesday evening at 7:30.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 107 Seymour St, Master
F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St, Secretary
G. J. Walters, 146 Butternut St, Financier
C. S. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 107 Seymour St, Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP;** Corning, N. Y.
Meets in Pacell's Block, East Market St., the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867, Master
H. Krebs, Box 310, Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35, Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310, Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE;** Beardstown, Ill.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Cor. Main and State Sts., every Tuesday evening at 7:30
G. Hertline, Master
S. A. Mayall, Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193, Financier
W. Elwood, Box 215, Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND;** Omaha, Neb.
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Cor. 14th and Douglas Sts., every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, 608 13th St, Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St, Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. Round House, Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT;** Perry, Iowa.
H. A. Draper, Master
M. Maloy, Secretary
E. G. Fox, Financier
M. Maloy, Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE;** Marshalltown, Iowa.
Meets at Whitten's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cock, Box 1,507, Master
W. W. Hill, Box 115, Secretary
G. S. Tuba, Financier
F. W. Snider, Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET;** Austin, Minn.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. Main and Mill Sts every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. Pullar, Master
F. McWhorton, Secretary
P. Chambers, Financier
C. Gilleece, Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT;** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochrane, Master
H. Curran, Secretary
R. Bell, Financier
H. Lynes, Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK;** Glendive, Montana.
Meets in Glendive School House the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
W. T. Field, Master
J. H. Casey, Secretary
W. T. Field, Financier
F. Mersereau, Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING;** Escanaba, Mich.
J. Trotter, Master
T. Owens, Secretary
L. R. Blake, Financier
G. W. Parmeter, Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR;** Milwaukee, Wis.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, 131 Clinton St., every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 475 Virginia St, Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St, Secretary
J. J. Holbrook, 417 National Ave, Financier
J. Buckley, 475 Virginia St, Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE;** Stevens Point, Wis.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M.
H. A. Brooks, Box 88, S. Side, Master
L. F. Jackson, Secretary
E. Murry, Box 88, S. Side, Financier
C. H. Eastwood, Box 74, S. Side, Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT;** Eagle Grove, Iowa.
Meets in Firemen's Hall, on Broadway, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Master
J. O'Conner, Secretary
J. A. Correll, Financier
C. A. Bates, Mag. Agent



VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

NO. 2.

Written for Firemen's Magazine.

A Yard-Master's Trials.

A few days since, while in search of loose items, I happened into a railroad yard-master's office.

I introduced myself to Mr. Noah Kount, the urbane yard-master, and requested permission to use my ears and eyes a short time as a "historian."

He kindly gave me a seat (a nail keg) where I could hear and see quite well without being too much in the way of the yard engines and the telephone.

I will endeavor to jot down, a portion only, of what I heard by keeping still.

Mr. Kount, after making a cursory examination of the records of orders, business of the night previous, etc., etc., quietly and silently handed me a note which he had completed reading a few minutes before.

I remember noticing that while he was digesting the contents of the note, his countenance was a moving panorama as follows:

"Serenity, anticipation, amazement, mirth, disgust, anger, changing to a slight shade of sorrow, then to vexation, thence to hilarity (he was then reading about the operator's false teeth), to annoyance, to downright anger, to dread, to wonder, to distrust, to dissatisfaction, to firmness, to faint lines of mirth again, changing quickly to shade of contempt, and thence to extreme madness (warehouse doors!) Astonishment, to unbelief, to determination, and rapidly to modesty and lastly to resignation, as he handed me the note which read as follows:

"N. Kount:

Trains all in; had a soft night; pounded our ears—in our minds! Rained straight, slanting and crosswise all night. Dark as a colored excursion from Louisville. Big

Cloud off track, and it turned upside down just as it was passing over the yard—not a drop got away. Yard full of cars and water. Portion of time men had to swim or wait for a car to come sailing along. Hung lanterns, filled with red and green oil, to a telegraph pole to show where main track laid.

Sent 20 cars to elevator Q; only room for 10 of them; had to elevate the rest back to yard. They are in the Quinine ahead of the "Horn" cut.

Pulled repair tracks and big policeman threatened to pull us for blocking the crossing. We claimed only five minutes, but he claimed forty-five; told him didn't have time to argue about the discrepancy in our measurement of time, but would see that it never occurred again. What, never? he said. A switch engine hit him. I sent the remains (12 brass buttons) to the Coroner's office. Inquest at 10, k in a. m. Wired General Superintendent and M. of T. about it, and that you would send full report by mail.

Engine 17 blew out a cylinder-head at 11:47. It went clear through the yard office, broke some of your pictures, tore out the gas-pipes, and would have smashed the clock if we had had one.

Operator Shanks broke his battery and jumped out of window through the glass; lost his stylus, with which he was picking his teeth—they being accommodation teeth, they dropped out and were lost to view in the debris. He skipped for home, as he could not make himself understood without his teeth. "Boldsir" offered to loan him enough from his old comb to fill up with, but he shook his head sadly and meandered home. Had to get train orders via telephone from But X rest of night.

The noise so frightened Switchman Harkaway that he jumped off the cars he

was riding. They knocked down the bumping-post in the hospital track and two cars loaded with oil and wheat went clear through the wall of round-house and down into turn-table pit. Nothing left of the cars except the numbers. They stuck to the bumping-post; can't get any engines out of house until pit is cleared out; had to abandon No. 18 on that account; car of beer in yard for miners at Daysville. It was to go out on No. 18. Ice in the car is melting fast, and the beer will be hot in the morning, and so will everything else all along the line.

Switchman Budge got fuller than a — before 10 k, and had to send him away for pumping out—guess had better drop him. "Beene" went home after his rubber boots and forgot the way back. So wet he couldn't see.

Switchman Sighferher has been off for two nights. He was to have been married last night. Girl wouldn't consent, on account of being too foggy. He had his orders all OK, signed by County Clerk. He won't be any good until the girl gives up and the full—I mean honey—moon is a thing of the past.

That new snoozer I hired last night put a crown of glory on his head at 2 k this a. m.; paralyzed both warehouse doors; more green carpet; bad rail all night.

The 956 nearly slipped her boiler and cab; wished she had; had to work her in the back motion to get her to come ahead.

Will be around after breakfast and tell you some more. JOHN BOWARD.

P. S.—Tramp snatched a snipe out of Switchman Sanderson's mouth, and he banged him with his glimmer. Please get him a new one to-day. J. B."

After reading the above notes, a cross-fire began as follows:

"Foreman: Engineer Finnicky reports his reverse lever working hard and wants to put his engine back into round-house. By wire, N. KOUNT."

"Arrange for special pass; train west to leave immediately; train is to consist of 10 special Pullman cars; use Conductor Bandbox; provide him with crew, etc.; use engine 999, Engineer Flyum; train is to accommodate Passenger Agent Blowstrong and friends; instruct conductor to pass the party; keep everything out of its way in yard limits. Answer,

I. C. EWE, M. of T."

Answers: "I. C. Ewe, M. of T.: OK in regard to special. It is all ready to start, but Passenger Agent B. has gone out in the country to talk to a man that

is going away from here next summer. Do not think B. will be back before 10 k. Shall I let business begin again or wait until B. returns? N. K."

Answer: "N. K.: Carry out original instructions and keep everything out of way of the special. I. C. EWE."

NOTE.—The special started late in p. m., I afterwards learned.

Foreman: "Mr. Kount: Union tracks are blocked; a train off track at depot; Horn cut and Peru cut are backing back to yard; have no place to put them; two No. 57's are coming up the main track, and No. 40 is just pulling out of depot."

Switchman: "Mr. Kount: I must go home. I am very sick."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Give name of yard-man who wrote some poetry with his diamond pin on the mirror in parlor car No. 102. I. C. EWE, M. of T."

Answer: "I. C. Ewe: All of the yard-men wear first-class head-lights; can't find out which one did the scratching; possibly it was one of our distilled Porters. N. KOUNT."

By Telephone: "Hamm E. & Co. report that your engine pushed a car of their ice some four inches out of the way last night, and want car pulled back immediately."

Again: "All the groceries are out of butter dishes; must have our logs at once in order to make dishes in time for the early grocery breakfast patrons. WOODSHED D. Co."

Again: "Have I any cars in yard? Why don't you send them up? When do you expect them in? When does the next train arrive? Are there any cars on the way for me? Perhaps you have delivered my cars to some other person? CONSTANT GRUMBLER."

Again: "'Call Mr. Kount to the telephone.' 'Hello, Kount!' 'Well!' 'Kount, what the bing bang bung is the matter?' 'The Doctor says it's enlargement of the brain. How did you know I was sick?' 'Didn't know you were sick, Kount. You ought to be though, by bing bang bung!' 'You sent me a car to load, and after loading it the B. C. & T. yard-men ran one of their cars against it and broke your car. Can't you tie it up in some manner so that it can go forward without delay?'"

Answer: "'Mr. Coldstream, I would like to accommodate you, but it would be unsafe. Might cause a wreck, etc.' 'Wreck hades. What do I care about that. I shall see your Superintendent about this, by bing bang bungety bung!'"

From Depot: "N. Kount: I need

another coach in my train. The corn-cutters from Bangertown are going home and refuse to sit two in a seat.

PUSCHEM, Conductor."

Countryman: "Where's the boss switchman? You the feller? Well, I came to town yesterday, sold my wheat and went with some of my old chums to 'watch Catchem & Co.'s' saloon; had a good time; I kept tally of the game, you know; I was too smart to get too full; I slipped away and came over to your yard to catch your 4 o'clock train; it was going too fast for me to catch; I sat down by some of your cars with roofs on; three nice looking young fellers began talking to me; they were very sociable-like; supposed they were yard-men; said they were, anyway; didn't suppose they'd lie; told me they would send me out free on a freight train that would leave in fifteen minutes, and it would beat the passenger train I had just missed; that it arrived at Smoothfield 40 minutes ahead of time every Wednesday; told me to get into the roof car, for fear that the President of the road would happen along and see me; I climbed in; the doors closed; man on each side holding my arms told me not to be afraid; that one of the yard engines was going to blow off, but that it would be over, etc.; just then I felt my pocket-book, that had \$600 in notes and \$90 in money, kinder sliding up out of my pocket; the door opened, and shet up agin, and I found that I was all alone; I suppose some of your yard boys just done it for a joke, didn't they? You've got it, hav'nt you?"

"No, sir! I know nothing about it. At the time you mention, the only men that were in the yard were my foreman and myself. Look at us. Do you recognize either of us as being in the party you talked with?"

"No, they were nicer dressed than you are, and were not sunburned; do you think they will bring my notes back; they kin have the money; I've got more wheat I can sell, and can tell my ole woman that I lost the \$90 speckerlating at the Board of Trade."

By Wire: "N. Kount: You report baggage car No. 4 on train No. 6 of the 15th inst. Was it not a combination baggage and express car? Answer quick.

I. COUNTEN, Car Accountant."

Noisy Vulgar Collector: "Mr. Kount: I want to collect that little balance due our firm. Has been standing long time."

"Yes, sir! Well, let it lie down awhile."

"I'll have your wages attached, sir! Have you discharged also." Exit.

Lady Canvasser: "Mr. K: I was requested to call and allow you the pleasure of glancing over a new fine work I am soliciting. I can tell by the brightness and intelligence of your eyes that you are a lover of literature; have an elegant library at home, no doubt; set up all night to study—ruining your health, etc., etc. My book is entitled, 'How to do everything!' Just what you hourly need; describes every point very minutely; only contains twenty pages. It comes high, but it is valuable—bound in cow-hide, \$0.15; in dog-hide, \$0.10. It is replete with beautiful engravings. The original plate of the frontis-piece cost \$7,000. I have written your name for a copy. Please see if I have spelled it right. Our collector will call upon you every thirty days for a part payment. It is a great pleasure to solicit from a nice gentleman like you, sir. Good day!"

By Wire: "N. Kount: Expecting valuable horse from New York. Have it fed and watered in the car. Forward promptly and advise date and train.

D. RATESETTLER, G. F. A."

By Telephone: "N. Kount: Street Car Company want their car of hay at once. They are afraid their mules will strike for oats at 12 k. sharp."

By Wire: "N. K.: Hurry unloading and send out on Line all equipment, especially gondolas and platforms.

I. C. EWE, M. of T."

Woman with several children in arms and three yaller dogs at her heels: "Man outside told me you be the General Manager of this yere 'Road.' Please send me to Starvation-town, Eillinoy. You can't? Man said you'd say that, but to stick to you and you would do it. Sara, lay Tommie on that ere settee. Johnny, you and Pete curl up in that big chair. Bill, you and Mag set outside on the bench and watch the injines playing catcher up and down on the railroad. They keep bumping the cars to see how fur they kin knock um. It's real inspiring. I used to set and watch em for a week when I was a gal and lived in Herry Taute, on the Wabash. Something got wrong one day. I was a setting on a pile of the logs which they use under the rails. The engineer told me to go away. I made faces at him. He laughed. The next time his engine switched up passed me, something went wrong inside of the engine, and a regular snorter of a rain storm of black nasty water came out of the big thing in front, made for the smoke to come out. I

had on a white muzzlin dress. When I went home that night, mother says, says she: 'Mollie, where on airth did yeon pick up that polka dot geown?' 'Say, give me ten cents to buy some meat for my dogs, and I will ask the brakeman to give me a ride in his calaboose.'"

The specie was promptly paid as the quickest solution to the immigration problem.

Irate bald-headed gent from across the way: "Mr. Kount: If you don't stop your men in their cigarette flirtations with my girl, I will petition the City Council to either tear up all of your tracks or allow the B. W. & I. Line to cross them every ten feet."

An order was immediately bulletined for all employes to discontinue the use of cigarettes.

By Wire: "D. Ratesettler: The horse referred to was received this a. m.; man entered car to give him water; horse had broken his halter; kicked the man out through end of car and jumped out after him; broke a leg; fell across the track; passing train cut his head off; have sent the carcass to the Excelsior Beef Canning Co. N. KOUNT."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Has car 2222 passed you? A. NOENOTHING."

"A. Noenothing: Several millions have passed me. Give some kind of data. N. KOUNT."

By Wire: "N. Kount: I want your a. m. reports at once. I. C. EWE, M. of T."

From Foreman: "Mr. Kount: Man in charge of car of dried apples, received from the Pretty Quick Line, has been chasing me all around the yard; wants us to run a special; is afraid the market will fall on him; I wish it would and smash him; he is chewing dried apples all the time; if you will set up the pop to him I think it will bust him, and we will get a rest. Here comes old apple-sauce now—I'm gone!"

By Telephone: "Mr. Kount: Warehouse just received a barrel of coal oil and a box of matches. Can you send an engine to place a car opposite the barrel and box, so as to obviate any extra labor of platform men?"

By Telephone: "Mr. Kount: Does A. Swindelum brake on our Line. Garnishee against him account of Philumphul & Co. for basket of champagne furnished him for his wedding fifteen years ago."

From Yard Clerk: "Mr. Kount: The agent of the Big and Little Fast Line sends us a report to fill up and return by

bearer, which I am sure I cannot fill out in less than two days. Tell him you have the cramps, but will soon be better and will send the report to him in an hour or two. Maybe he'll forget it and not ask for it for a week or so, and if he does tell him your grandfather in Maine was sick. (He was, you know, before he died!)"

Policeman: "Mr. Kount: One of your delivery trains came very near stopping the procession yesterday of the Ancient Order of United Bug Hunters. I have filed a complaint against you. Appear at the Mayor's Court at once."

Excited Merchant: "Mr. Kount: One of your men named I. Beattall coaxed me into letting him have \$70 worth of clothing last night; said the Company owed three months pay and were to pay off to-day; he would come up early this morning and pay me; I heard that your Company pay their men every thirty days; I think Beattall is trying to swindle me and I wish you would have the \$70 taken out of his pay; my name is Reachover; my store is No. 000 Washington street; bring the money up to me and I will give you a nice summer necktie."

"Mr. Reachover: My heart actually bleeds for you; Beattall does not work for me; don't know such a person."

Seeker for Situation: "Are you the yard-master?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Needing any men?"

"No, sir."

"I want to get a job; have got a pocket full of letters; have worked on every railroad and in every yard in the United States; I have been working for past four days in the S. T. A. & G. O. yards, but the M. of T. and the yard-master have too much to say, and having a little racket with them I quit; I see you have some men at work that ain't any account. Will you give me a job?"

Foreman: "Mr. Kount: The S. T. I. & C. K. and the S. T. A. & N. D. engines are bucking up the track and I cannot make a move towards making up No. 32.' 'Well, Pat, pray for an interference by Providence.' 'Hello, there they go; who gave up; I see; W. W. Cole's circus parade passing down on second square—that settles it!'"

By Telephone: "Mr. Kount: Will you come down to my place at once; I left my umbrella on top of a car on my track, and your switchman, B. Kareless, pushed some cars down, knocking my umbrella off, and one of the car wheels ran over badly scratching the handle; I can't put up with such careless work; I

wish you would discharge him. Will you come down immediately and see me about it? O. KRONICK."

I am informed that the switchman was green carpeted and hung at 10 k the next a. m.

Cart Driver: "Mr. Kount: I've been waiting five minutes for my car to be placed."

By Telephone: "Mr. Kount: Squealer & Co. say that if the flat car they ordered twenty minutes ago is not delivered to their track in fifteen minutes from now, they will ship their freight over the New Promise Line."

I ascertained that Squealer & Co.'s track was situated some three miles distant; also that the New Promise Line threat was the same old story and so often told that it had ceased to frighten.

Train Man: "Mr. Kount: How many trains out this a. m. Will I get out? Will you run any 96's? I want to get out of this town. What do they run us all over here for, when we can't get back right away. If I am needed before this evening you can find me at the Zoo matinee."

Party from Country: "Is you the Head Boss?"

"No, sir, I'm the Bumping Post—anything wanted?"

Country: "Yes! Have yer got a car loaded with lumber?"

"Yes, sir, a great many! What is the number of your car and to whom is it consigned?"

Country: "It's for me; I dunno the number on it; I kin tell the lumber when I seen it; I finished hauling it to Lumberpile last night about 9 o'clock; it ought to be here this morning, as I want to get my money for it from Failoften & Co. and buy some traps to take home on the noon train."

"My dear sir, I feel sorry for you; I advise you to go home at once; come back in about six weeks; when your car is loaded, it will be brought in and I will have it delivered soon as Failoften & Co. pay the freight bill and provide room on their track for it; they will probably let it remain loaded until they need the lumber for building purposes, when they will then unload and measure it, and if you happen to be in the city will either pay you or tell you to come in again in about thirty days."

He was taken to the lunatic asylum a raving maniac before noon.

By Wire: "N. Kount: Notify employer Smashall that \$3,000 will be deducted from his pay in monthly pay-

ments of \$200, or he may resign his situation at once. Wire me his answer.

I. BOSSALL,
General Superintendent."

Answer: "I. Bossall, General Superintendent: Switchman Smashall accepts the terms. I send you his written agreement on No. 50 this p. m. N. K."

Conductor of No. 92 to Yard Clerk: "Billy, I am short a card for A B C D & E car No. 1401; hurry up; I have a time order against No. 93, and if I fail to make it I will be laid out all day; that squib Dispatcher has got it in for me anyway, and if he gets a chance will give it to me blood-raw!"

To the Operator: "Bob, ask Dispatcher to give me little more time against 93, will you? Hades, Billy, hav'n't you found that card for me yet? How's that, Bob? Won't Dispatcher give me anything? Well, he'll get fired some day. I wish lightning would strike him."

From Billy: "I can't find a card for 1401. I gave it to you surely. Why, that's the card in your other hand. What's smatter with you?"

From Dispatcher by Wire: "What is the matter with No. 92? Why don't she leave?"

Conductor's answer: "In starting train broke a draw-bar key; had to wait for new one to be put in; will start at once."

Another Conductor: "Mr. Kount: I can't go out until I've had some rest; hav'n't had my boots off for three weeks."

Brakeman (sotto voce): "All wind; he thinks he will have to come back on No. 91 in a. m., and he wants to go fishing."

From Shop: "Mr. Kount: We are clean out of coal."

By Telephone: "Mr. Kount: Squealer & Co. are hot after that flat. What can I tell them?"

Answer: "Tell them it's on the way to them."

Kount to the Foreman: "Have you sent Squealer & Co. that flat yet?"

Foreman: "Why, it ain't unloaded yet and won't be before night!"

By Wire from Car Accountant: "N. Kount: Car D E F & G No. 1000 to you August 1, 1840. What became of it? 44. I. COUNTM."

Brakeman: "Mr. Kount: One night last week the yard-men did not make all the couplings in my train and bumped our caboose so hard that it knocked a bottle of medicine of mine off of the cupboard and broke the bottle."

From Car Repairer: "Mr. Kount: Send down some bad order cars; are clear out of work."

From Engineer: "Mr. Kount: My engine is leaking badly; had to double Hardhill last night; 26 loads is too much for my engine anyway; can't you give me light train?"

Brakeman (aside): "He don't stand in with hind Brakesy."

From Hardcoal & Co.: "Mr. Kount: I wanted five cars of block and one of slack; you sent me five of slack and one of block; I am pecuniarily damaged; why do you treat me so; I shall write to the President of the road to-night!"

Foreman: "Mr. Kount: Johnny Likely slipped and fell between cars he was coupling down in the storage tracks just now, and wheel cut off one of his legs above the knee; his wife and child have been sick all winter and are not well yet; he's away behind, too; will you start a subscription paper among the boys?"

From Track Man: "Mr. Kount: 'I'll have to take out the frog at head of yard; it is worn out; will not stop your engines more than an hour or so.'"

From Stone Mason: "Mr. Kount: I need some stone, some sand, and want an empty flat sent right away, or my men will be idle."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Watch for car 401 from east and hurry forward."

F. RATESETTLER, G. F. A."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Your men do not handle sleeping cars carefully; they wake up the people."

I. C. EWE, M. of T."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Extend my sympathy to Switchman Likely and his afflicted family; have the very best of care given him, and advise me of the necessities of his family."

W. R. GOODHEART,
President."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Do everything possible for relief and comfort of Switchman Likely."

I. BOSSALL,
I. C. EWE."

From Sleeping Car Office: "N. Kount: Please have hotel car 305 watered and iced ready for 1 p. m. train."

O. SLEEPY,
Superintendent."

By Telephone: "N. Kount: Have three cars meat loaded; please remove them at once; must have bill of lading before 3 k; want to draw on it."

B. PORKER."

Again: "N. Kount: Must get my cars of starch out on 5 p. m. train in order to catch steamer at New York."

STIFF & Co."

Yard Engineer: "Mr. Kount: J. P. Evans & Co. gave the switchmen some cigars; they won't divide, and I propose to quit right here if that's the style here."

From Yard-Master O. R. S. & T. Line: "N. Kount: My men report you held their engine 30 minutes. How is it?"

Answer: "Y. M. O. R. S. & T. Line: Beer and lunch counter across the street held them—not me!"

Foreman: "Mr. Kount: What shall I do with all these 'No bill cars?' If I get many more of them will have to get pair of skids and double them up, or eat them."

By Telephone: "Squealer & Co. are terrible angry about the flat."

Answer: "Tell them the engine that went out with the flat ran over a wheelbarrow near their place and broke the flat car into match material, but that we have ordered another flat to be built at the car works, and will send it to them as soon as completed."

From Operator, Bob: "Mr. Kount: Freight office is kicking for that car of bananas for Tropical & Co., and they also say that one of their men saw a boy running down the street eating a banana, and he believes the boy stole it from their car, and that they will make a bill against the Company and will expect a voucher in their behalf; want to know also if car arrived sealed, and if we have noticed any banana skins lying around or in the vicinity of cabooses."

Answer: "Bob, tell the freight office that I slipped upon a banana skin near Union Depot last night; probably belonged to Tropical & Co.; didn't notice any marks on it by which it could be identified; expect it is still there; that every brakeman and all the yard-men claim they can't bear the sight of a banana; that I understand that all of the broad-brimmed flat-crown hat boys at the office are very fond of them and are very liberal with them to their girls."

From the But X: "Mr. Kount: Train No. 65 is off track over here; car jumped the frog; trucks are crosswise of the rails; will need jack-blocks, tools and men; car is loaded with highwine and is leaking; men think it is whisky and are trying to stop the wastage by drinking it; send over the Light Infantry to protect it; No. 65, 67 and 69 are behind No. 63 and can't get by; passenger train No. 38 will soon be along; the But is blocked and can't

move their stock until the wreck is cleared up."

Frantic Passenger: "Mr. Yard-Master: I came in on your early morning train; just as I got on to train for Sin-sinatty, I found I had lost my tooth-pick; I remained over one train to get it; I valued it as an old friend; had used it for five years; I suppose you found it?"

"Yes, I did, and seeing at a glance that it was an old relic and, therefore, valuable, I sent it to police headquarters, where you can get it by identifying it and paying the storage charges."

Foreman: "Mr. Kount: What shall I give No. 82 and 84 out of here, and how shall I make up the excursion for the colored population?"

By Telephone: "The six rolling mills will be obliged to shut down at a loss of \$1,000 per minute if you don't send an engine there at once."

And again: "Grindem & Co. want their grain at once or it will heat and spoil."

Their grain had been waiting their order for two weeks or more.

By Telephone again: "Mr. Underbid wants an extra large car—larger than you give any one else."

By Wire: "N. Kount: Can't you dispense with one-half of your force for the present. You are having very little to do now?"

I. BOSSALL,

General Superintendent."

I have only given a fragment of what I saw and heard. My curiosity being satisfied, I ventured the question to Mr. Kount, "If there were any cessation or rest in his business?" He smiled sweetly and answered, "No!" I ventured another: "Did he ever expect a rest?" A still sweeter smile: "Oh, yes. When he should receive the grand bounce!"

I excused myself for annoying him, and he amiably replied that no annoyance had been given; that if I came around some day when business was good I might find him a little crusty. I tip-toed out.

TABLE GOSSIP.

I know not where that city lifts
Its jasper walls in air,
I know not where the glory beams,
So marvelously fair.

I can not see the waving hands
Upon that farther shore,
I can not hear the rapturous song
Of dear ones before.

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,
Washed clear by contrite tears,
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
From the eternal years.

An Eloquent Passage.

G. D. Prentice.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence.

Threw in One.

Detroit Free Press.

There is a grocer in a certain small town in this state who has always been called the stingiest man in Michigan, and many stories are afloat about his breaking crackers in two and taking out pinches of flour to make exact weight. It seems, however, that he has been harshly judged. A few days ago he had a lot of cranberries displayed at the door, and a lady pedestrian halted and said:

"Are those fresh?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much a quart?"

"Twenty cents, madam."

"That's ten cents for a pint, five cents for a gill, two and a half for half a gill, one and three—"

"Did you want a quart?"

"Oh, no. I was reading that corns could be cured by binding on a split cranberry. I have two corns and one berry would answer for both. I'll give you a cent for a single berry."

"Very well—take it along. Hold on! Let's see—let's see—yes, I can do it. I'll throw in an extra berry, and do both up in a parcel. I am bound to please my customers if I don't make a cent!"

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
 An' a fearful dark night, too;
 Take a look at the switch-lights, Tom,
 Fetch in a stick when you're through.
 "On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
 Left the last station all right;
 She'll come round the curve a flyin'—
 Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! he's engineer;
 Been on the road all his life;
 I'll never forget the morin'
 He married his chunk of a wife.
 'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
 Jest off work, every one;
 They kicked up a row in the village,
 And killed old Donovan's son.

Bill hedn't been married more'n an hour,
 Up comes a message from Kress,
 Orderin' Bill to go up there
 And bring down the night express.
 He left his gal in a hurry
 And went up on number one,
 Thinkin' of nothin' but Mary
 And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat by the window
 To wait for the night express;
 An', sir, if she hadn't ha' done so,
 She'd been a widow, I guess.
 For it must ha' been nigh midnight
 When them mill hands left the Ridge;
 They come down—the drunken devils!—
 Tore up a rail from the bridge.
 But Mary heard 'em a workin'
 And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
 And in less than fifteen minutes
 Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't ha' come here to tell us,
 A mile—it wouldn't ha' done;
 So she jest grabbed up a lantern
 And made for the bridge alone.
 Then down came the night express, sir,
 And Bill was makin' her climb!
 But Mary held the lantern,
 A swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
 And he stopped the night express,
 And he found his Mary cryin'
 On the track, in her weddin' dress;
 Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
 An' holdin' on to the light—
 Hallo! here's the train! good by, sir,
 Bill Mason's on time to-night!

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

In the Monthly Journal of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for November, published at Cleveland, Ohio, we find the ninth annual address of Mr. P. M. Arthur, the Grand Chief Engineer of the Order, delivered before the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood at Louisville, Ky., on the 18th of October last, from which we make the following extracts:

The past year has witnessed the greatest conflict between capital and labor that ever occurred in this country. The labor question is the one great problem of the day. Everywhere it is now being discussed. Strikes, the terror of the age, the

bane of the capitalist and laborer, the dread of a commonwealth, are now fixing the attention of the people and causing distress and horror, both among the workmen, their families, and the world at large. On this account trade unions are being denounced, their members subjected to invectives of no complimentary character, and everywhere a cry to crush them is being raised. The press has taken up the as yet unexpressed desire of corporations, and expiates at length upon the tyranny of "Trades Unions," representing these associations as huge monsters seeking the good of no one, not even of their own constituents, but like a despot, casting all in chains who refuse to obey his mandates, dictating to all refusing to listen to any. The associations thus regarded bear no comparison to the institution organized by the locomotive engineers, except upon general principles. A trade union is generally supposed to be organized for the protection of laborers representing any one kind of industry. Protection is not tyranny. If capitalists combine their wealth, time, and talent, to amass fortunes for themselves; to control, to monopolize their own branch of industry, even if it necessitates the crushing out of less fortunate concerns, why have not laborers the right to join hands for self protection? In union there is strength, and there is safety in numbers. When the country is rolling in wealth, when all things indicate good times, when stockholders and heads of corporations surround themselves with all that is luxurious, and count their gains in high denominations, then turn and either grind down the men who made wealth by them possible, or refuse to listen to their cry for a pittance beyond what they have been allowed, is it any wonder that rebellion ensues? "Have laborers no rights?" People say, if they are not satisfied with what they receive as compensation, let them leave and seek it elsewhere; corporations can readily fill their places. That is easily said, but is it so easily done? While seeking labor elsewhere, who will fill hungry mouths at homes? Besides, he may not be able to better his situation. Go where he will he finds employers all too ready to grind down the employed, and knowing him to be in need of work, will pay but the lowest sum for his services. Without labor there can be no capital; one is essential to the other, and laborers are just as liable to have their demands satisfied in one place as in another. Their association in its way is

quite as strong as the combination of capital. If the one has a right to hold off, hoping to gain its own especial point, so has the other. In the end one or the other must yield. Strikes among the better class of trades unions are not indulged in for the sake of being arbitrary, but only as a last resort. We hold, therefore, that trades unions and similar compacts, though often abused, have on the whole effected signal good. Labor is better paid, and its rights better secured, than otherwise it would or could be. Such being the case, the right of combination should be upheld, not only in theory but in practice. Its surrender would remove the most powerful instrument in the hands of labor to withstand the exactions of capital. It should be cherished as a natural and legal right, as the sheet anchor of prosperity. When employers can justify the position they may take up by facts and legitimate arguments; when they are willing to submit to the principle that every laborer is worthy of his hire; when they will recognize the fact that by fair and liberal treatment to those by whose toil they are many of them building up colossal fortunes, they will not only be benefiting their own workmen but also themselves; when they see that they have a higher duty to perform than that of merely paying as little remuneration as they possibly can for as much work in return for it as they can by fair means or foul get out of their workmen; and when, in fact, they more fully enter into the inner life difficulties and requirements of the great labor classes of the country, they will, if they are earnest in their wish to use the opportunities placed in their hands in a fair and just manner, find that the advanced, thoughtful and educated portion of workmen will respond to their efforts in endeavoring to improve the relative positions of those who work and those who pay.

* * * * *

My attention has been called to the enactment of a law in the State of New York, known as the "New Penal Code," which embraces within its provisions a number of sections which I consider of sufficient importance to call your attention to them, so that you may take such action as you may deem necessary in the premises. They read as follows: "Whenever three or more persons assemble to commit any unlawful act by force, or assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace, or to give ordinary persons reasonable ground to apprehend a breach of the

peace; or, being assembled, attempt or threaten any act tending towards a breach of the peace, or an injury to a person or property, or any unlawful act; such an assembly is unlawful, and every person participating therein, by his presence, aid, or instigation, is guilty of a misdemeanor, which is punishable by imprisonment for not more than two years or by a fine of not more than two hundred and fifty dollars, or both such fine and imprisonment." The danger lies in that clause investing ordinary persons with power to determine the character of an assembly, and cause the arrest of those participating in it. I regard it as a direct blow at the labor organizations of the State; an unwarranted restriction on the constitutional rights and liberties of men which ought not to be tolerated. It shows the necessity of workmen taking a more active part in the politics of the country, and voting to send men to the Legislatures who will have some regard for their interests. Men become so wedded to parties that they frequently vote for men regardless of their fitness and qualifications for the office they aspire to. The laboring class has influence and power enough, if intelligently employed, to shape and control the legislation of the country, and when they neglect to exercise the rights they are invested with as citizens to guard and protect their own interests, they are derelict in that duty they owe to themselves, their families and their country. The laws that have been passed in a number of States the past few years restricting the rights and privileges of workmen are due to their own neglect to use the ballot properly.

The ballot is the proper remedy for the evils complained of, and we are glad to learn that the workmen of New York State are alive to a sense of the injustice sought to be imposed them by the enactment of such a law, and are determined to have it repealed at the next session of the Legislature. I trust the brothers residing in that State will render all the aid they possibly can to secure the much desired result. General Jackson, in his veto message of the United States bank, said:

"It is to be regretted that the rich and powerful too often bend the acts of the government to their selfish purposes. Distinction in society will always exist, under every just government. Equality of talents, of education and of wealth, cannot be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyments of the gifts

of Heaven, and the fruits of superior industry, economy and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law; but when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages, artificial distinctions; to grant titles, gratuities and exclusive privileges; to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society, the farmers, mechanics and laborers, who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their government. There are no necessary evils in government. Its evils exist only in abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as Heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and poor, it would be an unqualified blessing."

These are just and patriotic sentiments, and they should be accepted as an unvarying rule to guide all public servants in their action.

Acting together for mutual benefit I believe to be one of the grandest projects which this age has been able to present to the working classes of this country; and it is fortunate for us whose lot has been cast in this enlightened nineteenth century, to be privileged to work out this magnificent scheme to its present issue, with such results as have already been achieved. As members of a body, and believing in the principles which actuate society, our first duty is to act consistently towards the principles which we have espoused, to show that we are in earnest and faithful to our cause, and are doing all we can to forward that union which has become to many a source of comfort and blessing. To follow up by practice what we often talk of in theory, requires a firm determination of purpose; for it is pretty well known that the movement with which we are connected is not popular with a certain class. Of course it is easy to go with popular opinion; it requires no great ability to fall in with the majority. But it is grander and nobler to dare to do right. It has a true ring about it that has a test of character, and it is a resource of itself to the brave man and woman who, conquering their own weaknesses, have developed a new era of good in their own lives and surroundings. It is one of the primary duties to make the most of opportunities which present themselves to us; and no matter in what sphere we may be placed, we can, if willing, do something for the public good. We can say a kind word, we can show a good example; we can stretch

forth a hand to help a weaker brother; show unto your friends and fellow workmen who have not yet been converted to our cause, the benefits which you have undoubtedly derived from being associated with this grand organization. Don't rest content with what you have already achieved; be up and do more; be active, energetic, and always bear in mind that idleness, under no class or condition of men, can ever be commendable. Shun, as you would a viper, the company of the slothful and indolent. Show to the world that you have no sympathy with the inactive man, whether that man be a genteel drone or a loafer; for no one can deny that both are lazy, and neither fulfills the purpose for which he was created. In our leanings towards any movement that will conduce to the perpetuity of our institution, don't give our assistance in a cold, formal manner, quite regardless of whether it succeeds or not. Go hand and spirit into the enterprise, and endeavor to excel in our interprise for the success of whatever is good and noble.

Blarney Castle.

The celebrated Blarney Castle was built in 1419, by Cormac (Laidir) McCarthy, the fourth Lord Muskerry. It stands in the midst of a fertile vale about four miles west of the city of Cork. It was once a place of considerable strength, the walls being eighteen feet thick. It was taken by Lord Broghill in the year 1645, and in the Jacobite wars it sustained a formal siege against the army of King William, but a battery being erected on a rising ground commanding the castle its commander was compelled to evacuate it. The conquerors demolished the fortifications, leaving nothing remaining but a large tower. This tower is about one hundred feet high, and stands on a limestone rock, at whose base flows a stream called the Comane. The walls are surrounded by a parapet, supported by corbels, the whole crowned by crenelated battlements. A narrow winding staircase leads to the apartments, which are small, gloomy and cheerless. The uppermost room once constituted the kitchen; and in it there are two spacious fire-places. The great hall occupies one of the higher stories. The "Earl's Chamber" (so called from having been the favorite apartment of the late Lord Clancarty), overhangs the Comane. It is a narrow vaulted room with a tiled floor, lighted by a projecting bay window. On the top of the tower is that miraculous stone, to

which the Castle, and, indeed, Blarney itself is chiefly indebted for its celebrity, as neither the keep or the village are invested with much historical or legendary interest.

This magic stone is said to impart the gift of telling the most outrageous lies with an imperturbable countenance, and giving the individual who has the courage to risk his neck in kissing it, a tongue so wheedling that he ever afterwards becomes irresistible among the ladies.

"Father Prout" has borne testimony to the power which the stone confers on the true believers of the celebrated lines—

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Sure he never misses
To grow eloquent,
For 'tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.
A clever spouter
He'll turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
To be let alone,
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
For he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone."

At the base of the tower on the northern side are situated the prisons. They consist of two gloomy holes, the inner one so pitch-dark and ill-ventilated that it must have been a horrible place of punishment for those confined there. A little to the west of the donjon is the "cave"—a low, dark subterranean passage—"where no daylight enters, but bats and badgers are forever bred."

In the immediate vicinity of the Castle is situated the "Rock-close." This is an inclosed space of a few acres of ground, very tastefully laid out. Masses of rocks covered with lichens and heath-blossoms are skilfully arranged so as to appear as if they were the natural productions of the soil. Shady retreats and harbors are disposed in positions which command charming prospects of the surrounding scenery.

A flight of steps roofed in by massive stones leads down to a verdant inch, laved by the waters of the Comane. This is known as the "Witch's Stairs," adjoining these stairs is the "Witch's Kitchen," a fire-place cut out of the rock. On the inch is a cromlech of immense size, luxuriantly mossed and lichened. This primitive altar attests that the Druidical worshippers of Baal celebrated their ancient rites at Blarney at least a thousand years before the foundations of the Castle were laid.

About midway in the well-wooded park

the lake spreads its glassy sheet of water. It is about half a mile in circumference, and of considerable depth. A legend records that on fine summer nights a number of enchanted cows rise from the lake and pasture on the banks. While feeding they are milked by fairies. As happens usually when beings pertaining to the spiritual world visit our sphere, the cattle and milk-maids vanish at cock-crow. Tradition also asserts that the last scion of the Clancartys buried the family plate in the lake, and that the part of it in which the treasure is hidden is never to be divulged until one of the race regains the ancient inheritance.

As previously stated Blarney Castle was taken by Lord Broghill, who occupied it for some time. After the restoration Lord Muskerry was created Earl Clancarty and his estates restored to him; and at the Revolution his son Donagh embraced the cause of James II. After the unsuccessful effort of James to regain the throne, the extensive Clancarty estates were confiscated and their lord exiled. Blarney Castle and grounds then came into the possession of Dean Davies, of Cork, from whom they were purchased by the Hollow-sword-blade Company of London. In 1703 Sir James Jeffreys obtained the lands by purchase, and they still continue in that family. Sir George Colthurst is now the owner of the Castle and estates.

The Utility of Drunkenness.

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, reasoning from the premises of Malthus and Darwin, gravely argues that drunkenness is performing a beneficent work among the human race by weeding out those who are least fit to survive. "The coarse, muscular, raving, yelling, fighting human animal that formerly led the war dance, the hunt and the battle, is no longer the fittest for survival, but is, on the contrary, daily becoming more and more out of place." Law and public sentiment forbid that he shall be killed by the means employed upon other obnoxious brutes; therefore it is desirable that he be supplied with facilities for self-immolation, and these, the author says, are exactly supplied by the alcoholic drinks of the present day when used for purposes of intoxication. "We know," continues the moralizer, "that such indulgence has swept away the red Indian savage from the American continent and prepared it for a higher civilization, * * * and this beneficent agent, if allowed to do its natural work,

will similarly remove the savage elements that still remain as impediments to the onward progress of the more crowded communities of the Old World." The author's general conclusion is that all human beings who are fit to survive will naturally avoid intemperance except when it is occasionally forced upon them by the artificial pressure of absurd drinking customs; the remainder "will be gradually sifted out by natural alcoholic selection," unless the law interferes with their inclinations.

For originality and practicability this theory certainly is unequalled, and that it is bound to prove its accuracy by its works cannot be doubted by any moralist who studies the classes that habitually drink heavily. The only trouble with the plan seems to be that like breeds like, and the heavy drunkard, when he dies, generally leaves behind him one or more of his own kind to be permanent sources of torment to the community and of profit to the distilleries.

The Grandeur of Peace.

Charles Sumner.

Whatever may be the judgment of poets, of moralists, of satirists, or even of soldiers, it is certain that the glory of arms still exercises no mean influence over the minds of men. The art of war, which has been happily termed by a French divine, "the baleful art by which men learn to exterminate one another," is yet held, even among Christians, to be an honorable pursuit, and the animal courage, which it stimulates and develops, is prized as a transcendent virtue.

It will be for another age, and a higher civilization, to appreciate the more exalted character of the art of benevolence—the art of extending happiness and all good influences, by word or deed, to the largest number of mankind which, in blessed contrast with the misery, the degradation, the wickedness of war, shall shine resplendent, the true grandeur of peace. All then will be willing to join with the early poet in saying, at least—
"Though louder fame attend the martial
 rage,
Tis greater glory to reform the age."

Does any one ask for the signs of this approaching era? The increasing beneficence and intelligence of our own day, the broad-spread sympathy with human suffering, the widening thoughts of men, the longing of the heart for a higher condition on earth, the unfulfilled promises of Christian progress, are the auspicious auguries of this happy future.

As early voyagers over untried realms of waste, we have already observed the signs of land. The green twig and the fresh red berry have floated by our bark; the odors of the shore fan our faces; nay, we may seem to descry the distant gleam of light, and hear from the more earnest observers, as Columbus heard, after midnight, from the masthead of the *Piuta* the joyful cry of Land! Land! and lo! a new world broke upon his early morning gaze.

Neatness in Women.

Monroe Journal.

A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she can not hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal a slattern. A young woman with her hair in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is always written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet; and if she wins a husband, he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or drunken ruffian. The bringing up of their daughters to be able to work, talk and act like sensible women, is the special task of all mothers; and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Household work is a drudgery; but it must be done by somebody and had better be well than ill done.

Never.

Never betray a confidence. Never leave home with unkind words. Never give promises that you cannot fulfill. Never laugh at the misfortune of others. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never question a child or servant about family matters. Never fail, if a man, of being civil and polite to women. Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered. Never associate with bad company; have good company or none. Never, when traveling abroad, be overboastful of your own country. Never punish your child for a fault to which you addicted yourself. Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect on any one. Never divulge a secret given to you in friendly intercourse, even should such friendship be afterward broken.

LIFE'S OCEAN.

Milford Journal.

We are tossed on life's great ocean,
Where the billows 'round us roll,
With its tides forever surging
O'er our worn and weary souls;
And we almost think we feel it—
With a longing so intense—
Be ever hopeful, ever trusting,
Joy there'll be in recompense.

To the faithful, tireless worker
There will surely come a day
When the paths, you've strewn for others,
Struggling on o'er life's rough way—
Will be strewn for you by angels
Who are waiting o'er the tide,
And with words of comfort saying
Do not falter—there's something more.

There's an end to sorrow's heartache's,
There's an end to trials and cares,
In the Great Beyond, where angels
Are beckoning you "over there"—
To a garden of rarest beauty
Away from all your sorrow and pain,
Into the bright golden future,
Meeting your loved ones again.

The Doom of Steam.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Whatever else may survive in the future, Dr. Siemens is certain that the steam engine is doomed. Its fate is first to be confined to the driving of large dynamo machines, which will distribute force at present supplied by a myriad of small and wasteful engines, and then to be superseded altogether by the gas engine. Gas and electricity may be mutually hostile, but they are to unite their forces in order to extirpate the steam engine. The unpardonable sin of the steam engine is that of waste. Even the best of them consume two pounds of coal per horse-power per hour, whereas, says Dr. Siemens, when the gas-producer has taken the place of the complex and dangerous steam boiler it will not take one pound of coal to develop one-horse power for one hour. But before gas banishes steam it will supersede coal as the agent for the development of steam. A pound of gas gives forth exactly twice the heat of a pound of coal, and even this may be improved upon. To burn raw coal is to squander our inheritance. Dr. Siemens gives some startling figures to prove that the by-products of the coal annually used in gas-making are worth three millions sterling more than the coal used in producing them, without allowing anything for the value of the gas. Besides the products already utilized, 120,000 tons of sulphur are now wasted every year, which may yet be converted into a source of income. By abolishing the use of raw coal, Dr. Siemens maintains that science,

with some magician's wand, will "banish the black pall of smoke which hangs over our great cities, and restore to them pure air, bright sunshine, and blue skies." Nor shall we even have to suffer as compensation for the multiplication of enormous gasometers. The coal will be converted into gas at the bottom of the mine—a prospect not altogether to be contemplated without alarm by the workers in fiery seams—and the gas carried by pipes wherever it is wanted. Electricity will also be made largely serviceable for the distribution of power. Even after allowing 50 per cent. for loss in transmission, the gain is still enormous. The electric light will chiefly be confined to lighting public places. The gaslight will hold its own as the "poor man's friend," and gas heating will become universal. Thus in the near future Dr. Siemens unfolds before our eyes a world in which there will be no smoke and no steam, and where coal will only be visible in the immediate vicinity of the pit. Electricity will light our streets, gas will cook our dinners, and driving power will be laid on by wire wherever it is wanted. There will be no pollution of rivers for every waste product will be utilized, and the sulphurous fumes which have converted whole counties into scenes of dark desolation will be employed in making the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and in restoring fertility to our exhausted soil. In short, science at last will begin to banish all the manifest abominations by which "the black age" of manufactures has defeated the beauty of our land.

A Misunderstanding.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"I understand," said a Texan to an Arkansaw man, "that you shot Bill Bulkins."

"Yes."

"Well," continued the Texan, "Bill was a friend of mine, and I'll have to avenge his death. Are you armed?"

"You say that Bill was your friend?"

"Yes, the warmest I ever had, and I'm going to give it to you right here," and he drew a pistol.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the Arkansaw man, "Bill was a friend of mine, too, and more than that, he was my brother-in-law."

"Oh, well then," said the Texan, returning his pistol, "I guess you had a right to shoot him. I didn't know that you had any claim on his friendship."

Sir Garnet Wolsley.

Chicago Tribune.

General Wolsley is the son of an English major, and was born near Dublin in 1833. He entered the army as ensign in 1852, and in 1865 had risen through the various ranks to that of colonel. His first service was in the Burmese war of 1852-53, for which he received a medal. Afterward he was awarded still higher distinction in the Crimean war, receiving the Legion of Honor and the Turkish decoration. He was also at the siege of Lucknow and the defense of Alumbagh, where his gallant services gained him the promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1860 he served through the Chinese campaign and received another medal. In 1867 he visited America as deputy quartermaster-general in Canada, and commanded the Red River expedition. His next active service was in 1873, when he commanded the troops on the Gold Coast during the Ashantee war, with the rank of major-general. The campaign commenced in September of that year, and, after many hard marches and discouragements, owing to the perfidy of the natives, he finally defeated the Ashantees in February, 1874, and received the submission of their king in his capital, Coomassie. For the success of this expedition he received the thanks of Parliament and a grant of \$100,000, was created a K. C. B., and given the freedom of the city of London and a splendid sword. Early in 1875 he was dispatched to Natal to administer the government of that colony. He remained there until 1876, when he was nominated a member of the Council of India. In 1878 he was made administrator of the Island of Cyprus, which came into English occupation through a supplementary agreement with Turkey after the Berlin Congress. After the disasters to the English in Zululand under Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Evelyn Wood, General Wolsley was appointed to the supreme military command, Sir Darte Frere, governor of Cape Colony, and Sir Henry Bulwer, lieutenant-governor of Natal, retaining their positions, but being subordinate to General Wolsley, who assumed command in June, 1879. The British force advanced in that month and defeated the Zulus at Ulundi in July. By the 12th of that month all the chiefs, except Cetewayo and Siraywo, had submitted. General Wolsley then took the field in person and followed up Cetewayo so vigorously that on the 28th of August he surrendered, and three days afterwards General Wol-

seley met the chiefs and submitted a treaty to them, which they signed. Since that time and until the outbreak of the Egyptian war, General Wolsley has remained in South Africa as the civil governor of Natal and the Transvaal. With his career since that time our readers are familiar. His expedition from Alexandria to Port Said, his occupation of the canal, his advance from Ismallia to Tel-el-Kebir, his capture of the later place, and his still more rapid advance to Cairo and his capture of Arabi Bey are among the most brilliant actions of his career, and appear all the more remarkable when it is remembered that he predicted before he left London that the war would be over September 15th—a prophecy fulfilled to the day—thus showing that no element of chance entered into the prosecution of his campaign.

The Bad Boy in Love.

Peck's Sun.

"How's things over to your house?" inquired the groceryman of the boy. "And say, what's the matter with you. You are all dressed up, and have got a clean shirt on, and your shoes blacked, and I notice your pants are not raveled out so at the bottoms of the legs behind. You are not in love are you?"

"Well, I should smile," said the boy, as he looked in a small mirror on the counter, covered with fly specks. "A girl got mashed on me, and ma says it is good for a boy who hasn't got no sister to be in love with a girl, and so I kind of tumbled to myself, and she don't go nowhere without I go with her. I take her to dancing school, and everywhere, and she loves me like a house a fire. Say, was you ever in love? Makes a fellow feel queer, don't it? Well, sir, the first time I went home with her I put my arm around her and honest it scared me. It was just like when you take hold of the handles of a 'lectric battery, and you can't let go till the man turns the knob. Honest, I was just as weak as a cat. I thought she had needles in her belt, and was going to take my arm away, but it was just like it was glued on. I asked her if she felt that way too, and she said she used to, but it was nothing when you got used to it. That made me mad. But she is older than me, and knows more about it. When I was going to leave her at the gate, she kissed me, and that was worse than putting my arm around her. By gosh, I trembled all over just like I had chills, but I was as warm as toast. She wouldn't let go for much as a minute, and

I was tired as though I had been carrying coal up stairs. I didn't want to go home at all, but she said it would be the best way for me to go home, and come again next day; and the next morning I went to her house before any of them were up, and her pa came out to let the cat in, and I asked him what time his girl got up, and he laughed and said I had got it bad, and that I had better go home and not be picked till I got ripe."

Origin of the Word Tariff.

On the coast of Spain, just inside the Straits of Gibraltar, there is an island called Tarifa. When the Moors had possession of the Peninsula they established a very energetic custom-house force upon it. The scale of revenue was discretionary with the collector. All formalities of entering and clearing were dispensed with. Every vessel passing through the straits, in either direction, was brought to and robbed to the prudent extent of not absolutely preventing the captain from undertaking another voyage. If he delivered up about 15 per cent. of his cargo, or paid its equivalent in money, he was allowed to go in peace. If he proved recalcitrant, and was then captured, the duties were collected on a sliding scale—he was to walk the plank, and his vessel and cargo were confiscated.

Generally, however, no resistance was offered. When the vessel arrived at the port of discharge her owners assessed the loss on the purchasers of the goods, and the result was pretty much as it is in our day. A great many people had to pay for what a small number of people got. This sort of duty collection ran all through the middle ages, a sad deterioration from the practice of the more enlightened Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The feudal barons on the Rhine obtained their revenues in this summary way, which always reverted on the people.

An Old Hand at It.

Texas Siftings.

An Austin grocer grossly insulted Mrs. Mose Schaumburg the other day, without intending it. She is an immensely stout woman, and stepping on the scales playfully requested the grocer to weigh her. As he adjusted the weights, he remarked that she weighed 190 pounds, which proved to be her exact weight.

"How did you come to guess it?" she asked.

"I am used to guessing at weights. I weighed hogs for five years in Cincinnati."

Home.

Every young woman should early form in her mind an ideal of a true home. It should never be the ideal of a palace, but of the character of a home. A hovel is often more of a home than a palace. It is the spirit of congenial friendship linking the hearts of the inmates of a dwelling that makes a home. If love reigns there, if charity spreads not her downy mantle over all; if peace prevails not and contentment be not a dweller within, the home is never complete.

Half the women of our country are unhappy because their homes are not as luxurious as they wish. The grand idea of a home should be a quiet, secluded spot where loving hearts dwell—a school of mutual improvement, where virtue is made a pleasure and improvement a delight. Even the trials of home are so many rounds in the ladder of spiritual progress if we make them so. It is the sentiments which children learn at home and the maxims which rule the parents' conduct that win them over to goodness.

Capital and Labor.

David Macy.

"The country's greatest trouble," Mr. Macy said, "is likely to result from those strikes. They are constantly increasing, and more than anything else they affect values and disturb commerce. The conflict that culminates in a strike is wholly unnecessary, and usually the slightest display of business common sense would avoid them altogether. The manufacturers are most to blame. Capital is naturally avaricious—imprudently so. Then it becomes bigoted and foolishly expects to grow by really robbing labor. If labor protests the authorities are invoked and the industry ceases, and frequently the property is destroyed. Now, my experience has been that man is a reasoning creature. Whether he owns capital or toils with his hand in a shop, he is a reasoning creature. I never had any difficulty with them. I knew that every business principle suggested the payment of fair wages. The establishment that cannot pay a fair price for a fair day's work had better shut down. I always took great pains to show my men—in truth, as president of the road, it was a leading part of my general duty—that they were fully paid all that the earnings would permit. Strikes were occurring all around me, but they never interfered with business on our line, and we made money by fair dealing. The

railroad man or the manufacturer who wants to make it all, in the end will make nothing. There is something terribly wrong at the head of those industries where strikes occur. The right man is not in the right place, and the quicker the public is brought to see this the better. Public intelligence should fix the responsibility where it rightfully belongs. Without some just cause or provocation workmen are not going to band themselves together in resistance of law. A strike ought to disgrace the management of an industry in the eyes of the world."

I was surprised and delighted to hear the most venerable railroad president in Indiana, and one of the most successful railroad presidents in the country, talk in this manner—enumerate truths that all reasonable people know to be truths, but passing few have sufficient courage to declare.

Advice to a Young Man.

Burlington Hawkeye.

I think, my boy, that just about at your age is the time for you to learn what you are good for. And when you have found what it is, go at it and stick to it. I want to see you at work.

"I have no secret," said Turner, the great painter, "but hard work."

"Nothing," said Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success."

"There is but one method," says Sydney Smith, "and that is hard work."

"The difference between one man and another," says Dr. Arnold, "is not so much in talent as in energy."

And do you direct your energy in one channel. Don't be diffusive in your work. There is power in concentration. A handful of powder scattered on the ground makes a great smoke when it is fired, but nothing more. It is the few ounces compressed in the blast or gun barrel that counts for something when it goes off. If you are a lawyer, a physician, or a carpenter, and make up your mind that you will know all about one particular line or branch or specialty of your profession or trade, you do well. Because, if you know as much on any point as any other man, surely as the heavens are above us, you will know much more about it than thousands, and immeasurably more than millions of other men, and this makes you an authority.

Be ambitious as you will, but be ambitious in some particular direction. You can make any sphere of labor honorable. A good, honest, earnest man can shovel

sand with credit to himself and profit to his employer, and honor to his country. Many a good blacksmith and harness-maker have been spoiled by schools of law and medical colleges; and let me tell you, Telemachus, right here, that society, your country, humanity, and God, need good carpenters, and shoemakers, and stone-cutters, and farm hands, more than poor doctors, and poor preachers, and poor editors. If you have to choose between a poor lawyer and a good deck hand, be a good deck hand every time.

Wise Man of Arkansaw.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Probably the politest and most considerate man who ever lived was General Bradhale, of Arkansaw. Some time ago, boarding a train, he perceived his son, whom he had not seen for twenty years, occupying a seat, reading. The old gentleman set down immediately behind the young man. After the train had gone about twenty miles, the young man laid aside his newspaper, and discovering his father, seized the old man with affectionate warmth. "Why didn't you let me know that you was on the train, father?"

"Because," replied the old gentleman, "I saw that you were reading and I did not wish to disturb—"

"That would have made no difference."

"And besides," continued his father, "I thought that you might want to borrow a few dollars."

"The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep, and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure. It is the seed which bears fruit in martyrs and makes men nobler than their nature—and demi-gods and prophets of a better time."

"No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as you wish. But its the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl. And you have to gather it, too. If you don't, it gathers you in, and one is a great deal worse than the other."

"BRACING UP."

'Twas Sunday morn, and Rev. Jones,

Was breakfasting with Grey;

Said Jones: "Another bit of steak,

As I have to preach to-day."

"Guess I'll brace up a little, too,"

Said Grey, his eyes a glisten.

And he helped himself to a hunk of meat,

"For you know I have to listen."

FOLLY BUT FUN.

Boston Post.

Ten dollars! Quite a sum to pay
 For one who earns but four a day,
 For just a single evening's fun,
 It seems now, the thing is done.
 Three for the carriage, for you know
 I never could ask her to go
 With that swell dress—the shade ecru
 And train strung out a yard or two—
 In the plain horse car. And so nice
 She looked, I do not grudge the price
 Three more for seats—down centre isle
 And four rows back—just right for style.
 The curtain rose. How time will pass
 While gazing through an opera glass!
 The curtain fell. Once more we stood
 Outside, and then the thought of food
 Itself presented. She said yes,
 She felt quite hungry. You can guess
 That what we ate, with just a bit
 Of rosy wine to season it,
 Used up the other four. Time sped.
 I took her home. Good night was said,
 Then to my own home came I straight;
 And here I sit and meditate.
 The cash I had four hours ago
 Is gone. I've naught for it to show.
 Have I regrets for it? Not one.
 'Twas folly, but, by Jove, 'twas fun!

McClellan's Perilous Ride.

Philadelphia Times.

Lewis E. Dawson, the big policeman who stands at Eighth and Arch streets, claims the honor of taking Gen. McClellan safely through, or rather over, one of the greatest dangers of his life. "It was the time the rebels evacuated Yorktown," said the policeman, "before the seven days' fight in the Peninsula. I was then driving McClellan's private ambulance, a sort of Germantown wagon, that he had fitted up for his own use. It would carry four persons comfortably, and I had a team of four splendid horses to draw it. Well, the rebels skipped out of Yorktown one Saturday night, but before they went they filled all the roads in and around the town with torpedoes—buried 'em under a thin scum of earth, you know, so that you couldn't see the blamed things till after you stepped on 'em, and then after that you never saw anything else. The Sunday after the evacuation was a beautiful day, but that night it rained down on the Peninsula, and the mud—well, it knew how to make mud, too. It was about a foot deep, I reckon, when I started on Monday morning from McClellan's headquarters, four miles out, to drive to Yorktown. There were four officers in the ambulance, Gen. McClellan, Col. Coburn, his chief of staff, Gen. Franklin and Gen. Eitz John Porter. It was still raining, and the ambulance curtains were closed. We got along all right till we came to the entrance to the Yorktown fortifications, and there, right in the

narrowest part of the way, was an ammunition wagon, broken down in the mud, and beside it was a stick, planted in the mud, with a little red flag hanging from it. I knew what it was as soon as I saw it: the rain had washed the dirt off one of them bloody torpedoes, and the soldiers had found it and marked it; you bet they wasn't going to dig it up without positive orders.

"Well, I stopped my team, and Gen. McClellan stuck his head through the curtains and looked about him. There were some soldiers standing around, and among them was a lieutenant. McClellan called him up and said:

"Don't let our men take up any of these torpedoes. Make the prisoners do it."

"Then he looked at the wagon and asked me: 'Do you think you can get past?'"

"Yes," I said, "I guess I can, if I straddle that torpedo."

"Well," he said, "go ahead. I expect we'll all be blown to thunder together." Those were the very words he used. So I threw my long whip down between the horses, to keep them apart as far as possible, and drove ahead, and we got into Yorktown without touching the torpedo."

"And what did McClellan say then?"

"He never said a word. When we got into Yorktown he left the ambulance and went into a house, and presently he sent an orderly out to tell me to go back to headquarters. I had no sooner reached there than I received orders to turn around, return to Yorktown and follow the army, so I had to drive over that blamed torpedo three times. I got kinder used to it at last, and was ready to bet that I could do it every time."

Sebastian Cabot.

Harper's Magazine.

Sebastian Cabot was certainly in one sense the discoverer of America; it was he who first made sure that it was a wholly new and unknown continent. In his early voyages he had no doubt that he had visited India, but after his voyage of 1498 he expressed openly his disappointment that a "New Found Land" of most inhospitable aspect lay as a barrier between Europe and the desired Asia. As the German writer Dr. Asher has well said, "Cabot's displeasure involves the discovery of a new world." In his charts North America stands as a separate and continuous continent, though doubtless long after his time the separate islands

were delineated, as of old, by others, and all were still supposed to be outlying parts of Asia. In this, as in other respects, Cabot was better appreciated fifty years later than in his own day. His truthful accounts for the time discouraged further enterprise in that direction. "They that seek riches," said Peter Matyr, "must not go to the frozen North." And after one or two ineffectual undertakings he found no encouragement to repeat his voyages to the North American coast, but was sought for both by Spain and England to conduct other enterprises. He was employed in organizing expeditions to the Brazils, or to the North Pole by way of Russia, but the continent he had discovered was left unexplored. He was esteemed as a skillful mariner and one who had held high official station; he died dreaming of a new and infallible mode of discovering the longitude which he thought had been revealed to him from Heaven, and which he must not disclose. The date of his death, like that of his birth, is unknown, and his burial place is forgotten. But fifty years later, when Englishmen turned again for a different object toward the American continent, they remembered his early achievements, and based on them a claim of ownership by right of discovery. Even then they were so little appreciated that Lord Bacon, writing his "Reign of Henry VII.," gives but three or four sentences to the explorations which perhaps exceed in real importance all else that happened under that reign.

Cost of Car Building.

Exchange.

The average price of box cars is from \$400 to \$450, while in 1872 they were as high as \$1,200. A milk car costs about \$100 more. A baggage car truck and a passenger car truck are about the same expense. The price of a car varies from \$2,000 to \$2,500. The cheapest style of Wagner's drawingroom car's may be made for \$8,000; the usual price being \$12,000—this includes all the furnishing. The cheaper drawingroom cars, four wheels, are made for \$10,000, while ordinary mail cars cost from \$2,000 to \$3,000; distributing cars are more expensive. Cars for the New York Elevated road cost from \$2,500 to \$3,000. The ordinary passenger cars cost \$4,200; the last built on the Hudson River road cost \$5,400, which included a heater and some extra fixtures. Small cars for carrying ore cost \$200.

Pocahontas.

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deerskin apron and were very careful not to be seen without it. The little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax, but, by orders of Powhattan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest by their supernatural enchantments, they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhattan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener, and his ten companions, by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and by extraordinary bribes and maneuvers brought him safely to Smith, after three days' travel, in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spillman, who was then living with Powhattan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story of all precedes in order of time the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhattan's people in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper and cut off the whole party, which Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the Captain of Powhattan's design. Captain Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; but with the tears running down her cheeks she said she dare not be seen to have any, for if Powhattan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came.

In 1613 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Captain Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading on the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage

the English would gain in negotiations with Powhattan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure as valuable a hostage as the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom he was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and whither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose by causing Powhattan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who, therefore, retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamored of Pocahontas, now growing to womanhood, and wrote a formal letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the Governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhattan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas' and two of her brothers to witness the marriage. The marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhattan, who, on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhattan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after her baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the King and many distinguished people, went to see a play, and by help of her naturally quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the King was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the

King's consent, Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the uncongenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavorably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore, she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the King's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of smallpox, three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.

She Understood.

Detroit Free Press.

A woman with a market basket on her arm and a big bouquet of flowers in her hand was waiting at the ferry dock, when a man of pleasant address approached her and said:

"Madam, that is a very fine nosegay."

"Yes sir."

"I think it is the finest one I ever saw, and I have been in twenty-seven different States."

"Yes sir."

"There is the pansy hiding itself behind the rose. According to the language of flowers the pansy stands for 'Darling, I cannot live without you.' I likewise observe the rosebud. The language of the rosebud is: 'I'm looking for a husband.' Madam, do you understand the language of flowers?"

"Yes sir."

"Then what is the language of that tulip?"

"The tulip, says, sir, that if you don't stump along with your brazen impudence I'll have you walked into the cooler!" was her firm reply. He stumped.

General Custer.

The first time that General Custer set his handsome eyes upon his future wife was when he was fifteen years old, and going to school in Monroe, Mich. Going along the street one day, the rough, flaxen-haired, freckle-faced boy passed a little black-eyed eight-year-old girl swinging on a gate. She was a pretty little creature, her father's pet, an only child, and naturally spoiled. She said archly, her little face dimpling with smiles: "Hello! you Custer boy!" Then, frightened at her own temerity, turned and fled into the house. It was love at first sight with the wild young lad of fifteen, and he then and there vowed that some day that small girl should be his wife. And so she was, but only after many lovers' woes; for Judge Bacon, pretty Lizzie's father, was for a long time obdurate toward the young man, who he feared was fickle and unstable, and his daughter and her suitor submitted most patiently to his will until at last he relented.

Curran.

One morning at an inn in the South of Ireland, a gentleman traveling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door-post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his clothes. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveler cursed the lazy valet, for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed his coat and then the trowsers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a long bow. The gentleman went into the bar and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the looks of a person well used to comfort. After one or two hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other, exclaiming, "Oh, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times,

and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveler never rejoiced less at the termination of his long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.

Temperate Railway Men.

Railway Register.

Railroad men must, from sheer force of necessity, be temperance men. They see the evils of any other course so plainly that no alternative is left them. The principal executive officers must have the full use of their faculties, and cannot afford to indulge in liquor to any extent. Trackmen and laborers, possibly, need to abstain much less than any other class, for their labor being merely mechanical requires no great amount of brain. But all others must shun the use of intoxicants as they would a pestilence; the engineer must have an unclouded head when he grasps the throttle lever of his locomotive, which is to plunge into the darkness, drawing after it a precious load of human lives. The flagman, switchman, and all subordinates, cannot drink and yet do their duty.

There is another point. The companies are entitled to the full benefit of the abilities of their employees and no man can frequent saloons or drink at any time without unfitting himself in a measure for his work. Men may talk of "bracing themselves up" with liquor, or taking it to nerve themselves for hard runs, but this is nonsense. It is a well settled fact that liquor absolutely unfits the drinker for severe or long continued effort. It is poison stealing his brains and benumbing his faculties, and is the worker's worst enemy.

Railroad managers realize this from sad experience, for nearly all the accidents on our railroads are the results of negligence of servants, and in nine cases out of ten those at fault had been drinking at the time. It is this knowledge that dictated the orders fixing dismissal as the penalty of being detected in drinking or frequenting a liquor saloon. This is no blow at personal liberty, it is merely reasonable precaution on the part of the managers, who certainly have the right to prescribe reasonable regulations for the government of employees.

If a powder manufacturer should prohibit smoking on the part of his men while at work, who would blame him; and in prohibiting the use of liquor, railroad managers are only acting for their own interests and those of the men themselves.

When saloon-keepers talk against this they have the disinterestedness of a huge spider which assures the fly that the gossamer web the poor insect sees is a beautiful work of art, which deserves inspection. In this case and in that of the saloons death, misery and despair lurk behind the fair-appearing door. There is nothing in the world more disgusting than to see the names of some saloons, such as "Railroad Man's Rest," "Railroad Retreat," and that sort. Such places deserve mobbing, for they are vile slanders upon a respectable class of men.

The time is coming when the rules prohibiting the use of liquor, now adopted by some companies, will be universal, and the day which will see this state of affairs will be a blessed one for all railroad employees. For our part we hope that the day will soon arrive.

Advice to a Young Man.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Telemachus, it will do you ever so much good, if every once in a while you will go away by yourself for an hour or two, and get real well acquainted with yourself. "As a man thinketh, so is he." And you will never "know thyself" thoroughly, unless now and then you get alone and sit down to talk to yourself; cross examine yourself; learn what you know; what are your ambitions, your aims, your hopes; what is your real character, because, my dear boy, your reputation may be one thing and your character quite another. Sometimes it does happen, in this faulty old world, that a really good man, a man whose character is above reproach, may bear the reputation of a rascal, and once in a while, two or three times in a while, in fact, a rascal wears the stolen reputation of an honest man.

Go away now and then, my boy, and sit down all by yourself and think. Think of nothing under the sun but yourself. Yes, I know, my son, there are men who never think of anything else, and God never made more useless men, but that is because they do all their thinking about themselves publicly and aloud. They never think alone.

You will be honest with yourself when you are alone, my boy. A man is apt to

be honest with himself in the dark. He does not pose in heroic postures when he has no audience. When he stands face to face with himself, with no human eye to watch him, and no human ear to listen to his confession, and only his Maker who knows every secret motive and thought of his life, to see and to listen, a man has to be honest. How could he be a hypocrite then?

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are. Find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at the Sunday school picnic; if you are as good boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home, if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are.

Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews you will be a better, stronger, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.

Beat Him.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"Lemme tell yer," exclaimed old Nathan, arising at an educational meeting and addressing the assemblage, "dar ain't half as much in eddycation as a man in a moment ob 'thusiasm mout promulgate. I raised two town sons. Jim went ter school an' got a good eddycation, but Tom stayed at home an' neber looked inter a book, but yit he made a quicker showin' dan Jim."

"How?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Why he beat him inter de penitentiary by two days," exclaimed the old man, as he sat down with the air of one who feels that the weight of evidence is in his favor.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad's new locomotive Jumbo has seven-feet driving wheels, and has drawn a train from Philadelphia to Jersey City, a distance of ninety miles, in eighty minutes.

Garfield's Grave.

George Alfred Townsend.

I was at Garfield's coffin a few days ago in Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland. The street cars run the whole six miles out, passing the new Western Reserve University, and the Nickle Plated road also passes in front. The cemetery is a gravelly bluff, well grassed and ravined, with swells and promontories in it and timber on the hillocks, walnut, maple, ash and pine. On the highest copse, a narrow rampart of bare grass, affording the only view of the lake I could see, and that several miles distant, so that the sails and steamers looked like clouds in the sky, the General's monument is to be, and \$130,000 are ready for it. At present he lies in a vault near the foot of this hill on the principal drive of the cemetery in a casket sent from New York City, of bronze or metal well ornamented and color-draped, and sentinels have a tent and wall there. Near by is the funeral car, in a more retired spot. The general character of tombs surrounding is above the average, and some of them are opulent and artistic, while the soil and prospect are such as Garfield's toil was framed in. New York can show no such rural avenue as that called Euclid, leading to the grave, for unbroken continuity of urban villas, each owned by its tenant and all indicative of American and family independence. I conclude that it had been wise to put the tomb in the cemetery instead of in the city, though previously I thought differently. Cleveland now has about 200,000 inhabitants, equal to the population of New York fifty years ago.

The Squirrel's Winter Habits.

Bill Arp.

I have said the red squirrel does not lay by food for winter use, like the chipmunk and wood-mice; yet in the fall he sometimes hoards in a tentative, temporary kind of way. I have seen his savings—butternuts and black walnuts—stuck here and there in sappings and trees, near his nest; sometimes carefully inserted in the upright fork of a limb or twig.

One day in November I counted a dozen or more black walnuts put away in this manner in a little grove of locusts chestnuts and maples, by the roadside, and could but smile at the wise forethought of the rascally squirrel. His supplies were probably safer that way than if more elaborately hidden. They were well distributed; his eggs were not all in

one basket, and he could go away from home without any fear that his storehouse would be broken into in his absence.

The next week, when I passed that way, the nuts were all gone but two. I saw the squirrel that doubtless laid claim to them, on each occasion.

There is one thing the red squirrel knows unerringly that I do not (there are probably several other things) that is, on which side of the butternut the meat lies. He always gnaws through the shell so as to strike the kernel broadside, and thus easily extract it, while to my eyes there is no external mark or indication, in the form or appearance of the nut, as there is in the hickory nut, by which I can tell whether the edge or side or the meat is toward me. But examine any number of nuts that the squirrels have rifled, and you will find they always drill through the shell at the one spot where the meat will be the most exposed. It stands them in hand to know and they do know. Doubtless, if butternuts were the main source of my food, and I were compelled to gnaw into them, I should learn, too, on which side my bread was buttered.

The Worldly Deacon.

Detroit Free Press.

A Hudson river farmer who wanted a better horse than he possessed, drove into Yonkers with his nag, and hunting up a certain citizen who had the sort of horse he wanted, the farmer stated his desire to exchange, and added:

"I understand that you are a Christian man?"

"Yes, sir."

"One of the deacons, I believe?"

"I am."

A trade was made, and the farmer drove home with the new equine. But in the course of three days he returned, and began:

"See here, deacon, what kind of a man are you? You never told me that that horse I got of you had spavins and ring-bones and heaves?"

"No, I believe I didn't."

"Well, you are a pretty Christian, you are!"

"My friend," placidly replied the good man, "if you can find it anywhere in the good Book that a deacon in the Baptist Church must point out the defects in his own horse where a sinner is too ignorant to see for himself, I'll admit my sin and trade back. Come in and we'll hunt for the passage."

Home, Sweet Home.

Southern World.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as the celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions west of the Mississippi river, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militia men sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling, and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming: "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," when Payne remarked:

"Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?"

"No," said the soldier. "Do you?"

"Yes," answered Payne, "I composed it."

"The devil you did. You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. If you did—and I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off, and if you can't I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of it."

The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted that it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross's conver-

sation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter.

Sudden Rise in Stock.

Wall Street News.

Less than a year ago, when a Virginia murderer had only twenty-four hours in which to prepare for the scaffold, a clergyman wrestled with him for a long time in hopes to see him weaken and prepare his soul for the great change. The prisoner was calm but obdurate, and the minister finally asked:

"My friend, can it be that you do not see the gulf which yawns before you?"

"Look-a-here!" replied the man, as he squarely faced his visitor. "There's a heap of betting going on outside as to how I'll bear myself on the scaffold. As long as two weeks ago odds of three to one was offered that I'd wilt when the hour came."

"Is it possible?"

"And I put my brother Tom up to go around and fasten all such bets, and he's got \$1,000 depending on how I act tomorrow."

"Poor man! Poor man!"

"That's all right. I want to believe I have been forgiven, and I want to think I'm going straight to heaven, but I'm not going to shed tears and knock my knees together and play booby and let the crowd scoop brother Tom's pockets! Tom has stock in me and the stock is going to rise a hundred per cent!"

It is a sign of ill-breeding in China to mention the weather, unless as a matter of business. It's a good thing we closed the front gate on the Chinese before enough of them came over to make that rule effective here. Take away the weather and you tamper with the foundation stones of the conversation of ninety per cent of the shining lights of American society.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humor are resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.—*Zimmerman*.

Gen. Meade's Little Friend.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When in command at Atlanta, General Meade was quite popular, and visited in the highest circles of Southern society, and was a particularly welcome guest at the house of Dr. Lawsche's parents. A bright, prattling little girl of five years, of a neighboring family, under the influence of her old nurse, had imbibed a mortal fear and hatred of the "terrible Yanks."

One evening at a social gathering, a young lady present, in a spirit of mischief, asked the enfant terrible, "What are you?" "I'se a webel," was the quick reply. "Well, who's a Yank?" was the next question, and before any one could interpose the child answered: "Old Meade!"

The good-natured General laughed heartily at this, and taking the child on his lap, for she was very fond of him, told her that he was "Old Meade." The child, looking into his face, in an incredulous voice, asked: "Is you 'Old Meade?'" "I'm Old Meade!"

Then followed a succession of screams as the child struggled to release herself while the General was convulsed with laughter. Standing in the middle of the room and looking the General straight in the face, her little form quivering with anger and excitement, she stamped her feet angrily and said: "I hate you, 'Old Meade, I hate you!" Every one present, save the gallant soldier, felt deeply mortified. He never failed to inquire after his little enemy, and would send her presents. She would meet him on the streets afterward, but never could be induced to address him other than "How do you do, 'Old Meade?'"

Finally the little one's prejudice wore away, and meeting the soldier one day, in a meek voice, scarcely audible, saluted him, "How do you do, General?" "No, no," said Meade, turning quickly, "I'm not Gen. Meade. I'm 'Old Meade!'" They eventually became very warm friends.

Ole Bull Must Drink or Fight.

Ole Bull.

Going down the Mississippi Ole Bull met on the steamboat a party of half-savage men, colonists from the far West. While reading his newspaper he was accosted by one of the men, who had been a spokesman by his companions, with the request that the fiddler would take a drink with them, offering him a whisky flask at the same time. "I thank you,"

said Ole Bull, politely, "but I never drink whisky." With a curse the fellow asked if he was a teetotaler. "No, but whisky is like poison to me." "If you can't drink, come and fight then." The man's comrades had gathered round him meantime and they all cried, "If you won't drink, you must fight. You look d—n strong; show us what you are good for." "A Norseman can fight as well as anybody when his blood is up, but I can't fight when my blood is cold, and why should I?" "You look like a strong fellow, and d—n it, you shall fight." Seeing no way to escape, Ole Bull quietly said, "Since you insist on testing my strength, and there is no reason for fighting, I will tell you what I will do. Let any one of you take hold of me in any way he likes, and I'll wager that in half a minute he shall lie on his back at my feet." A big fellow was chosen, who stepped forward and grasped the violinist round the waist, but was instantly thrown over his head by a sudden wrench and lay senseless on the deck. Ole Bull now felt himself in a very uncomfortable position, for he saw one of the man's comrades draw his bowie knife but was relieved when it was used only to open a flask. A good dose of its contents poured down his throat soon revived the fainting man, and his first question, "How the devil was I thrown down here?" was answered by a shout of laughter from his companions, in which he himself joined. He sprang to his feet, and after vainly trying to persuade Ole Bull to show him how he had thrown him, he said: "Take this knife home with you; you fight d—n well; you are as quick as lightning!" The artist heard of the same later as having gone to an editor to call him to account for an adverse criticism on his playing, ready to fight for "the strongest fiddler he had ever seen, anyhow!"

About Flirtation.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"It isn't our fault always, depend on that, and there isn't as much of it done as some of the officials would have the public believe." The speaker was a conductor on one of the city's passenger street-car lines, and he uttered the above remark in answer to the question of a Dispatch reporter on the subject of flirtation.

"What interest have some of the officials of the road in making the public believe conductors, as a general rule, are

inclined to engage in surreptitious courting with their female passengers?" inquired the reporter.

"Why, simply this. They have several 'spotters' at work on the road. These 'spotters' find that two or three conductors are beating the company systematically. It is a hard thing to prove that a street-car conductor is a thief, and so the best thing to be done with a suspected man is to fire him from his position. Perhaps three go at a time, and in answer to the inquisitive, the Superintendent or Secretary says he was discharged for flirting with women on his car."

"But is there no flirting done?"

"Why, certainly there is, and as I say, it isn't all our fault. A pretty girl gets in the car and stares you in the face; or may be gives you an encouraging smile, inviting familiarity. What can you expect of a young fellow but that he would respond suitably. Married conductors are not invulnerable to woman's coquetry. Why, I knew one woman on Penn avenue that watched day and night for one man's car, and every time it passed the conductor responded to the wave of the handkerchief. Such things sometimes result in the ruin of families, but as a general thing the flirtation amounts to nothing, though once in a while the presumptuous conductor gets thumped for his trouble by some big brother."

"What class of women flirt with street-car men?"

"Oh, school girls, mostly, and giddy married women, who carry their husband's honor in their hand. Depend on it, though, no woman that thinks anything of herself will flirt with a conductor."

A Case of Mitigated Affliction.

Texas Siftings.

Not long since Wakefield Starkey, of Austin, while crossing the track of the International and Great Northern Railroad on a valuable mule, was struck by the locomotive and killed. The mule was also hurled into eternity. Wakefield Starkey, although a perfect gentleman on the street, was a domestic tyrant of the deepest dye. Without any provocation whatever, he used to beat his wife and lock her up in a wardrobe; hence, when she heard of his death, it was not so much a case of heavy bereavement as it was a mitigated affliction. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident, it was suggested to the widow that she bring suit for damages. She resolved to do so, and called at the

office of the railway company. The proper official happened to be in. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown back her veil and stated her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in this matter. There is really no occasion to go to law. It is a delicate subject to discuss; so I think, without going into the merits of it, I will tender you a check for \$3,000, and you will sign a paper releasing the company from all further demands."

The widow started, and asked: "How much?"

"I am authorized to pay you \$3,000."

"I accept it," she said, very much agitated.

The check was handed over, the papers signed, and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check, she said to herself, confidentially: "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. I reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that mule was."

It had never occurred to her that she had sustained any loss in the death of her husband. On the other hand, the railroad official said to one of the clerks: "The company is getting off dirt cheap. We usually have to pay \$5000 for running over husbands."

It did not occur to him that the widow had sustained any loss whatever in the death of the valuable mule.

What a striking illustration of the fact that different people look at the same thing in a different light.

How He Surprised Them.

It is said that at some point in every man's life he will do something to surprise his friends, but a chap in Detroit did more than that the other day. He was a comparative stranger, who made his headquarters in a Michigan avenue saloon. He was old and ragged, and it was not always that he had a nickle about him. He brought in the fuel for the stove, helped to scrub out, and was tolerated on account of his good nature. Everybody played him for a half-wit, and no one dreamed that he had it in him to create a surprise, unless it was by refusing a drink.

Two or three evenings since, a boy 12 years old, ragged, barefooted, bareheaded, and with the stains of tears on his cheeks, entered the saloon and softly asked one

of the dozen men in there for a penny to buy bread with. He was roughly refused when up spoke the old tramp and said:

"Gentlemen, here is a poor orphan boy who has asked for money to buy bread, and been refused. I am only a poor old man, ragged and hungry and almost penniless, but I can't stand that. I've got a whole quarter for that poor boy!"

That was the first surprise. For a minute no one spoke. Then eight or ten voices cried in chorus: "So have I!" and it wasn't five minutes before a purse of \$3.20 was made up for the forlorn and hungry lad. The old man rose seventy-five per cent. in the estimation of those who knew him, and the boy cried some more and went out with the money. Two minutes later the old man slipped out, and five minutes later he and the boy divided the proceeds under the gas-light on the corner. It wasn't exactly a whack, for the old chap took \$3 and left the boy 20 cents. When it was known in the saloon fourteen determined men rushed out and cantered up and down, and declaimed by the great horn spoon, but they didn't find the big-hearted old tramp whose heart had been touched. He had gone to refresh himself with an oyster stew.

Time on a Mixed Train.

Traveler's Magazine.

On some of the Western roads they attach a passenger car to a freight train and call it "mixed." It isn't in the order of things that such trains should travel very rapidly, and sometimes there is considerable growling among the "traffic."

"Are we most there, conductor?" asked a nervous man for the hundredth time. "Remember, my wife is sick and I'm anxious."

"We'll get there on time," replied the conductor stolidly.

Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again.

"I guess she's dead now," said he mournfully, "but I'd give you a little something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I would recognize her!"

The conductor growled at him and the man subsided.

"Conductor," said he, after an hour's silence, "Conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead I wish you would put on some steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone

crumbles to pieces! Put yourself in my place for a moment!"

The conductor shook him off and the man relapsed into profound melancholy.

"I say, conductor," said he after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little?"

"If you come near me again I'll knock you down!" snorted the conductor savagely.

The nervous man regarded him sadly and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chatting gayly and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him.

"Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?"

"Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man.

"And you are not so particular about the note," sneered the conductor.

"Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up and I find that the note has outlawed since I spoke to you last!"

A woman, in a Pacific railroad car, sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam; but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his hand to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam, only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my word, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and the compliment combined put the woman in good humor.

An incident in connection with the floods in the south of France brings into striking relief the rigor with which rules are enforced by the directors of French railways. A freight train was stopped between Guiche and Urt, unable to proceed or go back, the fires having been put out by water. The rules of the French railway company in question say that the responsibility of the driver, stoker and guard only ceases when their arrival has been duly certified at their destination. The three officials, therefore, had to stick to their fireless train till the subsidence of the waters. Food was brought to them in boats, so that they did not starve, but they were nearly dead with cold.

Firemen's Magazine.

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WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Self help is the surest help.

Labor is the capital of the world.

Opportunities come to their seeker.

By 1884 we must number two hundred active Lodges.

Our Brotherhood is an organized charity, not a political machine.

Strikes are the knives with which laborers cut their own throats.

The circulation of our Magazine must reach 15,000 copies this year.

Labor and capital are the body and soul of material advancement.

The man who does his work well, whatever it is, is a successful man.

Arbitration is the true method of settling differences between employer and employed.

Men who are exposed to the greatest danger have the greatest need for provision against the hour of danger.

Labor is a privilege, idleness a curse. The industrious man is always a happy man; he forgots his woes while he works.

The pride that holds itself aloof from the laborer is fast dying out. Lords and ladies have no place in this pushing generation.

No man has the right to expose his family to suffering and want, when by a little attention he can prevent such a great wrong.

This is an age of labor. Never before have man's energies been so wonderfully developed. The drone has no place in our civilization.

The skilled laborer is the man for the future. This is a commercial age, the man who can add wealth to the country is the man sure of success.

Brothers, put your shoulders to the wheel and keep them there all the months of 1883, and by the end of the year we will be thoroughly organized.

The so-called curse "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread" is the greatest blessing ever pronounced on man. Idleness, not labor, is the curse of humanity.

The laborer is the man who produces. There are laborers with the hand and laborers with the brain. The man who guides with steady hand the rushing engine is akin to him who planned the engine.

Where many bear the loss of one the shock is not felt. This is the foundation principle of insurance. A thousand dollars paid by our Order to the family of a deceased brother we do not feel as individuals, but it is a great blessing to the helpless.

Next to the life of the soldier in active warfare, the life of the engineman is the most beset with danger. He is a prudent man who remembers this and avails himself of our Brotherhood to avoid the consequences of such danger as much as possible.

Do Your Duty!

Whatever a man's position may be, an honest discharge of his duty must ever be a chief mark of his excellence. This is especially true of our Order. Its destiny, its very existence, depends upon it. The responsibility of our members is great. As drops of water make the ocean, so does every discharge of duty swell the measure of our success.

What are called small matters are just as important as great ones. When we contemplate the atoms that form the universe, and that each is a part of the whole, and has an influence on the general result, we know how important is the discharge of all duties, great and small.

Let every man do his part and the measure of our success will be great.

Order, regularity, harmonious action and a faithful discharge of every duty will result in universal success.

Our laws and rules are all formed for the best and highest good of our Order, and therefore we should proceed with the regularity of clock-work in the great work we are bound together to accomplish.

Our Black List.

We call the attention of our readers to the "black list" in the January number of our Magazine. It is the longest we have ever been called upon to publish. It contains the names of those who have been false to their pledges as members of our Order; men who have refused to be benevolent, sober, industrious; men who have betrayed the trust reposed in them. We have spared none who were guilty. The black list contains all those who have been untrue to their manhood. In

our ranks we have no room for the drunkard, the idler and the dead beat. Our ideal man is the one who does his duty to himself, to his brothers in the Order, and to his employers. The one that falls short of this ideal we have no use for. As an organization we are determined to practice what we preach, without fear or favor. The man who does his duty we commend; the man who refuses to do it we expel. We are determined to weed out and lop off all useless members. We are an organization of determined, hard-working, justice-loving men, and those who cannot or refuse to come up to this standard must bear the consequences. We have noble objects in view—the elevation of our calling and help to the needy; we cannot afford to spend our time with the careless and the worthless. If members do not desire to find their names in the "black list" they must be true to their pledges as members of our Brotherhood. From the highest to the lowest, all must do their duty. Brothers! let us reduce the black list by an earnest effort to obey the laws of our Order. Let the rest of the year be free from breaches of trust, betrayals of the cause. Our aims are noble enough and lofty enough to enlist our best efforts, our warmest sympathies, and our constant endeavors. Let us wipe out the black list by doing right.

HEROES.

Our world has battlefields where truth and right
Find heroes nobler, greater in God's sight,
Than they who fall foremost in gory fight.

Great hours bring forth great soul, but bugle call
Summons a host poor, impotent and small,
To that God sends forth in His cause to fall.

Beyond the smoke of battle lies the prize,
The meed of strife and toll and sacrifice;
Few gain it here, but many in the skies

The man who braves the world's neglect and scorn,
To lift the lowly, succor and forlorn,
Who conquers self—he is a hero born.

His name may die, forgotten by his peers,
But yet the seed he sowed in care and tears
Shall bear rich harvests through immortal years.

Ladies Department

Household Philosophy.

DENVER, COL., Nov. 10, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

What strange things one sees in print sometimes, and as they read, what thronging memories come surging through the mind, of things they have seen and known in the past that bear directly on the article under their notice. I would like to offer a few suggestions to the wives who belong to the fire brigade in your division. To begin with, a woman should not under any circumstances marry a man whom she does not love, being quite sure she is beloved in return, with the good old fashioned kind that will make a man and woman leave all else and "cleave unto each other;" then keep this love burning brightly on the altar of their home, never allowing it to burn low, for nothing else will bear the wear and tear of married life. But if she brings it down to a business standpoint, marrying merely for a home and support, she should not complain if her husband gets the best end of the bargain, for in the very nature of things he is able to do that every time. She should also make herself thoroughly conversant with his financial status and be sure she is willing to conform thereto. Do not select some one of your acquaintances, whose husband gets three times the salary yours does, and then be envious and complain because you cannot have as much as she does; we all know it is no joke to support a family on firemen's pay.

If your husband must go out at three or four in the morning get up and get him a good warm meal before he starts, then he will have no temptation to take a drink or two to warm and nerve him up to his work; and don't forget to give him a nice lunch, and if you can put in some little thing he knows nothing about when he finds it on the road it will warm his heart and comfort him until he gets back to you, for it is a sign to him of your love and thoughtful care. Keep his clothes washed and mended, even to his black greasy oversuit. Hard? Yes. I know I have had my fingers skinned many times washing them; perhaps you will too, but what is that compared to your husband's affection and the knowledge that you are trying to help him keep out of debt and being a helpmate indeed to

him? Think you he earns your living lying at his ease on a bed of roses? I wonder how often his hands are blistered and his back aches stooping over his old scoop as he toils away day after day; it may be for years. Be patient and keep up courage, a big supply of it, so that you can divide with him when he comes home tired almost to death, sick of himself and the whole world beside. Men encounter so much that is exasperating out in the world, especially those who are yet on the lower rounds of the ladder. Make your husband feel that there is one little spot at least on earth in which he is king and hero.

The time will come when life will be easier for both of you, and you will have gained a place in his heart which no amount of wrinkles and gray hairs can deprive you of, all the beauty and grace in the world will not look so fair in his eyes as the dear helpmate who has weathered all the storms by his side; he will not seek for places to spend his evenings away in, and if business calls him away from home he will hasten back to the bright eyes that shine with joy at his coming and sadden at his going.

I know a mother who has a son on the road. She thinks it no hardship to get up and build fires when necessary, and when he had to go out on the road in the middle of the night she would sit up while he slept, that he might be on time, get him a good warm supper, have the house warm and comfortable for him to leave and send him out in the cold and dark to his work with words of cheer. The consequence is to-day he works on the right side, while others who began before he did, who never had any comfort at home, took to drink, lost their rights on the road and are firing yet, and some of them will never have anything better. It is the testimony of all the great men on earth that their wives or mothers were the great incentives to their greatness. What encouragement to us! Let us do our part faithfully and our reward is sure.

Mothers, teach your little ones to help you. I know many of you are overworked, but manage so that you can lie down during the day, if necessary. I know from experience you can teach them. I once had two baby boys, one was almost five years and the other eleven months. I had been kept up almost the night before. I got the baby asleep during the day and asked the eldest if he could care for his brother while I laid down and rested. Yes, he could. I laid

down and went to sleep. After a time the baby awoke, and I was roused by his beginning to fret. I looked up and there stood Willie by the cradle rocking it and softly saying: "You must not cry little brother, mamma was kept awake last night and is sleeping now." Dear little fellows! My heart sang one long song of joy in those days. But, alas! the heavenly blue eyes, golden head and innocent prattling tongue were lost to me. One grave closed over both my babies, and my house was left unto me desolate indeed. I cannot see how any woman can be discontented and unhappy while their husband and children are left to them.

My last suggestion is to keep the two "bears" in the house, feed them well, and the larger they grow the happier you will be. And let me say again to be true, patient, courageous, generous and faithful to your every vow and obligation and your recompense will not fail you. With the editor's permission, I may some day give the husbands of this brigade a few suggestions. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

My postscript to this is to never contrary an angry husband—acquiesce in whatever he may desire for the time, however unjust you may think it, but when he is "clothed and in his right mind" again present the case to him kindly and gently, and if you have never tried it you will be astonished at the amount of generosity in his nature; and if you are wise and judicious you can entirely cure him of this failing, so that he would rather cut off his right hand than speak an unkind word to you. Try it.

MRS. S.

Home and Fireside.

WELLSVILLE, O., Nov. 26, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have a few spare moments I will perform the task I have neglected so long. It was my intention to write a little contribution for your Magazine months ago, and also thought I would be the first, but see by October's number that I have been too "slow" (as is often the case,) and "Alexia" has taken the first opportunity. I will now follow her example by adding a few lines. We take your Magazine and also welcome its coming. I like to read the correspondence, but do not see many letters from the "women folks," and I think if more of them would write they would find, as I did, the hardest part was in the beginning

What has become of "Young Wife," I would like to ask? May we hear from her again; her apple custard is very nice. I will not take anything for my subject this time, but will promise, if nothing prevents, to write again, and will try, with the help of others, to make the correspondence as interesting as I can. I will now close by adding a few receipts which may be as beneficial as my talk:

RICE WAFFLES.—One cup boiled rice, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one pint milk, two eggs, lard size of walnut, flour for thin batter.

CABBAGE.—Cook in salt water until quite tender, drain, add pepper and butter to taste, two eggs well beaten, and one-third cup sweet milk, stir all together and bake in a butter dish until browned over top.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core apples sufficient to fill a pudding dish. Make a batter of one pint milk, two eggs, flour enough to make stiff batter. Pour over the apples and bake in quick oven; eat with sauce.

MINCIE PIES.—Two pound lean beef chopped fine, one pound suet, three of raisins, two of currants, two of sugar, two of citrons, one and one-half pints of vinegar, one quart cider, one ounce mace, one of cinnamon, one nutmeg, one quart apples.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.—Take one cup molasses, two-thirds cup of milk, one egg and a piece of butter half the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, grate in one nutmeg and flour enough to roll out.

Hoping these few recipes may be an addition to somebody's scrap book, I remain

ROSE RAY.

A Fireman's Wife.

EAST DES MOINES, IOWA, Nov. 6, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been a reader of the Firemen's Magazine for the past year and assure you that it is a welcome visitor to our little household. It is full of interesting and profitable reading, and is doing a vast amount of good for the cause of which it is the exponent. As yet I have seen nothing in its columns to represent East Des Moines or Confidence Lodge, so I take it upon myself to set the ball rolling, hoping that my attempt may be an incentive for others to follow. I think the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is a most worthy institution and should meet with general approbation and sup-

port. The wives of members have it in their power to give their assistance to the good cause, and I hope they will not fail to do their part. At other places, I notice that the wives and sisters of members meet and do much to encourage the Brothers in their efforts to promote the interests of the Brotherhood. They adorn the walls of the Lodge room with mottoes and pictures and altar covers; they make and present them with beautiful regalias; entertain them with socials, and in many other ways give evidence of their sympathy for the Order. I hope the good wives and mothers and sisters of the members of East Des Moines will not stand back longer, but come to the front and follow the example of those above mentioned.

Confidence Lodge sustained a heavy loss in the death of Bro. E. B. Spencer, who recently died of diphtheria.

Two of the best members have been promoted to the right side lately, viz: J. Clarey and J. C. Musgrove. They are good and reliable men and will be sure of success.

There are only twenty-one members in the Lodge, but all are in good standing. In quality they will compare with the best in the Order.

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

Written for Firemen's Magazine.

I often call to mind, friends,
The joys of childhood's years;
How little knew we, then, of care,
And nothing knew of fear;
But lines of care are plainly seen
Where were no traces then,
And all have known, sometime, a fear,
Who have been firemen.

The calling, friends, is one of which
No man need be ashamed;
Courage and strength are both required,
To groom the steed untamed.
Combine with these an active brain,
A heart both tried and true
With mind and might to do the right,
And evil deeds eschew.

And with these qualities combined,
The fireman on the board,
May feel himself an equal
With a bishop, priest or lord,
Although his hands are grimy,
While theirs are soft and fair,
Yet in great, true-hearted manhood,
With the best he will compare.

But let us not forget in age
The lessons learned in youth,
Our mothers taught us to adore
And love the God of truth,
To call upon Him earnestly,
As on a bosom friend,
And tell him whatso'er our grief,
And he would comfort send.

Forget not that His wondrous love,
And all-sustaining arm,
Protects each at his arduous task,
And shields us from all harm.
His promises of love apply
To every class of men,
And be assured He'll not pass by,
The class called firemen.

Mrs. I. C. A.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1882.

Little Lottie.

CLINTON, IOWA, Dec. 4, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Papa says that Lodge No. 34 is prospering nicely and that they are all good boys that belong there; I think it must be something grand and noble, or papa would not be so very anxious to attend every meeting. I am a little girl eleven years old; have been sick for two years and eight months, caused by measles; have been deprived of my schooling; hope I will be able to go next summer. Sundays are very lonesome, as papa is gone most every Sunday. I have two brothers, but no sister. Eddie is eight years old and Lewie is five years old. I came across these verses and I thought they would be nice for the Magazine:

You kissed me at the gate last night,
And mother heard the smack;
She says it's naughty to do so,
So please take it back.

I cannot see what harm there is
In such a thing—can you?
But mother seems so very wrath,
Please take it back—now do.

It seems to be quite natural,
For the lips to meet that way;
But mother says it's very wrong,
So take it back, I pray.

And come to think of it, I'm sure
That several times 'twas done;
So now to make it right, be sure
To take back every one.

I would not have you think it's me,
I do not care a mite;
But mother's so particular,
Please take them back to-night.

LOTTIE.

A SIGH.

Harriett Spofford.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
And wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a hand as chill—
Ah! the flying touch that lingers,
Stays and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumbled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast and ages
Can not make it old!

Correspondence

Good Treatment.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Dec. 21, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I must beg for a small spot in our Magazine. I have but recently returned from a protracted visit through the Eastern States, and take this means of showing my gratitude and thanks for the many, many favors shown me by all the brothers whom I had the pleasure of meeting. Among those to whom I feel mostly indebted are Bros. E. W. Davis, B. D. Maxwell and J. McCaffrey, of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3; Bros. James Boyle, H. Walton, E. S. Vaughn, H. Kritser and F. Dupell, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75; Bro. C. H. Mason, of Franklin Lodge, No. 9; Bro. E. E. Dearman, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16; Bro. E. Amos, of Peace Lodge, No. 109. If these brothers had been of my own flesh and blood, instead of fraternally, they could not have treated me with any more kindness than they did, and I can assure them I will never forget them. The boys of No. 94 join me in thanking them, and all we desire is to have them visit us so we can have an opportunity of showing them our appreciation.

Hoping that I have not encroached upon your valuable space, I am

Fraternally yours,
A. W. McQUEEN.

A Caboose for a Lodge Room.

GLENDIVE, MON., Dec. 30, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

With pleasure I pen these few lines for our welcome guest, the Magazine: First, the brothers of Landmark, 128, wish to sincerely thank Bro. Stevens for his visit here to organize us in the folds of the Brotherhood, also for his beautiful gift, the chart, to our Lodge. We will keep it in remembrance of our organization and of him.

We had our first regular meeting Sunday, December 17th. We had intended to meet in the Glendive school house, but the people had made arrangements to have church service the same afternoon; so, with regrets, we turned and held a convention upon a corner to ponder what to do, when Mr. Sperry, a conductor on freight on the U. P. R.R., came to our

rescue by giving us possession of his caboose, No. 204, wherein we held our first regular meeting. We used the baggage room for an ante-room and the passenger apartment for our Lodge room. There were eight members present out of thirteen. Before the meeting adjourned we passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Sperry for the use of his caboose.

We will have great inconvenience in regard to a Lodge room for a while to come, but we will be on the alert for a room at the earliest period.

Our Magazine agent, Bro. Fred Merse-reau, formerly of No. 12, is doing excellent work; he is always found ready with his subscription book, to put down names.

Our Master and Financier, W. Field, of No. 50, performs his duty in an able manner. Our Secretary, J. H. Casey, is a good man, and under his care the record of Landmark Lodge will be well kept. All the other members are earnest workers, and true believers in the cause of B. S. and I.

Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, I will bring this to a close by wishing, in behalf of Landmark Lodge, 128, the Grand Officers and the Brotherhood in general a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and may the Brotherhood unfold its banner two-fold this day. Like H. B. Stone Lodge, we kindly solicit any advice from older Lodges and members of the Order.

Yours fraternally,
OLD LANDMARK.

The Festive Ball Room.

AURORA, ILL., Dec. 20, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is with pleasure that I write to inform you that No. 80 is progressing very rapidly. Our first annual ball took place at the opera house on Thanksgiving eve., November 29, 1882, and was a grand success. Long before the hour for dancing the crowd began to swell, and when the music broke forth in sweet strains the hall was filled to overflowing. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, caught together with the letters B. L. F. in gilt. A large piece of Indiana block coal, with the motto of the Order printed upon it, was on the stage directly in front of the orchestra, also the fireman's implements, the coal pick and shovel. To the boys of No. 80 all credit is due. Every member put a shoulder to the wheel, and the result was that our ball was one of the finest ever given in Aurora. We noticed particularly the smiling countenance

of Bro. Thos. West; we do not know whether the smile was due to the dance or to the fact that he has just been promoted. Tommy served a long apprenticeship, and all the boys wish him success as an engineer on the C. & I. R.R. Bro. Weydert, of No. 10, managed to get around to the hall and eat Thanksgiving turkey with his parents, who reside here. Bro. James Shields, of No. 47, came out and done the grand, and as he made an impression we will, no doubt, see him out here often.

We have a membership of thirty-seven good solid members, and under the management of Bro. C. F. Earle it has become as good a Lodge as the best.

At a regular meeting, the Lodge expressed its thanks to all who helped to make a success of our first annual ball.

Fraternally yours, F. B.

The Influence of Home.

EAST DES MOINES, IA., Dec. 29, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

By request of the members of our Lodge, I will endeavor to respond to a letter, published in the Magazine of December, by a lady of this city, signing herself "Mrs. C. M."

The members desire to express their gratitude to your kind contributor for her generous expressions in their behalf. We are glad indeed to see that our labors are appreciated high enough to evoke such splendid sentiments of endorsement. We are only too glad to admit that the sacred influence of our mothers, wives and sisters has much to do with the success and permanency of our Brotherhood. It is for their protection and for our elevation that it is organized, and we can only be firm and steadfast in our support of the good work when the loved ones at home give us their sympathy and co-operation. Home influence commands our best efforts and our highest endeavors, and the Brotherhood is quick to appreciate everything that is done to assist them from that direction. Home influence makes of us better brothers and better men. It makes us feel our responsibilities and fit us to discharge them. It teaches us to look beyond the smoke and dust of our calling into a higher and better sphere of action. Finally, it teaches us to pay tribute to the hearthstone, around which cluster those delights of family and kinship that make earth a paradise.

Yours fraternally,

CONFIDENCE.

The Future Great City.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 3, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Here are a few notes from the "Future Great" city, for the Magazine.

Bro. Alex. McCambridge, of 49, is running on the Wabash west. Geo. Gibson, of 109, is running on the St. Louis Bridge and Al. Thebo, of the same Lodge, is hostling and running extra for the same company. Judging from the actions of Bro. T., around a certain house in East St. Louis, we think he will take a double header out of there some night in the future. Wish you much joy, old boy; regards to her. Bro. Sam. Hardaway, of 54, is foreman of a switch engine in the Union depot passenger yard, while Bro. O. D. Smith, of 49, is doing the crank act over the big bridge at night.

Bros. M. Stanton and Taylor, of 54, passed through here the other day from Texas, en route to Moberly to attend 54's ball. Bro. Paddy O'Brien, of 54, is spending a few days in the "Future Great," Bro. McGuire, of 54, who has been out on the U. P., passed through here en route to California via Texas.

Peace Lodge, No. 109, is booming, and for a "young un" is a "good un"—she is built of good material and bids fair to become a star in our noble Order. While I think of it, here's a pointer for some of the hostlers of 109. There is lots of good material around the "Future Great" that can be induced into our ranks by a little good work.

Hoping this will wake up some of the good writers of this village, I remain

Yours fraternally,

FUTURE GREAT.

A Fireman's Thanks.

EAST DES MOINES, IA., Dec. 25, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Allow me to return my sincerest thanks, through the columns of your Magazine, to the members of Confidence Lodge, No. 102, for their kindness in presenting me with a gold pen and holder as a Christmas gift. I shall ever regard it as an expression of their friendship and brotherly love, and always hold in highest esteem the donors of this valuable token.

Fraternally yours,

J. C. MUGROVE.



JOHN KEITH, one of No. 34's brethren, is promoted.

DAVE KELKER says it is a boy and the finest in Denver.

JAMES J. RAE, the efficient Financier of No. 116, has "got there."

THE TWO W.'s of No. 99, Webster and Whitley, are on the right side now.

S. S. WEEDEN and J. T. Rosencrans, of No. 1, have been promoted to the right side.

JOSEPH TAYLOR, of Boston Lodge, has gone West to seek his fortune. Success to him.

BORN unto Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eaton, of No. 48, on the 14th of December, 1882, a daughter.

HIRAM PROUT, of No. 103, has been promoted and is running on the first division of the L. & N. R.R.

MUCH credit is due Bro. Fred Nebergall, of Anchor Lodge No. 54, for his noble work, at Moberly, Mo.

MR. and MRS. E. D. Eckman return thanks to S. M. Stevens for a Christmas present received from him.

MILOR BACON, W. A. Diamond, James F. Hayes, V. Gaillesdoffer and James Welch have been promoted.

DR. KANE will soon give our readers a short *harangue* about "Membership and its Duties." Look out for it.

M. W. JAMISON, of Logansport, is now pulling a throttle between there and Chicago. Hold her level, Mart!

"JUMBO" ZINK, of the B. & A., is one of 75's hardest workers. He is solid in the cause as his name indicates.

THE promotion of Bro. A. Britler, of No. 26, is bringing upon him hearty congratulations from his many friends.

JOHN TURTON, Esq., of No. 38, has done it up "Brown" by taking unto himself one of Stratford's fairest young ladies.

WE take pleasure in recording the marriage of R. E. Allen, Master of No. 116. We thought that he went away for his health, but on his return found that it was a wife.

"JUMBO" ZEPP to "Crippsy old boy:" "Charlie, my boy, don't break your heart, for sooner or later the dearest must part."

SLOWLY and carefully Bro. Vanhagan, of No. 108 is climbing up the ladder. He is an engineer, a new one and a good one.

JOHN FOSTER, of No. 91, who has been severely sick for some time, is again able to take his accustomed place among the boys.

BROS. VEAZIE and Brewer, of No. 121, are "high-flyers." They are on the right side now. This is a feather in the cap of 121.

It gives us pleasure to note the promotion of Bro. Hackett, of No. 109. He is now running a switch engine in the St. Louis yards.

J. H. DONAHUE, of No. 94, is at present employed on the D. & R. G., at Pueblo, Col. He has made many friends among the boys of No. 59.

A. H. BUSE, of Forest City Lodge No. 10, would like to have at least one of the brethren of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77 answer his letters.

CHAS. L. ELLIS, of No. 59, is visiting East, and expects to stay at Valparaiso, Ind., to finish his studies, preparatory to teaching penmanship.

AMONG our most active workers in the interest of the Magazine we must not fail to enroll the name of Thomas Byron, of Self Help Lodge No. 80.

FRANK SMITH has taken the Magazine agency for Vigo Lodge No. 16, at Terre Haute, and is going to give the book a wide circulation in that locality.

JAMES HOPKINS, of No. 59, has returned to his wife and family after a short trip to California. Say, Jim, how did you enjoy your two weeks' stay at Trinidad?

MIKE CANE, of Triumphant Lodge, is running an engine on the Omaha road, out of St. Paul. Bros. Miller and Montgomery are sharing grief upon the same line.

THE Brothers of Pine City Lodge No. 81 feel and appreciate highly the sympathy expressed by the members of No. 76, on account of the death of Bro. Mills-paugh.

AMONG the recent promotions at Boston we may mention L. A. Keene and F. Baker, of the B. & P.; and Bro. Mitchell, of the Fitchburg, is running on the Tunnel Line.

ON account of the new candidate recently come to the home of J. Bodey, of No. 60, the noble father feels quite proud and says as soon as he has served twelve months at the scoop his proposition will be in for B. of L. F. honors.

SINCE the organization of the new Lodge at Marshalltown, Iowa, one of her members, Bro. Cook, has already done the appropriate thing by stepping over to the right side. May others speedily follow.

JNO. HILL, of No. 59, wanted an evergreen planted in the 264's sand box on Christmas day and a quarter section of plum pudding where the engineer could get it when he got —. John got all he asked for.

ORVILLE E. FOX, the Master of Vigo Lodge No. 16, is an honor to his position. He enforces every law and attends every meeting. The result is that among the 115 members on the rolls there is not one in bad standing.

WITH the Master of Pilot Lodge No. 124, suggestions have not much weight. But motions, properly put, always receive his respectful recognition. Bro. Draper will soon have a Lodge that will be a credit to him.

THE members of H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122 take hold of the work like old veterans. The good advice of Bro. Bond, of No. 14, Bro. Miller, of No. 111, and Bro. Blodgett, of No. 21, is received by the boys with hearty appreciation.

THERE hangs upon the walls of No. 27's Lodge room a fine, large picture of Miss Kate Shelley, who, a short time ago, at the risk of her life, saved a passenger train from destruction on the C. & N. W. R. R., near Boone, Iowa. All honor to the brave young heroine.

SOME of our *good* boys in No. 21 are being rewarded for their faithful service, by being promoted to the right-hand side—they are Messrs. Pat. Ryan, J. D. Fisher, L. M. Taylor, A. Adkins and F. Strateman. Of these, Bros. Taylor and Adkins are running road engines.

PROMOTIONS and marriages occur so often among the members of No. 61 that it is impossible to enter into details. That is what one of her members says. We can hardly account for this unless we attribute the former to merit and the latter to long desolate and extremely cold winters. How is it?

AT a regular meeting of No. 72, held December 17, 1882, John Colton, Financier, tendered his resignation, which was reluctantly accepted. Mr. C. held office for a number of years, and discharged his duties so faithfully that the boys felt as though he could not well be spared from his accustomed place. He is succeeded by Charles T. Burr.

"UNTO us a son is born." So wrote Bro. A. H. Tucker, of No. 29, recently. The announcement was accompanied by a beautiful gilt-edged card bearing the inscription: "Guy Eugene Tucker; December 14, 1882, 11:50 P. M." That the little fellow may live to perpetuate his father's manhood is the sincere wish of Brother Tucker's many friends.

WHEN Bro. F. M. Morgan, Master of No. 132, walked off with the cane the boys threw up their hands and shouted. It all happened at a church social and he received the cane for being the most *popular* man. The cane is gold headed and very elegant, just such a one as is becoming to Bro. Morgan. The moderate sum of \$162.00 was raised by his enthusiastic friends in securing it.

THE "Mud Creek" laundry scheme, spoken of in a preceding issue, is strenuously denied by Bro. Barnes, who is out with a card, branding it as a malicious falsehood, conceived and brought forth by a jealous rival, to injure his business. Harry claims that he never explored the depths of "Mud Creek" for a bar of soap and threatens dire vengeance upon the author of the charge.

OUR dear friend Zepp, after a long and hard-fought contest, at last fell into Cupid's meshes and was taken captive for life. The "last sad rites" took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Christmas night. Miss Lizzie Munsell became Mrs. Charles N. Zepp, and they will make the balance of their trip through life in the good old ship of matrimony. It will be hard for Charlie's old friends to give him up, but there is consolation to them in the knowledge that their loss is another's gain. We hope that Bro. Zepp will attend our coming convention with his usual regularity, bringing his fair bride with him to share in the pleasure of those occasions. In behalf of the Brotherhood, in whose interests he served so faithfully and so well, we wish him health, wealth and joy always and afterward.

Miscellaneous.

Songs of an Idle Hour.

Wm. J. Coughlin, of Lowell, Mass., has published a volume of his poems entitled, "Songs of an Idle Hour." It contains a rare variety of topics, all treated in an easy, graceful and charming manner. Though the author has no pretension to rank with the great poets and writers of the age, we feel assured that popular opinion will place him there, crowned with their appreciation of his worth and ability. We bespeak for the book a far-reaching circulation and for the author the high distinction to which his "Songs of an Idle Hour" entitle him.

Thanks!

The officers of the Grand Lodge return their sincere thanks to the various Lodges for invitations received from time to time to attend their annual balls. While their duties are such that they cannot be present they are thoroughly in sympathy with those gatherings, as they bring the objects of the Order before the people and enlist their support in its behalf. They hope that it will be the aim of all members to so conduct themselves as to merit the report of their patrons and the public at large. Social intercourse of such a nature is sure to bring about results of mutual pleasure and benefit.

E. T. GREEN, who was recently expelled from United Lodge No. 60, has proven to be a very bad character. He was Treasurer of a Lodge of Odd Fellows and robbed them of about \$200; he also defrauded the firemen of all the money he was entrusted with. Besides, he deserted his family and disgraced himself generally. Unfortunately he is in possession of a traveling card. Let this man be branded as a family deserter and a common thief and be treated accordingly.

In sending money to a Lodge, members should be careful to give their names and addresses, so that Financiers will know how to apply it and where to forward the receipts.

Complaints are made by Financiers that they receive money frequently without names or instructions, so that they cannot give proper credit to the remitter.

El Paso, Texas.

NEW YEAR LODGE is the title conferred upon the Lodge recently organized at El Paso, Texas, by F. P. Sargent, of Cactus Lodge No. 94. Brother Sargent gives a flattering report of the new Lodge, and says that it will come to the front with rapid strides. As Brother Sargent knows what kind of material is required for Brotherhood purposes, we take it for granted that the men are not overestimated and that they will do good work for the Order. One thing they can do to perfection and that is to royally entertain their guests. The banquet and reception tendered Brother Sargent and those who assisted him in the work will ever be remembered by them.

We are requested by Brother Sargent to return many thanks to the members at El Paso for their extreme kindness to him; also to the officers of the road who furnished transportation and conferred other favors upon him; also to the members of No. 94 for the valuable assistance rendered in the good work. We hope that the new Lodge may prove an honor to the Order and a credit to her founder.

Richford, Vermont.

THE organization of Eastman Lodge No. 134 at Richford, Vt., on the 7th of January, was effected in good style by Brother Edward Upton, assisted by Wm. Nowell, of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15. Brother Upton states that the men are the embodiment of our principles and that they will develop a fine Lodge. The Canadian brothers were treated with royal hospitality by the men at Richford and return many sincere thanks for the courtesy and attention shown them. From the statement of Brother Upton we take it for granted that Eastman Lodge No. 134 will bear away the palm from many of our older Lodges.

Port Hope, Ontario.

JOHN SCOTT, of Dominion Lodge No. 67, organized J. Scott Lodge No. 136 at Port Hope, Ontario, on the 13th of January. He was ably assisted in the work by Bros. Bolton, Reddie and Henderson. After the organization they were feasted in fine style by the newly admitted brethren. We are satisfied from all reports that the new Lodge is going to be one of the best in the Provinces, and that is saying a great deal in her favor, for all of our Canadian Lodges are well up in their standing.

Firemen's Department.

THE "FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE" is a neat little forty-eight page two monthly published at Terre Haute, Indiana, at one dollar a year. The December number is well filled with editorial matter, selections and correspondence, and we are indebted to Mr. J. P. Vasque for a sample copy.—*National City (Cal.) Record.*

R. M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Instructor of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, made Central Lodge, of this city, a visit last Sunday, and complimented the boys very highly on the proficiency of their work. Central Lodge has now moved into the new hall, which the boys have fitted up in a very tasty manner, and now think they have as nice a hall and as correct a working Lodge as can be found anywhere. The Lodge is composed of as steady, straightforward and sober set of boys as can be found in the United States. They are deserving of their success and their many friends in this city and elsewhere are proud of them.—*Champaign County (Ill.) Herald.*

AMUSEMENTS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The ball of Chicago Lodge No. 85, on Thursday evening, December 21, was held at Martine's Ada street hall, and was a grand success. There were about 125 couple present and all enjoyed themselves immensely. Supper was served in grand style and dancing continued until nearly four o'clock. The occasion will long be remembered by the many happy participants.

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The first annual ball of Frisco Lodge No. 51, B. of L. F., took place at the Opera House on December 20, 1882, and was a success both socially and financially, being one of the events of the season. Some seventy-five couples of the best looking and most respectable of Springfield's people kept time to the Armstrong string band up to a late hour. The programmes and invitations were furnished by the firm of Moore & Langen, of Terre Haute, Ind., and gave perfect satisfaction.

The members of No. 51 hereby tender thanks to D. H. Nichols, Esq., Master of Transportation, for the interest he took in the ball and with whose assistance they were enabled to make it a success; also to E. McCauley, Esq., Foreman, who made such changes on the road as to accommodate those of the members who desired to attend.

MASON CITY, IOWA.

The following account of the recent ball of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 28, is taken from the *Mason City Times*:

Monday night occurred the Third Annual Ball of Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 28, B. of L. F.

Lloyd & Tuttle's Hall had been engaged and the Manchester band secured, while the Dyer House was expected to feed the guests. With the coming of the early trains came a crowd, which before evening was swelled to such dimensions that all thought of attempting to accommodate them in one hall was given over, and the court room and another band was engaged to help entertain the dancers. With the tuning of the instruments in the evening it was found that five hundred and thirty tickets to the hall had been sold, and two hundred and sixty-nine numbers issued to dancers. The boys had Lloyd & Tuttle's hall finely decorated with evergreens, pictures and banners, while their charter was suspended from the front of the stage. On one side of the hall was a large motto legend which read:

OUR MOTTO,
"BENEVOLENCE, SOBRIETY & INDUSTRY."
DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.

The hall was crowded with dancers and spectators, and the floor was jammed with twenty sets of dancers at a time. Everybody was quiet and orderly. Professor Welch said the next day that in thirty years of experience he never saw so large a crowd of people who made so little disturbance. It was an unsolicited testimonial to the Firemen and their guests. There were visitors here from all along the line, and it would be dangerous in us to enumerate the towns even that were represented. Fully seven hundred people were crowded into the two halls, and they kept up the merry dance until after 4 o'clock. One feature of the evening was a prize waltz for a big twenty-five pound stick of candy, donated to the boys by J. C. Cashen. The prize of sweetness was carried off by Miss Maggie McKeever, of Sanborn, and was not earned without a display of elegant dancing. Sixteen ladies entered for the prize. Taken as a whole the ball was a grand success, and the largest affair of that nature ever brought out in Mason City. The Lodge has made some money, and its guests went away pleased. By the time of the next ball, more room and better accommodations can be had, and we hope to see the same crowd of jolly, good people come and enjoy themselves again.

MOBERLY, MO.

The Moberly Monitor has the following account of the recent ball of Anchor Lodge No. 54:

"Anchor Lodge No. 54, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave their fourth annual ball at Appar's Opera House last night to inaugurate the new year, renew old and form new acquaintances and pledge continued good will to the friends of 'Auld Lang Syne.' The hall and galleries were well filled with gay, intelligent and beautiful women and handsome, polite and affable gentlemen. It was one of the largest assemblies, if not the largest, of a similar character that ever assembled in Moberly. The appropriate and costly costumes of the ladies, the attractive regalia of the Brotherhood, the excellent spirits of the company, the brilliant decorations of the hall and the occasion itself, combined to make the assembly one of beauty, mirth and enjoyment.

The hall was adorned with elegance and taste, the motto of the Brotherhood, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' appearing in large painted letters over the stage. Everybody tried to make everybody else happy, with the invariable result under such circumstances—success. The reception committee was all attention to the guests of the

evening, while the floor managers rendered all assistance in their power to make the fourth annual ball of Anchor Lodge the crowning society event of the season.

The music, under the direction of Prof. J. Hyndman, was in harmony with the occasion, and made light feet in the mazy dance. The programmes, with pencil and silvercord and tassels, were the most beautiful ever turned out from the Monitor office, which is equivalent to saying they were the most beautiful ever seen in Moberly. The dancing was excellent, and as it embraced all the modern figures was suited to the grace, taste and preference of all. Never before was Appgar's house more brilliantly illuminated, and the firemen's ball will long be remembered as a white stone in the social events of Moberly.

The supper at the Merchants', which was partaken of at about 12 o'clock by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, superintended by the gallant supper committee, did honor to the house and the guests did honor to it. After supper, the company returned to the hall and resumed the festivities of the evening which were continued till the morning hours began to lengthen. The firemen acquitted themselves with credit and deserve and, no doubt, received the thanks and congratulations of all who enjoyed their royal hospitality.

The grand march was led by Billy Whittaker, followed by the members of Anchor Lodge No. 54 and the visiting brethren. They were all dressed in their Lodge regalia. The march was a long procession, but Billy handled them well, just like an old dancing master, forming them into groups, circles, crosses, etc. After this march, all formed for a quadrille. They were eighteen sets on the floor, the greatest number at any one time of any ball ever in the hall.

Several members of other Lodges were present, among them were M. E. and J. W. Short, of West End Lodge No. 18, Slater, Mo.; M. E. O'Connors and P. McDermit, of Banner Lodge No. 56, Stanberry; J. F. Reed and J. Shoffles, of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, Roodhouse, Ill.

Several ladies from other places were present, but the reporter failed to learn their names.

Mr. Frank Nebergall was chiefly entrusted with the management of preparations and discharged his duty faithfully and well. He deserves the thanks of the Lodge and of those who attended the ball."

PORTLAND, MAINE.

The ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at City Hall last evening was a great success. Among those present were Mayor Libby and others of the city government, as well as many of the leading railroad officials of the city and State. Pictures of locomotives were hung around the hall and in each corner a locomotive headlight threw its glare upon the animated scene. Chandler's band gave a fine concert and furnished their usual excellent music for dancing. The programme contained nineteen dances, besides the round dances and each dance had an appropriate phrase culled from the vernacular of the firemen. It was, indeed, a grand affair that will always be remembered by the firemen as well as the citizens of Portland. The Committee of Arrangements were A. J. Reagan, A. E. Dennison, F. O. Mitchell, A. E. Shorey and J. Webber, Jr. The Floor Director was Andrew J. Reagan, assisted by the following aids: J. Webber, Jr., A. E. Dennison, T. F. Maney, J. T. Webber, J. W. Young, R. G. Hilborn, O. Rollins, J. T. Doyle, F. Carter, A. E. Shorey and J. Devine.

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Since the first organization of the Brotherhoods of B. L. E. and B. L. F. in Toronto, never has there been such a brilliant gathering among the members as there was on the occasion of their second annual ball and supper in the Albert Hall, on Friday, Dec. 29, 1882. All the arrangements were so complete that it made the affair a decided success, both socially and financially, and reflected great credit upon the committee, composed of the following brothers of each Order: Messrs. R. Pearson, G. Cummings, W. Trentz, J. Flood, O. Hibbert, J. Pratt, J. Youngs, J. Kew, J. Wallace, T. Burnett, W. H. Reddie, C. Campbell and P. Boulton. Among the guests present were Mr. Jas. Beatty, M. P., Mayor McMurrick, Aldermen Manyhan, P. Ryan, Harry Piper, Boswell, Mr. P. Clarke, Mechanical Supt. of the N. & W. R.R., Mr. W. O. Holt, Master Mechanic G. T. R.R. Toronto, Mr. F. B. Lyttle, delegate from Division 89, Montreal, Bro. T. R. Baldwin and Findley, of Charity Lodge No. 5, St. Thomas, Mr. W. A. Jackson, delegate from Division 47, Winnipeg, Mr. P. Kennedy, Stratford Division, and Mr. Geo. Mills, Chief of Division 70. On the guests ascending the stairs leading to the main hall they were met with a blinding glare from a powerful headlight, made and loaned for this occasion by Mr. Noah L. Piper, of Yonge St., Toronto. On entering the hall the spectacle was grand. Lamps of all colors, shapes and sizes were suspended all around the walls, together with flags of every nationality, tastefully arranged. The large letters of the word "welcome," on the front of the platform, was a true indication of the cordial reception tendered to all present. Dancing was commenced shortly after 9 o'clock, to the efficient strains of the Italian string band, and kept up with unflagging spirit until half past twelve, the time appointed for supper. Prior to adjourning to the supper room, Mr. R. Pearson, chairman, made a few very appropriate remarks, and then called on the Secretary, Mr. H. P. Boulton, to read the following letters of apology from gentlemen, regretting their inability to be present, viz: Sir John McDonald, Sir Chas. Tupper, P. M. Arthur, C. E. & T. S. Ingraham, F. G. A.; Mr. E. Willman, Chief Division 133, Hamilton; Mr. E. K. Dornville, Mechanical Superintendent G. W. & G. T. R.R.; Mr. Jos. Haggas, Mechanical Superintendent Midland R.R.; Mr. W. B. Ferguson, Mr. R. R. Traffic, Superintendent, Mr. W. Whyte, Assistant Superintendent G. T. R.R.; Mr. C. T. Nuld, Master Mechanic G. T. R.R., Stratford; Mr. W. Phelan, Lodge 119 of B. L. F., River Du Loup; Mr. E. V. Debs, G. S. & T., Terre Haute; Mr. James Wilson, Supt. T. G. & B. R.R., and about twenty-five others. The company then adjourned to the supper, where the display of good things was most excellent. The tables were laid out in the most tasteful manner and, in fact, nothing was wanting to tempt the appetites of the most fastidious. After ample justice had been done to the viands, a return was made to the drawing room, which had been fitted up for this occasion with all new horse hair furniture. The company was then treated to some vocal and instrumental music. Mr. Ed. Seals sang several comic songs, which were well appreciated; also the songs of Messrs. Thorpe and Jas. Flintoft and Bro. P. McLuckie. The company then returned to the ball room, where dancing was kept up until 5 o'clock. The Brotherhoods have every reason to feel proud of the highly successful manner in which everything passed off, as there were about 125 couples present and nothing occurred to mar the harmony that prevailed.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending December 31, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 15 and 16.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 15 and 16.	Total.
1				64		\$27 00	\$27 00
2	\$2 00		\$2 00	65		26 00	26 00
3				66			
4	3 00		3 00	67	\$ 6 00	6 00	6 00
5				68	12 00	28 00	40 00
6				69			
7	17 00		17 00	70	21 00		21 00
8	3 00		3 00	71	6 00		6 00
9				72		79 00	79 00
10	6 00		6 00	73			
11		\$47 00	47 00	74	28 00		28 00
12				75	23 00		23 00
13				76			
14	1 00		1 00	77	12 00		12 00
15	1 00		1 00	78			
16	1 00		1 00	79	1 00	1 00	2 00
17				80		29 00	29 00
18	2 00		2 00	81	14 00		14 00
19		31 00	31 00	82			
20				83	1 00		1 00
21	12 00		12 00	84	4 00	37 00	41 00
22				85	36 00		36 00
23				86	1 00	60 00	61 00
24		36 00	36 00	87			
25	1 00		1 00	88		46 00	46 00
26	2 00		2 00	89			
27	1 00		1 00	90	1 00	17 00	18 00
28	7 00		7 00	91	2 00		2 00
29		35 00	35 00	92	15 00		15 00
30	4 00		4 00	93		32 00	32 00
31	8 00		8 00	94		43 00	43 00
32	3 00		3 00	95	10 00		10 00
33	2 00		2 00	96			
34	6 00		6 00	97	6 00	45 00	51 00
35				98			
36	2 00		2 00	99	5 00		5 00
37	2 00		2 00	100	1 00		1 00
38				101		58 00	58 00
39		44 00	44 00	102		21 00	21 00
40				103	1 00	18 00	19 00
41				104			
42				105		30 00	30 00
43	1 00	51 00	52 00	106		21 00	21 00
44				107			
45	1 00		1 00	108			
46	5 00		5 00	109		32 00	32 00
47	11 00		11 00	110			
48				111			
49	7 00		7 00	112	1 00	37 00	38 00
50	6 00		6 00	113			
51				114		16 00	16 00
52	2 00	64 00	66 00	115	1 00	22 00	23 00
53	1 00	25 00	26 00	116		19 00	19 00
54	36 00		36 00	117		34 00	34 00
55				118			
56				119			
57	7 00		7 00	120			
58	50 00		50 00	121		19 00	19 00
59	50 00	84 00	134 00	122			
60	13 00		13 00	123			
61	5 00		5 00	124			
62	1 00	26 00	27 00	125	8 00		3 00
63	8 00		8 00	126			

Balance on hand December 1 \$5,195 50
Received during month 1,739 00
Total \$6,934 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28 \$5,000 00
Balance on hand December 1 . . . \$1,934 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

The Locomotive Firemen of Omaha have organized a Lodge of the Brotherhood, under the name of "Overland Lodge No. 123," with the following officers: J. Casey, Master; Frank Crawford, Secretary; T. F. Barry, Financier; G. T. Anderson, Magazine Agent. The Lodge meets every Wednesday night at the K. of P. Hall, and is in good working order, with the membership increasing at every meeting. The Firemen of the United States have an elegant little monthly magazine, called "The Firemen's Magazine," which is published at Terre Haute, Indiana. Eugene V. Debs is the Editor and W. F. Hynes, of Denver, is Associate Editor.—*Omaha Bee.*

LETTERS OF THANKS.

OAKLAND, CAL., Dec. 20, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day from Mr. John McCreagh, Financier of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, a draft for \$1,000, as payment of the insurance on my nephew, John McNamara, who was killed by the overturning of his engine on the South Pacific Coast Railroad June 2. You have my thanks for the prompt payment of the claim and my best wishes for the future welfare of your Brotherhood.

Yours, very truly,

JOHN O'ROURKE.

LOGANSPOBT, IND., NOV. 16, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of Good Will Lodge No. 52, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received of Mart W. Jamison, Financier of Good Will Lodge No. 52, B. of L. F., the sum of \$1,000, the amount due me from the Locomotive Firemen's Insurance. In return allow me to tender my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood for their promptness in paying the above amount.

I wish also to thank the members of No. 52 for their many acts of kindness during my son's sickness and funeral. That long life and prosperity may attend the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is the wish of

MRS. LENA RAU.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

O. HESTER,

Of Rose City Lodge No. 45, died of Consumption November 28. Policy payable to Rose City Lodge No. 45, B. of L. F.

E. B. HILL,

Of Old Post Lodge No. 17, died of Pneumonia November 30. Policy payable to his legal heirs.

V. RODGERS,

Of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, was killed December 10 by being knocked off the running board of his engine and the engine passing over his body. His policy is payable to his legal heirs.

J. MUSE,

Of Advance Lodge No. 101, died of Malarial Fever December 14. Policy payable to his sister, Mary Duncan.

WM. STRONGMAN,

Of Beaver Lodge No. 117, was killed in a collision December 15. His policy is payable to Mrs. Anna Strongman, his wife. We take the following partial account of the affair from the London Free Press:

The accident has unfortunately been attended with fatal consequences, two valuable lives, at least, being sacrificed through the mistake that has launched these strong men in the prime of life into the great beyond. From the first it was anticipated that the terrible injuries sustained by the fireman, William Strongman, who was scalded in a shocking manner, would result fatally, and at 5 o'clock yesterday morning he expired. He had been employed upon the road for about 15 years, was a sober, industrious man, and possessed the perfect esteem of his associates. He leaves a wife and three children to lament his untimely demise. The remains have been brought to the city and will be interred to-morrow afternoon.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

H. H. Knotts, of Capital Lodge No. 46, is hereby requested to correspond with his Lodge.

John Burkin, of Silver State Lodge No. 89, is hereby requested to correspond with O. Thompson, Box 42, Carlin, Nevada.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
63	C. Helmer	16
65	Ed. Gardner	25
76	Wm. Roberts	60
78	T. F. Coughlin	10
103	Patrick Ryan	55
115	John Jay	70

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
15	Richard Lang.	71	P. Wentz.
22	Geo. DePuy.	84	T. E. Spencer.
61	Geo. Blake.		

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
4	G. E. Sheridan.	90	A. A. Gamble.
24	Jas. Phelin.	91	D. Lezart.
29	C. Currie.	91	T. Thompson.
81	Frank Seigner.	97	W. H. Castyle.
57	Chas. A. Sproul.	121	Jabe Orcutt.
67	P. M. Lockie.		

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
21	Jas. Frizzell . . .	Non-payment of dues.
22	C. Shriver	Non-payment of dues.
26	Paul Rowhow . . .	Non-payment of dues.
29	Wm. H. Cook . . .	Non-payment of dues.
29	H. E. Nichols . . .	Non-payment of dues.
29	Wm. B. Keith . . .	Non-payment of dues.
30	J. E. Briggs	Non-payment of dues.
30	D. A. Finley	Non-payment of dues.
30	H. W. Harrington .	Non-payment of dues.
30	S. S. Pratt	Non-payment of dues.
32	C. E. McCourtie . .	Non-payment of dues.
35	W. J. Valley	Non-payment of dues.
36	Jas. D. Sheridan . .	Non-payment of dues.
36	Wm. A. Haney . . .	Non-payment of dues.
37	John Mertes	Contempt of Lodge.
42	Thos. Leary	Non-payment of dues.
45	Wm. Howard	Violating obligation.
45	Sam Kile	Violating obligation.
46	Ed Jolly	Defrauding Lodge.
47	J. McCarty	Non-payment of dues.
47	F. Newfert	Non-payment of dues.
47	W. R. Schell	Non-payment of dues.
47	Martin Loyce	Non-payment of dues.
56	R. L. Jamison	Non-payment of dues.
56	P. Mullaney	Non-payment of dues.
59	D. H. Davis	Defrauding Lodge.
59	W. C. Schultz	Defrauding Lodge.
59	Herbert E. Nance . .	Non-payment of dues.
60	E. T. Green	Family deserter & d. b.
64	W. G. Nichols	Non-payment of dues.
70	Chas. Thompson . . .	Non-payment of dues.
72	J. S. Prickett	Non-payment of dues.
74	Willis Weller	Dishonesty.
76	Thos. Sloan	Non-payment of dues.
91	Wm. Duncan	Non-payment of dues.
91	J. F. Sweeney	Non-payment of dues.
92	T. Mooney	Non-payment of dues.
92	George Ford	Unbecoming conduct.
95	J. M. Slattery	Non-payment of dues.
95	Fred Clough	Non-payment of dues.
98	G. H. Whitney	Non-payment of dues.
102	J. W. Myers	Non-payment of dues.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To Join Lodge No.
14	Chas. P. Bond	121
30	E. D. Worcester . . .	64
40	Wm. Weichleim . . .	61
56	G. W. Bumstead . . .	
59	Thomas Ryan	140
59	W. D. Yates	140
59	T. F. Layden	140
59	Jno. Deering	140
59	W. J. Cox	140
59	Allen Emory	140
59	S. S. Sanford	140
59	Wm. H. Davis	140
59	W. W. Frey	140
59	A. F. Duey	140
59	Richard Crowe	140
59	M. J. Ruland	140
59	D. Ryan	140
63	T. P. O'Rourke	77
67	R. Parks	127
67	H. Lynes	127
91	Geo. Aldrich	94
95	H. L. Nichols	130
95	H. Shutt	130
95	T. J. Hollbrook	130
95	J. M. Miller	132
95	John Buckley	130

RESOLUTIONS.

CHICAGO, ILLS., Jan. 12, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge, No. 85, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of Lodge No. 85 extend their sincere thanks to Miss Minnie Kinne, the accomplished sister of our respected Bro. L. D. Kinne, for her kind remembrance of them by presenting to them, on New Years Eve, a large size photograph of the locomotive of flowers, beautifully finished in the Russian style; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to our Magazine for publication, and that a copy be sent to the donor.

L. P. SMITH,
JOHN HAYES,
JAS. LEAHY. } *Committee.*

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted;

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our late brother, Vinton P. Rodgers, who died from injuries received by being run over by his engine, December 10th, at Philadelphia.

WHEREAS, This reminds us that in the midst of life we are in death, and warns us to be prepared when we shall be called; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Vinton P. Rodgers, our Lodge has lost a worthy brother and his parents an affectionate son.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing parents, relatives and friends in their affliction.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for the space of thirty days, in memory of our departed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the sorrowing parents, enrolled on the minutes and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

THEO. L. HUNTLEY,
CHARLES H. MAUL,
HENRY WALTON, } *Committee.*

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31, 1882.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst, after a lingering illness, our worthy and esteemed brother, Thomas D. Young, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the decrees of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore the loss, and shall ever fondly cherish the memory of our departed brother.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved wife and child and to all the kindred of our dead brother, our sincerest sympathy in this their affliction, and while feeling that we cannot mitigate the measure of their sorrow we trust that they may be enabled to bear it with resignation and fortitude.

Resolved, That the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days in token of respect for the memory of Brother Young, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved wife and relatives, inserted in the minutes of this meeting and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. H. MAUL,
H. WALTON,
F. DEFELL, } *Committee.*

FORT GRATIOT, MICH., Dec. 3, 1882.

At a regular meeting of St. Clair Lodge No. 116, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of No. 116 extend to Mrs. J. J. Rae, wife of Brother J. J. Rae, a vote of thanks for the beautiful gift of the Lord's prayer, worked in Berlin wool and handsomely framed;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine and that a copy of them be sent to Mrs. J. J. Rae.

R. E. ALLAN,
A. MATHEWS,
G. PHILIPS, } *Committee.*

TUSCON, ARIZONA, Dec. 30, 1882.

At a special meeting of Cactus Lodge No. 94, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Brother A. W. McQueen has received many and great favors from Adopted Daughter No. 3, of Jersey City, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are tendered them for the kindness shown our Brother, and especially do we feel under obligations to the Master, Bro. E. W. Davis, for the attention given our brother and for assisting him to reach us by obtaining an extension on his traveling card. We are truly grateful for all these favors and shall always remember No. 3 and stand ready at all times to return favors to any brother from that Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Adopted Daughter Lodge, and a copy to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

F. DEITZ,
C. J. BROWN,
H. H. CONNOR. } *Committee.*

CRESTON, IA., Dec. 23, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Advance Lodge, No. 101, B. of L. F., held at their hall December 18, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are again called upon to clothe themselves in mourning, it having been the will of Divine Providence to call from our midst our brother, James Muse, who died of malarial fever, December 15, 1882, and

WHEREAS, We feel it a duty devolving on us to manifest the sorrow we feel for the loss of a brother, whose memory will ever be dear to the hearts of every member of Advance Lodge, No. 101. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we most heartily sympathize with the family of our late brother, and associate in their great and trying bereavement, feeling that their loss is our loss, and the breach thus made in our midst is mourned and felt by us all.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge is due and is hereby tendered to Bros. J. Gibson, P. Wilson and others for their kindness in nursing our late brother during his illness, and also to Bros. L. J. Baker, J. Gibson and N. Blanchard for attending his remains to the home of his parents at St. Joseph, Mo.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that the above resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine and in the city papers, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and recorded on the minutes of this Lodge.

CASPER WEYDERT,
CHAS. WILKINSON,
A. E. FINLEY, } *Committee.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Dec. 4, 1882.

At the last regular meeting of Rose City Lodge No. 45, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst, after a long and protracted illness, our esteemed brother, Owen Hester, at San Antonio, Texas.

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Hester, No. 45 has lost a true and good member, and that we extend our deepest sympathy to the friends of the deceased brother.

Resolved, That we extend our utmost thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barrett for the kind and many favors shown to our deceased brother in his last critical moments. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of 30 days, in token of respect to the memory of the deceased, and that these resolutions be entered upon the records of this Lodge, and a copy forwarded to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barrett, at San Antonio, Texas, and also that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

W. A. KOLLEY,
H. H. LINDENBERGER, } Committee.
H. H. BURNS,

* BELLEVILLE, ONT., Dec. 17, 1882.

At the last regular meeting of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, B. of L. F., Bro. T. Elliott stepped forward and presented the Lodge, on behalf of some lady friends, with \$25.00 in cash, being the receipts of a social given by them for our benefit. Whereupon a committee was appointed to draft the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The members of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, B. of L. F., are very much indebted to Mrs. V. Wensley, wife of Bro. Wensley; Misses Elliott, Link and Merren, sisters of three of our most worthy brothers, for the deep interest they have taken in our welfare, which prompted them to get up so profitable an entertainment; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender them our sincere thanks, not for the gift alone, but for the earnest manner with which they wrought to make this entertainment a success, followed by such gratifying results; the verdict of all present being "A good time."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to each of the young ladies and another to the editor of the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

W. J. LOGUE,
ED. MORRIS, } Committee.
JOHN LOGUE,

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns Vice Grand Master
1726 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
F. M. James, Secretary . . . Centralia, Ills.
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan.
D. E. Barry Buffalo, N. Y.
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont.
J. M. Sheire, C. St. P., M. & O.
R. R. St. Paul, Minn.
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex.
M. Shick Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. . . Boston, Mass.
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich.
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Will R. Dean, Box 365 Butte, Wyoming.
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
T. E. Green, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills.
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. . . . Cleveland, O.
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets at Rosencrans Hall, Pike St. Alternate Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M. and Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 361 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 654 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent
2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, No. 26 Exchange Place, first Monday and third Wednesday of each month at 8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
E. H. Turner, Valley Falls, R. I. Secretary
G. D. Oliver, 330 North Main St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. . . Mag. Agent
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets at Union Hall, Cor. 4th and Grove Sts., the first and third Wednesdays of each month at 1 o'clock P. M. and second and fourth Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave . . Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station . . . Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. . . . Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Congress and Temple Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 1 o'clock P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. . . . Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. . . . Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. . . Mag. Agent
5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 573 1/2 Talbot St., every Friday evening at 8 o'clock P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 . . . Financier
G. Johnson Mag. Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.
J. W. Walker, Box 103 Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
J. W. Evans Financier
F. H. Coyne, Box 103 Mag. Agent
7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. . . . Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. . . Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St.
S. E. Mag. Agent

- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Tex.**
Meets on Cor. of Main St. and Burneth Ave. the first and third Sundays of each month at 3 o'clock P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
T. H. Motter, Box 136 Secretary
E. Flint Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 62½ N. High St.—fourth floor—the first and third Mondays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets at K. of P. Hall, 180 Ontario St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets at Gwinner's Hall, South Main St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets at Conductor's Hall, 253 Michigan St., every Friday at 8 o'clock P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Master
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets on Cor. of Washington and Meridian Sts. every Tuesday at 8 o'clock P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
C. Zepp, 93 Malott Ave. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Can.**
Meets at St. Charles Club House, Cor. Wellington and Richmond Sts., every alternate Sunday 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. Secretary
J. Ryan, 211 Burgeois St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets at G. A. R. Hall, Corner 6th and Ohio Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets at B. of L. F. Hall, Cor. of 7th and Broadway Sts., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, Care O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, Main St., the 2nd and 4th Saturday evenings of each month at 7:30.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Gould Building, South Division St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
E. Canon, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Main St., between Roberts and Vine Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between Primm and Tesson Sts. Secretary
J. D. Fisher Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets in K. of U. B. Hall, Cor. of Main and Markets Sts., every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64 Financier
A. Barr, Box 64 Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, the second and fourth Sundays of each month.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets in Fisk's Hall (up-stairs) on North side of Johnson Ave., every alternate Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on 8th St., between Marshall and Tama Sts., the first and third Sundays in each month at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, on 3rd St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
G. Graham Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 600 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
Meets at Room 13, Cor. of 2d St. and 2d Ave., in Post Office Block, the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
E. Meacham Mag. Agent

- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets at K. of P. Hall, Cor. of 5th and
Commercial Sts., the first and third Sun-
days of each month at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, Pardu
Block, on 4th St., between Commercial
and Jefferson Sts., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. E. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets at Hall 710 Commercial St., between
7th and 8th Sts., the second and fourth
Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
A. Studer, 203 South Liberty St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. I. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton Financier
T. Suggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, on 4th St., be-
tween 9th and 10th Aves., the first and
third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, over No. 19 Main
St., the first and third Sundays of each
month at 3 P. M.
C. R. Rosler, Box 420 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermerhorn Financier
J. McCormick Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets Cor. of 4th and Ferry Sts.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W.
Shops Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 153 North St. Financier
 Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, in first block
east of I. C. Depot, the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets in Forester's Hall, Market Square,
the first and third Sundays every month
at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 103 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets at B of L. E. Hall, Star Block, on 2d
Ave, Harper House, the second and
fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Daven-
port, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, North Centre
St., between Front and Washington Sts.,
every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 811 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washing-
ton St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Satur-
day at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets in Sharp's Hall, Cor. of Dayton and
Charter Sts., the first Tuesday and third
Wednesday of every month at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, Box 1908 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1908 Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets at Daunkmyer Hall, Cor. of 9th and
Olive Sts., the second and fourth Sun-
days of each month at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
I. Dupuis, 2324 S. 6th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
Meets at Finke Hall, the 1st and 3rd Tues-
days of each month at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets at 406 E. Markham St., up stairs,
every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schlimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger 819 E. 2nd
St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Munroe St., be-
tween 6th and 7th Sts., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Summerrill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettlinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets in Railway Chapel, State St., the
second and fourth Sundays of each
month at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
F. J. Rosbach, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1463 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets in Druids Hall, Cor. Main and
Adams Sts., the 1st and 3rd Mondays of
each month at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 56, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
T. Curran, 308 Maple St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 706 1st St. Mag. Agent

- 49. J. M. RAYMOND;** Decatur, Ills.
Meets on Morgan St., between Eldorado
and Cerro Gordo Sts., every Sunday at 8
P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 1137 Master
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Secretary
W. W. Donaldson, Box 672 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY;** Chicago, Ills.
Meets at Cor. State and 47th Sts., the 1st
and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 7:30
P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St., Master
J. J. Delaney, 4954 Dearborn St., Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn
St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO;** North Springfield, Mo.
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, between
Commercial and Boonville Sts., the
second and fourth Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL;** Logansport, Ind.
Meets at Good Will Hall, Cor. of Spear and
12th Sts., every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 628 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 628 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 628 Financier
F. E. Wolfkill, L. Box 628 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA;** Emporia, Kan.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, southeast Cor.
of Commercial St. and 5th Ave., the 2nd
and 4th Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 600 Master
C. Raymond, Box 957 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR;** Moberly, Mo.
Meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Reed
St., second door west of Post Office, every
Tuesday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 667 Master
J. Everitt, Box 667 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Financier
F. Emery, Box 781 Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY;** Memphis, Tenn.
Meets in Fuchs' Hall, No. 16 Johnson
Ave., the first and third Sundays of each
month.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER;** Stansberry, Mo.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. 2d and
Park Sts., every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
P. McDermott Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
J. B. Miller Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON;** Boston, Mass.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, 47 Hanover St.,
third floor, the first and third Sundays
of each month at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands, Master
R. P. S. Jones, 58 Washington
St., Charlestown District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO;** Rocklin, Cal.
C. C. Brown Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
A. H. Curtis Financier
C. W. Myers Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE;** South Pueblo, Col.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Union
Ave. and C. St., over South Pueblo Na-
tional Bank, third floor, every Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
A. Wyhe Secretary
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED;** Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets at Dover Hall, 2304 Marshall St.,
every alternate Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St.,
31st Ward Master
T. McCann Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA;** St. Paul, Minn.
Meets in Druid's Hall, Cor. of 7th and
Jackson Sts., the second and fourth
Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave., Secretary
B. Bradley 714 Reaney St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBESSEN;** Carbondale, Pa.
Meets in Atkin's Hall, Cor. Main and Wall
Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of
every month at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES;** Danville, Ills.
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
J. C. Burroughs, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Kronil, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX;** Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Canfield, L. Box 6 Master
L. C. Webb Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY;** Sleepy Eye, Minn.
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE;** Belleville, Ont.
Meets in Marble Hall, Front St., the second
and fourth Sundays of every month at
2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Lokue, G. T. Ry Financier
E. Morris, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION;** Toronto, Canada.
Meets in Occidental Hall, Cor. of Queen
and Bathurst Sts., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. Master
H. P. Boulton, 354 Queen St. W., Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE;** Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets at A. O. U. W. Hall, 208 1/2 Barstow
St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each
month at 2 P. M.
M. Cuddy, Box 877 Master
A. McKay, Box 1060 Secretary
H. Schulze Financier
R. White Mag. Agent

- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets in Merrill's Block, the second Sunday of every month at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 284 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets at Lentsfelder Hall, northeast Cor. of 3d and Federal Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 414 Hamilton St. Master
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 428 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets in Room 9, Piper's Block, 419 Main St., the first Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and the second and fourth Sundays at 1 P. M. of each month.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets at A. O. F. Hall, 1215 W. 9th St., every alternate Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
J. Mulvihill, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Grand Army Hall, northeast Cor. of 39th and Market Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
G. B. Garrett, 128 N. 32d St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson Secretary
W. R. Roberts Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Room 14. Crow & Clark Block, Halliday St., between 14th and 15th Sts.
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 Master
A. Clark, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588 Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St., Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalla, Mo.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Cor. Ohio and 3d Sts., the first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Miller, Box 1100 Master
C. T. Kelk, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ills.**
Meets at I. O. M. A. and B. of L. F. Hall, north side of Square, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1185 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, over 8 and 10 Broadway St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 232 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larison, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets at Sweedish Bros. Hall, No. 220 Nicolet Ave., the first Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and the third Sunday at 3 P. M. of each month.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
A. W. Dean, 310 19th St. N. Secretary
J. Newton, 510 14th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 612 12th Ave. S., Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets at Engineer's and Firemen's Hall, Quality Hill, upper end of South Main St., every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tuncy Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets in Whitcomb Block, the second and fourth Sundays at 2 P. M. and the first Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. of each month.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets at K. of P. Hall, Second St., every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathlson Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Front St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. LeCain Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. C. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego. Secretary
J. P. Vasque Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
J. W. Harrigan, 1176 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, 726 56th St. Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops. Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent

92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.

J. R. McCartney Master
W. Winters Secretary
C. B. Hall Financier
T. Ryan Mag. Agent

93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 8th and Main Sts., the second and fourth Sundays at 2 P. M. of each month.
Z. Moore, 713 Palcan St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, Box 651 Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent

94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.

Meets at B. of L. F. Hall, Rear of Porter's Hotel, 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent

95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, 241 Milwaukee Ave., Cor. of Green St., the first Tuesday and the third Friday of each month at 7:30 P. M.; and the last Sunday of each month at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton Ave. Mag. Agent

96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.

C. S. Given Master
W. P. Scheets Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent

97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.

Meets at Firemen's Hall, over S. P. R. R. offices, San Fernando St., the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
F. R. Shaffer, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 72 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent

98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 3d and Cedar Sts., every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent

99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.

Meets on first floor, between State and Mill Sts., on Market St., the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
R. Callon, 67 Hudson St. Mag. Agent

100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.

Meets at Depot, on Adams St., opposite Ritter House, every Monday at 7 P. M.
A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
J. J. Collins Secretary
J. Martin Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent

101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Union St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 383 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent

102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.

Meets at Good Templars' Hall, Cor. 5th and Locust Sts., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.

J. Anderson Master
I. K. Carter Secretary
J. Musgrove Financier
J. Clarey Mag. Agent

103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.

Meets at Whedekind Hall, on Market St., between 6th and 7th Sts., every Wednesday at 2 P. M.

T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
T. McGulre, 946 Dumesnell St. Secretary
H. Prout, Broadway Hotel Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent

104. J. W. RICHARDSON; Louisville, Ky.

J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store Master
F. Honnaker, 839 E. Green St. Secretary
F. Honnaker, 839 E. Green St. Financier
G. Buxie, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent

105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.

T. E. Green, Box 1278 Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent

106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.

Meets at Good Templars' Hall, 640 Main St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 7:15 P. M.

W. McDonald, Box 1373 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent

107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.

Meets at Rister's Hall, 29 Main St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 196 Financier
W. Shull Mag. Agent

108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.

W. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Master
K. B. Rhelm Secretary
J. C. McCabe Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2822, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent

109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets at Summit Hall, Cor. Ewing Ave. and Market Sts., every alternate Sunday, at 7 P. M.

G. W. Bourcard, 1314 Pratt Ave. Master
W. J. Pourcellie, 2718 Gamble Ave. Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
W. A. Isbell, 320 Montrose Ave. Mag. Agent

110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Sandusky Ave. and Mansfield St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.

W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent

111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, West Broadway St., the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.

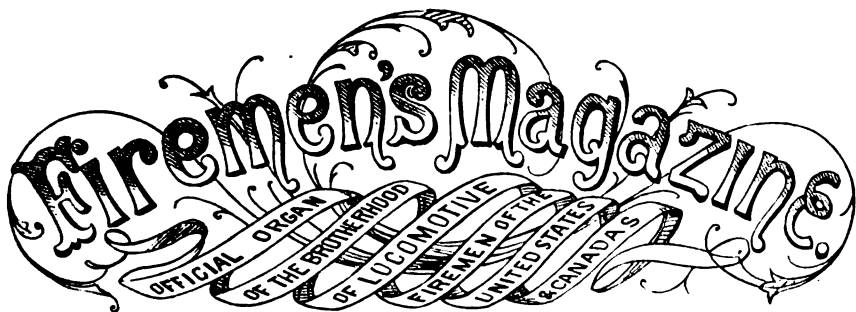
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland, Box 833 Secretary
H. H. Kirchgraber, L. Box 142 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 295 Mag. Agent

112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.

Meets at Masonic Hall, Stratton's Block, the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.

A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 598 Financier
A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Mag. Agent

- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL;** Eagle Rock, Idaho.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull, Master
Will R. Dean, Box 365, Butte, Secretary
Wyoming, Territory
Will R. Dean, Box 365, Butte,
Wyoming, Territory
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY;** Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Meets in Hall over Post Office every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madison, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625
W. McGuire Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY;** Galveston, Texas.
Meets in Temple of Honor Hall, Cor. of Centre and Market Sts., the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month.
J. M. Donough, Ave. K, between 30th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Praine, 216 West Ave. I
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR;** Fort Gratiot, Mich.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, on Huron Ave., (Edison's Block), the first, third and fourth Sundays of every month at 2 P. M.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31
F. Miuard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER;** London, Ont.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, on Waterloo St., the second Tuesday and fourth Friday of every month at 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 364 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST;** Richmond, Quebec.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, near Locomotive Shops, the first two Wednesdays of every month at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays of every month at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P. O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P. O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P. O.
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P. O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL;** River du Loup, Quebec.
Meets in the English School House, every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
R. Findley Master
F. Gosselin Secretary
H. D. Brown, I. C. Ry, River du Loup Station,
F. Cienard, I. C. Ry, River du Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE;** Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets in I. O. of G. T. Hall, 197 Seymour St., every Tuesday evening at 7:30.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St. Secretary
G. J. Walters, 146 Butternut St.
C. S. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP;** Corning, N. Y.
Meets in Pacelli's Block, East Market St., the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE;** Beardstown, Ill.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Cor. Main and State Sts., every Tuesday evening at 7:30
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
G. Hertline, Box 421
B. DeHaven, Box 190 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND;** Omaha, Neb.
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Cor. 14th and Douglas Sts., every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, 608 13th St. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St.
G. T. Anderson, U. P. Round House Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT;** Perry, Iowa.
H. A. Draper Master
M. Maloy Secretary
E. G. Fox
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE;** Marshalltown, Iowa.
Meets at Whitten's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
W. W. Hill, Box 115 Secretary
G. S. Tubbs
F. W. Snider Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET;** Austin, Minn.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. Main and Mill Sts every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. Pullar Master
F. McWhorton Secretary
P. Chambers
C. Gillece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT;** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran Master
H. Curran Secretary
R. Bell
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK;** Glendive, Montana.
Meets in Glendive School House the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
W. T. Field, Box 55 Master
J. H. Casey Secretary
W. T. Field, Box 55
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING;** Escanaba, Mich.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens Secretary
L. R. Blake
G. W. Parmeter Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR;** Milwaukee, Wis.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, 131 Clinton St., every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 475 Virginia St. Master
J. Rhine, 131 Clinton St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 417 National Ave.
J. Buckley, 305 Jackson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE;** Stevens Point, Wis.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M.
H. A. Brooks, Box 88, S. Side Master
E. F. Jackson Secretary
E. Murray, Box 88, S. Side
C. H. Eastwood, Box 74, S. Side. Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT;** Eagle Grove, Iowa.
Meets in Firemen's Hall, on Broadway, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
J. O'Conner Secretary
J. A. Correll
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent



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Harry Essler's Inheritance.

BY MALCOM MEREDITH.

I.

Standing upon a slight eminence overlooking a beautiful and almost perfect landscape were two men, engaged in earnest conversation. Both were fine specimens of physical manhood, but opposite in temperament and widely apart in age. To the one, life was in its spring-time; for the other, its winter was near. The dress and manner of the younger indicated some acquaintance with city life, while there was that about the other which spoke of life having been passed amid rural scenes. Both faces were pleasant to look upon—youth, health and beauty upon the one; health, age and nobility upon the other. Nature had been unusually kind to the younger of these two men. To a symmetrical form and a good constitution she had added a handsome face, lit up by a pair of large, deep blue eyes, from which a kindly soul looked forth. The complexion was such as a woman might have been pardoned for envying. The nose, while not out of proportion, was yet prominent enough to indicate character. The lips were just full enough to show that their owner possessed both sympathy and firmness. Wavy, golden hair crowned the well-shaped head, the form of which indicated that the moral, mental and animal faculties were in excellent proportion.

"Just look around you, Harry," the elder was saying in a forceful, earnest way, "and say if you ever saw a finer body of land. Your father and I, when we were about your age, traveled about lookin' at the country, an' we both

thought we liked here better than any place we saw; an' so we settled down an' went to work. It was a new country then an' this was government land. It's took a good deal of hard work and good management to make it what it is. I'm afraid you don't rightly appreciate your good fortune."

Harry Essler—for such was the name of the younger—needed no appeal to his observation to cause him to view with admiration the surrounding landscape. He had looked upon this view with appreciation many and many a time in the happy years that were gone; for here it was that the greater part of the 22 years of his life had been passed. To the north and east of them the low lying hills sloped gently down, until they vanished away in the rich black soil of the valley, which, in turn, melted away into the beautiful, far-reaching prairie beyond. Out from the base of the northern hills, crowned with grand old oaks and beeches, there had burst into life a cool, clear, never failing spring, out of which a little brooklet had its birth, wound out through the forest down into the meadow and on to the creek beyond; in company with which it journeyed on to the great river, upon whose broad breast and mighty current it was borne to the vast ocean beyond, where it was lost in immensity. Through the occasional breaks in the thick foliage of the forest trees, the sunlight kissed the merry dancing, babbling little brook as it hurried along on its adventurous journey. It was bidding a glad good-bye to the scenes of its birth and companions of its youth, drifting on in bright anticipation of the future awaiting it far away from these quiet scenes that sometime, in a different spirit of unrest, it would sigh for again. The wide

branching patriarchal elms, the towering hickories and the powerful oaks were unaffected by the spirit of unrest of the little brook, and seemed to have no desire to follow her away; and only the breezes, sighing through their branches, moved them to a dignified and gentle farewell. Contentment and stability was the language of these forest monarchs. They loved the land of their birth and there wished to pass their lives.

Upon the thick, nutritious grasses of this forest pasture of 100 acres, some of the finest breeds of stock were peacefully grazing. Side by side were Jerseys and Shorthorns, of the royal blood; Berkshires, that were marching about with the airs of young military commanders, and near them their distant, but less demonstrative, relatives, the Poland chinas and Chester whites, Cotswolds and Southdowns that would have delighted a woolgrower's eyes, and near these a bunch of playful young colts, from which good roadsters or draft horses might have been selected. Beyond and to the west of this fine body of forest pasture lay the highly cultivated fields, shut in by tall steaked and ridged fences. It seemed, to look at the rich, black soil, that the many years of careful cultivation had not robbed it of its virgin elements. Again was the promise, "Seedtime and harvest never shall fail," being grandly fulfilled. Never in the fruitful years of the past had there been fairer promise of a bountiful harvest than there was upon this bright June morning, whose glories the forest songsters were celebrating with their sweetest notes. Very attractive looked the fields in their rich dresses of green. Up and down the long straight rows of corn the laborers moved steadily along at their work. Variety of crops were apparently among the aims of the owner or manager of the place; for, in addition to the great cornfield, there were fields of timothy and clover, of oats and rye, and of barley and wheat whose springtime green was soon to ripen to summer's harvest and autumn's gold.

In the center of a beautiful grove of two acres, situated on the hills to the northwest of them, was a dwelling, which, in architectural design and finish, was worthy of being called a mansion. It was built of brick, two stories in height, and had been painted a soft, grayish color. It stood facing the south. The arrangement and workmanship of the interior corresponded with the idea its exterior suggested. Broad stone steps led up to heavy, carved doors, which opened

into a wide hallway. On either side of this, doors opened into large, airy rooms. The grounds surrounding the house were the envy of many a man and woman, whose own home surroundings were bare and desolate on account of the lack of trees, shrubs and flowers and tastefully arranged walks. They failed to learn the lesson they might have learned, however, and went back to their homes again, with never an attempt to beautify them in a like manner. If they could not have made their homes as beautiful as this place was, they at least could have approximated to it. By such efforts they would have made them far more attractive to their children and themselves.

By the death of his father and mother four years before the opening of this story, Harry Essler, being the only child, inherited this property, consisting in all of 400 acres. And a grand inheritance it was. For three years after the death of his parents he had passed most the time upon the farm, engaged in its management and cultivation. He knew how to work and took a pleasure in it. While he had been taught the details of farm work his education had not been neglected. He had been sent to the schools in the city, where he had been residing during most of the past year. But it had been the father's desire that his son should follow in his footsteps. He had found happiness and contentment in his avocation, and believing it to be, under the right conditions, the most peaceful, happy and independent life, had done all he could to attach his son to it. The teaching and conduct of the parents toward their child had been such that more than the ordinary affection felt by children towards parents generally existed between them. And when death came to that home so silently, suddenly and terribly and in the course of two short weeks of each other two loved parents were borne out to the silent city of the dead in the village church yard a few miles away, that once happy home was shrouded in a gloom, whose darkness was only lightened by the daily cares of life, a cheerful disposition and the memory of the wise and beautiful teachings of those now dead.

To the inquiry and appeal of the man for confirmation of his implied assertion of the fine quality of the land, Harry did not immediately give an answer, but after a few moments he said: "Mr. Thompson, you could hardly utter words about this place that is in praise of it that I could not sanction. I was thinking just

now, as I suppose I have thought a thousand times in my life, what a splendid body of land this is, and how fortunate its owner. I have seen but few places in my life that will compare favorably with this. Farming, as it is generally carried on, is blind, disagreeable work; and if my father had raised me on such places as many boys are, and had given me no more privileges than some of them are given, one view of a city would have been enough to have forever dissatisfied me with life on the farm. But such was not the case. I have never been in a home in the cities that was made more attractive to the children of it than mine was to me. I like farm work, but I have been in the city so much during the past year that it begins to seem more like home to me than here. I have agreed to sell the place to Captain Golden. He is to be here this morning. I have an excellent opportunity to get a partnership with an old, well-established firm in the dry goods business. I am well acquainted with the present members of it and am perfectly satisfied that they are not only honorable, but honest men. I can invest the twenty thousand dollars which I am offered for the place so that it will bring me more than the place will, either in rent or to farm it myself."

Though Mr. Thompson did not always follow that rule in articulation, which says, "Utter distinctly the terminating consonant," nor in other respects always conform to the best usage, yet he was one of those men possessing sterling integrity, a warm heart and a large amount of that article generally called common sense. His thought, pointedly expressed, counted for more than that of many who could have clothed their poverty of thought in more stylish language dresses.

"Yes, Harry, that's all very well in your imagination—that's about how much better you can do with the money you can get for the place than with the place itself," replied Mr. Thompson. "Take my advice and hold to this place as grim death will sometime hold to you. Twenty thousand dollars is a big pile of money, but it might leave you like a flash and then you wouldn't find it an easy matter to git hold of that much, or a place that would sell for it. Banks break, business houses fail, men git robbed, and in a good many other ways lose their money. In some of these ways you might lose yourn that you would git. But this land is firm and there's no danger of losin' it, an' it will be here when me an' you are gone. Your title's good an' no one can take it

away from you in any way that'll ever be likely to happen in our time. I've saw bigger piles than twenty thousand slip through young fellers' fingers. When they got it, it seemed to them they'd never spend it. They'd smile at old men that'd tell 'em to be careful. No danger, they knowed how to manage it. They'd show these old fellers how badly mistaken they were. The only mistake the old fellers made was that they gave them too long a time to run through with what they had. But I don't fear for you like I would for most boys; I b'leve such teaching as you've had counts for somethin'; for in most ways you'll do for a model. I b'leve you're one of the few young unmarried men that'll live in a city an' have plenty of money, an' not form the acquaintance of bad whisky and bad wimen. I say I don't b'leve you would, still you're mortal and might possibly git into bad company. But you was 'born right and raised right,' and it's a safe rule in such cases that two out of three of them kind will go through life right. Here's where the trouble for you begins. Livin's high in town. You've earned some money, but you never was out away from friends without money, where you had to 'root, hog, or die.' Until you have to do somethin' of the kind you won't know jest what a dollar is worth. You can tell me that there's 100 cents in a dollar, but the money you've got now will go easier than that you'd work for hard to earn. 'Come easy, go easy.' Rich men's sons or grandsons are often very poor men. They never earned what they got and so it went fast. Now listen to me an' take my advice. Marry some good girl, settle down here an' content yourself. I'll tell you, boy, if you're bound to sell this place, I'm afraid that some day you'll be out among strangers workin' for a few dollars a month, and then you'll wish a thousand times that you owned the place again. When that time comes you'll think of what I've told you. You're sure to see your mistake sometime, even if you don't loose your money; for you was born and raised on a farm, and with or without money you'll want to be back on one some day. Its jest as you say, most farmers don't do as much as they could to please the young folks an' to make 'em like their business, but it wasn't that a way with you. You had jest as nice a home as you could ask."

One had affirmed and the other had admitted the fact that the home surroundings of most farmers are not as in-

viting as they might be, or as they ought to be to attach the children to their calling. The lives of most farmers of this class are passed in monotonous drudgery upon the bare plane of animal existence. The highest and best faculties of the soul are dwarfed and shriveled by neglect to place around them something of the beautiful in nature and art necessary for their development. Within the soul or mind of man is a faculty termed idealism. Like every other organ or faculty it was intended to answer a wise purpose, and when we fail to heed its longings and needs we are refusing our moral system a necessary element of growth. What then to many, but prisons, must be those homes with their uncarpeted floors, their walls bare of any ornament save some article of wearing apparel or something out of place; their lack of books and papers, pictures and music, and a variety of that which makes a home more than a mere shelter from heat, cold and storm? Around many such homes as these is built a Chinese wall of ignorance and prejudice that shuts out any such foreign idea as progression. From such homes it is no surprise that the children of them drift into the cities, and often unto its worst phases of life. Ah! if the homes upon the farms were made as attractive as they could be, how much brighter and more satisfactory would be the lives of their inmates. How desolate and barren of that, for which life is really most worth living, have been those homes to which the memory of those once children of them can turn with few pleasant thoughts of the years spent there. But bleak, barren and uninviting as have been the internal and external surroundings of these farm homes, there is many a man and woman who, if they could lay down their burdens of sin, dishonor and unrest, would be glad to go back to the old homestead, whose dullness was more merciful to them than the pitiless crush of the city's throng. The lights of the world's Londons have proven hollow and bitter mockeries to many a "country lad and lassie" who have sought them with bright anticipations: and again in the future will the deceptive and alluring glitter of city life shine for such, who will never go back the country road, as did the "lad and lassie" whose life story is so touchingly told in

"THE LIGHTS OF LONDON."

"The way was long and weary,
But gallantly they strode,
A country lad and lassie,
Along the heavy road.
The night was dark and stormy,

But blithe of heart were they,
For shining in the distance
The Lights of London lay!
O, gleaming lamps of London, that gem the
city's crown,
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of
London Town.

"With faces worn and weary,
That told of sorrow's load,
One day a man and woman
Crept down a country road.
They sought their native village,
Heart broken from the fray;
Yet shining still behind them
The Lights of London lay.
O, cruel Lights of London, if tears your light
could drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them, O
Lights of London Town."

Harry could but acknowledge some of the old man's assertions. How true his prophecy would be could only be determined by time. It seemed to him that there was but little probability of him ever losing his money. He had decided to sell the place, and the conversation in which he had received such good advice did not change his intention. While they were yet engaged in conversation, a buggy containing two occupants was seen approaching. As it drew near they recognized the two men in it as Captain Golden, and 'Squire Blizzard, one of the justices of the peace of the township in which they were. The 'Squire, as usual with him, seemed to be in a humorous mood; for after he had spoken to Harry and Mr. Thompson, he turned to the Captain and exclaimed:

"You see when you go around with a man of note and standing like myself, you are recognized as a gentleman."

"Yes," replied the Captain, "as a kind of philanthropic gentleman; for every one knows while you are with me you won't get into any mischief. They know you won't have any chance to raid their hen coops."

"They'll never accuse me, though," replied the 'Squire, "of taking an old darkey's Thanksgiving 'possum, as old brother Washington says you did his last year."

"Blizzard, this is the wrong season of the year for you to be blowing."

"There's no accounting for the climate in the last few years, you know, Captain. It is very changeable."

"All right, then, Blizzard, honors are easy." "Well, Harry," continued the Captain, "are you ready to close our trade? If you are, let us get to business. Here is the deed. You can read it over, and if there is nothing objectionable in it, you can sign it, the 'Squire will take your acknowledgment, and the money is

ready for you. You can give me a bill of sale for the farming implements and the stock on the place. I suppose that we will have to go back to Mr. Thompson's to get a pen and ink. 'Squire, you and Mr. Thompson get in the buggy and drive to the house. Harry and I will walk."

"Harry," said the Captain, as they were walking toward the house, "you have made a good sale of your place. Taking into consideration the decline of real estate, and the general shrinkage of values all over the country, twenty thousand dollars is a high price for it."

"I can't agree with you that you are paying a high price for the property. Taking into consideration the present valuation of real estate, the property is worth several thousand dollars more than you have offered."

"Of course," admitted the Captain, "I think I am getting a bargain, or I would not buy the place; though were it not for the fact that I want the place for a residence, I would not give you as much for it. I could invest the same amount of money much more profitably in other ways. To rent the place, it would not bring more than five per cent., if that, on the amount invested; and the taxes and necessary repairs would cut down that small per cent. considerably. The same sum I am to give you would buy a township of rich land in the west. You know that I returned from a trip out that way a few weeks ago. I saw some very fine country in my travels; and if I were a young man again, just starting in life, I think I would go out that way."

"But I think, Captain," replied Harry, "that you would be more likely, if you had the means at your command, and were a young man, to do just as you are. It must be a great many years before the new countries of which you speak will have the conveniences that one like this has. And how much would you have bettered yourself? You would have given up old friends for new ones, that would never, in all probability, have been any nearer to you than the old ones: and possibly not so near. Wherever a man goes he must build up a character, before people will trust him like they will men whom they have known for years or a lifetime. A man's appearance may be in his favor; he may have recommendations from men of character to others in a community where he goes; but they can not look upon him with the same feeling of trust that those do who have known him intimately for a long time. If I expected

to farm I would not part with this place for any consideration, for I could not find a farm that would suit me better. It would take years of labor before new land could be brought to the degree of cultivation that this is; and then there are few places which have such surroundings as this one. Now, if a young man wants a farm, and has not the means to purchase one, a new country where land is good and cheap would be the best place for him to go. But where a man can do well and engage in what he wishes to do, that is the best place for him."

Having arrived at the house, Harry took the pen, and with a hand lacking its usual firmness, signed the instrument of writing which conveyed to Captain Golden the splendid inheritance. The 'Squire took the acknowledgment, and then drew up a bill of sale of the stock, which was likewise signed. The consideration, twenty thousand dollars, principally in bills of large denomination, was then paid him. Captain Golden seemed in a very pleasant mood, after the business was completed. He had long desired to become the owner of the property he had just purchased, and if it had been necessary would have paid even more for it than he had.

"I suppose you are going to leave us for good, are you, Harry?" interrogated the Captain.

"Yes, I want to start now in an hour. I want to get to the railroad station in time to catch the afternoon train. I promised that I would be back by this evening, if I could. You would better drive up to the county site to-day and have your deed recorded."

"I have some business there to attend to, and I believe I will go. How long before you are ready to start?"

"Just as soon as we can get some dinner. It is about ready now. We can get started in an hour, unless you have something to detain you longer. I will put the horse up and feed him, so that he will feel that he has not been slighted."

Dinner being over, Harry bid his friends good-bye, and he and the Captain were off at a lively rate of speed for the town, which was about five miles away. Here Harry had to wait but a short time for the arrival of the train. Soon it came thundering along, stopped a moment, and then away it went shrieking around the curve, and then on faster and faster, bearing Harry Essler to the great city he had chosen as his home. Busy with thoughts of past, present and future, he arrived at his destination. He at once repaired to

the place of business of the firm, and informed the members of the success of his trip. It was agreed between them that upon the next day they would draw up a contract of partnership.

If Harry had experienced any doubt as to the wisdom of the course he was pursuing, it was for the time dispelled by the welcome he received from the gentlemen composing the firm of which he was about to become a member, the cheerful greetings given him by friends; and the reception that awaited him on his arrival at the pleasant private boarding house, that now seemed to him a home. In the evening there assembled in the brilliantly lighted drawing room a company of congenial spirits, to whom the fleeting hours brought rare enjoyment. This was not the first time Harry Essler had mingled in the society of cultivated men and beautiful women, but it seemed to him that never before had he enjoyed so fully this bright phase of city life. This was the culminating event of his return, that enamored him more than ever with the pleasures of city life. Long after the company had separated, and silence was reigning over the house, was his mind busy with thoughts of comparison and contrast of city and country life—a contrast that was in the city's favor. The old man's words—"with or without money, you'll sometime want back on a farm"—brought a smile to his face, that faded away, as thought was lost in the unconsciousness of slumber.

The next day the necessary arrangements were made, and Harry entered upon the duties assigned him as a member of the firm. Having a thousand dollars deposited in the bank, he placed the amount he had received from the sale of the place in the business.

He was now established in business. In the routine of work and the round of pleasure, days drifted by into weeks. The seasons went by, bringing their varied opportunities for pleasure, which did not pass unheeded. At the opera, ball, and the various entertainments at the residences of the circles in which he moved, his was a very familiar face: nor was he a stranger in the churches, or lecture halls. Although he discharged the duties assigned him in a creditable manner, yet there was not that superior business ability manifested which men of the same calling readily recognize in another. No one doubted that he had business ability, and that as a clerk or proprietor in a business house, his handsome face

and agreeable manner would have attracted custom.

Surrounding the city was a beautiful and fertile agricultural country, and very frequently Harry found himself walking or driving along the roads leading past the well kept farms. It is not a pleasant thing to admit, even to ourselves, that we have made a serious mistake in any undertaking in life, and there are those who will never admit that such is the case: but Harry was not of that disposition. The first year had been so fully occupied with business and pleasure that he thought he had almost lost his interest in agricultural affairs. But after the first long winter, with its gayeties, was gone, and beautiful spring had come again, and active operations on the farms had begun, he was convinced that he still felt an interest in such affairs. An interest that gradually, and at first almost imperceptibly, grew, until in time he felt a spirit of unrest at the confinement of business in the store, and found himself more often seeking freedom from the city's heat and noise, in the country beyond. Before the end of three years he admitted to himself that the prophecy of Mr. Thompson had been fulfilled, and that he wanted to return to the farm. If he could have exchanged his interest in the business he was in for the farm he had owned, he would gladly have done so.

It may seem improbable to one little acquainted with the freedom, pleasure and independence enjoyed where farming is intelligently and properly carried on, that a man of Harry Essler's temperament, and in independent circumstances, after several years' residence in a city, would desire to go back to a country life. But those who have spent years upon a farm amid pleasant surroundings, know that in many respects there is a charm about it that the city can not rival. The flow of the tide of human life from the country is much greater than the ebb that comes back to it, perhaps; but in all the walks of city life there are men who see the tide ebbing, that would like to be borne back on it to a good farm. And many a man in prosperous circumstances looks forward with pleasure to a time he hopes is coming, when the remainder of his life shall be passed amid the peaceful surroundings of a pleasant country home. The city has attractions which the country can not, or does not offer, and the reverse; and it would perhaps be better if the inhabitants of each were better acquainted with the life of the other. Such

an acquaintance would be, as a general thing, agreeable and beneficial to both.

It was a pleasure for Harry Essler to meet and converse with the intelligent farmers upon agricultural subjects. They were pleased at his interest in such subjects, and surprised at the extent of his information about them. His interest in the agricultural literature was the subject of some good jokes among his intimate acquaintances, which he enjoyed as well as they. It was this growing interest in such subjects that finally caused him to see that he had made a mistake. Three years were fast drawing to a close, and if he could have done so without embarrassing the others composing the firm, he would have withdrawn his capital from the business.

The years had proven other prophecies of the old man. "Born right and raised right" caused Harry to mingle with those of good name. When he was old enough to comprehend them, he had been impressively told of the evils and temptations that would meet him, not only in a city, but in the most secret place on earth. Very likely, under certain circumstances, he might have formed the acquaintance of those whose lives are given to evil. But he was fortunately one of the very few young men who had listened to the advice given him and profited by it. The palace and hovel of sin had no attraction for him. The result of lives given to evil was but an impressive illustration of the teachings he had received.

Although, comparatively speaking, he had spent much less money than many young men similarly situated would have done, yet his expenses were greater than they would have been if he had earned the money he had received. It is true he was earning money, but not under such circumstances as if he had been entirely dependent upon his own exertions. If years of toil had been given to the acquisition of the money which three years before had been invested in business, the financial condition of the country at that time would have given him much more anxiety than it was possible, under the circumstances, for him to feel. It is 1876. Since 1871 business failures have been rapidly increasing. Business houses are crashing all around them. Old firms of undoubted integrity, that have withstood the shock of the financial earthquake, have at last been buried in ruin. In the long list of 9,092 failures in 1876, amounting to \$191,117,000, the firm of which Harry was a member was included. They had failed—failed fairly and honestly, as

many another, owing to an inability which a short time might have removed. They struggled hard to save themselves, but in vain. Harry had been as well prepared for such an event as was possible for him to be, under the circumstances. The members had held a meeting, sometime before this, and decided, if it came to the worst, to pay every dollar they owed, if possible. When the business was settled, all that remained to the firm was a good name, which was "more prized than great riches."

Both the older members having families to support, the loss fell heavily upon them. To men of their age and circumstances, the consequences of such a failure were not pleasant to contemplate. But in the hour of mutual trouble, a large share of their sympathies were with the younger member. They felt a solicitude for the young man whose money had passed through their hands. In expressing their regret, especially on his account, his manliness and philosophic view of the matter surprised them. In answer to their expressed regret on his account, he said, among other things:

"Don't worry upon my account. The business has been honestly conducted; and while I lose by the failure, as you do, yet I am younger, and have no family to look after, as you have. We risked what we had, and lost. I went into the business voluntarily, and no one is to blame for that but myself. I took the chances, and if we had been successful, you would have rejoiced at my good fortune instead of having to regret my loss."

Harry Essler, for the first time in his life, found himself confronted by the fact that he was utterly dependent on his own exertions for a living. Not such a living as he had been used to, but an existence. It was necessary that he should engage in some employment; but what should it be? His former partners had offered to take him in with them if they could get started in business again; and until that time he could get employment as a clerk in some of the dry goods stores or in other business. But it was very uncertain when they would start in business again. It might be that they never would, and he was not disposed to depend on uncertainties. The thought of again becoming a partner in a mercantile house did not arouse much enthusiasm. But if ever so desirable, such a prospect was a long way off.

He recognized the fact that his changed circumstances would require a change in his manner of living. As an employe,

his reception, by many in the society in which he moved, would be different from what it had been as an employer, and in independent circumstances. He knew that some of the society shams would apparently forget that they had known him; but as he prized the acquaintance of such at its true worth, that fact gave him little concern. The genuine men and women would have just as pleasant a greeting for him in his misfortune, as they had before. To their receptions he would receive just as warm a welcome. But for all that, an unpleasant change was necessary. The pleasant quarters that had been his home during the past three years must now be given up; for the salary he would receive as a clerk would not enable him to meet that and his other necessary expenses. He worked and worried over the problem of existence, trying to make the salary dividend contain the divisor of necessity a respectable number of times, but failed. Possibly he was not careful enough in his calculations to get the right answer. Perhaps some of his quotient figures were too large. At any rate, he gave up trying to see if he could solve the problem the way it was stated, and determined to work it another way.

The Captain had spoken of a beautiful country in the west. To this his thoughts now turned, and he decided that he would seek it and begin life among strangers. There would be no unpleasant comparisons of the past with the present, as there might be where he was known.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Leon Gambetta.

Youth's Companion.

In Leon Gambetta, the French republic has lost the greatest statesman and orator of the present generation, and Europe a public personage of the first rank in genius and achievement.

To Gambetta, indeed, more than to any other man, France owes it that to-day she is a free republic. It was he who, twelve years ago, proposed the vote in the old Corps Legislatif, deposing the empire, and establishing a republican government. He it was who organized, amid defeat and disaster, the *regime* which continued to resist the Prussian invasion to the bitter end; and who raised the only army—the army of the Loire—which inflicted defeat upon the Prussian hosts.

As dictator of France throughout that desolate period, Gambetta displayed wonderful resources of executive ability. He

not only raised armies, and governed France by the rare force of his genius; but he preserved order, inspired the patriotism of his countrymen, and saved France from utter prostration at the feet of her foe.

But these deeds of his dictatorship were not all the service he rendered to his unhappy country. After the peace, he entered the assembly, to use his powers of party leadership, and of matchless eloquence, to found and firmly settle the republic. No man ever evinced more tact, more masterful courage and patience, more effective persuasion, than did Gambetta in this great and patriotic work; and he was rewarded with ample success.

It is not too much to say that, during the past six years, Gambetta has been by far the most powerful public man in France. He has been president of the Chamber of Deputies, in which office he betrayed yet another capacity, in the dignity, promptness and energy with which he presided over that strong body; and he has also, for a brief period, occupied the yet higher post of prime minister.

There is no doubt that, had he allowed his ambition to overcome his patriotism, he might have become the president of the republic of which he was the founder, after the retirement of Marshal McMahon. But Gambetta, with all his power and all his splendid gifts, has always shown himself a true, honest, and self-sacrificing lover of his country.

His reputation as a public man, though he has been the leader in many a bitter and furious party conflict, has remained from first to last without a taint. He never took advantage of his position to acquire a fortune; nor did he ever grasp at office when it seemed best for France that he should refrain from taking it.

Gambetta made his reputation suddenly, by a great speech delivered in a court of justice in 1868, in which he thrillingly arraigned the Second Empire for its follies and its crimes. The day after this, he was famous from one end of France to the other; and within a few months found himself a national law-maker.

No orator in France—perhaps none in Europe—was anything like his equal. His always fervid and splendid eloquence entranced even his bitterest enemies; who always sat silent and spell-bound when he was thundering from the tribune.

He had at command every resource of the true orator—a splendid voice, which

adapted itself to every emotion; the most resistless power of persuasion by appeals to the heart; the widest range of language and mastery of rhetoric; a most powerful and effective delivery.

Of the three greatest European statesmen of the age—Bismarck, Gladstone and Gambetta—the latter was by many years the younger; for he was only forty-four years of age, and the world might have looked to him for many more brilliant achievements. Before he had reached his prime, Gambetta had, however, one of the most brilliant and dramatic careers in the annals of European politics. He had, at least, secured a high renown to all time.

He is a sore loss to the young French republic, which needs the wisdom and patriotism of great and true sons such as he always proved himself; but the name of the defender of the nation, the wise and strong dictator, and the founder of the Third Republic, will never be forgotten, as long as such a nation as France exists.

In the Arms of a Star Fish.

California Times.

"I was once a pearl diver—and hard business it was," said the captain of a Spanish brig to a reporter. "We worked off the Mexican and Panama coasts, principally on the Pacific side. Sometimes we worked alone, but generally on shares, and sometimes for pay. We went to the grounds in small sailing vessels; then we took to small boats, and covered as much ground as possible. Each man had a basket, a weight and a knife. For sharks? Yes; but it is a poor defence, for it is almost impossible to swing the arm with any force under water. The best weapon is a short spear. When you reach the ground you strip, put your feet in a big sinker, take the basket that has a rope for hoisting, drop over, and soon find yourself at the bottom. Then your business is to knock off as many oysters as you can, and pile them into the basket before you lose your wind. It is a terrible strain, but I could stand it in those days for six minutes, and I have known some men who could stay down ten; but it is sure death in the long run. If the ground is well stocked, you can get twenty or more shells, but it is all luck. When the basket is full it is hauled up, and when you come up for your wind, down you go again, the sink being hauled up with a small cord for that purpose.

"It was on one of these that I ran afoul of the animal that gave me a lasting fright. You will smile when I say it

was only a star fish, but that it really was. I went down sixty feet with a rush, and landing on the edge of a big branch of coral, swung off into a kind of basin. The basket was ahead of me, and as I swung off to reach the bottom, something seemed to spring up all around me, and I was in the arms of some kind of a monster that coiled about my body, arms and legs. I tried to scream, forgetting that I was in the water, and lost my wind. It was just as if the plant had sprouted under me and then thrown its vines and tendrils about me. There were thousands of them, coiling and writhing, and I thought I had landed in a nest of sea snakes. I gave the signal as soon as I could, and made a break upward, part of the creature cling to me, while the rest, I could see, was dropping to pieces. They hauled me into the boat, when I reached the surface, and pulled the main part of the animal from me. It was oval, about three feet across, and the five arms seemed to divide into thousand of others. I probably landed on top of that one, which at that time was the largest I had ever seen. I afterward saw the body of one that was washed ashore on the Isthmus, that must have had a spread of thirty-five feet. Their power of grasping is considerable, but touch them in a certain way, and they throw off their arms in a regular shower, and are soon reduced to an oval body."

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

There's a voice that speaks within us,
If we own no craven heart,
As we press along life's pathway
Taking our appointed part.
And it bids us bear our burden,
Heavy though it seems and feels,
And with strong and hopeful vigor
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are darkling o'er us,
They hide but a tranquil sky;
Or should storm drops fall around us,
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.
Never doubt and faint and falter,
Heart, be stout and true as steel!
Fortune smiles on brave endeavor—
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Folded hands will never aid us
To upright the load of care;
"Up and stirring" be your motto,
Meek to suffer, strong to bear.
'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,
Or our destiny can seal;
With a will then, strong and steady,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conned the lesson,
Men of might have tried its truth,
Aged lips have breathed the maxim
In the listening ear of youth;
And be sure throughout life's journey
Many a wounded heart did heal,
If we all, as friends and brothers,
Put our shoulders to the wheel.

Great Inventors.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Cyrus H. McCormick was born in the year 1809, in the State of Virginia, of parents both descended from that capable and hardy Scotch-Irish stock which peoples the only prosperous portion of Ireland. Both his father and mother were also born in the same State, where they were people of means and consideration. Robert McCormick, the father, was a farmer with a mechanical bent rare in men of his occupation. He owned several saw and grist mills, and blacksmith's and carpenter's shops, in which machinery of various kinds was made and repaired. Some of the machines were inventions of their maker and proved of value. One of this class was a certain reaping machine, which, though it was a failure, assisted in the direction of young McCormick's energies toward the production of the reaper which has gone far towards revolutionizing the operations of the harvest field. Cyrus H. McCormick's reaping machine was invented in the same year, 1831, in which that of his father proved unsuccessful. The inventor was only twenty-two years of age at the time, but had invented previously a hand-cradle and a "hill-side plow," upon both of which letters patent had been issued by the office at Washington. He experimented with his machine nine years before putting it on the market, during the earlier part of which time its value was demonstrated by frequent use in the field, and improvements made in the details of its construction as suggested by practice with it. The way to this was assisted by the inventor's ownership of a farm, presented to him by his father. In 1834 Mr. McCormick was granted the first patent on his reaping machine. Three years after its inventor met with a serious financial reverse, in the failure of a partnership in the smelting business of which he was a member. One result of this misfortune was the concentration of Mr. McCormick's energies upon his machine, which, as was stated before, was placed on the market in 1840. In 1845 its manufacturer took up his residence in Cincinnati, and in the same year procured a patent on several improvements he had made in his reaper. This was succeeded by additional patents, in 1847 and 1848, in the first-named of which years he removed to Chicago. Not until some eight or nine years after their being offered for sale did Mr. McCormick begin the manufacture of his then already famous reaper. In 1846-47-48 the ma-

chine was manufactured in Brookport, New York, by a firm who paid him a royalty. From about seven hundred reapers made in the last named year the business has extended to an annual sale of about forty thousand. In 1850 William S. and Leander J., younger brothers of Mr. McCormick, were received into partnership with him. The first-named of these gentlemen died in 1865, and the other is vice-president of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, of which Cyrus H. McCormick is, of course, the head. In 1838 Mr. McCormick married a daughter of the late Melzar Fowler, a niece of Judge E. G. Merick, of Detroit. They have three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, C. H. McCormick, who is in his twenty-fourth year, assists in the business of the company. Mr. McCormick is a Presbyterian in faith, a liberal giver and a public-spirited citizen. He entertains liberally and his house is a center of Christian culture. In the summer his residence is changed to Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Farragut's Flag.

Philadelphia Times.

The ridicule cast upon that new-fangled device—the President's flag—recalls an anecdote concerning bluff old Ironsides Farragut. When Vice Admiral Porter was in high feather in the navy department, during Grant's earlier administration, and had his eye on the possible succession at some day to the chief command of the navy, he drained out an ensign for the Admiral, who at that time was the hero Farragut. The standard was an odd looking affair, and suggested the British Cross of St. George as much as anything. The first time the new flag was raised on shipboard over the head of the old sea dog—the victor of Mobile and New Orleans—the nondescript caught his eye at once. Pointing up to the flag, so the story goes, he angrily demanded:

"What do you call that — girdiron thing up there?"

Somebody told him it was the newly devised Admiral's flag.

"Who in — ordered it to be hoisted?" he again asked.

He was informed that Vice Admiral Porter had.

"Take that rag down at once," he thundered. "The Stars and Stripes are good enough for me."

Admiral Porter's girdiron came down with a run, and this is the first and last time its folds were ever unfurled.

FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN.

Our father's growing old, John,
His eyes are growing dim,
And years are on his shoulders laid,
A heavy load for him;
And you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make his load as light
And as easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John,
At the cradle and the plow,
And earned our porridge by the sweat
That trickled down his brow.
Yet never heard we him complain,
What'er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy strength came, John,
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him;
But he went foremost in the swath,
Tossing aside the grain,
Just like the plow that heaves the soil,
Or ships that cleave the main.

Now we must lead the van, John,
Through weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and doze
And tilt his easy chair.
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,
At eve to tell us o'er
Those brave old days of British time—
Our grandsires and the War.

I heard you speak of ma'am, John;
'Tis Gospel what you say,
That caring for the like of us
Has turned her hair to gray.
Yet, John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long and like
A gleaming sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry-red, John,
Her cheeks were round and fair,
And like a ripened peach they swelled
Against her wavy hair;
Her steps fell lightly as the leaf
From off the summer tree
And all day busy at her wheel,
She sung to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John,
That wielded well the rod
Whene'er with willful stray our feet
The path forbidden trod.
But to the heaven of her eye
We never looked in vain;
And evermore our yielding cry
Brought down her tears like rain.

But this was long ago, John,
And we are what we are;
And little heed we, day by day,
Her fading cheek and hair:
And when beneath her faithful breast
The tides no longer stir,
'Tis then, John, we the most shall feel
We had no friends like her.

Yes, father's growing old, John,
His eyes are growing dim,
And mother's treading softly down
The deep descent with him;
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make their paths as smooth
And level as we can.

The Krupp Works at Essen.

Stahl und Eisen.

The firm of Frederick Krupp owns near Essen, 3,250 good and healthy lodgings for families, inhabited by 16,000 people. The various colonies are traversed by wide streets, lighted by gas, and are supplied with good and sufficient water by the aqueduct of the factory.

The annual rent for family lodgings of from two to four pieces (besides cellar and attic accommodation) varies from 66 to 180 marks. Single workmen can find board and lodging at a large boarding house, capable of holding 1,800, at 80 pfennige (20c. United States currency) a man a day. For more experienced and better paid men a special boarding establishment has been put up, at which they can live for 1 mark and 10 pfennige (27½c. United States currency) per head a day. There are 150 lodgings set aside for the foremen and officials of the factory.

There is also a common bakery, which turns out annually 130 tons of white and 2,000 tons of black bread; a butcher, furnishing the meat for the work people from 450 pieces of large cattle and 1,500 smaller animals per annum; besides, shops of every description, a selters water manufactory, a tavern called the "Essener Hof," seven beer saloons with billiards, bowling alleys, &c.

The colony of Kronenberg has a daily market. The trading places, shops, etc., give employment to 270 persons, and their annual transactions amount to 2,250,000 marks, all the sales being "cash." On principle, no profits are to be made, and thus far subsidies have been required every year, the management of the shops, &c., not being an association on the part of the workmen, but an undertaking on that of the firm, and conducted on its account for the benefit of the work people.

The cast-steel factory has a hospital, a house for contagious diseases, and a bath house. Special care is taken of the schools. School houses with twenty airy school rooms are placed at the disposal of colony Altendorf; Kronenberg and Scherhof have a private school, conducted by one rector, eight male and four female teachers, besides two assistants. The pupils number about 1,000.

For instruction in feminine handiwork there are two industrial schools, one for adults, the other for school girls; the former under the direction of an inspectress and eight female teachers, to upwards of 700 pupils; the latter conducted by twelve female teachers, one-half of whom are widows of former workmen.

The Duke's Wager.

Cornhill Magazine.

Under Louis XV.'s reign, M. de Sartine, the Lieutenant-General of Police, was said to have brought his system of espionage to such perfection that one-half of France spied on the other half. It was M. de Sartine who won the following curious wager:

He was remarking one night that nobody could leave or enter Paris without his knowing it. The Duke of Chareuse, who was present, undertook to come to Paris and spend a week there without the Lieutenant-General being any the wiser, and he backed this vaunt by a bet of a thousand louis.

M. de Sartine took the bet, and the Duke was allowed two years in which to win his wager if he could. During this time the Duke frequently came to Paris in all sorts of disguises, and under a variety of names, but no sooner had he settled at an inn than he received a note from the Lieutenant-General complimenting him upon his arrival.

At last the Duke came into Paris disguised as a decrepit old woman selling apples, but he had scarcely hobbled through the gates when a man touched his hat and handed him a letter, in which M. de Sartine begged for the honor of his company at dinner, disguise and all.

The Duke paid his wager, but he was so much mortified that he dismissed all his servants, and from that time would never keep any man or woman in his employment for more than three months at a time.

His Pa Goes Calling.

Peck's Sun.

"Say, you are getting too all-fired smart," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he pushed him into a corner by the molasses barrel, and took him by the neck and choked him till his eyes stuck out. "You have driven away several of my best customers, and now, confound you, I am going to have your life," and he took up a cheese knife and began to sharpen it on his boot.

"What's the—gurgle—matter," asked the choking boy, as the grocery man's fingers let up on his neck a little, so he could speak. "I hain't done nothing."

"Didn't you hang up that dead gray tom cat by the heels, in front of my store, with the rabbits I had for sale? I didn't notice it until the minister called me out in front of the store, and pointing to the rabbits, asked what good fat

cats were selling for. By crimus, this thing has got to stop. You have got to move out of this ward, or I will."

The boy got his breath, and said it wasn't him that put the cat up there. He said it was the policeman, and he and his chum saw him do it, and he just come in to tell the grocery man about it, and before he could speak he had his neck nearly pulled off. The boy began to cry, and the grocery man said he was only joking, and gave him a box of sardines, and they made up. Then he asked the boy how his pa put in his New Year's, and the boy sighed and said:

"We had a sad time at our house, New Year's. Pa insisted on making calls, and ma and me tried to prevent it, but he said he was of age, and guessed he could make calls if he wanted to, so he looked at the morning paper, and got the names of all the places where they were going to receive, and he turned his paper collar, and changed ends with his cuffs, and put some arnica on his handkerchief, and started out. Ma told him not to drink anything, and he said he wouldn't, but he did. He was full the third place he went to. O, so full. Some men can get full and not show it, but when pa gets full, he gets so full his back teeth float, and the liquor crowds his eyes out, and his mouth gets loose and wiggles all over his face, and he laughs all the time, and the perspiration just oozes out of him, and his face gets red, and he walks so wide. O, he disgraced us all. At one place he wished the hired girl a happy New Year more than twenty times, and hung his hat on her elbow, and tried to put on a rubber hall mat for his overshoes. At another place he walked on a lady's train, and carried away a card basket full of bananas and oranges. Ma wanted my chum and me to follow pa and bring him home, and about dark we found him in the door yard of a house where they have statutes in front of the house, and he grabbed me by the arm, and mistook me for another caller, and insisted on introducing me to a marble statue without any clothes on. He said it was a friend of his, and it was a winter picnic. He hung his hat on an evergreen, and put his overcoat on the iron fence, and I was so mortified I almost cried. My chum said if his pa made such a circus of himself, he would sand-bag him. That gave me an idea, and when we got pa most home I went and got a paper box covered with red paper, so it looked just like a brick, and a bottle of tomato ketchup, and when we got pa up

on the steps at home, I hit him with the paper brick, and my chum squirted the ketchup on his head, and we demanded his money, and then he yelled murder, and we lit out, and ma and the minister, who was making a call on her, all the afternoon, they came to the door and pulled pa in. He said he had been attacked by a band of robbers, and they knocked his brains out, but he whipped them, and then ma saw the ketchup brains oozing out of his head, and she screamed, and the minister said, 'Good heavens, he is murdered!' and just then I came in the back door, and they sent me after the doctor, and they put pa on the lounge, and tied up his head with a towel to keep the brains in, and pa began to snore, and when the doctor came in it took them half an hour to wake pa up, and then he was awful sick to his stummick, and ma asked the doctor if he would live, and the doctor analyzed the ketchup, and smelled of it, and told ma he would be all right if he had a little Worcester sauce to put on with the ketchup, and when he said pa would pull through, ma looked awful sad. Then pa opened his eyes and saw the minister, and said that was one of the robbers that jumped on him, and he wanted to whip the minister, but the doc held pa's arms and ma sat on his legs, and the minister said he had got some other calls to make, and he wished ma a happy new year in the hall, much as fifteen minutes. His happy new years to ma are 'most as long as his prayers. Well, we got pa to bed, and when we undressed him we found nine napkins in the bosom of his vest, that he had picked up at the places where he called. He is all right this morning, but he says it is the last time he will drink coffee when he makes New Year's calls."

Nor long ago an old pioneer, who had lived in Texas in the days of the early colonists, was boasting of the good old times. "Why sir," said he, "I was once offered a league of land for a pair of old boots." "Didn't you take it?" asked the party he was talking to. "No, sir, I didn't." "No account land, I reckon?" "Why, bless your heart, sir, it was the best piece of land out doors. Grass five feet high, a clean stream of water running through it, and an undeveloped silver mine in one corner." "And why in the thunder didn't you make the trade?" said the other. "Because," said the old man in a sad and regretful tone of voice, "because I—I didn't have the boots."

STARTING THE IRON MILL.

Z. W. Pope.

The furnaces with mouths all closed,
The engine still, save as it breathed,
The sturdy men with arms all bare,
And tongs in hand, the hammer down,
The rolls in waiting—thus the mill
Appeared until the word to start
Gave pulse to the lifeless heart.

The engineer the throttle turned;
Then life began, the rolls fast whirled,
And quick a furnace was agape;
Then came a flash, a ruddy beam,
Which fell on every object there;
The roof and floor, though rough and cold,
Appeared as if ablaze with gold.

Out came a fizzing lump of fire,
Which ran as if it living was,
And leaped beneath the mighty drop,
Which sent a shower of fiery rain
Among the men, who active were,
And looked like demons teasing souls,
Between the hammer and the rolls.

Then to the rolls the battered bloom
Was quickly brought, and grew in length,
As back and forth it steady went,
Still glowing like the summer's sun,
'Mid clatter, whirl, and thump, and roll,
Which music was as gods might hear,
And pleasing to the workman's ear.

Let's see what men, perhaps, may do
With such a bar; they'll make a plow,
A sickle, scythe, a gun, a sword,
A telescope, a huge bell's tongue,
A string for lyre, a compass, square,
A rod to guide the lightning's fire,
A sheet of tin, a wagon tire.
The sweat and sinew 'twill require!

And who will say 'twas not worth while
To start the mill? How many mouths
May be well fed and backs well clothed?
How much of trade throughout the world
It may give life and idle hands
It may employ in other lands?

The Regenerated Cowboy.

Laramie Boomerang.

Slowly but surely our cherished institutions are melting away, and soon the wild, wild West will have taken upon itself the customs and peculiarities of "the states." The latest is a cow-boy without the five-chambered Gatling gun which usually hangs over the caboose pocket, and bobs up and down as he dashes by on his fiery, untamed bronco. Strange as it may seem to the average Eastern reader, and particularly the younger ones who have devoured any quantity of yellow-covered literature, several Wyoming ranchmen have disarmed their employees. A similar movement among Texas stockmen is said to be making considerable headway. Several stockmen announced that they would not employ anybody who carried a deadly weapon. It was predicted that they would be compelled to rescind this order, but the Stock Journal says that they find no trouble in getting

and keeping employes, and that, as soon as the plan is put on trial on the adjoining ranches, the cowboys will be the strongest advocates.

This new departure may tickle the stockmen, and not be objectionable to the cowboy: but it knocks the romance out of the latter individual—leaves him merely a common, smoke-tanned person, rigged out in leather pants with the seat cut out, white hat and jingling spurs, who does nothing but chase steers over the plains. Once let this custom become general, and what will be the result. No more will the festive cowboy, loaded to the muzzle with tarantula juice, caper up and down the streets, yelling like a Comanche, and bidding defiance to the city marshal. No more will he help out the coroner by shooting a half-dozen companions in a drunken row. No more will he ride into a gin-mill, and with his cannon pointed at the diamond stud on the bar-keeper's shirt-front, order up the drinks for all hands, then shoot out the lights and three or four spectators' gizzards. Disarm him, and if he indulges in any such little pleasantries the police will have him in the cooler inside of three wabbles of a deceased mutton's caudal appendage, like any ordinary man.

Disarm the cowboy? Take his pop from him and bring him down to the level of a common man? Ye gods, no! In the name of 10,000,000 Eastern readers of fiction—no! Let our young bloods wear skintight pants and Seymour coats; let fried shirts and paper collars become the rule, and not the exception; let the electric light and the telephone plant themselves right in our midst, as they have already done, but touch not the cowboy and his revolver.

"If we only had a fine house like that," sighed Mrs. Cheerybody, as she clung lovingly to her husband's arm while they stepped along on their evening stroll, "how happy we would be." "If I only knew," sighed a weary female figure seated at the door of that mansion, "the happiness that shines on that little woman's face, I would consent to be a beggar."

OFTEN there lies beneath the smiling countenance, which is worn as a mask, a heart filled with pain and anguish, a heart well-nigh broken with its burden of sorrow, aching for a word of sympathy to be spoken to give it rest, but which never comes.

Fertig!

Railway News.

Great ceremonies are necessary to get a train off in Germany. When all is ready a bell rings. Then another bell rings. Then the engine whistles, or rather toot-toot-toots gently. Then the conductor tells the station-master that all is ready. Then the station-master looks placidly around and says, "So?" Then the conductor shouts, "Fertig!" interrogatively. Then the station-master replies, "Fertig?" positively. Then the conductor blows a horn; the engine whistles, the bell rings; the other bell rings; the station-master says "So?"—the passengers swear in various tongues—and the train starts. That is unless there is a belated fat man—in which case they do it all over again."

Initial.

Texas Siftings.

A German, who only left the old country about a year ago, but has become very much Americanized, speaking nothing but bad English, recently remarked, as he bought some school books, that all his boys' names commenced with S, hence, that all their books and clothes were marked with that one letter. "I suppose your boys' names are Sam, Simon, Solomon, or some such names." "No; my boys' names all begin mit an S. Shon, Shim, Shake and Sherry."

Eating a Bouquet.

Oswego Times.

At a hotel in this city Saturday a couple from the country of Milesian extraction took seats at the dinner table. Directly after a young couple seated themselves opposite, and the young man took a stalk of celery from the dish and commenced eating it. The old lady opposite looked at him a moment with an air of disgust, and then nudged her husband and said in a stage whisper: "D'ye moind the blackguard ateing the bokay?"

JOHN RAYMOND died in Scranton, Pa., a few days ago, aged 88 years. In 1828 he built the first mile of railroad track that was ever laid in America for actual commercial business. This was on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's road between Honesdale and the coal mines at Carbondale, Pa. On this mile of track, on the 28th of August, 1829, the first locomotive ever run in America was tested. It was run by Horatio Allen, who is now living at East Orange at the age of nearly 90 years.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Spectator.

"Now, tell me, tell me, Lady Venus,
What unkind thought has stept between us,
That you should seek to cross me so,
In face of all the world below?"

"No unkind thought has stept between us,"
Softly answered Lady Venus;

"But those dear spots upon your face
Are watched by all the human race,
And this for years has been my dream—
A moment on your cheek to gleam,
That in your glory men might see
More beauty than before in me."

"You touch my heart, O Lady Venus!
And though the space is great between us,
My beams shall kiss you as you go,
And men shall ever after know
That Venus richer beauty won
By having dared to cross the Sun."

Rather Too Realistic.

Travelers' Magazine.

At a very refreshing season of revival in one of the large railroad centers, not long ago, one of the pastors announced that he would devote an evening to the boys connected with the roads, inviting them all to be present, and promising that it would be of interest to them. The night came around, and the lads were on hand. Perhaps they did not take much stock in emotional religion, but they were prepared to pay respectful attention to anything that might be said.

"Ring the bell!" exclaimed the minister, plunging into his theme without further introduction, hoping to please his auditors by continued reference to their avocation. "Toot, toot, toot—toot! A way we go!" and he began to hop up and down and stagger around the stage. His imitation of car motion was infectious, and the men bobbed around in their seats.

"We are plunging along at sixty miles an hour!" he roared.

The audience said nothing, but looked at each other with raised eye brows.

"There is nothing between us and death!" continued the clergyman. "It is a station to which we are all bound! Look out! Ha! That switch was open! Now we are bound to eternal perdition! There is no help for us! We are—"

But all he could see were assorted sizes of arms and legs disappearing through the doors and windows. There was but one man left in the audience, and he was screwing on an imaginary brake with all his strength.

"My friend—" continued the pastor.

"Jump, you dog-gone jackass!" yelled the solitary brakeman. "If we've cut the switch, and hell's again, you want to jump!"

"But you, brother, but you!" exclaimed the clergyman, hoping to improve the opportunity and impress one emotional soul.

"Never mind me!" yelled the brakeman, setting his foot firmly and crouching over the wheel. "Never mind me! I've been a brakeman on this road for twenty-one years, and I'm willing to lay off in hell for a little rest! Jump, you infernal jackass, unless you're tired of preaching!"

Referring to the occasion subsequently, the clergyman affirmed that he had made his last effort at a realistic sermon.

Nothing Mean About Him.

Detroit Free Press.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning an old woman sat in the Michigan Central station wiping the tears from her eyes. It was nobody's business in particular to inquire whether she had fallen heir to a million dollars or was traveling through life with a broken heart, but one certain man stepped forward after a time and made some inquiries. Then he passed around among the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, here is a poor old woman who wants to get to Columbus to her friends. Let's take up a collection."

In the course of four or five minutes a purse of \$3 was made up, but when he had counted it, the man said:

"Gentlemen, let's chip in enough more to buy her a new dress. I'm a poor man; but here's a quarter for the old lady."

The purse was now increased to nearly \$7, and the woman had just pocketed the money when a man stepped forward and said to the collector of the purse:

"Why, Banks, is this you?"

"Of course it is."

"And that woman is your own wife?"

"Well, Mr. Knickerbocker," replied the man as he buttoned his coat, "it's a mighty mean man who won't chip in a quarter to buy his own wife a dress and help her off on a visit!"

The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible; keep the waters stirring, and you will prevent the ice from hardening it; but if once it film over and remain so, it thickens over the surface, and it thickens still, and at last it is so solid that a wagon might be drawn over the solid water. So with conscience; it films over gradually, and at last it becomes hard, unfeeling, and it can bear up a weight of iniquity.—[Bishop Simpson.]

Gems of Thought

Love dies of satiety and is buried in oblivion.

We accept our relations, but we choose our friends.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

Where is the thief who cannot find bad when he hunts it?

The homeliest tasks get beautiful, if loving hands do them.

All philosophy lies in two words—"sustain" and "abstain."

If you hope for what is reasonable, and then work, you will probably get it.

Reason wrapped up in a few words is generally of the greatest weight.

The judgment of this world is oftener based on policy than on justice and truth.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions, when she is adding up a grocery bill.

Hard work is the price of success, and it can be purchased with no other kind of currency.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

A woman's dress is like the envelope of a letter; the cover is frequently an index to the contents.

Misunderstandings are far more difficult things than people imagine, in love or in friendship.

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

Blessings often fail to reach us through the wall of circumstances with which we have surrounded our lives.

It is easier for a camel to swallow a whole paper of needles than for a delinquent subscriber to get to heaven.

There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

There are none who bore us like our own relations when uncongenial, none who so try our patience and wring our nerves.

"What men want," says Bulwer, "is not talent, it is purpose." In other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

Every strong, active, bad man is systematically engaged in creating and sharpening the instruments for his own destruction.

There may be as much courage displayed in enduring with resignation the sufferings of the soul, as remaining firm under the showers of shot from a battery.

The envious man is tormented, not only by all the ills that befall himself, but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy, not only by his own clouds, but by another man's sunshine.

We could not endure solitude were it not for the powerful companionship of hope, or of some unseen one.—[Richter.

The dark grave, which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim the fatal doubt once cast on a woman's name.—[George Herbert.

It is often the easiest move that completes the game. Fortune is like the lady whom a lover carried off from all his rivals by an additional lace upon his liveries.—[Bulwer Lyton.

Talents give a man superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth or employment, which are all external. Talents constitute our very essence.—[Rollins.

Hope calculates its scheme for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss and grasps at impossibilities, and consequently ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonor.—[Addison.

There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.—[Thomas Carlyle.

Experience always leads to modesty, when wisely used. It never leads to boastful confidence or to self idolatry. It has been too often rebuked to claim infallibility, and too often humiliated to set up a primacy that may not be challenged.—[Joseph Parker.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

George Hoey.

The first thing that I remember was Carlo
tugging away
At the sleeve of my coat;
Pulling, as much as to say, "Come, master,
awake,
And tend to the switch. Lives now depend
upon you.
Think of the souls in the coming train,
And the graves you are sending them to.
Think of them, doomed every one to lie
(As it were by your very hand)
In yon fathomless ditch;
Murdered, by one who should guard them
from harm,
Who now is asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce know where I
stood,

Sleep had o'ercome me so;
I could hear the forest trees rustling,
As they by the tempest were tossed;
But, what was that noise in the distance
That I could not understand?
I heard it at first indistinctly,
Like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me,
And made my very ears hum;
What light is this that surrounds me
And seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle that, yelling so shrilly?
Ah! I know now: 't's the train.

We often stand facing some danger,
And seem to take root to the place.
So I stood—with this demon before me,
Its heated breath fanning my face.
Its headlight made day of the darkness
And glared like the eyes of some witch,
The train was almost upon me
Before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly,
The train dashing fast down the track;
And on came the fiery-eyed monster,
And shot by my face like a flash.

I swooned to the earth the next moment,
And knew nothing after the crash.
How long I lay there unconscious
Was impossible for me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven,
My waking almost a hell.
For I then heard the piteous shrieking and
moaning
Of husbands and wives,
Mothers dashed past me like maniacs,
Their eyes staring madly and wild.

My mind was made up in a moment,
The river should hide me away.
When under the still burning rafters
I noticed there lay a little white hand:
I lifted the last log from off her
And quietly laid it aside,
And, while searching for some spark of life,
Turned the little face up in the starlight,
And recognized—Maggie, my wife!

O God! thy curse is a hard one,
At a blow thou hast humbled my pride;
My life will be one endless nightmare,
With Maggie away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured
The scenes in our long, happy life;
How happy we'd be in our cozy and snug
little nest,
How I should do all the labor,
And Maggie should all the day rest.

I fancied I stood on my trial,
The judges and the jury I could see;
And every eye in the court room
Was steadily fixed upon me.

And fingers were pointed in scorn,
Till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And I heard the words—
"Hung by the neck until dead."

Then I felt myself pulled once again,
And my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim?
"You've had a bad nightmare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife,
With never a scar from the ditch.
I had been taking a nap in my bed,
And had not been asleep at the switch.

A Thrilling Incident.

In June, 1863, President Lincoln issued
a proclamation calling for three hundred
thousand men. On July 14, the provost-
marshal of Boston served notices on the
drafted men to appear at his office for
examination. The "draft riots" followed
immediately. A lady, who was then a
girl employed in a millinery store on
Hanover street, gives in the Wakefield
Banner a thrilling reminiscence of the
riot, in which she and another girl saved
a human life by their courage and pres-
ence of mind. She says:

On the 14th of July, at noon, there was
only one other person in the store beside
myself, a young girl named Jennie, all
the rest having gone out to dinner.

I had crossed the street for some fresh
water and, returning, glanced up Han-
over street, which then wore its usual
aspect, when, just as I was about to enter
the store, a man pushed in past me, gasp-
ing out in a breathless way,—

"For God's sake, hide me! Don't let
them get at me; they will kill me!"

His face was pale, his hair wild and
disordered; a pen, that he had not had
time to remove, was behind his ear, and
he still carried the Government books
under his arm, which doubtless helped
his pursuers to keep him in view.

He had scarcely spoken when Jennie
opened the door leading into the cellar
from the store, which, though quite near
the street, was not visible from it.

He disappeared and Jennie as quickly
closed the door after him, leaving him in
almost total darkness to grope his way
down the stairs as best he might.

Meanwhile I locked the store door,
near which we both stood, and not a mo-
ment too soon, for instantly the street was
alive with a mob of furious men and
women, representing the lowest and
worst elements of the North End.

Nearly all had weapons of some kind in
their hands, usually paving stones or
bricks. The men were brutal-looking
and wore a sullen and desperate air, but
the women were the very incarnation of
evil.

In language more vigorous than polite, they demanded admission and the man. Jennie replied that we two girls were alone in the store, and that, as in the owner's absence we were responsible for the goods, we could not admit any one.

One furious woman cried out, "Don't believe her! I saw the man run in there. Smash the door down!"

There came a shower of brickbats and stones, demolishing most of the glass in the store front; fortunately for us, women seldom hit anything they aim at. We were not in the least hurt, but expected to be trampled to death the next moment.

Just then a young Irishman spoke to us through the broken window. "Be quick! pass out the shutters. You have friends here who will put them up for you," and five or six stout fellows ranged themselves near the door while we slid out the shutters, and in a twinkling they were up.

For some reason the mob did not again molest us, though we feared that they might do so, and as the cellar had but one outlet, that leading into the store, we felt anxious to give the man hidden there a better chance for his life, in case of an attack.

The store was a long and narrow one, partitioned off at the rear for a work-room; back of this were two windows opening into a yard, where there was an old wooden tenement house occupied by colored people.

This yard was connected with Hanover street by an alley running between the building we occupied and the next.

Thus it will be seen that the store could be easily entered at the back by the mob, as there was not even the poor protection of a gate.

To jump through the window and arrange with an old colored woman to allow the marshal to pass through her house and back yard, and so on by such underground railways as he might desire, until he could work out into a quiet street, was our plan.

To it he assented, when I found him behind a barrel amid rolls of ribbon paper and the ruins of bandboxes—the least arrogant official at that moment I ever met.

When he leaped from the window I confess my heart failed me, lest some one should be lurking in the alley, and again put these bloodthirsty creatures on his track.

But he disappeared within the old house, and, as we afterward heard, escaped to his home.

The store we occupied was directly opposite the station house. The mob held possession of the street for several hours, but the owner of the store having made his appearance, we were relieved of further responsibility save for his own safety.

We passed a strange, dreary afternoon; occasionally we would climb up on chairs and peer over the top of the shutters, but the sight was not reassuring, and it was nearly four o'clock before we could venture out under escort to our homes.

On the way up the street I noticed that these people stood in little knots silently looking on; there was that peculiar hushed, brooding feeling in the air that one is conscious of before a thunderstorm, precursor of the night of horrors that was to follow.

Fortunately, the measures used were effectual in quelling this excitement, and for a few days the cannon in Dock Square proved useful, as a gentle reminder of what might be expected in event of any further outrage.

Queer Pranks of a Ghost.

Philadelphia Times.

A ghost, who looks big enough and is presumably old enough to know better, spends his evenings on the tracks of the Reading Railroad, just below Port Kennedy Station, scaring the life out of the engineers and train men who may happen to pass. He has been shot at twice, is run over several times nightly and has been struck on the head with a bludgeon once. This kind of thing doesn't disturb him, however, for he swallows the bullets without fear of indigestion, and plays roley-poley with the heavy car wheels as they are crushing and mangling his intangible body.

Ten years ago a vagrant was run over just near the spot which is now haunted, under circumstances which implied negligence on the part of the man in charge of the locomotive. Immediately ghosts began to make their appearance by the dozen, until the fall of 1880, after which time it was thought that their wrath was appeased, as they came no more. On Christmas night, however, an apparition of unusual size attacked the 9 o'clock freight train, which is managed by Engineer Charles Welch. This was the signal for a general onslaught, and every evening since then phantoms have flitted across the lines and otherwise made themselves felt. In consequence a great many of the trains which leave the Cal-

lowhill Street Depot after dark are loaded with missiles and weapons for use against bogies wherever they may be found at large.

Brakeman George Nelson, on the train which leaves Philadelphia at 7:45 in the evening, claims to have had a thrilling experience with the ghost; it ran away with his cap. On New Year's night he was standing on the front platform of the first car to get a whiff of fresh air, with the train steaming thirty-five miles an hour. When within fifty yards of the usual spot the headlight's rays piercing the darkness, rested on what seemed to be the figure of a man standing out in bold relief. Although it could not have been more than a few seconds before the train reached it the time seemed prolonged to minutes. Nelson excitedly seized the bell rope, pulled it violently and in addition shrieked out to the engineer to pull up. Although he laid hold of the cord at once, he says that it was not until the apparition was passed that the gong struck. Gradually the train neared the person, who seemed to be standing with one of his hands shading his face and the other pointing to the throbbing engine, straining to mow him down. There was a sudden blankness, a cold blast of air which carried off his hat, and Nelson did not know what happened till the conductor opened the door and told him he would catch cold. He was certain that what he had seen was not flesh and blood. On the next night he armed himself with a large piece of iron, but the ghost was a wily one and didn't come. On the succeeding evening, however, he had a clean shot at it, and a passenger on the train, who had been told of the bogie, joined him and fired two barrels of a revolver in his face, all without effect.

The most interesting experience, however, was reserved for Engineer Charles Welch, who has been mentioned as having heralded the ghost's first appearance this season. On last Saturday night he spied it, as usual, ahead, but it looked so different from what it did on the previous occasion that he thought it was a real individual and not an artificial one. In a few seconds, with great presence of mind, he had the brakes down, the steam whistle blowing and the bell ringing. He shuddered perceptibly as the train slid over the figure and then came to a dead stop. He had not had sufficient notice to stop the train in time.

"We've killed some one, Jim," said Welch, sorrowfully, to the conductor, "and we had better go back and pick up

the pieces." A mournful procession proceeded to hunt for the required items, but not a scrap could they find. Welch all at once remembered about the ghost and the train sped on.

Early Railroadng.

Railway Age.

I will contribute to your collection of railway history some recollections of the old New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad.

Its location was as follows: Extending from Frenchtown, Md., a point on the Elk river, to New Castle, Del., on the Delaware river, the road was sixteen miles long more or less. The track was of flat bar iron laid on wood stringers. It commenced operations in the year 1831 or 1832. The first locomotive, the "John Bull," came from England in pieces. A man came over with it who was six months in getting it together and in getting it into working order. It had only two driving wheels and had no cab. The engineer, old John Point, drove it standing out in the weather, and he used to be covered with snow and sleet sometimes in the winter.

About 1838 the track was relaid with the U iron rail, fastened with long barbed spikes, about ten inches in length. The cars were upon the plan of a stage coach, the passengers sitting face to face, the doors being in the sides. They ran on spoke wheels without any brakes. The cars were hooked or coupled together by links and hooks. The buffers were formed of the side sills extending past the end of the car, the ends being cushioned with hair covered with sole leather. The breaking up of the train when near the station—Frenchtown or New Castle—was done at signal of the engineer by raising his safety-valve. Then the old darky servants (slaves) would rush to the train, seize hold and pull back, while the agent would stick a piece of wood through the wheel spokes.

As to the organization, the list of officers were those of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company. Capt. R. H. Barr was the General Agent at New Castle, and he used to sell the tickets to passengers, have them seated and collect the tickets just before starting the train. Capt. Barr died at the advance age of 85 years.

The trains had way stops (now way stations) and were about one hour and a half making the run. The connections were with steamboats running between Baltimore and Frenchtown and New

Castle and Philadelphia. Those between Baltimore and Frenchtown were to my recollection the George Washington and Martha Washington—pumpkin-bow craft. Those running between New Castle and Philadelphia were, I believe Bolivar, New Castle, Ohio and Robert Morris. This road was kept up and run until 1852, when it was abandoned as a through line, and the rails were taken up to within seven miles of New Castle, these seven miles forming a portion of the present Delaware Railroad, now part of the present Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore.

Raleigh's Last Letter.

"You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bees; let them go to the grave and be buried with me in dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall ever see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself. Firstly: I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many troubles and care taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet the debt is natless, and pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly: I beseech you, by the love you bare me living, do not hide yourself in grief many days, but seek to help the miserable misfortunes of our poor child. Thy mourning cannot avail me; I am but dust. * * Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose and loved you in his happiest time. God is my witness, it is for you and yours I desired life; but it is true I disdain myself for begging of it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, dispiseth death in all his misshappen and grizzly form. I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I stole the time when all asleep; and it is time to separate my thoughts from all the world. Beg my dead body, which living is denied thee, and either lay it at Shelbourne or in Exeter, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting God, Infinite, Powerful, Inscrutable, the Almighty God, which is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true light and life, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors

and false witnesses, and send us to meet again in His glorious kingdom. My own true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me, and let the good God fold you both in his arms. Written with the dying hand of some time thy husband, but now alas, overthrown. Yours that was, but not my own."

Worse and More of It.

"Sam," said an old colored man down at the postoffice to another old codger, "what's de meanin' of vice versa?"

"It means tother from which," answered Sam with great dignity.

"I dunno," said the first one; I think it means upside down."

"No," retorted his friend, "I'se done suah it means hind side defoah."

A third old fellow came by just then, and they appealed the question to him.

"I cannot desplain pezactly," he said, "so as to meet wid your compredension, but wiser wersa am a propriation from de Latin, and means wuss and wuss and mo' of it. I members stumbiin' ober it at collodge. It am a hard word to pronounce."

He ambled along with his bucksaw, and the two who had referred to him looked after him with respect and admiration, wondering that "one small head could carry all he knew."

How Candor Pays.

Atlanta Constitution.

"We had better understand each other," he said, deprecatingly, as he sauntered into the editorial room, "before we begin. I'm a book agent."

Unmindful of the groans that met this statement, he went on:

"I'm not a white-haired philanthropist from New Haven, who has come South through sympathy for your stricken people. I'm a fair, square, bald-headed book agent."

Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal, he took a seat, and dropping his feet in a waste basket, said:

"I'm not a retired clergyman, who seeks to scatter religious instruction while he builds up his worn-out frame in your balmy clime. I'm not an apostle of art who has consented to seek your benighted region, and educate your people by parting with a few picture books in parts. I'm not a temperance lecturer from Bangor who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum-sucker. I'm an unmodified book agent, with none of the cor-

ners rounded, running on cheek in pursuit of tin."

"Here's candor, at least," remarked the young man who writes the puffs of hardware stores.

"Yes; candor at best. I'm not a gilded sham. You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise, or art or morality going incog. I do not fly the skull and crossbones hid behind a holiday flag till I've grappled and boarded you. I've got the regular old death's-head nailed to the mast, and I'm a pirate from keel to center board, and if you don't want that sort of company, blow me out of the water."

He had the whole force on deck at this point.

"I've got no off-hand preamble to my bloody work. I do not lead you through the flowery paths of ease to where I've got the trap sprung. I do not beguile with anecdote, inspire with eloquence, soothe with persuasion, or pique with local gossip. I was not directed to you as a leader of culture or a person who'd be likely to buy. I won't show you a list of high-toned decoys who have put down their names to get rid of me and to draw you in. I don't show the work I'm selling, and I've never been able to learn the idiot's soliloquy that explains the pictures."

Here he paused, while the manager called for the cash boy.

"That's about the size of me and my business. The book's right here—fifty parts, fifty cents a part, plenty o' pictures and big type for the reading, written by somebody or other, and means \$10 clear money for me every time I work one off. Do you take or do I go?"

By this time eleven copies of the first part were ordered, and the "eleven able" resumed their work, while the office boy indites this tribute to a man who ain't ashamed of his little racket.

Power of Conscience.

Youths Companion.

Even a superficial reader of Shakespeare is struck by the prominence which he gives to conscience. The great dramatist knew, either from personal experience or from imagination's insight, the terrible power of the human conscience, when stirred by the consciousness of guilt.

Hundreds of murderers, since Lady Macbeth, have uttered her pathetic exclamation: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." "O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict

me!" has been the moan of not a few tyrants, since humpback Richard's day.

An illustration, similar in kind, though differing in dramatic interest, to that which Shakespeare gives of conscience's afflicting, paralyzing power, occurred once at a fair in Wales.

For years it had been the custom to hold a great fair at Rhuddlan on the Lord's Day. Farmers went there to hire laborers; crowds of rough laborers waited there to be hired. It was also a great market-day, whereon men sold their cattle and produce. Inns' doors were wide open, and in scores of booths could be heard the sound of revelry. It was a wild scene of traffic and dissipation.

Into the midst of this fair there came one day, a young man of solemn mien. Taking his stand on the steps of the chief tavern, he began to pray with a loud voice. There was something in his grave, compassionate petitions that arrested the attention of farmers and laborers. They stopped in the midst of their bargaining to listen.

Then the young preacher, taking for his text, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy," began his sermon by announcing to the astonished crowd that he had come to open upon them "the whole ten cannon of Sinai."

The preacher's denunciations were so terrible that the crowd seemed to stand at the foot of the mount "that burned with fire."

One man had just bought a sickle. As he listened to the preacher, his arm seemed paralyzed, and the sickle fell to the ground. He feared to stoop to pick it up with the other hand, lest that, too, should be paralyzed.

The multitude of farmers and laborers were panic-stricken. The fair was broken up and never again held on the Lord's Day. The man who let his sickle drop became changed in character and lived, to old age, a religious life.

How She Won Him.

Philadelphia Quiz.

I have just heard the most remarkable story of the evenness of the female temper. It is a beautiful little fairy story and may appropriately be called "How She Won Him." It happened here in Philadelphia and is on this wise:

There was a beautiful dinner given "many years ago," and she sat opposite him and looked ever so charming in a wine-colored silk with a square neck, and otherwise arrayed as never were the lillies in any valley of his poor earth.

Well, the waiter in handing the soup upset the entire contents of a plate in her lap. Just think of it, girls! The whole front breadth utterly ruined, and it could not be matched!

Well, what did she do? Did she faint? Did she say, "You horrid man!" Did she scream? Not at all; she passed the thing off in some witty remark about fiery baptism and calmly resumed her dinner.

He, of course, was delighted, thought her a most remarkable woman, and indeed she was; became attentive to her, and finally married her. One evening, long after the event, they were sitting before the fire, the children having gone to bed, and were talking about old times, when he said,—

"My dear, I never told you, I think, how I first thought I would like to marry you, did I."

"Why, gracious goodness! no, never!"

"Well," he said, "do you remember that dinner at Mrs. Simpkins', where your dress was spoiled by the soup?"

"Indeed I do!" she replied. "I shall never forget it as long as I live."

"Well," he continued, "you behaved so well about it that I thought you a perfect jewel."

"Yes," she answered, "I remember behaving very well about it at the time, but, good land, you should have seen the marks of my teeth on the bed-post that night!"

Twenty Years of Freedom.

Youth's Companion.

Slavery in the United States finally ceased to exist on the 18th day of December, 1865, when President Andrew Johnson proclaimed that the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution had been only ratified by twenty-seven States, being three-fourths of the whole number of the States then in the Union.

But slavery had practically ceased nearly three years before, on the first day of January, 1863, when President Lincoln had proclaimed emancipation as a war measure in all the then insurgent States of the Union.

The war was "about slavery." The people of the South complained of the disposition of the North to interfere with their "domestic institutions." Out of the resolution on the one side not to allow the general Government to interpose against slavery, and on the other side not to permit the slave States to extend the "institution" into free territory, grew discussion, secession and war.

From the very beginning of the struggle President Lincoln was urged to declare the emancipation of the slaves. But he refused. He knew then, and we know now, that the time had not come. The great object was to save the Union. In a very remarkable letter addressed by the President to Horace Greeley, in the summer of 1862, he said,—

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. If I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

Exactly a month later, on September 22, 1862, he startled the country by a proclamation in which he announced that on the 1st of January following all persons then held as slaves in any State continuing in rebellion should be free.

Those were the dark days of the war. The Confederate forces had invaded the State of Maryland, and although their campaign had failed at Antietam, they had been permitted to withdraw in safety to Virginia. The marvellous union of Northern sentiment in favor of the war had disappeared, and political division had reappeared.

Whether the September proclamation was the cause of it or not, the opposition to Mr. Lincoln's administration was generally successful in the elections of that year, and the year 1862 closed gloomily for the hopes of the people of the North.

But Mr. Lincoln persisted. On the New Year's Day of 1863 appeared the promised proclamation. Enumerating the States within which rebellion existed, he ordered and declared that all persons held as slaves within them "are and henceforward shall be free." "And upon this act," he said, "sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

It was the turning-point of the war. The years which followed saw the Northern people reunited in their zeal for a united country, and their armies victorious. At the very time the September proclamation was issued, people were talking of and commending a plan to raise fifty thousand soldiers for Gen. Fremont, who was expected to end the war in the Southwest in ninety days.

That was nonsense. In 1863 the people fully realized the magnitude of the task, and set about it with grim determi-

nation. They succeeded. The war ended, and slavery ended with it.

If the almost unanimous declaration of the Southern people may be trusted, and we think it may, there is hardly a person in the land who would now raise his hand to have slavery restored. Millions of people regret what accompanied abolition; few regret abolition itself.

How have the colored people employed their freedom? Certainly they have not become the equals of the whites in general education, civilization, and political wisdom. Anybody who expected them to do so must have been short-sighted.

But it cannot be denied that they have made very satisfactory progress. They attempted more than they could accomplish in the government of the Southern States. Now they are feeling their way towards better things.

It would be untrue to say that the old habits of slavery have been abandoned. But the colored people, as a class, are becoming more industrious, more self-reliant, more prudent, and better observers of the law. They are learning the lesson that with the rights of men they have received also an obligation to discharge men's duties. Many of them are hungry for knowledge. As time passes they will be better fitted to exercise and enjoy the privileges and blessings of freemen.

Women's Noses.

Whitehall Review.

The nose is the most prominent feature in the face, and is a more faithful indication of the character than is generally supposed. In dress, it gives the key-note to the whole structure by its size or shape. "Every woman is, or ought to be, a cathedral," says a poet of yesterday, and M. Blanc also compares dress to a kind of architecture, throughout which a primary idea should be consistently carried, and no mingling of styles allowed.

When a woman possesses a Roman nose she must be extremely careful as to her style of headgear and hair dressing. Neither of these must belong to the frivolous or coquettish order. Neither must be inadequately small. If the wearer of the Roman nose fall into this error, that useful organ will look larger than ever. Our aristocracy are given to large noses. The air of palaces seems to be favorable to the development of that salient feature, and, were there to be no mesalliances, the highbred type of nose would soon reach a very terrific size indeed. I always look on the bright side of things, and when I

hear of a man of gentle birth marrying a barmaid, or of a modern Copetua and a beggar maid, I always bethink me of the probable modification of the lordly noses of the next generation. With a Greek nose a woman may wear almost anything. She will be sure to have the taste to divine what is suitable and becoming, and grace enough to put it on straight—an accomplishment more rare than might be thought. But, alas! Greek noses are not exactly in the fashion. Our national taste has proved degenerate, and our fickle fancy has turned to the *nez retroussé*, which has even found its way into the poets. "Tiptilted like a flower," says our Laureate of such a nose. If the cogitative nose appear in full development on a woman's face, she will probably be strong-minded and utterly careless of chiffons, if not of her own looks. Of the Jewish nose the same observations are true as with regard to the Roman nose; that is, when the nose is large. Occasionally—though not very frequently—this nose is beautifully formed, and not too large for our modern notions of feminine loveliness. It may then be treated as I have suggested in remarking on the Greek variety.

The turn-up nose may be adorable, or it may be a trial! Much depends on its complexion; much on the precise degree of upward curve. This curve should be similar to those at the corners of the lips, and when it is, what a piquant harmony is the result! Oh, lucky girl with such a nose, what a queen of hearts you may be! Add but the instinct of coquetry to the owner of this nose, and you have a creature as dangerous as Helen to the peace of man. It must not be a shaky, fleshy, flabby thing; a curt decision and a spice of dainty self-assertion must characterize it. It was such an ideal nose that inspired the following sentiments: "We confess a lurking penchant, a sort of speaking affection which we can not resist, for the celestial nose in a woman. It does not command our admiration and respect like the Greek, to which we could bow down as to a goddess, but it makes sad work with our affections. The snub, too, is not so unbearable as in a man. It is a great marrer of beauty, undoubtedly, but merely regarded as an index of weakness, it claims our kindly consideration. A woman, moreover, has generally tact sufficient to conceal (often to their entire annihilation) those unprepossessing characteristics of the snub and the celestial, which in a weak man become every day more and more strongly marked. A ce-

lestial nose in a woman is frequently an index of wit." And this, be it remembered, was written long before the apothesis of the turned-up nose.

And what style of architecture are we to construct our dresses upon? ask the owners of such noses. Anything coquetish and airy, frivolous and quaint. Severe simplicity consorts not with the snub. A little insolence of ornament suits it; floating ribbons, a rampant aigrette; a head "sunning over with curls"; a flounce turned back and forth; a hat twisted north and south, east and west. Such as these would be incongruous with the Greek, an insult to the Roman, an injury to the Jewish, and a flat contradiction to the cogitative. With the "tip-tilted," they make a happy harmony.

Useful Knowledge.

To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach may be quickly stopped by small doses of salt.

To relieve a severe headache, bind the temples tightly with a handkerchief or cloth.

For earache, dissolve assafoetida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear; then cork the ear with wool.

A good powder of snuff which will cure catarrh is made of equal parts of gum arabic, gum myrrh and blood root.

Toothache may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated with ammonia to the defective tooth.

It is stated by a medical writer that carbolic acid diluted with warm water, and poured into the ear, is a sovereign cure for earache.

For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil; lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

For chapped lips, mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey with a few drops of lavender water, or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.

To remove warts, get a little bullock gall and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.

It may be useful to know that hoarseness may be removed by using the white of an egg thoroughly beaten, and mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

To destroy black-heads, wash the face thoroughly at night with tepid water, and rub briskly with a Turkish towel; then apply a mixture of one ounce of liquor of potass and two ounces of cologne.

Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks acidulated with hydro-chloric, and then a gargle of lime water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

Dr. Shearer, of Burks county, Pennsylvania, claims that he has employed cold water sponging and ice bags to the throat in severe cases of scarlet fever during twenty years, and with such good results that he considers the treatment not only permissible, but actually necessary where the symptoms are alarming.

To treat sprains, give the affected part rest, and apply warm fermentations. If inflammation has set in, put on leeches and cooling applications, which may be removed at intervals if necessary. When the inflammation subsides, use friction and stimulating liniments, or poultices made of bread, vinegar and water.

To stop bleeding, if from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork in the proper form and size to cover the cavity, and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed. This, we believe, is our own invention, and we have never known it to fail. It has served us in desperate cases.

Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kind of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctors' bills, and not a less inconsiderable "little amount" at the druggist's.

MARTYR TO DUTY.

Anon.

Yes, better 'tis to die
Than from the strife to fly;
Be thou a hero on the field,
With arm close bound to duty's shield;
Aloft the standard hold
Among the true and bold;
Turn not ignobly, retreat back,
A traitor on life's holy track;
But fall on valiant ground,
And be with honor crowned;
A rank among the faithful claim,
And leave to earth a blessed name,
That kin and kind may hold
Above the price of gold.

Firemen's Magazine.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of Locomotive Enginememen.

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

MARCH, 1883.

Hon. Henry C. Lord.

This distinguished gentleman has taken possession of the hearts of the entire Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. He has furnished some remarkable contributions to the Engineers' Journal—in this issue we publish his first paper prepared especially for our Magazine. He has done what few of our great representative men seem to have had time or opportunity to do. He has entered into the real spirit of our organization. Having filled the highest stations of railroad management, he has learned the essential lesson—that no man can be a successful executive who does not know the wants and enlist the sympathies of all his departments. This is true greatness. The illustrious Corsican was able to shake the earth with the thunder of battle because he knew his men. He went to see them in their tents. He learned their names and inquired into their comforts. That was Napoleonic. The legions of France—the men of Austerlitz, and Jena, and Lodi—felt they were watched, with a steady faith grounded in idolatry. That was the great secret. Men will not—cannot—work successfully unless they are recognized and appreciated. This is as

true in the operation of a railroad as in the unification and movement of an army. All railroad managers ought to know this. It is a lesson Henry C. Lord learned by heart. We are getting a good many letters from engineers in Canada and elsewhere asking us to tell them who Mr. Lord is. This we do now in a general way.

Henry C. Lord was born on the second day of October, 1825, in Amherst, New Hampshire. His father, the illustrious scholar, Nathan Lord, was soon afterwards called to the Presidency of Dartmouth College—that famous seat of letters, the *Alma Mater* of Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate and so many others of national distinction. Webster's appeal for Dartmouth College, in the Supreme Court of the United States, on the tenth day of March, 1818, so pathetic, majestic and powerful—that it has become an international treasure of eloquence—has made it absolutely immortal. Henry C. Lord matriculated in Dartmouth College in 1839 and graduated in 1843. He then went South and taught school in Virginia. While there he read law under the tutelage of an elder brother, and upon examination was admitted to practice in the courts in Virginia. He soon afterwards returned East and established his home in Massachusetts. He was enrolled as an attorney of that State and admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, on motion of Mr. Justice Wilde. He went to Cincinnati four years afterwards, and in 1855 took charge, as President and Superintendent, of the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad. That management he administered for many years with fidelity and success. He found the property in odds and ends, and by consolidations, extensions and improvements soon transformed it into an acknowledged trunk line. It has had some trials, as all Western railroads have had, but it has come out of them all triumphantly. It is now a permanent and first class investment. All its safe foundations were laid by Mr. Lord. He took it on the bed of the old White Water Valley Canal into the very

heart of the city. His plan was sharply criticised at the time, but trial has vindicated his judgment and confused his critics. It was a masterly achievement and has brought millions of value to the stockholders. His next move was to acquire ownership of the road from Indianapolis to Lafayette, which was accomplished, and has resulted in the great route from Cincinnati to Chicago. The I., C. & L. R. R. has been a school for the development of men. Many of the most efficient railroad officers of the country to-day were educated there under the wise counsels of Mr. Lord. He liked his men and his men liked him. He knew personally every brakeman, fireman, engineer, baggageman, conductor and section foreman on the line. How many railroad officials can say that? He knew of their rivalries, trials and disappointments, and he was their counselor and arbiter. He was kind and always just to them all. His discipline was exceptionally marked. It developed merit and unmasked disobedience. The incompetent was sent away, and the brave, honest, faithful employe steadily pushed forward to the front. This large and varied practical experience is what lends such a charm to his contributions to our Magazines. His views are valuable, because they are based upon an actual retrospect of railroad experience. Mr. Lord is of medium height, has blue eyes, a large noble looking head, now quite bald, speaks with great fluency and accuracy in a ringing voice, and is every inch, from head to foot, a noble man.

Man's Power and God's Power.

Man gathers the beautiful stones from the quarry; the iron, the silver, the gold and the precious jewels from the mine; the many costly woods from the forest, and builds a palace. He decorates it with the genius of the painter and the sculptor and with the deft work of the artizan. He surrounds it with groves of beautiful trees and beds of many colored

flowers. Deer wander amidst the sylvan shades and birds sing in the leafy bowers. The palace is complete, it stands proudly in the sunlight.

God scoops out great hollow places in the solid earth and fills them with the rushings of many waters. He heaps up mountains of rock and between them places the fruitful valleys. With His finger he traces the courses of mighty rivers, and above and around all places the storm riven atmosphere. We call this handiwork earth. Millions of ages ago He sent it whirling into space around its central luminary, and there it still swings, swiftly, silently, grandly, held by nothing but the eternal will of its Creator.

One is the work of a finite, the other of an infinite mind.

Man consults with his genius and produces the engine. In one of its many forms he sees it rushing like a thing of life from ocean to ocean. Whirling along dangerous precipices, skimming over vast prairies, panting through the hearts of great cities, creeping through dark tunnels, unloading its burden at last where the waves forbid its farther progress. The engine is man's emblem of power.

God gathers the forces of the universe and makes a sun. He sends it upon its grand march into the starry depths, drawing after it a mighty train of planets, moons, comets and meteors. It sends its rays millions of miles into space, heating with burning heat the mountains and plains of Mercury, and giving to the earth its seasons of ice and verdure. Great storms sweep over its surface whose effects are felt to the outmost bounds of Uranus. Jets of flame shoot from his surface an hundred thousand miles high and fall back into his eternal sea of fire. Around him lie other suns. Together they sweep through the awful abysses of space, answering obediently to the will of their Creator.

The engine is the type of man's highest power, the sun is the type of God's.

Man calls into activity his ingenuity

and makes a watch. It is a marvel of skill and beauty. In the day and through the silent night it keeps up its ceaseless time beat, measuring the seconds as they run.

God takes the wheat of the field and places it in a human stomach; there it is changed by a wondrous chemistry into blood. From the blood a mechanism equally wonderful extracts bone, sinew, muscle, nerve and skin, and a living breathing man walks forth. Most wonderful of all, a part of the wheat passes into that mysterious alembic, the brain, and a thought is born. It may be a poem of love and hope or a tragedy of fear and death. It may whisper of green fields and pleasant homes or it may dream of prison cells and the hangman's rope. It may breathe anthems of praise to its Creator or it may revel in the orgies of the debauched and the ruined. It may dwell in the mind of the sordid miser or it may prompt the smile upon the face of sleeping beauty dreaming of love and heaven.

The watch is the mechanism of man.
Man is the mechanism of God.

The Prize for 1882.

The prize for 1882 consisted of an excellent gold watch, valued at \$100. It was won by our worthy brother, Jacob Haines, of Chicago Lodge No. 95. The inscription on it is as follows: "Jacob Haines, of Chicago Lodge No. 95, B. of L. F., Champion Magazine Agent for 1882. Presented by the Grand Lodge, January 1, 1883."

Bro. Haines secured during the past year 235 paid subscribers for our Magazine, thereby making a record of which he has good reason to be proud. It will, no doubt, always be a source of pleasure to him to remember this magnificent effort of his, for such it surely was. It will be hard to measure the good done by this one brother. All we can say is that it would take but a few years of such effort on the part of our members generally to

make the circulation of our Magazine simply enormous. Bro. Haines has the thanks and good wishes of the Grand Lodge.

We hope the prize for 1883 will stir the emulation of all the Lodges. Our Magazine is our mouthpiece. By it we are known, by it we are judged. It speaks for us while we are asleep. Who will be the one to carry off the prize of 1883? Labor for it and make the record, if possible, still brighter than that of Bro. Haines.

REWARD.

Chicago Tribune.

Yes, call him mad who dares to climb
The rock-strewn path of Truth—
You would never dream to peer
Beyond the ken of youth—
You who never see the seed
Till the bursting of the grain,
And can never see the sunshine
Glowing just beyond the rain!

Call him mad who, pushing forward
Full a century in the van,
Plants his banner on the hill-tops—
Claims man's leader is a man!
And if you must stop and linger,
Afraid to breast the hill,
Stand back in lower darkness—
Make room for him who will!

Float in your idle vessels
Close within the harbor-bar;
Make it dance among the ripples,
Though you may not venture far;
Lie and wonder at the waters
Stretching out so wild and free.
Somewhere there's a better sailor,
Who will dare to put to sea!

Sleep you then with perfect safety
Close within your guarded fort;
Make the War of Earth a pastime,
And the Fight of Life a sport;
Linger, if you will, in pleasure,
While the weary hours lag;
Somewhere there's a bolder sailor
Who will carry on the Flag!

Call him mad! And yet forever
Some grand leader will be there,
Pushing upward to the summit—
Pushing up toward clearer air.
You may stay in lower darkness,
Clasping close your clinking chain;
Some one yet will strike it from you,
Making free the heart and brain!

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

Whittier.

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock as they;
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, cloud and fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

Contributor's Column

Written for Firemen's Magazine.

The Locomotive Fireman.

BY HENRY C. LORD.

It was my pleasure some two years ago to write a paper on the subject of the Locomotive Engineer. It was a still greater pleasure to me to know that it was read and approved by those who did me the kindness to read it. It was but a brief statement of the results of many years of railway life and observation, together with constant intercourse with that brave and noble class of men. It now occurs to me to write something about the fireman, who stands by the side of the engineer, in a measure sharing his danger and responsibility. The latter is, of course, his chief, but he looks to the former as his immediate assistant at all times, but especially at any moment of special anxiety or peril. The fireman naturally expects, with good conduct and fidelity to duty, and careful study of all the machinery and tricks of the iron horse, at some future time to take the place of the engineer—to ascend from the lower step to the foot-board, and to exchange his shovel for the throttle-lever. I do not intend in this paper to wander away at all from my matured convictions or any proper theory of education or training—especially self-training; and it is not my wish to flatter the fireman for the purpose of pleasing him or the great class constituting a society or Brotherhood of which he is a unit. The young man who early in life selects his profession, or the industry to which he wishes to apply himself, and to which he honestly believes that he is best adapted, and who proceeds to train himself accordingly, is always his own best teacher. Such a boy always keeps on good terms with himself, and a boy who maintains this relation is always bound to succeed in life. In the above sentences I have simply aimed to point out a principle which has always been a favorite one with the writer. It is my purpose now, in the way of digression, but possibly in that also of some information and instruction to the readers of your journal, to sketch my idea more fully. It is as follows, and if you think that what I write is at random, and a mere digression, you must pardon me on account of my sin-

cerity: No young man should, if he can avoid it, turn over his study, his time or his labor to any industry or profession for which he feels no aptitude in himself. Far less should any parent, guardian or master compel him to do so. To this general rule there are of course exceptions—the result of personal or family exigencies, or of impaired health. Then the young man is not, can not be his own master, but like a disabled vessel at sea, must drift with the tide, the winds, and sometimes be wrecked upon the breakers. I am, however, dealing with general rules, and not with individual cases, and with men of honest purposes more than average energy and a worthy ambition. Such men take advantage of their opportunities, often making them themselves. By way of illustration, take the boy life of George Stephenson, who may be truly said to be the author of the locomotive system of the world. He was but a poor boy, with hardly any books to read. His father's workshop was his only school house, and he was his only teacher. He grasped in his youthful mind, from watching the conditions and power of steam, and getting what threads of information he could from keen examination, and intercourse with other workmen, he made up his mind that steam could work a locomotive as well as a stationary engine. Then he developed his idea, and the whole world has accepted it. Now, suppose that his parents, acting unwisely, had forced him to be a priest, what pulpit would he have filled? a farmer, what crop would he have raised? or a sailor, at what port would the noble boy have landed? I might refer to hundreds of similar instances, but your readers will see my point, and accept or reject it, according to their own self-thought or self-experience. The great man to whom I have alluded was his own inventor, his own mechanic, his own fireman, and ran his own engine. Hence I would advise every member of your order, as he gets a leisure hour or a Sunday's rest, to read his life and those of other men like him. Every page will interest, and therefore instruct them, developing in them that love of reading which is always both restful and useful. Every fireman will feel the influence of it in his own character, at his own fireside, and in the education and development of his children. Such a habit will lead him, and through him his fellow-laborers, away from and not into temptation. "Knowledge is power," and that power will strengthen and enrich it-

self in a machine shop, upon a locomotive, or in a work shop, just as truly as in the pulpit, at the bar, within the halls of legislation, or upon a throne. The principle is the same, but the results will of course vary with the natural capacities and opportunities of men. I propose to apply my theory, within the necessary limits of a paper for publication, directly to the firemen, of whom there are certainly not less than twenty thousand in this country alone. But just before doing so, I will write a few words about what I understand to be the nature and purposes of your organization, and if correctly informed, in warm commendation of it. It has been thought, in many quarters, to excite a prejudice against such associations of men engaged in a common industry, for purposes of mutual insurance, intercourse and protection. Now, the real idea lying at the bottom, the foundation, of such organizations, is one of *charity, kindness*, and that confidence which finds its germ in the two thus employed. They are not only entitled to respect, but the support of any well-managed or constituted corporation. If, however, used to kindle strife between employers and employees, or to assert unwarranted rights and disturb the public tranquility, they will not meet with favor. Of course capital is often, if not more apt to exercise its supposed power and actual conceit, than labor to put itself upon the defensive. In a long experience I have never found a generous and intelligent manager or board of managers, who regarded their employees as friends, and paid them a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, with unhappy issues growing up between them. Labor is always entitled to its own reward, and every man under the law has the right to be his own judge, and may resign his place at any time, provided he does not by illegal methods break his own contract. Now, if the affairs of your order are managed, as I believe them to be, for purposes similar to those announced and enforced by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, it will prove not only a security and benefit to its members and their families, but a constant protection to the lives and property of persons in front of whom and in the face of danger stand the engineer and the fireman, the former watching for perils ahead, and holding in his charge and under his control the terrific power of steam, while the latter feeds the flame, watching the eye and movements of the chief.

Now, there can be no doubt about the fact that a very large fraction of the best locomotive engineers came from the ranks of the firemen, and the constant intercourse between them, often in hours of danger and perplexity, have served to develop a rare degree of confidence between the two classes of men. When on duty they are of necessity mutually dependent, and that condition, by a law of nature as well as humanity, most often results in similar methods of life. Hence, it is fair, if not necessary, to suppose that the two Brotherhoods, in their system of organization and their purposes of charity and improvement, would not and could not be essentially unlike. They have a perfect legal and moral right to form and regulate them in their own way, and not under the harsh dictation of unreasonable capital. Just here, but incidentally, I wish to add that since writing the above, and while on my way to the city, I casually went into the round house of an important trunk line. I met there two engineers, one of whom had served under me for fourteen years as fireman, engineer, and later as conductor, and has since been deservedly promoted to the charge of that round house and the shop adjoining. The second is still running his engine, and is the honored head of one Division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Into the yard, under the control of the first, must come daily at least from thirty to fifty locomotive engines, each of course under a separate driver. I engaged them in conversation. Their replies to my questions abundantly confirmed my general convictions as before expressed. Their replies were all in effect in support of the truth that the best and safest engine driver starts out as a fireman; and they gave what I regarded as unanswerable reasons for their conclusions. Among them were the following: First, the fireman comes, by careful study and watchfulness, to understand the whole delicate mechanism of the engine, and how not to trifle with it; second, he naturally becomes, by constant exercise, familiar with its ever-tremulous motion, just as a sailor becomes to that of a ship, thus giving him confidence and self-possession; third, he gradually learns how and under what pressure of steam to start the engine, then how to graduate it according to grades and curves, and how to gradually reduce it when approaching a bridge, a crossing or a station; fourth, he is constantly stimulated, if a good man, by the hope and reward of promotion; fifth, he

learns constantly what the mechanic in the shop does not learn, or at least imperfectly learns—self-control in the moment of danger, and what might be properly termed greater physical flexibility and steadiness of will, and perfect obedience to instant authority, whether given by a glance of the eye or a wave of the hand of his chief on the foot-board. I put another question to the gentlemen: "What, according to your best judgment, should be the average time that a competent fireman should serve as such before being entrusted with the duty and responsibilities of an engineer?" After some hesitation and thought, both of the gentlemen replied: "We think not less than four years." They added, however, that as the fireman acquired experience and knowledge, it was the custom of all kindly disposed engineers, at proper times, and upon a safe line, or tangent, to place the lever in the hands of his fireman, watch him, and thus become his best preceptor and teacher. Thus the boy fireman learns more rapidly and more certainly about the trust sooner or later to be assigned to him than he could in any machine shop, at any lathe, by any planer or by any press. This is perfectly true from any standpoint of logic or the average working of the minds of young men. My letter is, however, too long, and your readers will tire of it. I would like to continue it, and may hereafter do so, making some suggestions to the class I am writing to. Some would relate to proper methods of life when off duty, to appropriate studies, and that self-training amounting often to great self-sacrifice, which, nevertheless, is more apt to result in ever-increasing self-respect, an ever-pleasant home, and finally, an honored grave.

RIVERSIDE, O., Jan. 31, 1883.

EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land, or healthful store.

SOUL-ENDEAVOR.

F. T. Pomeroy.

There are blessings weightier than ore;
Pleasures brighter than the costly gem;
Joys like pearls which stud a diadem;
Hopes which thrill the heart forever more,
These are won by the soul-endeavor;
Treasures these which perish never.

EMPTY.

Sarah J. Hale.

The sun of Fame, 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er feels its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim
Are like beams of a wintry day.

Special Correspondence

Written for *Firemen's Magazine*:

A Long Tramp by Night.

DEDICATED TO S. M. STEVENS.

BY A. H. GREEN.

The other evening, after a rough trip on the road, I received a friendly visit from old Morpheus, who started me off on a long but pleasant journey. Starting off in a southwesterly direction, I did not stop until I reached the banks of the *Red River*, in the *Lone Star* state. Having crossed over, I continued on to the *Gulf City*. I was well pleased with the Texan Brothers I had fallen in with, but having a long tramp before me, I faced about and set off northeast, and soon came to *Rose City*, of Arkansas, and thence on to *Bluff City*, of Tennessee. Continuing on, I came to the *Falls City*, in the state of my adoption. Here I made the acquaintance of *J. W. Richardson*. On again to Columbus, Ohio, where I met the *Franklin* boys, who are watched with the *Hawkeyes* of *E. W. Arnold*. From here I went on to *Forest City*, and continuing along the waters of *Erie*, I found the boys of *Buffalo* alive to their interests. At *Rochester* I found our Brothers there are presided over by (A. Sharp) fellow. At *Oneonta* I saw the *Susquehanna* boys are not behind in good *Fellowship* with those of *Corning*.

After a short rest in the *Deer Park*, I ran over to *Carbondale*, Pa., to pay my compliments to *Vanbergen*. I then wandered down to *Jersey City* to see my *Adopted Daughter*, and was glad to find her doing well. The *Washington* boys I found in line on the *Potomac*. From *Jersey City* I hastened on down to *Camden*, where I met with a hearty *Welcome*, but being pushed for time, I retraced my steps northeast again, and arrived in little *Rhode Island*, and found the *Providence* boys *Hand in Hand* with each other. At the *Bay State* I found the *Boston* fellows were tickled up with (A. Spurr), and I hope they will ever be spurred on in the good work they have undertaken. On again, till I arrived at *Portland*, in *Maine*, where I found *A. E. Dennison* as captain of the *Great Eastern*, silently praying that he may *Pilot* the good ship safely past the rocks and shoals of the future, until he is safely at *Anchor* in the haven

above. I then hurried on north, taking the *Star of the East* as my *Guide*, and did not stop until I found myself at River du Loup, in the snowy regions of Canada East. Although the country there is covered with its mantle of ice and snow, I found the *Colonial* boys' hearts were as warm as those of their Brothers in the sunny South. Turning my steps now in a southwesterly direction, I advanced along the banks of Canada's mighty river, and in due time arrived at Montreal, where I found the *St. Lawrence* boys dared to *Challenge* the whole *Dominion* of Canada in the practical illustration of the virtues of *Charity* and *Benevolence*. Nor are the *Island City*, the *Beaver* and the *Avon* boys afraid to accept the challenge. Arriving at *St. Clair*, I crossed the *Border*, and again found myself on Uncle Sam's domain. On I trudged to Battle Creek, and found the *Calhoun* boys are men. Westward ho! I brought up again at *Chicago*, glad to meet our worthy Vice Master Brother Burns, and chatted with him on his *Triumphant* ride home from convention at Terre Haute. *Garden City* Brothers then came in for a share of my attention; but as time waits for no man, I struck off northwest to Madison, Wis. Here I received the warm greetings of *Ethno's* knights of the scoop, as well as those of the *Eau Claire* Brethren. I then set off for Baraboo, where I found the boys determined their good *Alpha* shall not meet with a bad *Omega*. I then pushed on into the great *Northwestern* territory, saw the *Minnehaha*—*Laughing Waters*—boys are a jolly set, received Brotherly greetings from *Pine City*, visited *Fort Ridgely*, and saw that the Sleepyeye fellows are wide awake to the business of our noble Brotherhood. I went on to Fergus Falls, where I thought of the dark days of the past and the many struggles and hard-fought battles for existence through which the noble B. of L. F. has safely passed on its road to good *Fortune* and *Success*. Remembering all this, it was very pleasing to witness the dawn of a *New Era*, brought about by the indomitable *Enterprise* and *Self Help* of the noble heroes who stood to their posts in the dark hours of distress. *Phoenix*-like, having risen from the ashes of her fiery ordeal, and been *United* by the three grand *Connecting Links* of *Benevolence*, *Sobriety* and *Industry*, she is now a perfect *Hercules* in her strength. Having witnessed the dawn of a *New Era*, let us *Advance* with *Confidence* to the *Summit* of our *New Hope*. *Progress* being the order of the day, with *Excelsior* for our

motto, let us march on and gain the *Good Will* of all, and stop not until we are established in every *R. R. Centre* in the land. Suddenly arousing myself from this pleasant reverie, and remembering that I had yet a long journey before me, I again hurried on until I came to Austin, where I first saw the *Comet*. Onward again, I passed through Minnesota over into the Dominion of Canada again, and felt the stinging blizzards of Manitoba; but heeding them not, I tramped on to Winnipeg, with the *Northern Light* in view. Here, in the land of frozen snows and piercing blizzards, I again found warm hearts and willing hands in the good cause. From there I again set off for the land of the Stars and Stripes. Striking southwest, I entered Dakota, but having to *Fargo* many pleasures that were there awaiting me, I continued *Onward*, with my course due west, until I crossed the Rockies, and shortly I arrived at Glendive, Montana, where I found the boys had made a *Landmark* for themselves. Wishing them every success, I crossed over into Idaho, and at Eagle Rock I found *Clark-Kimball*, solid as Eagle Rock itself. Now, striking south, I entered the *Silver State*, and received a warm welcome from *Truckee*. Turning west once more, I crossed the Sierra Nevada, and struck the *Sacramento*. Going on to San Francisco, and wishing for awhile to change my mode of travel, I boarded the good ship *Golden Gate*, with G. Rising as captain, and sailed down the Pacific Coast to the *Orange Grove* of Los Angeles. Having disembarked, I found the Grove under the excellent management of Brother C. Elton. Away again, I came to National City, and found the *San Diego* boys under the leadership of Brother J. A. McNeil, but I hope their Secretary does not try to (Dodge) away from his duties, and I trust their Financier is not (A Gamble'r). From National City I turned eastward to the *Cactus* deserts of Arizona, and at Tucson I was glad to meet Brother Sargent, and was none the less pleased to learn that his donkey team carried him safe home from our late convention in Terre Haute. Continuing east, I arrived at Chama, and fell in with the *Pioneer* of New Mexico. Being satisfied that other Pioneers are about to settle in this part of the country, I departed, and struck out for the northwest corner of the territory, and entered the land of the Mormons. Pretty soon I was among the Terrace boys, and was gratified to find them full of *Perseverance*. From Terrace I pushed on north to Wyoming, guided by the

Morning Star to the *Magic City* of Cheyenne. I hurried on to the *Black Hills*. Here I found the Brothers in dread of their Financier, for he is a regular (Chopper) kind of a fellow, who will as soon Chop one off as another if the dues and assessments are not paid up; he makes no distinctions in this matter. Striking south again, following the head waters of the North Platte river, winding along at the foot of the Rockies, I arrived in Denver, Colorado. Here I found Tim Fagan amusing the *Rocky Mountain* boys with the account of his adventures with the red skins. After listening awhile to his wit and humor, and partaking of the warm hospitality tendered me by Tim and his Brothers of the scoop, I went on a few miles further south to South Pueblo and explored the *Royal Gorge*, which I found to be cut out of solid rocks. I then again turned northward. Bearing a little east, I crossed the South Platte. Following its course, I soon fell in with the jolly fellows of *Elkhorn*. Off again, due east, I took the *Overland* route to Omaha. After a little rest, a short tramp brought me to the banks

"Where the mighty Missouri
Rolls down to the sea."

Following its course seaward, I arrived at Atchison, Kansas. Leaving the Missouri to the east at this point, I pushed on to *Emporia*, where the boys ought to be (Rich) with brotherly counsel and advice from their Master. Starting off again, I arrived at Parsons, in the southeast corner of the state, where I found something peculiar about the *Great Western* boys, for they have a (Long) Secretary, and they require to be polished by (Emery). From here I continued on, due south, down through the Indian Territory, and paid a second visit to Texas, and at Fort Worth I found the boys believe in the *Trinity*, at which there is no cause for surprise. Leaving Fort Worth, I started off east again, and coming to the southwest corner of Arkansas, right on the border of the two states is Texarkana, with the *Inter-State* boys. I crossed the dividing line, and again entered Arkansas, and found the *Rose City* still *Blooming* with

"The work of honest toil;

And may it never fade;

But be rooted deeper to the soil,

And bloom unharmed by pick or spade."

Crossing the Arkansas river, I continued north again, and entered the state of Missouri. At North Springfield the *Frisco* boys appear to be doing well. *Kansas City* and *St. Joseph*, the *Pride of the West*,

have arrayed themselves with the *Stansberry* and *Trenton* boys, under the wings of the *Golden Eagle*, and are proudly marching on under the folds of the *Banner of Prosperity*, and may *Peace* forever be within their ranks; and while the *West End* contingent is not behind-hand in the grand mission of Benevolence, may they never be (Short) of a captain to lead them on to *Industrial* habits. Traveling on still further north, I struck the prairies of Iowa. The *Sioux* being at peace, I entered the *Gate City*, and finding *Stuart*, *Cedar Valley* and *Clinton*, were O K, I visited *Cerro Gordo*; and then off to *Dubuque*, and found the *Key City* safe. I then crossed the Father of Waters—the Mississippi—and then back again to Illinois, the state which can boast of the greatest number of Lodges in our noble Order. The *Twin City* fellows are determined not to be outdone by *W. F. Hynes*, *J. M. Raymond*, *J. M. Dodge* and *H. B. Stone*, who have proved to be *Central Beacon* lights. The *Amboy* fellows are happy to follow suit, while those of *Springfield* stand watch with jealous eyes on their own *Capital*. Being satisfied with the show made by Illinois, I departed eastward to pay attention to the Hoosier State. *Tipppecanoe* I found directed by a (Brewer), but I am told he and his fellows are a sober lot, which any one can see, for "Have they not Sobriety as a watchword?" Echo answers yes. I then ran down to Indianapolis, and, *Eureka!*—I have found it contains a set of real live fellows, with *Jumbo Zepp* as quill-driver. At *Vincennes* I found (Crippsy, Old Boy) at his *Old Post* as Financier. The *Vigo* boys are a *Vigo*-rous lot, but they have to toe the mark, for they have a live old (Fox) for Master, and a (Smith) for Financier, who "goes for them hammer and tongs" if they do not pay right down on the anvil. *E. V. Debs* is not in the background, either. I saw him up to his eyes in work. I was glad to meet Brother *Ebbage* again, as well as all the *Vigo* boys whom I was fortunate enough to find in off the road. Those that were away on the road I was sorry that I could not see. So bidding adieu to *Terre Haute*, I again started off back to Ohio, and found the *Old Guard* on duty at *Bucyrus*,

The widows and orphans to protect
From want and grim starvation.

To such noble deeds a monument erect,
And show our approbation.

At *Galion* I found the boys were determined to *Eclipse* those of *Alexia*, but I believe the latter are alive to their interests.

My tramp being now nearly ended, I rested a little while previous to starting for home. While enjoying my rest, I ruminated on my long journey. I thought of the many acts of kindness and numerous courtesies which I had received from my brothers along my route. I thought of the long list of pleasing incidents that I had witnessed. I was more than pleased when I thought of the standing of our noble Brotherhood, of its aim and object to provide for the widows and orphans of those among us whom it is God's will to call away while in performance of our duties on the rail, or it may be from a natural death in our peaceful homes, surrounded by those nearest and dearest to us. I thought of all that is covered by the word "Brotherhood." The influence it has upon those who are within its pale is not all, for those without are influenced—more or less—for the better by those within. In remembering this, let us not forget each one his part in the noble Brotherhood. Man is not perfect in all things—neither can a Brotherhood of men be perfection. Man's individuality will not allow this. At the same time, let us remember that our ultima Thule as a Brotherhood is a long way off—there is a vast amount of room for improvement. Good as our Brotherhood is, it can be better; not that it can have better aims in view, but it can be made better by our actions and bearing toward each other. When we meet in Honor's court to conduct our affairs, I am afraid some of us are apt to be a little harsh and a little overbearing to others who do not coincide with our views of the point at issue. This should not be. Too much grit or sand on the rail will make the train of argument pull heavily, and is apt to jar the nerves of sensitive passengers aboard. A little sand is required now and again, but do not drop too much of it. Scotland's great poet, Burns, said:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Not that inhumanity—in the sense in which Burns used it—can exist in our Brotherhood, but harsh words and sarcastic expressions toward those who differ in opinion from ourselves is calculated to create a bitterness where sweetness only should exist. If we find one who differs from ourselves, let us again remember Burns when he said:

"A man's a man, for a' that,"

and he is entitled to our respect and esteem as a Brother, and has as equal right to politeness and the common courtesies

of speech from us as the one who differs not with us.

As these thoughts were flitting through my mind, I imagined something were banging away at my ribs, and felt an awful shaking and jarring sensation, as though I were off the track. Thump! thump! thump! "Oh, my ribs!" How sore they felt, to be sure. Shake! shake! shake! and oh! how I wished I were safely and snugly in bed. Proceeding to investigate the cause of the racket, I heard some one call, "Harry, Harry, get up; the call man has been after you to go out on Branch 15." "Oh, Moses! Branch 15? Botheration to it." Well, upon looking around me, I soon took in the situation, for I found myself about half out of bed, while my better-half stood over me with one hand entangled in my—well, my shirt collar, while her other hand was just about advancing in a threatening manner to the neighborhood of my left side. Remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, I surrendered at once, glad to find myself still with my own little *Adair*, down here in Old Kain Truck.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., Feb. 1st, 1883.

TRIBUTE TO A DEAD BROTHER.

W. E. WALSH.

For Firemen's Magazine.

[Respectfully dedicated to the memory of the late Bro. F. H. Cook, of Border Lodge No. 32, who was killed on his engine Sept. 14, 1882.]

Art thou dwelling in the regions,
Where the holy spirits are,
Mid those bright angelic legions,
There to shine, a brilliant star?
When grim death was hovering o'er thee,
With his cold, relentless hand,
Rose in glorious light before thee,
Visions of the better land.

Did thy spirit as 'twas fleeting,
From the scenes of care and pain;
With immortal transport beating,
Seek those blissful realms to gain?
Or to heart so warm and truthful,
Seemed it hard to pass away,
While fair hopes, in all their youthful
Freshness, crowned life's early day.

Where the golden sunlight varies,
With chameleon hue and shade
O'er the rolling Western Prairie,
There our brother's grave is made.
While a windy wavy billow
Undulates the silent plain,
There he sleeps upon his pillow
Ne'er to wake on earth again.

But when earth's eventful story,
To its final close has sped,
And the shining Prince of glory,
Comes to judge the countless dead—
Then the sleeper shall awaken
At the calling of his Lord;
To his bosom shall be taken,
And receive his just reward.

ARMSTRONG, KAN., Dec. 2, 1882.



Evils of Delinquency.

CHICAGO, ILL. Jan. 19, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We are entering upon another year in which our prospects are bright. Our membership is increasing rapidly and our whole Order is prosperous. A thought has just occurred to me, "Will the black list continue to be published this year with as many names as the last?"

Brothers, I hope not. I implore you to put forth your efforts to eradicate this eyesore from our Magazine. You remember, when admitted to the hallow precinct of our Order, the solemn and binding obligation you took to preserve inviolate the principles of our Order. Have you forgotten this sacred pledge? You know that if you fail to pay your dues and assessments, so far as you are concerned, the G. S. & T. cannot meet the demands made upon him. What is the result? Somebody suffers. Who? The widows and orphans of those you have sworn to protect. Is there any part of your manhood left? If so, go at once and retrieve your good name—pay up and save your honor. You may be the next to fall by the wayside and you will not have it said that your dependent ones were left to suffer the result of your negligence and dishonesty.

Fraternally yours,

TRIUMPHANT.

Incidents of Travel in Texas.

EL PASO, TEXAS, Dec. 22, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Since I wrote you from Lampasas I have traveled over a great expanse of territory—took stage from Lampasas to Austin, the capital of the great Lone Star State, a pretty city that is better seen than described. It is built on the side of a rugged hill, with the Colorado river meandering in the valley below. They have the deaf and dumb and blind and insane asylums for the whole State here. Leaving for San Antonio, we take the I. & G. N. R.R. through a beautiful country, well settled by thrifty German farmers; occasionally we meet a stock ranch with all grades—from the Texas steer to the thorough-bred shorthorn, from the New England, Merino sheep to the coarse Mexican. Even in Winter the grass is very

nutritious, and the stock seldom needs to be fed.

San Antonio, an old Spanish town, with its narrow streets and narrow sidewalks, two wagons can hardly pass in the streets, and persons must walk in Indian file on the walks; here we see the old missions, built 300 years ago, by the Spanish priests and monks; they were once strongholds, roofed with stone, but now crumbled to the earth by age and decay. Here will be seen pretty little vegetable gardens, but the soil is so dry they have to irrigate it. Mexicans very numerous. We return from here to Ft. Worth to take Horace Greely's advice and go west, by way of El Paso. The train leaves the fort on the T. & P. R.R. at 11 p. m. We cannot describe the country we traveled through at night, but we are up with the first streaks of dawn, and make a hasty toilet, that we may not miss seeing this beautiful country. We are on the staked plains—our first question is, what do we see, land or water; "land" prairie, level as glass as far as the eye can reach. The conductor comes to show us a black speck miles away. This speck is a herd of buffalo; if we could only get a shot at them, that we could say on our return to the East, that we were on a buffalo hunt. What are these beautiful animals, gallowing close by? Those are antelope—"look!" shouts the conductor—crack goes his revolver—see those little mounds? this is prairie-dog village. Those little animals have their houses burrowed under mounds—one is always on top of the highest mound—a sentinel, guarding the village; at the slightest sign of danger he gives warning by barking. The little fellows scampered off to their dens when the first shot was fired. No sign of human habitation on these plains for a distance of 200 miles. The illustrious "Tim Fagan" should be out here, hunting Indians and scalping buffaloes.

Toyah—change engines—and we are pleasantly surprised to meet an old acquaintance in the person of engineer Harry Keler, a member of your order and also of the B. of L. E. We have the following conversation: "Harry, have you joined the Engineers Brotherhood yet?" "Yes!" "Do you still retain your membership in the Firemen's?" "Certainly, why not?" "You are now an Engineer, why not let the Firemen work their own way?" "I would not consider that manhood; when I joined the Firemen's Order the Engineers would not have me in theirs, now that I belong

to the Engineers Order I can do the better service. What they want is encouragement, and we engineers are the men that can encourage them by retaining our membership and showing them that we have an affinity of interests, "shake." "Harry, I did not look at it in that way; that is truly manhood." Here we are, at El Paso, a city and surrounding country that is equal to Italy in beauty. It would take the quill of Homer, instead of the feeble efforts of mine to give a description of it. There are three ranges of beautiful mountains, first the Organ Mountains, second the Hueco, and third the Guadalupe, all of which are extending north through New Mexico and uniting with the Rockies. There are also numerous salt lakes in this region. El Paso is on the dividing line between Texas and New Mexico, and directly opposite is the city of Paso-Del-Norte, in the State of Chihuahua N. M.

I leave here for California and Old Mexico and will write you again from Laredo.

C. A. M.

Arizona Jottings.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Feb. 2, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

If you will allow me the space, I will give you a few items for the Magazine.

Our Grand Instructor, S. M. Stevens, was with us a few days ago, on his way to Tulare, at which point he organized a new Lodge he stopped with us one day. We all have the highest opinion of Bro. Stevens, and are all his earnest supporters. We are gaining ground all the time and our Lodge is being enlarged with the best of men. On the 7th of the month our ball takes place. It is an event to which we are looking forward with joy. The days pass slowly in anticipation of this event and when we think of the good supper that is in store for us, the weeks seem months. Our noble F. P. S. says he is going to lay off and go, if the road stops. Engineer Halliday says he will lose a week or go. There is a rumor saying that S. M. Stevens will be there.

Look out! here comes Simpson, and he's mad for the 44 was spitting hemp and water just now. Oh! I see, he wants some hemp to pack her with. The Kid says the tank is too full.

Bro. Frank Smith is getting along nicely, after a spell of sickness, and will be out in a few days.

Hoping to hear from some of 94's boys soon, I am

Truly the

BAD BOY.



GEO. WARD, of No. 138, was recently married.

TIM CURRAN, of Peoria, is one of our most reliable Financiers.

PATRICK HAYES, Magazine Agent of No. 138, has been promoted.

JOHN DOON, of No. 98, went to Vermont and returned with Mrs. Doon.

THEO. S. HUNTLEY, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, is running an engine now.

MICHAEL GRIFFIN, of No. 44, has crossed the deck and now holds the throttle.

W. T. POST, of No. 34, has recovered from recent injuries and is on duty again.

FRANK TURRILL, of 86, was recently married to an estimable young lady from Canada.

T. MCPHEE, of No. 47, residing in Winnepeg, is the newly made father of a 12 pound son.

WILLIAM SWINBANK, of No. 127, was married recently to a very elegant lady of Winnepeg.

We are glad to see Thompson Kelly, of No. 115, after a severe illness, at his post of duty again.

MARTIN MONROE, of No. 59, has been very ill at Clinton, Iowa. He is now convalescing.

C. S. LARISON is one of the ambitious and energetic workers of Pine City Lodge, at Brainard, Minn.

A. McDONALD, of No. 81, has taken his passenger run again on the St. Paul division of the N. P. R.R.

ANOTHER boy made happy. Bro. Wm. Knaus has got a Wellsville run. Alright, Billy, we know all about it.

H. W. FOMES, of No. 80, recently appeared upon the streets of Aurora, with a cane—cause, rheumatism.

FRANK NEBERGALL, who so ably represented No. 54 at the last Convention, is now running a switch engine.

We are again called upon to chronicle the capers of cupid. Bro. L. H. Smith, of No. 81, being the happy victim.

THE Magazine Agent of Overland Lodge No. 123, is distinguishing himself by the way he has entered into the canvass. He is being heard from favorably and substantially. Let others follow his example.

BILLY KING, of Alexia Lodge, should be styled "Old Reliable" for he's always there and ready when he's wanted.

J. STEINHOFF, of No. 115, is doing well since the left side of engine 19 could not hold him. "Keep to the right and go ahead."

J. Bender's policy will hereafter be taken care of by his wife. This step on his part will no doubt have its good results. Bro. Bender is a member of No. 38.

WE Challenge any Lodge in the Brotherhood to make a better monthly return than No. 66; every man being perfectly square on the books of the Grand Lodge.

WM. A. BURKE has received a hard earned but well deserved promotion to the right side. He is running on the main line of the U. P. So we tally one for No. 123.

ARCHY CLARK, of No. 77, after vainly trying to disconnect a Mason engine, has gone East to consult Mulvihill, of No. 74, as to the quickest method of getting trees off the track.

THE members of No. 44 appreciated the encouraging remarks of Bro. S. Hertline, of No. 122, at a recent meeting of their Lodge. Bro. H. is a welcome visitor at East St. Louis.

HAWKEYE Lodge No. 27 has upwards of seventy members, more than half of which have been admitted during the past year. Among them are forty able-bodied engineers.

OF those of No. 124 who have just been promoted, are Bro. E. G. Fox, Financier, and Mike Maloy, Magazine Agent. May they both serve long and well in the capacity of engineers.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS says, that with the exception of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, Hawkeye No. 27 has the most elegant meeting place of any Lodge in the United States or Canadas.

BROS. Homer Wright, Thos. Burns and Miles Ray, of No. 101, have taken unto their respective selves, partners for life, and rumor has it that Bro. J. W. Nipple is about to follow suit.

OUR Instructor says that Bro. Wm. T. Fields, Master of No. 128 is one of the most enthusiastic workers he has ever met. With such a man at the helm we may expect good returns from Glendive.

THE following members of No. 83 have been promoted: James Robertson, W. Wright, R. W. Sadler, Harvey King, Thomas Triney, H. D. Bell, J. McCarty, P. Galbraith, John Smith and C. Eastman.

THE presence of a new daughter in the household, each of A. Ditto and H. Gass, of No. 80, is a source of pleasure to the newly made fathers.

THE letters of Zeb Moore, are very brief since "Waddy" has got big enough to reach the ink-well. This is not intended as a "pointer" to Mulvihill.

OUR esteemed friend and brother, Daniel E. Barry, of No. 12, sits royally upon the right hand side. His promotion will be noted with great pleasure by his many friends in the Order.

B. McDONALD, a prominent member of No. 83, has had the honor of promotion conferred upon him and is now in charge of a switch engine at Big Springs, Texas. Harry Keler, for whom he fired a long time, says that Bro. McDonald is one of the most deserving members of the Order.

EDWARD HARLOW, a staunch member of Cactus Lodge No. 94, is now running on the Tucson division of the S. P. R.R. We learn, with pleasure, that he recently took another step in the right direction, by getting married. He has our best wishes, coupled with those of No. 94, for his future happiness.

M. J. BLACK is the Magazine Agent of the new Lodge at Sprague, Washington Ty. He is a live and enterprising fellow and just the man for his position. His first order would open the eyes of many of our older agents. With only limited opportunities, he is giving the Magazine a circulation that is wonderful to contemplate. All honor to Bro. Black.

WE are indebted to Thomas J. Allen for a fine Lodge recently organized at Sprague, Washington Ty. Bro. Allen, although far from his Lodge, (the Morning Star) did not forget the Brotherhood. He at once sowed the seed of the good cause and can now boast of as good a Lodge as there is anywhere. We congratulate Bro. Allen upon his noble work and hope that it may stand as a monument to his loyal enterprise for all time.

MISS MAGGIE McKEEVER, sister of John McKeever, of No. 29, was awarded the unique prize offered at the recent ball of that Lodge, for the most graceful dancer. The prize consisted of a stick of candy three feet in length and four inches in diameter and weighed 25 pounds. A committee of three was appointed (all the boys wanted to serve) to convey the prize to the home of the fortunate winner. We suggest that it be saved until next year to trim Guy Eugene Tucker's Christmas tree with.

Miscellaneous.

A Presentation.

The worthy Master of Chicago Lodge No. 95, James Leahy, was most agreeably surprised at being made the recipient of a very costly and beautiful Onyx ring and a magnificent combination pen and pencil holder, of solid gold, by some of the members of his Lodge, as a New Year's gift, at their regular meeting on New Year's Eve. They were gallantly presented by Bro. John Hayes, and duly responded to by Bro. Leahy. In making the presentation, Bro. Hayes spoke as follows:

"In behalf of Chicago Lodge No. 95, I am appointed to do the pleasant duty of presenting these gifts to Bro. Leahy, our worthy Master—a man whom we all admire and esteem. He has twice been chosen to preside over us and has always proven himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. He has done the duties of his office with dignity and impartiality—he has been faithful to every trust, and by his manly bearing and unimpeachable conduct he has won a warm place in the heart of every member of his Lodge. It is this feeling that prompted them to pay this tribute, slight as it may be, to his many noble traits of character. And, now, I have the honor to present you with this testimonial of the esteem in which you are held by your fellow-members, and, in doing so, I hope it may be acceptable to you, and that when old age marks you with his withering hand you may look back with pride and satisfaction upon this scene and remember that it was brought about by your own straightforward, manly course in dealing with your fellow-men. In conclusion, I wish you a most happy and prosperous New Year and many of them."

Bro. Leahy responded to the words of Bro. Hayes as follows:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS: I do not know in what manner to express myself to convey to you my deep and heartfelt gratitude for these beautiful gifts. Certainly, I can say nothing that will express the depth of my appreciation of your kindness. Since occupying the chair of Master, I have endeavored, in my feeble way, to do my duty, and if this manifestation is evidence of your approval of my work, I am thrice gratified. In time to

come I will look back upon this occasion as one of the brightest and happiest of all my life and with the thought will come a whole train of pleasant recollections, among which will vividly appear these beautiful gifts and the faces of all the generous donors. I thank you again and again for your kindness and generosity and assure that it will be forgotten only in the shadow of the tomb.

New Year Lodge, No. 135, returns many thanks to Bros. Sargent, Sparr, Dietz, Kingsley and Brown, of No. 94, also to Bro. Draper, of No. 19, for their services rendered in organizing them. Their hope is that the new Lodge may prove a credit to themselves and the Order.

THE members of St. Clair Lodge, No. 116, hereby return thanks to the ladies who assisted in decorating the hall and serving the refreshments at their ball, which took place on the 28th; also to Dr. Menzre for the use of his room for a cloak room.

WILL J. Cox, assisted by other members of No. 59 organized Mount Ouray Lodge, No. 140, at Salida, Col., on the 22d of January. As the new Lodge is composed almost entirely of Royal Gorge material it is certain to rank with the foremost in the Order.

Ralph Fetterly.

Ralph Fetterly, an expelled member of Cactus Lodge No. 94, is warned not to palm himself off as a Brotherhood man again, nor to continue his slanders against the officers of that Lodge. Should he not heed these words we will show him up in life size.

The Crown Prince.

We are called upon to introduce to our readers E. W. O'Neill, formerly a member of Phoenix Lodge No. 23, as the Crown Prince of Rogues. He defrauded his Lodge of every dollar committed to his keeping; as Magazine Agent he kept every dollar he collected, and as an individual he never was known to pay an honest debt. O'Neill is a man capable of defrauding a poor landlady or wash-woman without a sting of conscience. We brand him with the infamy of his own career—let him wear it to his heart's content.

Firemen's Department.

WE take the following account of the marriage of Brother Ed. DeCourcy, of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, from the Decatur Herald: "Married—By Rev. Father Maurer, of St. Patrick's Church, on Tuesday evening, at 4 o'clock, Mr. Ed. DeCourcy and Miss Hallie Fleener, both of this city.

The attendants were Jas. Cochran and Miss Maggie DeCourcy, sister of the bridegroom. Quite a large number of friends witnessed the ceremony. Last night a grand reception was given in their honor at the residence of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. DeCourcy, on Calhoun street. Many guests greeted them there. A wedding supper was spread, and the evening was pleasantly spent by the large company. The groom is a popular young Wabash engineer of engine No. 471, the bride an estimable young lady.

Mr. and Mrs. DeCourcy were the recipients of some very valuable presents."

AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON, MASS.

The sixth annual ball of Boston Lodge No. 57, B. of L. F., held at Odd Fellows' Hall, January 11, 1883, was a grand affair; about 175 couples graced the hall and kept time to the excellent music of the Salem Cadet Band. The programme of thirty-six dances kept the young people busy until a late hour. A special train from Salem brought quite a delegation of boys and girls, who assisted in the pleasures. The floor was in charge of Bro. Edwards, ably assisted by Bro. Musgrave and others. The menu, by Caterer Tufts, was of the best, needing no further comment. Among the visitors we note Bros. Maxwell, of No. 3; Roach, of No. 73; Greene, of No. 2, and E. Tortellot, M. M., and H. Davis, Assistant M. M., of F. R. E. Bro. A. J. Reagan, of No. 4, and sister were also in attendance. All the participants in this brilliant affair determined to have another good time by coming again next season.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The union ball given by the Engineers and Firemen at Battle Creek was a great success, as will be seen by the following report: "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of Division No. 33 and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Lodge No. 84, of this city, united last night in their first annual ball and banquet. The affair was one of the successes of the season, and reflects credit upon those who had its arrangements in charge. The familiar 'head-light' hung in front of the hall, designated to the visiting members, the place where the dancing was going on. The coat room was appropriately labeled 'Baggage Room,' and those having coats, hats, or overshoes to leave, were informed that baggage was checked in that room. The hall was very appropriately decorated with red and white lanterns, van and switch lights, flags, pictures and evergreens. Emblematic pictures of the different orders, pictures of locomotives and other things familiar to the craft were distributed about the hall. The music, by Humphrey & Evans' band, 100 couples participated in the dance,

quite a number being visiting members of other divisions. The supper was served in the dining room of the Lewis House, and was gotten up with 'Jim's' usual care. It was pronounced a success by the 60 couple who sat down to well loaded tables. Dancing was continued until the early morning hours. The Brotherhoods may congratulate themselves upon the success of their first dance and their many friends will hope for many repetitions of the affair."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The following account of the recent ball of Northwestern Lodge, No. 82, is taken from a Minneapolis paper:

"The second annual ball of the Northwestern Lodge, No. 82, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was given at Turner Hall, last Tuesday evening, and no one who attended will fail to attest a universally good time. The boys decorated the hall nicely for the occasion, several locomotive headlights and numerous railroad lanterns of various colors figuring prominently. Several beautifully wrought mottoes of significance in the order were gracefully hung upon the walls. Cafarella's Italian Band furnished the music and the boys, who are accustomed to all night duty of a less agreeable nature, threw themselves wholly into the enjoyment of the occasion, dancing through a programme of 21 numbers which lasted till nearly 4 A. M. It was really an enjoyable occasion, and a social and financial success, creditable to the young gentlemen who 'engineered and fired' it through. The committee of arrangements consisted of Messrs. D. W. Sharrah, T. F. Mea and Fred Harvey. The floor was managed by Messrs. A. W. Dean, D. W. Travis, George Clark, Fred Morse, H. P. Stone and Nelson Dunn. One hundred and fifty couples were present and many more would have been there on time if their trains had not been snowed in. Among the attendants were a large number from St. Paul and numerous other cities."

LETTERS OF THANKS.

QUEEN CITY, MO., Dec. 25, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: Words fail to express my gratitude to the Lodge for the draft of \$1,000, which I received in due time. I also wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the members of Great Western Lodge for their attention and kindness to me in my time of trouble. My prayer shall ever be for the prosperity of your institution that has cheered so many sorrowing hearts by kind words and financial aid. I remain very gratefully yours,

FLORENCE E. WALKER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 18, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from F. Dupell, Financier of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, a draft for the sum of \$1,000 due me on the policy held by my deceased husband, Thos. D. Young.

Allow me to tender you my most sincere thanks. Also to Lodge No. 75 for their many acts of kindness during my husband's sickness and on the day of his funeral. Permit me to express the hope that prosperity may attend the Brotherhood and may it long continue a blessing to the members and their families.

Most respectfully,

MRS. R. A. YOUNG.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 1, 1888.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending January 31, 1888:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 15 and 16.	Assess'ts 17 and 18.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 15 and 16.	Assess'ts 17 and 18.	Total.
1					66		38 00		38 00
2					67	\$3 00	63 00		66 00
3					68				
4					69		30 00		30 00
5					70	10 00	17 00		27 00
6	8 00	1 00		9 00	71	5 00	39 00		44 00
7					72		1 00	\$80 00	81 00
8	13 00	19 00	\$19 00	51 00	73		33 00		33 00
9	8 00			8 00	74		31 00		34 00
10	9 00	44 00		53 00	75	22 00	83 00		105 00
11					76	37 00	1 00	11 00	49 00
12	5 00	63 00		68 00	77	17 00	60 00		77 00
13		62 00		62 00	78		43 00		43 00
14		54 00		54 00	79		14 00		14 00
15	1 00	33 00		34 00	80				
16	1 00	99 00		100 00	81	5 00	13 00	16 00	34 00
17	10 00	33 00		43 00	82	6 00	30 00		36 00
18		33 00		33 00	83				
19	1 00		31 00	32 00	84	2 00	1 00		3 00
20		32 00		32 00	85				
21	8 00	50 00		58 00	86				
22		35 00		35 00	87	12 00	46 00		58 00
23		23 00		23 00	88				
24			35 00	35 00	89		47 00		95 00
25	5 00	30 00		35 00	90		15 00		15 00
26	3 00	40 00		43 00	91		33 00		33 00
27	6 00	63 00		69 00	92				
28	2 00	41 00		43 00	93		33 00	33 00	
29		3 00	39 00	42 00	94		46 00		46 00
30	1 00	25 00		26 00	95	7 00	84 00		91 00
31	10 00	58 00		68 00	96		1 00	14 00	15 00
32		35 00		35 00	97				
33	8 00	44 00		52 00	98		28 00		28 00
34	2 00	31 00		33 00	99	1 00	50 00		51 00
35	2 00	21 00		23 00	100	1 00	13 00	10 00	24 00
36	6 00	46 00		52 00	101		50 00	50 00	
37	3 00	45 00		48 00	102		22 00	22 00	
38	1 00	54 00		55 00	103		2 00		2 00
39			46 00	46 00	104	11 00		5 00	16 00
40	3 00	54 00		57 00	105				
41		12 00		12 00	106				
42		18 00		18 00	107	1 00	22 00		23 00
43			53 00	53 00	108		18 00		18 00
44					109			32 00	32 00
45	26 00	63 00		89 00	110		16 00		16 00
46	6 00	25 00		31 00	111		19 00		19 00
47	29 00	79 00		108 00	112			30 00	38 00
48		29 00		29 00	113		9 00		9 00
49	4 00	30 00		34 00	114				
50	3 00	36 00		39 00	115				
51		33 00		33 00	116				
52	2 00			2 00	117		1 00		1 00
53					118		11 00		11 00
54	2 00	57 00		59 00	119		8 00	8 00	16 00
55		27 00		27 00	120		25 00		25 00
56	3 00	27 00		30 00	121			18 00	18 00
57	12 00	124 00		136 00	122			24 00	24 00
58		24 00		24 00	123			30 00	30 00
59					124		1 00		1 00
60	3 00	55 00		58 00	125				
61	31 00	61 00		92 00	126			20 00	20 00
62	1 00			1 00	127				
63		28 00		28 00	128	3 00	6 00	7 00	16 00
64					129				
65					130				

Balance on hand January 1 \$1,934 50
 Received during month 4,170 00
 Total \$6,104 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 \$5,000 00
 Balance on hand February 1 . . . \$1,104 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

JOHN JENKINS,

Of Pilot Lodge No. 124, was killed by being run over by an engine at Van Horne, Iowa, on the 11th of December, 1882. His policy is payable to Mrs. D. W. Jenkins, of Racine, Wis.

WM. WILLIAMS,

Of Emporia Lodge No. 53, was killed December 24, 1882, by falling between the engine and tank while the train was in motion. The accident was caused by the breaking of the coupling between the engine and tank. His policy is payable to Mrs. Mary Williams, his mother.

LEROY STAFFORD,

Of Fort Ridgely Lodge No. 65, was killed by his engine leaving the track January 1, 1882. His policy is payable to Mrs. F. A. Stafford, his mother. The following account of the sad affair is taken from one of the papers: "Many hearts in our village were saddened, in the midst of a happy New Year, by the telegram from Canby announcing the newest and most ghastly railroad accident that has ever occurred in this portion of the State. The sickening details were long in completing; and some hearts that were hopeful at first of recovery of their loved ones have been crushed by the fatality of their injuries. But the greatest shock to the people of this place was the message which said, 'Leroy Stafford is killed.' There are very few persons whose sudden removal by death does not thrill at least a small circle with pain. But it is not often that one so young, by no pretense but by simple unassuming faithfulness and loyalty to duty, has so woven his life into the admiration, esteem, sympathy and affection of an entire community as had this young man, even those who were not intimately acquainted with him could but respect and honor one who from merest boyhood has been the stay of his mother, and who was not only sheltering her physically, but who was covering her life from misgivings by a pure and unswerving career—one who was not merely keeping her free from anxiety about her own temporal wants, but who was always careful that she should not tremble with shame for his conduct, one whose example was safe for any motherless sons to emulate. There are many characters which seem brilliant and glowing at a distance, as the sun, but which when the telescope of daily and intimate acquaintance is turned upon them, like the sun, discover dark spots and blemishes. But no one speaks otherwise than in the highest terms of the daily life of Mr. Stafford. It is high praise to say of a man he was prepared to die; but we may go farther and say of him he was prepared to live. He was armored for life's conflicts, with a strong and unblemished character. Mr. Stafford came to Sleepy Eye and entered the employ of the Winona and St. Peter Railroad as call

boy at the round in March, 1879, and by careful attention to the interest of his employers has been rapidly promoted, and was looking forward ambitiously to the time in the near future when he should grasp the lever of 'his own' engine, and those who knew him best say that he had all the nerve and fearlessness requisite for that dangerous and responsible office. But his work was nearer done than he supposed. Death knew where to find him, and struck him down with one blow at his post. He died as all brave men like to die, a quick and painless death. His friends have nothing to regret in his past life. They may well weep that his course, so well run, was so brief.

The funeral was held at the residence of his mother, and was very largely attended by sympathizing friends of the family. The services were conducted by Rev. W. A. Lyman, assisted by Rev. A. Case. Mr. Lyman spoke for a few moments from the text: Matt. xiv. xii. Mr. Stafford leaves one sister, who is married, and a mother, who is bereft of the support and comfort of her age. To us it is unaccountable that one so young, so promising, and withal so much needed, should in the early dawn of manhood be stricken down. We can only humbly kiss the rod and wait for eternity to unravel the mystery."

FRANCIS QUIGG,

Of Morning Star Lodge No. 88, was killed in a collision January 7, 1883. He was highly respected by his fellow-members and his death is mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. His policy is payable to John Quigg, of Webster, Mass.

A. L. GOLDEN,

Of Fellowship Lodge No. 121, died of Remitting Fever January 16, 1883. His policy is payable to Mrs. A. L. Golden, his wife. The following notice of his funeral is taken from one of the Corning papers:

"The funeral of Appleton Golden, who died Tuesday, occurred Thursday. The services were conducted by the Knights of Honor and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. A very large concourse of friends followed the body to the grave. He was a faithful and honored member of both organizations. The pall-bearers were M. D. Litts, F. H. Johnson, A. W. Smith, M. D. Robinson, John Krebs and O. L. Baker. J. B. Gorton was marshal."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. F. Jones, of Twin City Lodge No. 89, Rock Island, Ill., is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

W. B. Trull and G. H. King, of Amboy Lodge No. 35, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
61	Wm. Welchlein	40
81	Robt. Reynolds	78
83	Ed. Savage	70
88	A. Cowgar	53
98	Chas. Schilling	93
122	J. T. Blodgett	21
130	T. J. Holbrook	95
130	John Buckley	95
130	H. Shutt	95
133	T. J. Allen	88

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
21	John Galligan.	75	Chas. French.
34	J. W. Baxter.	85	J. Maxwell.
61	Richard Peel.		

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
32	John McKenna.	88	Wm. Jenkins.
32	Frank Swift.	95	C. Slinger.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
21	J. T. Blodgett	122
21	John Galligan	132
25	F. M. Morgan	132
25	T. G. Parkhurst	132
33	P. J. Cook	137
33	T. Knox	137
33	Silas Phillips	137
53	A. Cowgar	88
61	Wm. Tracy	81
61	John Mulcare	81
76	R. Reynolds	123
88	M. C. Parr	133
88	T. J. Allen	135
94	C. E. Messenger	135
94	Chas. Archambault	

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
3	A. Morehouse	Non-payment of dues.
8	E. R. Black	Non-payment of dues.
8	T. B. Cubbinis	Non-payment of dues.
10	J. Nolan	Non-payment of dues.
16	A. J. Mullen	Non-payment of dues.
19	A. L. Rerat	Non-payment of dues.
23	E. W. O'Neill	Defrauding Lodge.
23	John Callahan	Non-payment of dues.
24	H. D. Maynard	Non-payment of dues.
33	A. Lockhart	Non-payment of dues.
33	Oscar Moss	Non-payment of dues.
33	Henry Day	Non-payment of dues.
34	W. A. Gray	Non-payment of dues.
44	S. W. Dugan	Non-payment of dues.
44	C. Smith	Non-payment of dues.
47	C. E. Roberts	Non-payment of dues.
56	D. Phalon	Non-payment of dues.
56	O. J. McConnell	Non-payment of dues.
57	H. H. Smith	Non-payment of dues.
59	G. Quackenbush	Non-payment of dues.
59	E. W. Chambers	Non-payment of dues.
71	Peter Houck	Non-payment of dues.
71	W. S. Clark	Defrauding Lodge.
72	H. H. Wilson	Non-payment of dues.
77	J. W. Holmes	Non-payment of dues.
79	J. J. Cullen	Non-payment of dues.
88	D. W. Church	Unbecoming conduct.
90	T. E. Cross	Non-payment of dues.
94	Thos. Carneaw	Non-payment of dues.
94	J. P. Burns	Non-payment of dues.
94	Chas. Geiger	Non-payment of dues.
94	Ed. Goff	Non-payment of dues.
94	W. A. Otis	Non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS.

SLEEPY EYE, MINN., Jan. 14, 1883.

At a special meeting of Fort Ridgley Lodge No. 65, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Superior Ruler to call from our midst our highly esteemed brother, Leroy Stafford, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life; and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Stafford No. 65 has lost a sincere and faithful member, his mother a dutiful son, and the community an upright and honorable citizen, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the friends of our deceased brother and especially to the desolate mother, whose hopes were so cruelly blasted by the death of her son.

Resolved, That as a mark of honor to our deceased brother, we drape our Charter for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his mother and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. ANSELME,
J. C. CURTIS, } Committee.
W. W. WILLIAMS.

CLINTON, IOWA, Jan. 19, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 34, held January 14, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been made the recipient of an elegant steel engraving of the Lord's Prayer, by our esteemed friend, Mr. E. M. Davis, therefore be it

Resolved, That we thankfully accept the gift and warmly appreciate the interest manifested by him in our Order; and be it further

Resolved, That we, as an organization, recognize in Mr. E. M. Davis the enterprising business man, the generous citizen and the true exponent of what patience, pluck and perseverance may achieve in building and equipping so handsomely the Opera House, which is one of the chief ornaments of our beautiful city, and furnishes ample proof that the ever energetic "spark" of his railroad life is not extinguished; be it also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. E. M. Davis and published in the Clinton Herald and Firemen's Magazine.

H. W. STEPHENS,
C. S. KEITH, } Committee.
A. J. SILL.

CORNING, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1883.

At a regular meeting of fellowship Lodge, No. 121, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe, to remove from our midst, after a short illness, our highly esteemed Chaplin and Brother, A. L. Golden, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed Brother to say that the Lodge has lost a true and sincere worker in the cause of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, the wife a kind and loving husband, and the children an indulgent father and one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard, and be it

Resolved, That we extend to the wife and children of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days. Also be it

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be published in the Corning Journal and in the

Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy of the same be handed to the family of our departed brother.

GEO. R. QUICK, } Committee.
R. J. BREWER,
O. L. BAKER.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 28, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Adopted daughter Lodge, No. 3, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful floor mat, for the front of our Altar, made by the industrial hand of our esteemed lady friend, Mrs. Emma Hoffman, of Nyac, New York; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we most respectfully regard this gift as a mark of great appreciation, in which our noble Order is held by this esteemed lady.

Resolved, That we extend her many good wishes and shall strive to prove worthy of the favor shown us.

Resolved, That we extend Mrs. Emma Hoffman our most sincere thanks for the kind remembrance received at her hands, and for the kindly interest she has taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon one of our charts and be presented to Mrs. Emma Hoffman; that they also be spread upon the record of this Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

Respectfully,

J. E. OPP,
H. FRELAND, } Committee.
E. W. DAVIS.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 31, 1883.

At a regular meeting of this Lodge, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe to remove from our midst our loving Bro., Thomas E. Stoneman, who died at Canton, O., Jan. 26, 1883, from injuries received in a collision on the Connotton Valley R.R., therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Stoneman our Lodge has lost a true and worthy member, and his family a true and loving son and brother.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy in their affliction, and we commend them to look to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased Bro. our charter be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased Brother's family, and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. H. BUSE,
H. H. MASON, } Committee.
J. A. SUMMERS,

EMPORIA, KANSAS, Jan. 14, 1883.

At the regular meeting of Emporia Lodge No. 53, held in their hall on January 14, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted in respect to the memory of our deceased brother, William C. Williams:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wisdom to take away from our midst, suddenly and without warning, our beloved and esteemed brother, William C. Williams, who was killed on the night of December 24, between Topeka and Kansas City, by his engine breaking away from its tender coupling and letting him fall through, thereby causing his death; be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members

of No. 53, do hereby tender to his grief-stricken relatives our sincere and deep sympathy in this their sudden and heavy affliction; be it also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased and that we drape our hall in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that another copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

D. SMITH,
E. CLOUD,
H. DAVIES. } *Committee.*

DANVILLE, ILL., Jan. 21, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Hercules Lodge No. 63, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having been the good fortune of this Lodge to be presented by Mrs. Helen O'Brien, wife of our respected brother, Mr. P. O'Brien, with a beautiful motto and frame, with the golden words, "In God we Trust," inscribed thereon, accompanied by a letter, enjoining us to place our trust in keeping of the heavenly Father at all times; also expressing her admiration of the good work that we are engaged in and wishing the Order and this Lodge a successful future; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. Helen O'Brien our sincere thanks for the beautiful gift and kind wishes expressed in our behalf, and that we will endeavor to follow the good advice and strive at all times to keep in our hearts the fear of God, feeling that without His aid we are indeed helpless. We also feel that it is by such kind expressions and good wishes we are encouraged to push on the noble work of benevolence and charity. This memento shall always be highly prized and cherished by us as a gift of a noble woman, wife and mother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Helen O'Brien, also spread upon the records of this Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. J. MCGEE,
A. R. BOOTH,
H. BALDWIN. } *Committee.*

MASON CITY, IOWA.

The following card of thanks is taken from a Mason City exchange:

On behalf of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29, B. of L. F., we wish to return our sincere thanks to Mr. G. W. Sanborn, Superintendent I. & D. Division, and Mr. H. M. Williams, Superintendent I. & M. Division C., M. & St. P. R. R., for their kindness in granting us such liberal favors of transportation, on which the financial success of our third annual ball so largely depended. To Mr. E. Pennington, Assistant Superintendent; Mr. T. A. Fraser, General Foreman; Mr. A. E. Manchester, Mr. R. D. Baldwin, Mr. Jas. Anderson and Mr. T. W. Hazleton, Foremen, and Mr. Dennison, Storekeeper, we are also under great obligations for many favors shown us. To the members of Comet Lodge No. 126, B. of L. F., and Austin Division No. 102 and Sanborn Division No. 117, B. of L. E., we are especially indebted for their untiring efforts, each and all, to make the affair a success. We wish also to thank Mr. J. J. Cashen for his unique and valuable present which added so much to the interest taken in the dance. To Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dyer, of the Dyer House, our highest commendations are due for furnishing a supper that was a credit to the house and in full keeping with the spirit of the entertainment. We also wish to acknowledge our obligations to Mrs. Pence, Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Taylor and

other lady friends who so ably and artistically assisted us in the decoration of the hall. To our many friends, whose names are unknown to the committee, and to the citizens of Mason City, we wish to return thanks for their support and liberal patronage. Wishing each and all an abundance of success until we meet again, we are

Gratefully yours,
J. J. FARRELL,
JOHN DUNN,
A. H. TUCKER. } *Committee.*

CLINTON, IOWA, Jan. 19, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 34, B. of L. F., held Sunday, January 14, 1883, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been presented with a beautiful representation of a locomotive artistically worked on card board, bearing on its tank the following inscription, "B. of L. F., No. 34," and underneath the whole the motto of our Order, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," by Miss Lottie Stephens, daughter of our worthy and respected Master; and

WHEREAS, Miss Lottie is but eleven years of age and afflicted by sickness, and the work she had undertaken and has achieved must have cost her many days of weary toil, therefore be it

Resolved, That the thanks of Clinton Lodge No. 34 are richly due and are hereby earnestly extended to her; and be it also

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the interest taken in our good work, as an Order, by one of such tender years and do most reverently pray to Him "who doeth all things well" that she may be speedily restored to health with all its blessings; and also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Miss Lottie Stephens and published in the Clinton Herald and the Firemen's Magazine.

J. W. ADAMS,
GEO. B. SIPP,
LOUIS MINGER. } *Committee*

EVANSTON, WYOMING, Jan. 16, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Morning Star Lodge No. 88 the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to send his messenger of death into our Lodge and remove from our midst our worthy brother, Francis Quigg, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life and that so soon as we begin to live that moment we begin to die; and

WHEREAS, By his daily walk and conversation he exemplified in an eminent degree the tenets of our profession, brotherly love, relief and truth, being ever guided by the cardinal virtues, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved brother, the Lodge has sustained an irreparable loss, society lost a just and upright citizen, and the family an affectionate son and brother.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their sad hour of affliction, and fervently pray the Supreme Architect of the Universe to give them strength to bear the sad bereavement with christian fortitude, and we commend them to "Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, looks down with infinite compassion upon the widower and brotherless in the hours of their desolation, and trust that the same benevolent Savior whose tears of sympathy watered the grave in Bethany, will fold the arms of

His love and protection around those who put their trust and confidence in Him."

Resolved, That our Lodge room and paraphernalia be covered with black, the symbol of our sorrow, for thirty days, and that the members of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the brother of the deceased be presented with a copy of these resolutions and that Mr. James Byrnes, an uncle of the deceased, be presented with a copy, and that they be published in the *Vinta Chieftain*, and also in the *Firemen's Magazine*.

J. J. LECAIN,
J. M. SIGHTS,
E. W. DENNIS, } *Committee.*

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns, Vice Grand Master
1726 Indiana Ave, Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary . . . Centalla, Ills
L. C. Hill, Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn, Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman . . . Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes, Denver, Col
D. Ross, Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854, . . St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheire, C., St. P. M. & O.
R. R., St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
36th and 37th Sts., . . . Galveston, Tex
M. Shick, Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St., . Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31, . . . Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo
W. R. Dean, Box 365, . . . Butte, Wyoming
F. P. Sargent, Box 218, . . . Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278, . . . Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St., . . Cleveland, O
F. Hammill, Box 1341, . . . Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M. and
Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21, Master
F. L. Smith, Box 381, Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 654, Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21, Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Wednesday at
8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I., . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I., Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 46 Jewett St., . . Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave., . . Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave., . . Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station, . . . Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y., . . . Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave., Mag. Agent

4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St., . . . Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St., . . . Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St., . . Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R., . . . Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33, Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854, . . . Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33, . . . Financier
G. Utter, Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
J. W. Walker, Box 103, Master
Wm. Hearst, Secretary
J. W. Evans, Financier
P. H. Coyne, Box 103, Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St., . . . Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W., . . Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W., . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 180 Carroll St., . . . Mag. Agent
S. E.,
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. P. Mortimer, Box 99, Master
C. R. Littler, Box 336, Secretary
E. Flint, Financier
J. F. Mathews, Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St., . . . Master
J. G. McClure, 144 1/4 N. High St., . . Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St., . . . Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St., . . Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St., Master
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St., . . . Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave., . . Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St., . . . Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Carling, Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106, . . . Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, Financier
H. Lott, Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St., . . Master
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St., . . . Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St., . . Financier
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St., . . . Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J., . . . Master
F. D. Mead, 246 1/2 Van Horn St., . . Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave., . . Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw
Ave., Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St., Master
C. Zepp, 93 Malott Ave., Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St., . . . Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops, Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St., . . . Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St., . . . Secretary
J. Ryan, 211 Burgeols St., . . . Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St., . . Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1826 Sycamore St., . . . Master
E. V. Debs, Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St., . . Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St., . . . Mag. Agent

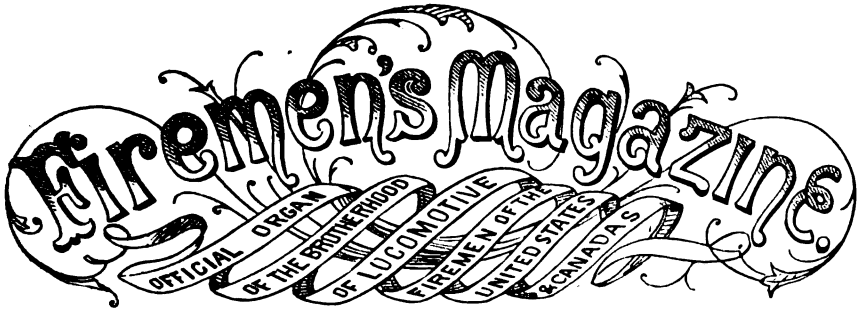
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops . . . Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
E. Cahon, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between
Primm and Tesson Sts Secretary
J. D. Fisher, Carondelet, Mo . . . Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between
Kraus and Nebraska Sts Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 870 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64 Financier
A. Barr, Box 64 Mag. Agent
- 23. PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
Geo. Howe Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 660 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 854 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 107 Master
F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 418 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. E. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St Master
A. Studer, 203 South Liberty St . . . Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermmerhorn Financier
J. McCormick Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. H. Brewer, 181 Union St Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W.
Shops Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 153 North St Financier
 Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 103 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Daven-
port, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St . . . Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House . . . Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washing-
ton St Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, Box 1903 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1903 Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent

- 43. ST. JOSEPH**; St. Joseph, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
A. Haag, Cor. 6th and Hickory
Sts. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger 819 E. 2nd
St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summergill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menlish, 3156 S. LaSalle St. Master
F. J. Rosbach, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES**; Peoria, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
T. Curran, 808 Maple St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 706 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND**; Decatur, Ills.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 1137 Master
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Secretary
W. E. Lindemood Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4954 Dearborn St. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO**; North Springfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL**; Logansport, Ind.
Meets every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Financier
F. E. Wolfkill, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA**; Emporia, Kan.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 957 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR**; Moberly, Mo.
Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 667 Master
J. Everitt, Box 667 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Financier
F. Emery, Box 781 Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY**; Memphis, Tenn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER**; Stansberry, Mo.
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
P. McDermott Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
J. B. Miller Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON**; Boston, Mass.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, 58 Washington
St., Charlestown District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO**; Rocklin, Cal.
C. C. Brown Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
A. H. Curtis Financier
C. W. Myers Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE**; South Pueblo, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
A. Wyhe Secretary
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED**; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St.,
31st Ward Master
T. McCann Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA**; St. Paul, Minn.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley 714 Reaney St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN**; Carbondale, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES**; Danville, Ills.
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
J. C. Burroughs, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX**; Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Canfield, L. Box 6 Master
L. C. Webb Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY**; Sleepy Eye, Minn.
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE**; Belleville, Ont.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
H. Lavole Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION**; Toronto, Canada.
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent

- 68. EAU CLAIRE;** Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cuddy, Box 877 Master
A. McKay, Box 1050 Secretary
H. Schulze Financier
R. White Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY;** Brockville, Ont.
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 294 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 226 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR;** Longview, Texas.
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA;** Oneonta, N. Y.
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME;** Camden, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 414 Hamilton St. Master
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 426 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE;** Worcester, Mass.
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY;** Kansas City, Mo.
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE;** Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 4th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA;** Fergus Falls, Minn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson Secretary
W. R. Roberts Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN;** Denver, Col.
A. H. Chapman, Box 1,588 Master
A. Clark, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588 Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE;** Sedalia, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Miller, Box 1100 Master
C. T. Kelk, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE;** Roodhouse, Ills.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP;** Aurora, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY;** Brainerd, Minn.
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larson, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN;** Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d
Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
A. W. Dean, 310 18th St. N. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 612 12th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY;** Forth Worth, Tex.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tierney, Box 459 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN;** Battle Creek, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and
1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO;** Fargo, Dakota.
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS;** Laramie City, Wyoming.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT;** Rawlins, Wyoming.
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR;** Evanston, Wyoming.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. McCain, Box 89 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE;** Carlin, Nev.
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO;** National City, Cal.
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
J. P. Vasque Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE;** San Francisco, Cal.
J. W. Harrigan, 1476 5th St., West
Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, 726 16th St. Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R.
Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE;** Texarkana, Tex.
J. R. McCartney Master
W. Winters Secretary
C. B. Hall Financier
T. Ryan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY;** Keokuk, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, Box 651 Financier
George Slick, Box 310 Mag. Agent

- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton Ave. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Scheets Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
F. R. Shaffer, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 72 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
Geo. Hartman, 122 State St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 383 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
I. K. Carter Secretary
J. Musgrove Financier
J. Clarey, Box 159 Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Secretary
H. Prout, Broadway Hotel Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1620 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON; Louisville, Ky.**
J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store. Master
F. Honnaker, 939 E. Green St. Secretary
F. Honnaker, 939 E. Green St. Financier
G. Buxie, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Master
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1373 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 196 Financier
W. Shull Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
W. Clin, Alamosa, Col. Master
K. B. Rhelm Secretary
J. C. McCabe Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Bouchard, 1314 Pratt Ave. Master
W. J. Pourcelle, 2718 Gamble Ave. Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
W. A. Isbell, 320 Montrose Ave, Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 489 Master
F. S. Strickland, Box 833 Secretary
H. H. Kirchgraber, L. Box 142 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 285 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 508 Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull Master
Wm. Hull Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madison, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. M. Donough, Ave. K, between 38th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Praime, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 364 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P.O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P.O. Mag. Agent

- 119. COLONIAL;** River du Loup, Quebec.
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
R. Flindley Master
F. Gosselin Secretary
H. D. Brown, I. C. Ry, River du
Loup Station, Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry, River du
Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE;** Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197
Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St. Secretary
G. J. Walters, 148 Butternut St. Financier
C. S. Vrooman, 197 Seymour St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP;** Corning, N. Y.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 887 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE;** Beardstown, Ill.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
G. Hertline, Box 421 Financier
B. DeHaven, Box 190 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND;** Omaha, Neb.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, 608 13th St. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT;** Perry, Iowa.
H. A. Draper Master
M. Maloy Secretary
E. G. Fox Financier
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE;** Marshalltown, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
G. S. Tubbs Secretary
John Burke Financier
F. W. Snider Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET;** Austin, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. Pullar Master
F. McWhorter Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillice Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT;** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran Master
H. Curran Secretary
R. Bell Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK;** Glendive, Montana.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Field, Box 55 Master
J. H. Casey Secretary
W. T. Field, Box 55 Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING;** Escanaba, Mich.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
G. W. Parmeter Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR;** Milwaukee, Wis.
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 475 Virginia St. Master
J. Rhine, 131 Clinton St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 235 Hanover St. Financier
J. Buckley, 305 Jackson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE;** Stevens Point, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. A. Brooks, Box 88, S. Side Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
E. Murray, Box 88, S. Side Financier
C. H. Eastwood, Box 74, S. Side. Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT;** Eagle Grove, Iowa.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
J. O'Connor Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE;** Sprague, Washington Ty.
Meets every Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Madden Secretary
John Nichols Financier
M. J. Black Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN;** Richford, Vermont.
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR;** El Paso, Texas.
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
W. E. Berger, Box 182 Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT;** Port Hope, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry Master
G. Campbell, M. Ry Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION;** Eldon, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
C. F. Strickland Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION;** Freeport, Ill.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine,
Wis Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Brail Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY;** Tulare, Cal.
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
W. L. Smith Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY;** Salida, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford Master
M. J. Ruland Secretary
W. J. Cox Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER;** Fort Wayne, Ind.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 84 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. ———,** Toledo, Ohio.
. Master
. Secretary
. Financier
. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS;** West Oakland, Cal.
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Harry Essler's Inheritance.

BY MALCOM MEREDITH.

II.

One week from the time his business affairs had been settled, he was on board a western bound train, which soon bore him far away from the great city that for the past three years had been his home, on into another mighty commercial mart, where he stopped long enough to make an exchange of some of his clothing for that of a coarse kind, which he thought would be more in accordance with the necessities and fashions of a new country. Most young men, perhaps, would have pursued a different course. They would, under like circumstances, have done all they could to impress strangers with their former position—many of them overrating it—and tried in every way possible to call forth the sympathy and admiration of others by the narration of many events in their lives about which they had just as well have been a little more reticent. When people found out the details of Harry Essler's past life, it was very probable that they would be interested enough to make inquiries. It was not that he desired forgetfulness or secrecy in regard to his past, but rather that people should form an estimate of his true worth, and not make him the object of pity or sympathy that was unnecessary.

Having completed the changes in apparel which he thought necessary, the train was again bearing him toward his destination. On and on it went, with its "rattle, and rumble, and roar," through fair stretches of country, past towns and thriving cities, until he was hundreds of

miles away from where he started. He was nearing his destination.

The brakeman shouts the name of the place, the speed of the train slackens, stops, and in a moment more Harry Essler was standing on the depot platform of a western town, "a stranger in a strange land," with such a feeling of loneliness and longing for the places and friends he had left as seemed unbearable. The east and west bound trains meet here. The hurry and bustle incident to arrival and departure presents itself. Away goes the western train, and then the one eastward bound backs on the main track, and "pulls up" to the depot. He hears, in a dazed kind of way, the signal for departure—"all aboard"—given. It seems to him he must get on the train and go back again. How will he endure the feeling of unrest. But the impracticability of the attempt sobers his thoughts. The car wheels slowly move, then faster and faster, until all he sees of the train is a fast vanishing speck in the distance. He looks around him. In every direction stretches a beautiful rolling prairie. It is no time now for reflections upon the past. What he feels he needs now is employment of mind and body. The present trouble must be forgotten in labor. The cheerful disposition tries to make the most out of a bad situation. He busies his mind with thoughts upon the surroundings. The town, which lies to the south of the station a short distance, though new, bears evidences of prosperity and enterprise. Brick, frame, and stone houses are in the course of construction. The manner of the people he sees moving about speaks well for the place. There seems to be few drones. He learns that it is the county site. A very creditable court house is being built.

Entering one of the stores, before which farmers' teams were hitched, he saw several men whom he took to be well-to-do farmers. Speaking to them generally, as is the custom among people in the country and in small places, his "good morning" was returned in a civil manner by the men, who regarded him quizzically. He seated himself on one of the boxes. Two of the men near him were talking of the crop prospects. After they had talked for some time upon the subject, one of the men said:

"I don't see what some of the farmers are to do for help. It looks like it is almost impossible to get hands to take care of what they have raised. There's John Martin, not able to work himself, and he has no one to help him. He wanted me to send him a man if I could hear of one that would work."

"I don't know of any one," the other answered. "If I did, and he was any account, I would send him to John. I—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Harry, who had been an interested listener to the commonplace conversation, "but what kind of a man is John Martin? The reason I ask is, that I want a place to work on a farm."

"Well, stranger," the taller of the two men who had just been speaking, replied, "the best recommendation I can give him is, that if I were a young man in search of work, and acquainted with the people here as I am, I would rather work for him than any one else. A man that keeps himself clean and behaves himself is treated as one of the family; and whenever your time's up your money's ready for you. He'll do the 'square thing' in every way by any man that'll do right."

"That is just the kind of a place I would like to find," rejoined Harry.

"Have you ever worked on a farm?" interrogated the other. "I suppose you have, though, or you wouldn't think of commencing the business now, with the expectation of making much of a hand. You don't look like you had been in the sun much lately."

"I was raised on a farm, but for the last three years have been in a store. I am tired of it, and want to try farm work again. It will go rough with me for awhile to jump into hard work at this season of the year, but by being careful at first I will get along all right."

"Well, maybe you can, but there's not one in ten that can quit work as long as you have, and stand it at this time o' year. John Martin, the man we have been speaking of, had to quit work, and

he is a big, strong man. The heat was too much for him. But the way to find out whether you can or not is to try. I am going past his house on my way home, and if you want to you can ride out there with me. I will be ready to go in about fifteen minutes."

"I will be ready by that time. I left my satchel at the depot. I will get it and be here in a few minutes."

Harry soon returned with his satchel, and the farmer being ready, they got into the wagon and started on one of the roads leading west from the town.

"How's this for a farming country?" his companion inquired, after they had left the town behind them.

"It is a beautiful country. A man need not want a better one."

"How does it compare with what you've been used to?"

"It is partly the same in appearance, only there is not so much variety here as there. Besides a prairie like this, there were hills and valleys."

"If you are industrious, and want a good farm, there's a good chance for you to get one here. There's some fine government land here yet, but it's being taken up fast by settlers. One hundred and sixty acres of land will be worth something here, before many years."

The houses they passed were generally cozy looking, some even being quite pretentious in tasty dresses of various colors. As they came in front of a story-and-a-half frame house painted white, with green blinds, his companion said:

"Here's where he lives. I don't think you will have any trouble getting work. I hope you'll get along all right, and if you do, I'll be apt to see you again."

Thanking him for his kindness, Harry entered the gate, walked up to the door, and knocked. As no one came to the door, he supposed the folks were busy in the back part of the house, and went around to that part of it. There was an addition to this part of the house, composed of lattice-work, up the sides of which clambered a net-work of thickly clustering vines, giving it a cool, inviting appearance. As he approached the open door he saw two women engaged in the necessary, but not overly-attractive work of washing clothes. The younger of the two was tall, slender, with a rich olive complexion, dark hazel eyes and dark brown hair. The neatly-fitting calico dress displayed the graceful form to excellent advantage. The air of neatness so noticeable, not only in the appearance of the women, but about every part of

the house to be seen, very favorably impressed him with its occupants. So busy were the women that they were not aware that any one was near until Harry spoke, and as they looked up he bowed, and received the like courtesy in return.

"Is Mr. Martin here?" he inquired.

"No," the younger answered, "he is in the field."

Inquiring the way to the field, and receiving directions, he started towards it. Crossing several fields, he at last arrived in a very large wheat field, inclosed by a hedge fence. In the shade of this a man was sitting, while near by was a team whose traces had been dropped from the reaper to which they had been hitched. Going up to the man, he asked:

"Is this Mr. Martin?"

"I answer to the Martin part of it," the man replied. "What is your name?"

"Harry Essler," was the answer. "I was told this morning that you were needing help, and came to see you about getting work."

Harry knew that his white hands were not the best recommendation of his fitness and ability for the place he was seeking, and that had laborers been more numerous, the freedom from tan would have been a formidable obstacle to his obtaining employment upon a farm, especially at that season of the year.

"Do you understand farm work?" queried Martin, regarding the hands with a look of doubt.

"If I don't, it is not from want of an opportunity or lack of practice. It has been sometime since I have done any hard work, but by starting in gradually, it will not be long before I will be able to stand work as well as I used to. Hands are so scarce that I suppose many of the farmers would be glad to give most any man a trial to see what he could do. I heard of the farmers in every direction wanting hands, but I heard you so well spoken of that I thought I would rather hire to you than any one else."

"I will get the team, and we will go to the house and see if we can come to an agreement. It is getting along toward noon, and I must sharpen this sickle before I can cut any more. These self-binders are a wonderful invention. This one works like a charm. I don't know how I should have got along without it this year, as scarce as hands are. This is a wonderful age, to be sure! After I saw the binders work, that settled it with the reapers, which only cut the grain. I got overheated this year, and am really unable to do anything but very light work.

I manage to sit under the shade of the big umbrella and drive the binders, but if I had any one that I thought would do to trust with it, I would do very little of it. Two of my neighbors, whose grain is not quite ready to harvest, are helping me to-day. You look strong and healthy, and I guess by being careful, you will stand the work. If we can agree upon the amount of wages, I will hire you. I want you to agree to stay with me three months, if you will, and if we get along all right, and you want to stay longer after that, I will hire you by the year, if that will suit you. What are you willing to work for a month?"

"What is customary here in the neighborhood? I suppose that would be right?"

"Yes, as a general rule, that is true; but the demand being greater than the supply, I suppose I will have to give you more than what has heretofore been customary. Fifteen dollars a month, where a hand hires by the month, is about the average amount paid. But as it is, I will give you eighteen a month."

"That much, and board and washing?"

"Certainly. That is a general custom; though if you don't mention it, there are some that will take advantage of the washing, and charge you extra for that. It is always best, however, to have a positive agreement about it."

"Very well; I accept your offer, and am ready to begin work at once, if you wish."

"I will accommodate you just as soon as I put the horses away. You may help me grind the sickle."

After the horses were put up, Martin returned, and they commenced on the sickle. Just as he finished it to his satisfaction, dinner was announced.

When they entered the dining room, Martin, in a manner that showed he was, to some extent, acquainted with the rules of true politeness, introduced Harry to the older of the two women he had met in the morning, as his wife, and to the other as his sister. The introduction was acknowledged by Harry in a polite, unaffected manner.

"Though it was wash-day, there was nothing in the appearance of the women, or about the dinner, that would have indicated the fact, as is the case in many houses. No apology would have been necessary had friends unexpectedly happened in. The table linen was clean, the dishes dazzling in their polished whiteness, and the food wholesome in quality

and plenty in quality. About everything in the room was the like neatness he had observed on his first appearance. He congratulated himself on his good fortune in securing such a place. The rough manners, the lack of neatness, the poor quality of food—and almost barbarous manner of its preparation—which he knew it was possible he might be brought in contact with in the place where he would find employment, had been a very unpleasant thing for him to contemplate; and it was with a feeling of thankfulness that he discovered he would have no such surroundings.

Mr. Martin was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with an intelligent face, which was covered with a heavy growth of long, dark beard. He was sensible, talkative, and socially inclined. The dinner hour was enlivened with light, cheerful conversation, upon a variety of interesting subjects. After dinner was over, Martin said:

"We will take an hour for rest and digestion. I don't believe in rushing through life in tread-mill style. There's no need of it. I want to enjoy myself now, because it's the only time I'm sure of. A man is never any wiser or better by making his own life or that of those around him a species of slavery. I know what it is to work for others, and I was always willing to do a reasonable day's work, but never more than that, as a rule; and the man who asks it is neither doing right, nor as he would be done by. There is no more excuse or justification for the farmer demanding fourteen or fifteen hours' labor for a day's work, unless in occasional cases of emergency—and then he ought to be willing to pay for extra time—than he would have to deprive any one else of property that does not belong to him; and the man who submits to it is submitting to a species of petty tyranny that it is a pity all have not the spirit to resist. Whenever a man demands that another be up and out in the field at work at five o'clock, with no time to rest at noon, longer than to eat his dinner, and to work from that until eight o'clock at night, then come in to supper, he is simply committing an outrage on decency, and should be held up to public view as a grasping hog. When a man comes in from such a day's work, he finishes his supper, and throws himself down like a tired animal, to sleep. A man ought to feel sufficiently rested after his day's work, to spend a half hour or an hour in reading or conversation, if he wishes. It is time for such men to learn

that life has other important objects besides acquiring dollars and acres. If that were all there is in life, which some seem to think, it would not be worth the living. But they treat their wives in a more barbarous manner. They compel them to toil over and about a hot stove through most of the long, hot day, and at night have them to wait until the men have finished all the work they have to do, and after supper is over do work that keeps them sometimes until nine or half-past nine performing. There's no reason but selfishness for such conduct. Such men will tell you they have large crops in, and are bound to work early and late to take care of them. That's no excuse. They knew what they were doing when they put in the crop, and it was their grasping avarice that caused them to do so. Sometimes there may be some excuse for a man to work early and late, when he is in debt, but even then he has no right to the labor of another more than twelve hours a day, at the farthest; and whatever a man's time is worth beyond that, he is entitled to."

Harry thought it quite probable, from Mr. Martin's flashing eye and vigorous gestures, that some one had perpetrated or attempted to perpetrate, such a wrong upon him. He was gratified to hear a man express opinions so like those he entertained upon the subject, and which were in accord with the teachings he had received. Mr. Martin was soon in a pleasant mood again, often in the course of conversation touching a humorous vein of thought. At last the hour had passed, and they started for the field. Harry was to assist the men in shocking wheat most of the afternoon, and if the others could then finish without him, he could drive the binder. The sultry afternoon wore slowly away, and towards the latter part of it he was very glad to get to sit on the binder, under the shade of the large umbrella, and drive the team. The long afternoon finally drew to a close, and the work for the day was over. He went to his room very early, and it gave him a feeling of satisfaction to find it so cool, clean, and inviting. The old maxim,

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise,"

perhaps had less influence in causing him to retire early, than the thought that he would be very sleepy next morning, if he did not.

Next morning he was up at five o'clock, and by six was out at work. The hours passed slowly away. During the long

hot day the sun blazed down, with never a cloud to break its beams, or a breeze to cool the heat. How slowly the morning passed! How long till night! Sometimes it seemed he must give up. Two more days drag themselves slowly along, and Saturday night has come. Few among earth's tired ones look forward with a feeling of greater relief to the Sabbath that will bring rest, than he. How sweet the rest that awaits him! Slowly he ascends the stairs to his room. Through the open window a flood of mellow moonlight streams. Oh, the beauty of the night! Tired as he is, he can not resist the temptation to look out upon the glorious panorama. How grand beyond compare is the star-gemmed canopy! Lost in admiration, the present fades away. Again he is at the old homestead, among the beautiful trees and flowers. It is his. Enchantment is over all. A smile of happiness lights up the face. Moments go by in a beautiful dream. But, oh, how short! How bitter the awakening! The smile fades slowly out of the face, the brows knit, and the tired look comes back again. He is awake once more to the full realization of the bitter truth, which is harder to bear after the brief dream of joy. Again the old man's prophecies come home to him. How true they had been in every particular! What was he earning now? Not as much in a month as he used to think nothing of spending in a week. It seems to make little difference with some men how much labor or trouble it costs to earn money, they will squander it; but to a man of Harry Essler's disposition, the difficulty of obtaining it made him in that degree more careful as to the manner in which he spent it.

The Sabbath was passed principally in much needed rest. The cordial invitation to spend the evening with the members of the family in the parlor was gladly accepted. The room was tastefully furnished. The flowers woven into the beautiful soft wool carpet covering the floor, seemed to have been carved there by some master hand. Against the wall, which was covered by paper of elegant design and beautiful coloring, suspended by silken cords, hung several fine steel engravings. Artfully arranged on a large marble-topped center-table were several elegantly bound volumes of poetical and prose works, by some of the best English and American authors, besides several articles of ornament. On one side of the room was an organ of fine material, workmanship and finish; and upon the

other a sofa. The colors, even to the chairs in the apartment, were in harmony. How much different from what he expected to find where he first thought of hiring as a farm hand. And for every dollar expended in beautifying the home, how many times had its owners been repaid in beholding the beauties of nature and art combined.

"Mr. Essler," said Mr. Martin, after a short conversation, "we have depended upon you to assist us in singing, to-night, and hope you will be prepared. We generally open our meetings with pleasant songs. All of us sing; and if you can carry the tenor, we will have the nicest choir. Don't say no, for some way I have an idea you can do well with that part."

"I will do the best I can. When I sing, tenor is the part I take."

"That's very good of you, I am sure. So many persons have to be coaxed before they consent to sing or play, that it destroys part of the enjoyment. What is your favorite? If we can, we will play that first."

"There are so many beautiful pieces that I scarcely know which one to call for. The organ is an instrument better adapted to sacred music than any other artificial musical instrument, and as this is the Sabbath, perhaps it would be very appropriate to select some pieces of sacred music. Though it is not exactly classed as sacred music, 'Home, Sweet Home,' is held sacred by many a heart. I will make that my selection."

"Mary," requested Mr. Martin, "you play the piece. You are more familiar with the notes than I am."

Without hesitation or excuse, she arose and took her place at the organ, where she was joined by the others. Harry watched the shapely hands as the tapering fingers touched the key-board. "The fingers press the keys, and he listens critically to the prelude. 'Time and tune large,'" was his mental comment upon the performer. The piece was sung with fine effect, and when it was ended, emotion was visible on each face.

Many other selections were played, sung, and commented upon by the company. The remainder of the evening was given up to conversation of an agreeable, instructive and entertaining nature. There was no flagging of interest during the evening; and when they separated for the night it was with the hope that that first meeting would be followed by many such.

Morning again dawns, and the labors of another day begin. The days drift

into weeks. Toil becomes lighter as strength and endurance become greater. The meetings are looked forward to, especially by two persons, with bright anticipations. Mr. Martin has no disposition to interrupt a friendship which may, if it has not already, ripen into love. He knows the history of Harry Essler, and admires the genuine manhood exhibited by him in his misfortune. He has not learned that history from Harry, but from some one who knew him. The three months have at last been completed. One day Mr. Martin said to him: "Well, Harry, your time is up. What do you think of doing now?"

"I don't know, exactly. I can scarcely realize that three months have passed since I came here."

"Not long ago I met an acquaintance of yours in town, and from him I learned your history. I was glad to have the good opinion I had entertained of you from the first time you came here, confirmed. You have lived both in the city and country. Which do you think you like the better?"

"If I owned such a place as I once did, or one like this, I would much prefer life on the farm. No doubt it would have been different had I been raised in a city."

"It might have been, and then, again, it might not. My wife, myself and Mary, have lived most of our lives in a city, but surrounded as we are, we like the country better. There is a freedom here from the frivolous customs of society that one can not feel in the city. No painful extremes like those in the city meet us here. And then I feel a pleasant sense of security from misfortune here that I never could there. The crops are growing when I am asleep. It is seldom there is an entire failure, and even if there were, a thrifty, industrious farmer is little affected by it. It does not mean to him what failure in business in the city does. That means ruin, while a crop failure means more economy; that is, to most farmers. Of course the improvident, who save nothing, must suffer more. But the principal of their investment—their land and tools—will yield a larger return in interest the next season. I would like to see you do well, and there is nothing to prevent you from it. You are young, strong, healthy, ambitious and industrious. That is a splendid capital with which to start in life. Besides, you have had a bit of experience, the value of which can not be estimated in dollars and cents. There is land here belonging to

the government of the United States, subject to purchase, pre-emption or homestead. Select 160 acres of it, get the description, enter it, and have a farm and home of your own. It would be better to purchase the land at once, if you had the means; but as you have not, the next best thing is to homestead. By paying out \$30, and living on the land for five years, cultivating and improving it, you will become absolute owner of the land, and a patent will be granted you. If you desire, when you become able you can purchase the land at \$1.25 an acre at any time during the five years. The first payment to homestead the 160 acres will be but little over \$17—the balance of the amount will not all be due until the five years are completed."

"That is what I have been thinking about doing. But I don't know how I am to get money enough to buy a team, the necessary farming implements, and build a house on the land."

"I owe you \$55. Here is the money. You could continue working for me, and after awhile you would lay up enough with which to start. But I will tell you a better opportunity than that to get a start. We want a six months' school taught in this district, and want it commenced in about two weeks. I am one of the directors. I have talked to the other two about the matter, and they are perfectly willing to employ you, provided you can get a certificate from the examiner. I am satisfied you will have no trouble about that. The salary will be \$40 a month. You may stay with us, if you wish, until you get your house built. Of Saturdays, and mornings and evenings, you can work at your place."

The advice was taken. The land was entered. Having obtained a teacher's certificate, he commenced the school on the first Monday in November. By spring, with a little assistance, a comfortable house was erected on the land. When not too cold, he had worked early and late. It seemed up-hill work, at first, but he toiled on cheerfully. In the spring another partnership was formed, the firm being Essler and Essler. The junior partner had formerly been known as Miss Mary Martin. Prosperity seemed to crown all his undertakings. Each year as it goes by witnesses more land under cultivation, and many useful and attractive improvements added to the place. He is now the possessor of 320 acres of land. It gives him a pleasure to look over the broad acres of growing grain, and the thrifty stock grazing on the pas-

tures, which the firm own. He is striving hard to make his farm and home as beautiful as the one he owned long ago, and he is fast succeeding. If there is anything lacking, it will be owing to natural features of the one place not being as favorable as the other. The thought of the gay life of the city does not cause his pulses to beat one throb faster; for the life he now lives, with its peace, prosperity, happiness and contentment, gives him more real enjoyment than he ever knew there.

Abraham Lincoln.

George Alfred Townsend.

The President's father, Thomas Lincoln, never had any education; could hardly read, worked for day's wages and hunted game. When he married Nancy Hanks he had for a first child a daughter named Sarah (who left no children), the son Abraham, and a son who died a baby, named Thomas. Lincoln's father was a very amiable person, less than six feet high, of good nature, improvident and roving tendencies, but he was much loved. He always considered he had made a failure in life by not having any education. Lincoln's mother is said to have been a slender, pale, sad and sensitive woman, superior in nature to the rough customers around her, and Lincoln always called her his angel mother. They were very miserable and poor, yet both parents were religious. The mother could just read, and she read to her children. Lincoln's first teacher was a Catholic named Zachariah Riney, and the next a bright youth named Caleb Hazel. Schools were barely known, and the preaching was by rovers. Lincoln never saw a church for years, and his parents had the Baptist tendency. The first lessons in oratory Lincoln ever listened to were from wandering Baptist preachers. There is a theory that Lincoln's father moved away from Kentucky because he saw no opportunity to educate his children in a society where slavery was of more consequence than schools. He did not want his children to be as common as the negroes. Another reason alleged for the father's removal was the bad land titles in Kentucky, which had routed Daniel Boone himself from his property.

The father at last sold his farm for ten barrels of whisky and \$20 in money, the whole representing \$300. He built a flat-boat, launched it on the Rolling Fork, put his whisky on board of it, set his furniture by the whisky and floated down to the Ohio river, where the flat-boat was

upset and two-thirds of his whisky and stuff lost. He then went on to Thompson's Ferry, and had his goods hauled about eighteen miles into Spencer county, Ind., where he resolved to settle in the woods. This was in the autumn of 1816, when Abe was under eight years old.

The father went right back to Kentucky, not having brought his family with him on the flat-boat, and he put his effects on three horses, surrounding them with packs containing the bedding and wardrobe, and they were seven days going across Kentucky to Indiana, and there the free-State neighbors were assembled to help build them a home. Their house was not far from a town called Gentryville at the present day. The little boy Abe shot some wild turkeys, and, as soon as he could flourish an ax, was put to cutting down brush and trees.

He went for brief periods to three different teachers, one of whom was named Azel Dorcy, but it is said that his entire school education in both Kentucky and Indiana was limited to one year. His bed was the protruding logs of the cabin and a wooden crotch cut from the forest, on which were laid hickory sticks. This sort of bed was the father's and mother's, and the children slept on the ground, except when it was very cold, and then they crawled around their father's and mother's feet.

Lincoln's mother was seized with consumption and died in 1818, two years after she removed to Indiana, when little Abe was only ten years old. They buried her under the trees by the cabin and the boys sat down on her grave and wept. Her funeral service was not held for several months, and little Abe who could just form his letters, constructed one to a parson named Elkin in Kentucky, asking him to come and preach the mother's funeral sermon, which he did on a Sunday morning, riding 100 miles through the wilderness to do it. The neighbors for miles came in rude carts, on horses riding double-backed, in ox-wagons and on foot, and there were 200 persons present, sitting around the grave on stumps and logs, and it was the first great public ceremony in Lincoln's life. His mother's Christian sweetness and words of piety sank around the roots of Lincoln's life and sent up a stream of tears to his eyes through succeeding trials and triumphs. How poor are they whose mothers are never poor! It is the recollection of the tears, anxieties and toils of poor mothers that have given such compensation and sweetness to American human nature.

Little Abe was quick to learn to read, and write, too, and the rude Indiana neighbors, hearing of his smartness, came to have him write their letters, and thus he learned from original human nature the character, strength and necessities of his American fellow-citizens. There were few books, but the few there were he read well, like the bible, "Æsop's Fables," "The Pilgrim's Progress," Weemes' "Life of Washington," "The Life of Henry Clay," and a "Life of Franklin." There he got his beautiful, simple education, his skill to turn a phrase, his difference as a sentence-maker from the stiff old chaps like Jefferson, Madison, etc., who made the verbiage of the first quarter of this century.

In 1819 Lincoln's father married again, and the new wife, Sallie Johnson, of Elizabethtown, Ky., had three children before she came, but she was a kind woman, and treated both crops of children just the same. She was alive when Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States. Little Abe grew up tall and strong, helpful to everybody, considerate to the weakness of everybody, even to old confirmed drunkards. He learned to use tools and built a flatboat, and, as he was about to start off, two passengers who wanted to be taken out to a steamer gave him half a dollar apiece, the first dollar he ever had. He once took his father's grist on a horse and rode fifty miles to get it ground.

When he was 19 years old a neighbor asked him to take a flatboat and cargo to the sugar plantations near New Orleans, a distance of 1,800 miles. At that time it was said that Lincoln was six feet four inches high. When he was near Natchez a band of predatory negroes attacked the boat to steal, and Lincoln knocked them down one after the other, with a hand-spike, and then pursued them ashore and battered the rest. He then cut his boat adrift, and floated down the river in the night, and arriving at New Orleans disposed of his cargo and the boat, too, and the boys got back to Indiana as best they could.

Lincoln lived thirteen years in Indiana, read whenever he could get a book, kept away from liquor, learned to love stories, listening to them closely, and it is said that his father was a first-rate story-teller. Lincoln's sister, it is said, married when she was 14 years old, and died in 1822, just after she became a bride. The country where Lincoln lived was unhealthy, and they began to be restless to move to the better lands of Illinois. A kinsman

of Lincoln's mother went out there to spy into the country, and, returning with a good account, Lincoln's father sold out his squatter's claim in March, 1830, and started with his brood. Some of the daughters had married, and Abraham drove one of the ox teams, and so they entered Macon county, Illinois, and ten miles west of Decatur, on the north side of the Sangamon river, where the timber and the prairie met, and where they built a log cabin, which probably yet stands. Near it was a smokehouse and a stable. Abe was 21 years old, and he hewed the oak timbers and drove nails brought from Indiana, and they fenced in a lot of ten acres, planted corn, and then Abe turned to his father and said, "Father, I am going to hire out. These neighbors of ours have some money and want help." A stranger came along one night and asked shelter, and they put him to sleep with long Abe Lincoln.

The situation was bilious, and Lincoln's father went to Coles county, and there he died at the age of 73, as late as 1851.

When Lincoln first went to Illinois he was a very ungainly person, extremely poor, and he wore trousers made of flax and tow, with holes in the knees. Everybody in the neighborhood knew and liked Abe Lincoln. He split rails to get better clothes, and it is said that he split 400 rails for every yards of brown jeans dyed with white walnut bark.

It was in Coles county that he finally cut loose from his father's family. He and two friends went to Singamon town, seven miles northwest of Springfield, to build a boat for New Orleans at \$12 a month apiece, sawing the wood for that purpose with a whip-saw by hand, and when the boat was launched on the Sangamon it was floated to a point below New Salem, and a drove of hogs brought on board, Lincoln picking up the hogs in his arms and carrying them squealing on the boat.

Lincoln then took the boat to New Orleans, living among the hogs. No wonder the poor man occasionally told a rough story in after-life, when he had been grunted at and talked to by these hogs on such a trip. The man who paid for this boat was named Offutt, the name of a family very prominent near Washington City. He kept a store at New Salem, and a mill also, and he asked Abe to be his clerk.

There Lincoln was such a good story-teller, behind the counter and sitting on the counter, that customers came from every direction. His honesty as a clerk

also drew customers. He would make long walks to correct mistakes in weight and change. He once whipped a bully at this store who insulted a lady customer, and, throwing him on the ground, rubbed smart-weed in his face and eyes, and then washed it off, and the bully respected and loved him afterward. Fighting had to be done in that country, and a band of roughs resolved to lick Lincoln, but never accomplished it till they all attacked him at once, and when they had knocked him down and got him helpless his good humor disabled them from treating him with extreme harshness.

He borrowed a grammar while at this store, and began to study English from the root up. Lincoln once said to the owner of the grammar: "I never knew any of my family that didn't have good sense, yet I never knew one of them that brought himself to much." There was a debating society started in New Salem, and Lincoln pitched in in his crude way and tried to debate. He began to take the daily newspaper when he had not enough money to buy his clothes, and subscribed for the Louisville Journal.

Finally Lincoln's employer failed from too much ambition. The name that he brought through life of "Honest Abe" he got in this store.

The Black Hawk war now broke out. Black Hawk was a chief of the Sacs, whose tribe had been removed across the Mississippi. Not liking their new lands, they came back without leave and took their old hunting grounds on the Rock river again. General Gaines marched against Black Hawk, and drove him across the river, but in 1832, about the time Andrew Jackson was running for his second term, Black Hawk came across the Mississippi again, and the Governor called for volunteers, and Abe Lincoln enlisted and was elected captain of a company at Richland. The company marched to Beardstown, on the Illinois river, and thence to the mouth of Rock river, and, the war with the Indians proving inglorious, many of the volunteers left, but Lincoln re-enlisted. He was not in action, but he served to the end of the war. Zach Taylor was in the same little war.

He came out of the war 23 years old and was run for the legislature from Sangamon county, all his soldiers working for him; but, being defeated, he thought seriously about learning the blacksmith trade. For a while Lincoln kept a store, but had a bad partner, and did not do well.

President Jackson appointed Lincoln

postmaster, and he liked the place because it let him read newspapers taken by the neighbors. His hat was the post-office for the letters. Then John Calhoun, of Springfield, employed Lincoln to be a deputy land surveyor, and he surveyed the town of Petersburg, Ill., and worked for more than a year, his surveys standing to this day as sound.

Reading wherever he got a chance, Lincoln, in these simple pursuits became an authority with everybody. One time Dick Yates, who was going to Illinois college, was brought home by another youth and taken to see Abe Lincoln as the most remarkable young individual in the vicinity, and they found Lincoln lying flat on his back on a cellar-door, reading a newspaper. It was said that he could repeat nearly the whole of Burns, so much he loved the plain, rough verse of that self-made poet. When people asked if Lincoln was worth anything, the answer was, "No, except friends, and he is richer in them than any man here." Everybody wanted to see him get along well. Surveying around the county of Sangamon made him generally acquainted, and he had got to be a public speaker—rough, slow and argumentative, but very pleasing to the people. In 1834 he was elected to the legislature, where he found an old friend of the Black Hawk war, Major John D. Stewart, who was in fine practice at Springfield. Stewart lent him law books, which he took to New Salem and would read till he was out of money and then go and survey, and old people in New Salem used to see him sitting under an oak tree on a hill reading his books, moving around the trunk of it to keep in the shade as the sun circled. He became so absorbed in his law books that he was very absent-minded, would not see old friends as they passed him, and some thought he was crazy. As the time to go to the legislature approached he started on foot, with his baggage on his back, to Vandalia, the capital of the state, 100 miles distant.

In the legislature he was dressed in jeans with a surtout over it. He made no speeches, but listened, and watched, and walked home at the close of the session. In the campaign for re-election, in 1836, he made a speech in the court house at Springfield, which developed his astonishing power of slowly welding his argument and encircling his opponent with it, putting in wit as well as strength, and his figure heightened and straightened as he went on, and his dreamy eyes took a mild flash of fire, and the people

said to each other: "Who would have thought that Lincoln was an orator?" The nine members from Sangamon county were so long that they were called "the long nine," all being over six feet high, and Lincoln the tallest of all.

In the legislature that year were General McClelland, Jesse K. Dubois, Gen. James Shields, Stephen A. Douglas, John J. Hardin and William A. Richardson. Abe Lincoln was considered one of the most substantial men in the legislature. Lincoln and his colleagues demanded the removal of the capital from Vandalia to Springfield, and accomplished it by omnibusing with the system of public improvements demanded by the rest of the state. He was then only 27 years old. Douglas was 23 years old and the youngest man in the house. Lincoln in this legislature took position against the establishment of slavery in Illinois. He walked during this session 100 miles and back to Vandalia again. The other eight members of the delegation were on horseback, and Lincoln walked behind on foot.

Major Stewart of Springfield, now made him a proposition to become his law-partner, and the people then felt grateful to Lincoln for having assisted to give them the state capital, so he moved to Springfield on the 15th of April, 1837. It was almost the anniversary of his death, twenty-four years later. He went to Springfield with apprehension and anxiety, having nothing and freshly admitted to the bar. He left New Salem, which was full of his friends, with regret. At Springfield he boarded with William Butler. The Springfield people in 1838 sent him to the legislature, and there he was considered the leading Whig in the house. He ran for speaker and was defeated by one vote. In the debates he was one of the most active men. One of his speeches at this period described his opponent as like a man who fired at a squirrel, and having missed him several times, started to investigate the reason, and found that he had been firing at a louse on his eyebrow. The members laughed his opponent out of hearing.

Lincoln now began to ride the judicial circuits. He was what was called a case lawyer, not deeply grounded in the law, but with abundant justice and common sense, always weak on a weak side, and hence he was slow to take a case where there was not right and reason. He was a great advocate, however, astonishing before a jury, his lucidity, fairness and skill making the jury delighted to hear him. He often showed the melancholy

constitution which weighed him down in subsequent years. He got the name of the "Sangamon Chief" in the legislature, and was sent there again in 1840, and that year Springfield received the legislature, the archives and the offices. He was again defeated for speaker, and never again ran for the legislature. Gen. James Shields challenged him on account of a poem that a woman had published in a Springfield paper whom Lincoln desired to protect. He selected broadswords, and began to take exercise in Springfield, and they met on Bloody island, in the Mississippi river, opposite St. Louis, but a reconciliation was effected there. In 1840 he left Mr. Stewart and went into a law firm with Judge Logan, of Springfield. In 1842, at the age of thirty-three, he married Mary Todd, the daughter of Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky., where the bride had lived several years. Nineteen years afterward he was President of the United States.

Railroad Construction During 1882.

Chicago Tribune.

The *Railway Age* has an interesting article giving an account of the railway construction in the United States during the year 1882.

The following is the *Age's* summary of new track actually laid from January 1 to December 1, length of main line only, indicated by distance between termini, being considered, and no account being made of new sidings or additional side-track:

States.	No. lines.	Miles.	States.	No. lines.	Miles.
Alabama . . .	2	37	Missouri . . .	12	306
Arizona . . .	2	182	Montana . . .	2	309
Arkansas . . .	7	529	Nebraska . . .	5	210
California . . .	7	285	Nevada . . .	1	44
Colorado . . .	12	500	N. Hampshire . .	1	17
Connecticut . .	1	2	New Jersey . . .	5	85
Dakota . . .	16	480	New Mexico . . .	3	21
Delaware . . .	0	0	New York . . .	22	732
Florida . . .	6	204	N. Carolina . . .	10	154
Georgia . . .	6	305	Ohio . . .	17	554
Idaho . . .	3	301	Oregon . . .	3	198
Illinois . . .	16	385	Pennsylvania . .	31	464
Indian Terr'y .	1	67	Rhode Isl'nd . .	0	0
Indiana . . .	9	528	S. Carolina . . .	3	57
Iowa . . .	24	853	Tennessee . . .	8	133
Kansas . . .	8	217	Texas . . .	19	817
Kentucky . . .	3	80	Utah . . .	2	175
Louisiana . . .	4	52	Vermont . . .	1	8
Maine . . .	3	28	Virginia . . .	10	228
Maryland . . .	2	41	Wash'ton T. . .	0	0
Massachusetts .	5	5	W. Virginia . . .	3	20
Michigan . . .	13	223	Wisconsin . . .	16	387
Minnesota . . .	10	441	Wyoming . . .	1	25
Mississippi . .	3	87			
Total in 44 States and Territories . .		316		10,821	

Where, as in several cases, the same line has been built in two or more States it is counted as but one line in the grand total, so that the footing under the col-

umn "No. of lines"—316—is less by twenty-two than the actual sum of the number of lines taken separately by States and Territories.

Thus it appears that track-laying has been in progress during the year in forty-four of the States and Territories, upon 316 different railways, with the result of adding no less than 10,821 miles to our railway system, and it is not unlikely that this may be increased to 11,000 miles by the final returns. These figures place 1882 far ahead of any other year in respect to railway building, the increase over 1881, hitherto the year of most extraordinary construction, being about 1,500 miles, or more than sixteen per cent. For the purpose of comparison there is given below the figures of yearly mileage found in Poor's Manual, assuming them to be approximately correct, and adding our figures for 1882:

Year.	Miles built.	Total mileage.	Year.	Miles built.	Total mileage.
1873 . . .	4,107	70,278	1878 . . .	2,687	81,776
1874 . . .	2,105	72,383	1879 . . .	4,721	86,497
1875 . . .	1,712	74,086	1880 . . .	7,147	93,671
1876 . . .	2,712	76,808	1881 . . .	9,386	104,813
1877 . . .	2,281	79,019	1882 . . .	10,821	115,634

In regard to the prospects for future construction of the 316 roads which are covered by this record, at least 140 are still uncompleted, and on many of these work will be resumed in the spring, if it is not continued during the winter. Bearing in mind that the number of lines on which grading was actively in progress during the year, although no track was laid, is very large, and that a host of new projects have been inaugurated upon which no tangible work has yet been done, and it appears that railway building is likely to be active during 1883, though it will probably be better for the country if it does not proceed with the extraordinary speed which has characterized the past two years.

The amount of capital which has been invested in railways in the last year is almost incredible. Allowing \$25,000 per mile as a fair average for the cost of a road equipped and in operation, the 10,800 miles of which we have record have cost \$270,000,000 to which is to be added the vast and unknown sum expended in preparing road-beds on which track is not yet laid.

Cupid.

Demorest's Monthly.

Long years ago there was born a boy who received the name of Cupido. His mother was the beautiful Venus, of golden-apple fame, and his father was the re-

nowned Jupiter, "king and father of gods and men." This son of distinguished parents was no ordinary boy. He was as powerful as he was vivacious, and as dangerous as he was seductive. The Greeks, among whom he was born, represented him sometimes riding on the back of a lion or dolphin, or snapping into pieces the thunderbolts of his father Jupiter, thus showing his great power. Sometimes they depicted him as a conquering warrior marching victoriously with a helmet on his head, a buckler on his arm, and a spear in his hand. Again, he was shown as a winged boy, bearing a bow and arrows with which to shoot his victim, and, being a sure aim, he never failed to lodge his weapons in the heart of some unsuspecting mortal. So universally was his power acknowledged and felt, that he received the same worship as did his lovely mother, Venus, whose constant attendant this dangerous boy was.

This Cupido or Cupid was the god of love; and Sir Walter Scott, in his "Last Minstrel," gives us a very good idea of his power, and the extent of his dominion. He says:

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hemlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And man below, and saints above."

Shakespeare speaks of him as "a purblind, wayward boy," "subtle as sphinx," "a mighty lord;" and one of the characters is made to swear by "Cupid's strongest bow; by his best arrow with the golden head."

Thomas Moore, the poet, who sang many a song of love, says of this powerful lay:

"Love is a hunter boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his net of joy,
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain concealed they lie,
Love tracks them everywhere;
In vain aloft they fly,
Love shoots them flying there."

At all seasons powerful, Cupid is supposed to be especially so in the month of February when, as Tennyson says, there

— "is a song on every spray,
Of birds that pipe their Valentine."

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Dear love, if thou the wintry hours
My lips were sealed to thee,
I'll tell my tale now that the birds
Make love on every tree.

I bring no jeweled crowns of pride,
Nor any golden gift,
But to thy head in reverence
Love's garland I would lift,

I bring thee all the best I have,
A love as true as steel,
A tenderness that cannot fail,
And sympathy to feel.

A courage that will do and dare
All things for thy sweet sake,
Content, if only shared with thee,
The worst of life to take.

What better can we do than love?
Come, take my hand in thine,
And say, that like the birds this day
Thou'lt choose thy Valentine.

I hear the loving, happy birds
Wurbling in every tree,
And all my heart goes out, dear love,
In tenderness to thee.

They sing and love and love and sing,
And I would do the same,
And every string of this my harp
Would melodize thy name.

Not for a day, but for all time;"
And in our love thus blest,
Content shall pilot us along
To the sweet isles of rest.

Playing Comet.

Peck's Sun.

'But, look-a hear,' says the grocery man, as he gave the boy a little dried up lemon, about as big as a prune, and told him he was a terror, 'what is the matter with your eye winkers and your hair? They seem to be burned off.'

'Oh, thunder, didn't pa tell you about the comet exploding and burning us all? That was the worst thing since the flood when Noah run the excursion from Kalamazoo to Mount Ararat. You see we had been reading about the comet, which is visible about 4 o'clock in the morning, and I heard pa tell the hired girl to wake him and ma up when she got up to set the pan cakes and go to early mass, so they could see the critter. The hired girl is a Catholic, and she don't make no fuss about it, but she has got more good, square relidgin than one dozen like pa. It makes a good deal of difference how relidgin affects different people, don't it? Now pa's relidgin makes him wild, and he wants to kick my pants, but the hired girl's relidgin makes her want to hug me, if I am abused, and she puts anarchy on my bruises, and gives me pie. Pa wouldn't get up at four o'clock in the morning to go to early mass, unless he could take a fish pole along; and some angle worms. The hired girl prays when no one sees her but God, but pa wants to get a church full of sisterin', and pray loud, as though he was an auctioneer selling tin razors.

'Well, when I heard pa tell the hired girl to wake him up, told her to wake me up about half an hour before she waked

pa up, and then I got my chum to stay with me, and we made a comet to play on pa. You see my room is right over pa's room and I got two lengths of stove pipe and covered it with phosphorous, so they looket just as bright as a comet. Then we got two Roman candles and big sky rocket, and we were going to touch off the Roman candles and the sky rocket just as pa and ma got to looking at the comet. I didn't know that a sky rocket would kick back, did you? Well, you'd died to see that comet. We tied a piece of white rubber hose to the stove pipe for a tail and went to bed, and when the girl waked us up we laid for pa and ma.

'Pretty soon we heard pa's window open and I looked out, and pa and ma had their heads and half their bodies out the window. They had their night shirts on and looked just like pictures of the millerites waiting for the world to come to an end. Pa looked up and seed the stove pipe, and he said: Hannah, for gracious sake, look up there.'

'Just then my chum lit the two Roman candles and I touched off the rocket and that's where my eye winkers went. The rocket busted on pa, but ma got her head inside before the comet struck, and wasn't hurt, but one length of the stove pipe struck pa endways on the neck and almost cut a biscuit out of him, and the fire sparks just poured down in his hair and burned his night shirt. Pa was scart. He thought the world was coming to an end, and the window came down on his back, and he began to sing, 'Earth's but a desert drear, Heaven is my home.'

The boy went out, scratched the place where his eye-winkers were, and then the grocery man knew what it was that caused the fire engine to be around at 4 o'clock in the morning looking for fire.

MANHOOD.

M. B. Bisbee.

Thank God! He sometimes makes a man
On such a large, commodious plan,
So clothed with every grace and power,
So rich in Godhood's holy dower,
That all are proud to own a place
In such a highly gifted race.

Thank God! He sometimes lets a soul
Become so free from sins control,
So purged of earthly stain and dross,
Recovered so from Eden's loss
That, like cathedral windows light
Down through it shines a heavenly light.

Thank God! He grants to some below,
Great deeds to do, deep things to know,
To win the cause of human rights,
To lead the race to grander heights,
And show how noble life can be
When it fulfills its destiny.

Electrical Railways in Ireland.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The making of the electrical railway between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway marks an era in the history of locomotion. If the sanguine hopes of its projectors are realized it will not be less remarkable in the history of Ireland. Nature has left her destitute of those stores of force in the shape of coal mines with which England and Scotland have been so plentifully favored; but she has dowered her with an inexhaustible supply of force in the shape of waterfalls, which have run to waste from before the days of Finn McCoul until now. "The costless drainage of a wilderness," which on Canadian rivers Mr. Hussey Vivian found busy converting, almost without the intervention of a human hand, beams of rough-hewn timber into finished doors and windows and all manner of woodwork, has never been harnessed to the service of man in Ireland. The advent of an electrical age promises to change all that, and the Portrush Railway may be the forerunner of the great things which are yet to come, when the Irish have learned to employ the drainage of their hills in driving the machinery of their mills. Turbines planted on the River Bush are to generate the electricity which is to drive the tram cars from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway. The directors, it is said, are seeking to purchase a waterfall for the same purpose, and it is confidently anticipated that the railway will be worked, as the city of Poona is said to be lighted, by thunderbolts forged by water.

There is something strangely incongruous in the association of the Giant's Causeway, with its mysterious legends, dating far back beyond the gray dawn of history, with the latest development of the applied science of the nineteenth century. That the first electrical tramway outside Berlin should have been started in a remote corner of Ireland is due to the enterprise of the High Sheriff of Antrim, Dr. Traill, whose namesake, Mr. W. A. Traill, has acted as engineer of the line. There have been many electrical railways laid down in various places, but hitherto they have never been constructed by public companies for the purposes of profit. As the Stockton and Darlington Railway is justly regarded as the first of modern railways, although it was preceded by many railways of different kinds, so this Portrush electrical line may fairly claim to be the first of its kind not only in Ireland but in the world. The

first electrical locomotive was tried on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway forty years ago. It crawled along at the rate of four miles an hour, and was promptly laid aside. It was not till the invention of the modern dynamo-electric machine that the substitution of electricity for steam began to be regarded as feasible. Every one has seen the toy tram car in the grounds of the Crystal Palace driven by electricity, on which a curious public rides at 6d. per head per journey. Similar playthings have been at work at the various electrical exhibitions at St. Petersburg, Munich, Dusseldorf, Brussels and Berlin. At the electrical exhibition in the Palais d'Industrie at Paris the principle was applied in more practical fashion. A tram car moved by electricity, transmitted from a stationary engine by an overhead cable, brought loads of passengers to the palace from the Place de la Concorde. In a couple of months it conveyed 82,000 passengers to and from the exhibition; but as the fare for the short distance was at the rate of half a crown a mile it afforded no guide as to the commercial advantages of the new motor. An experiment was made on the Leytonstone tramway some months ago, when a tram car was fitted up with Faure accumulators and set to work over a mile and a half of private tramway. Its speed was seven miles an hour, but the weight of the car with the accumulators was five and a half tons, and although enthusiastic promoters declared that it would reduce the cost of traction by one-half the experiment has not been renewed.

A very successful application of the electrical motor has been made by a large linen-bleacher in Calvados. The electric locomotive, which generates no smoke, passes up and down the bleaching-fields, winds up the bleached linen, and conveys it to the works. This, however, is a specialty entirely in private hands. The only public tramway worked by electricity is that of the Messrs. Siemens in Berlin. They at first projected an abomination in the shape of an overhead electric railway six miles long, but the Emperor would not allow the Linden to be disfigured, and the projectors contented themselves with a short line, a mile and a half long, between Lichterfelde and the Military Academy. The new motor was also employed for a time on the tramway line between Charlottenberg and the Spandauer Bock. The current at first was passed along the rails from a stationary engine, but it is now conveyed by cables slung in mid-air, a frightful addi-

tion to the horrors of modern civilization. Although it can be driven at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the regulation pace is not more than ten. It is convenient, simple and manageable, but it has not been a financial success. On the other side of the Atlantic Mr. Edison has made a private line, three and one-half miles long, to his works in Menlo Park. He sends the current along the rails, and claims to be able to drive his car at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He estimates the saving at fifty per cent. upon the cost of steam; but Mr. Edison is an enthusiast, whose estimates do not always correspond with his results. He has, however, achieved a sufficient measure of success to secure orders for several electric motors, which are to be used on a new Swiss line. An electric railway is projected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and there is some talk of putting up an overhead electric railway in Paris, to run from the Arc de l'Etoile at the head of the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Bastille at the other side of the city. These projects, however, are as yet nothing more than projects, and will probably not be carried into execution until it has been proved that electric tramways will pay.

The Portrush tramway is, however, an accomplished fact. It has been built in the old-fashioned way by a company of shareholders, who raised £45,000 in ten-pound shares, to construct six miles of rail. Being worked by electricity, there is no necessity either for the heavy railway needed to support the weight of a steam engine or for the granite-paved track required for horse traction. Another great advantage which cannot be secured elsewhere is that the tramway is laid on one side of the road, and from this raised trampoline all ordinary traffic is excluded by a granite curbstone. The gauge is only three feet, and to twice that extent the company monopolize the highway. The cost of construction under these circumstances has only been one-quarter of that incurred on tramways less favorably situated. The steel rails are laid level with a graveled surface, and parallel to them extends a third iron rail, which is used to conduct the current from the dynamo machine to the cars, contact being effected by means of an electric brush. The whole of the electricity required is supplied from the central station at Portrush. When the turbines fail to yield the requisite power, steam will be employed to generate the electricity. The line will be used not

merely as a tramway, but also as a railway for the conveyance of goods and minerals, electricity being in all cases the only motive power employed. According to the sanguine estimate of the promoters, whereas the cost of working the line by horses would be 11d. a mile and by steam 7d., they expect to effect it at a cost of 1d. If they do this their success is assured. But the chances are against them. No electric motor has as yet been able to earn a dividend, and it will be an agreeable surprise if the new railway to the Giant's Causeway should prove an exception to the rule.

Von Moltke's Tribute to Gambetta.

New York Tribune.

A group of Prussian officers in Berlin were one evening discussing and ridiculing Gambetta and his armies, when the veteran field-marshal, Count Moltke, who was among them, quietly remarked: "Yes, gentlemen, that is all very well; but remember that after Metz and Sedan, when we thought the war over, those improvised armies held their own against us for five months. It took us a month to beat the great disciplined armies, but five months to beat Gambetta's raw recruits. His levee en masse so astonished us soldiers—whatever you scoffers and carpet-knights may think—that we shall have to study this question during many long years of peace."

Frauds in Diamonds.

New York Times.

Some very interesting and important experiments with diamonds have lately been made at the Paris Academy of Science. An experienced diamond merchant bought, not long ago, a fine white diamond for \$4,600. One morning he gave it a good washing with soap and water, when what was his consternation to find that it had turned yellow, which set its value down to \$800.

The matter was brought to the attention of the Academy, and experts submitted the report, which showed that diamond-whitening is a fraud easy to accomplish, and as easy to detect. By plunging a yellow diamond into an aniline violent dye it becomes white, while at the same time it loses neither its transparency nor brilliancy.

In fact, on making the experiment, the experts had in a few minutes transformed several yellow stones into what appeared magnificent white stones of five fold value. Take a yellow diamond, dip it even into

no stronger dye than violet ink, wash it with water to remove any discoloration, and the effect is immediate. The dried diamond remains white. But, on the other hand, the illusion is of short duration. Rub the stone even lightly and the yellow tint is seen coming back again, and a little further attrition with the finger restores the pristine hue completely.

This discovery may entail upon many persons a rude awakening to the fact that the stones they have are of far less value than they suppose, and will necessitate even greater care than hitherto exercised in purchasing. Douglas Jerrold once raised the question whether any possession really repaid its possessor which entailed anxiety of mind, and diamonds, in one way and another, entail so much that there are many to whom the great value set upon them becomes almost incomprehensible.

The Masher.

Ida A. Harper.

Nobody knows, in regard to a slang word, whence it comes or whither it goes, but as every new one appears we wonder how we ever were able to express ourselves without it. Perhaps the necessity begets the word. When idle men were in the habit of lounging from place to place without any definite occupation, we called them "loafers;" when moving about became too laborious and they took to perching themselves up on railings or store boxes while they stared honest people out of countenance, they naturally suggested "roosters;" and when the devil entered into their unoccupied minds and suggested that they concentrate their feeble energies and, like a pile driver so to speak, make a tremendous impression upon some soft-headed woman, they were immediately christened "mashers."

Two of the fraternity having been publicly horsewhipped during the past week, one in Chicago and one in St. Louis, people are just now feeling a slight interest in the species. It is somewhat difficult to define the animal; that is to say, it is hard to tell where the man ends and the "masher" begins. He does not need wealth or beauty or brains—oh! no, not any brains. He ought to have a moustache, but it is not essential. He may be any age, provided he is not too old. What he most needs is plenty of assurance ("cheek" or "brass" he calls it), and a certain kind of shrewdness, which will enable him to dodge the consequences.

The Railroad Reporter.

Exchange.

The railroad reporter, with a map spread before him, was busily engaged in projecting, on his own responsibility, a line to connect the J. C. and I. and W., K. and N. roads, and to form an important feeder for both. While he was thus engrossed, the city editor wheeled around in his chair, hitched up his pink Italian suspenders, and said:

"Are you much of a ladies' man?"

"Yes I am," replied the railroad reporter, with a smile, "although I may not look it. At one time I was a regular standard gauge, steel rail, stone ballast swell, but of late years I have uncoupled from that sort of business, and have been running on a different line."

"Do you think you can handle a re-churcher affair among the 'high lifts' and do justice to the tout ensemble of the soiree?"

"I think I can."

"Well, if that is the case, go up to the residence of old Col. Jinglesex and report the wedding of his daughter. Pay strict attention to the style of the bride's costume, and write up a readable description of it."

The railroad reporter rubbed up his eye-glasses, took his coffin-lid coat from the bottom of his escritoire, borrowed a fresh collar from the death editor, and went to the wedding. When he returned his report read as follows:

"Last night quite a large number of guests were present at the residence of Col. Jinglesex to witness the marriage of his lovely daughter with our esteemed young fellow-citizen Major Raoul Baptiste McGilligan. Col. Jinglesex was the general manager of the entire guest system, and had his headquarters established in the dining-room, and only left his post and the side-board, where the gentlemen were often side-tracked for repairs, to go through the parlors on a tour of inspection. Mrs. Col. Jinglesex acted as superintendent and yard-master, and most of the time was employed in the kitchen, where she had the supper courses made up and saw that they left on schedule time. The whole thing was a real ten-foot driver, Miller platform affair, and will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations. A few moments before the arrival of the preacher who was to pull the bell-cord for the matrimonial train, old Col. Jinglesex left the side-board, and started up grade with a heavy load. The consequence was he slipped an eccentric, and

came into the parlor running on one side but was flagged down in time to prevent him jamming his headlight through a bay window. The old gentleman, in stopping to fill his tank so often, lost the right of way and did not witness the ceremony.

"The bride was a slender beauty, and her eyes were of a peculiar pea blossom blue-color, and when her lips parted in a smile they looked like some one had opened a red pocket-book. She was dressed in a flowing robe of yellow tinted bobbinet muslin *a la ecru* looped up at the sides with a Hungarian pompadour of blue grenadine and fichus of Queen Anne gimp. The dress was cut on an incline of forty-eight degrees across the shoulders, and curved around under the left arm. The bosom of the fair bride was covered with a trestle work of Louis XIV. lace, and her waist was 'surfaced up' and 'filled in' with artificial flowers, made attractive by several narrow-gauge short lines of red trimmings, which skirted around and centured at a common terminal point on the crest of her polonaise. Down the front of the robe was a midland route of antique buff serge intersected by numerous feeders of costly fez marino.

"The wedding was bon ton—everything moved on schedule time, and along the whole line not a 'low joint' or 'high center' jolted the gentle glide of happiness."

A Palace on Wheels.

Philadelphia Press.

The Afton is one of sixteen cars which, when finished, will be of similar design. Exteriorly it at once attracts attention by the paneling, the square, plate glass windows and the running gear. The panels are vertical, about two and a half inches in width, and so placed in position that they cannot warp under the hottest sun. So perfect are the junctures that the side of the car looks like one stretch of solid plank grooved at regular intervals. The windows are square and set in mahogany sashes. All the wheels of the car are made of paper, rimmed with steel, and run under trucks, provided with springs, which are ingeniously arranged to prevent any lateral swaying of the coach.

The scene inside the car is one of simple elegance. The designer has succeeded in the difficult task of producing a beautifully artistic effect, with very few curves. Everything, save the bottoms of the berths, is square, and even there the curving is very gentle. The entire car is

finished in solid mahogany, and an effort seems to have been made to use the most beautifully grained wood obtainable. The seats are upholstered in crimson plush, and the floor is carpeted with dark-patterned Axminster. A soft, uniform light is shed through the car by six brass lamps, depending from a wooden ceiling tastefully frescoed after the Moorish style. One of the most noticeable features in the finish of the wood is the inlaid work in the sides of the pieces which form the division between the upper and lower berths when in use. Olive, cherry, walnut, maple, oak, ash and other hard woods have been used to produce a series of harmonious designs, resembling the finest mosaic, and so delicately are the pieces blended, that at a few feet they resemble hand-painting. At either end of the main body of the car hung rich-colored raw silk curtains of the finest texture. These curtains conceal from view the smoking room, a cozy little bouffe and gentleman's dressing-room at one end, and a lady's dressing-room and private apartment with four berths at the other. Each of the dressing-rooms have glass roofs, through which light is obtained from the lamp outside. This is an entirely new idea, and it is intended to do away with the odor of oil which made the old cars slightly unpleasant. The little bouffe next to the smoking-room deserves special mention. It could be appropriately styled a *multum in parvo*. There is the loveliest little side-board, with a white marble top, and mirrors behind it that one would find in a magnificently appointed dwelling; a handsome silver service of plate; a silver coffee urn and chafing dish combined, and the most ingenious arrangements of drawers, ice-chest and bottle-box ever seen. The car, with all its appointments, cost a trifle over \$15,000, and the convoy—if such a term is allowable—is to run between New York and Washington and Florida, and on the Atlantic coast lines.

He Jess Drapped Her.

Texas Siftings.

"How did you come to break off your engagement with Miss Snowball?" asked Uncle Mose of Andy Perkins, an Austin darkey. "In de fust place, Uncle Mose, she wasn't berry young and she didn't hab no money, and jawed like de debble; and secondly, she wouldn't hab me and went and married anudder niggah, so I tuck de advice ob my frens and jess drapped her."

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

APRIL, 1883.

COMMON honesty is an uncommon thing.

It is better to pay one debt than to beat ten executions.

THERE is still a better motto than charity. It is, "Pay your debts."

It is better to take a receipt for your own debt than to sign a note for another man's.

THERE are two fellows for whom we have no use in our Order—the sneak and the dead beat.

SUSTAINED effort is the effort that wins. The man who works by fits and starts rarely succeeds.

It is nobler to pay a whisky bill than to subscribe for a new church, with no intention of paying the subscription.

THE square man has but one regret, and that is that he can't pay—the dead beat has also a regret—he has got to pay.

MEN who toe the mark squarely in jean overalls are better than those who wear tight pants at the expense of their tailors.

Success is obtained on the principle of siege. "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," is the sure way to win battles.

COOLNESS in the hour of danger is a better quality than dash. The man who does not get "rattled" is a safer man than he who makes a curve with a rush.

Ida A. Harper.

It gives us great pleasure to pay a small tribute of praise to the gifted lady whose name appears above. Mrs. Harper is a writer of great experience and much merit. She has been a constant contributor to the pages of the Terre Haute Mail, one of our ablest weeklies, and her articles have been copied in all the leading papers and periodicals of the country. We call especial attention to her contribution in this number of the Magazine, and hope that she will be kind enough to favor our columns in the future with her well written productions. Mrs. Harper is not only a fine writer, but is a lady of taste and culture in all the matters of social and literary life. We hope to be able to secure her valuable services in the future on the pages of our Magazine.

Our Opportunities.

America is pre-eminently the land of great possibilities, of great opportunities, and of no less great probabilities. Look around us; no matter what our position may be, we all stand on the great field of renown, with a free and equal chance to go to the supreme height of all that can be desired of earthly grandeur. We all have a fair chance and an open field. Long may it remain so. The time, the occasion is auspicious. Nothing like it was ever known before. The time is an exception. Let the members of our Brotherhood prove themselves exceptions in the avidity with which they take advantage of the opportunities offered. Our Order is come to lead those, who will practice its precepts and teachings, to certain victory in the fairest fields of success.

Honesty.

What is grander than an honest man? Who is nobler than the man who pays his debts? "Pay as you go" is a very common proverb, but it means more than men usually imagine. To run in debt with no hope of paying is as bad as highway robbery. The only difference between the man who borrows, not intending to repay, and the man who picks a pocket, is that the latter goes to the penitentiary, while the former ought to. Owe no man anything longer than it is possible to repay! The man who pays his debts stands a better chance for heaven than the man who shouts at revivals while his washwoman is starving to death, because the devout Christian has taken the bankrupt law. Plank down the cash every time; don't say, "send in the bill." Pay your board bills, your wash bills; pay your dues at the lodge; don't be a dead beat, always behind and always asking your creditors to "call again." There is more genuine Christianity in one man who "pays up" than in a hundred professed Christians who subscribe to foreign missions with no intent to pay the subscription. Don't sail under false colors! It is better to be poor and not have much enjoyment than to be rich at the expense of your creditors. The man who beats a boarding house, will steal, the first chance he gets. A dead beat is a thief. Meet every obligation in life! It is better to die poor with your debts paid than to leave your heirs a fortune in your wife's name. Don't let your wife and children lose the benefits of our Brotherhood simply because you failed to pay your way! The proudest legacy you can leave your children is an honest name. Don't allow any man to say to your children, "Your father owes me money." The world will forgive a man many shortcomings if he will only pay his debts. If you can't afford an expense don't indulge in it; it is better to do without, than to make some creditor do without. If you make only fifty dol-

lars a month, don't spend seventy; the twenty dollars belong to some other man. Pay as you go, be honest, and you will gain men's respect; run in debt and you will have to make friends with the constable.

The Rights of Labor.

Great questions, relating more especially to the rights of laboring men, but touching in their relations all the interests of humanity, are forcing themselves more urgently every year on the attention of the people. It is impossible to avoid these great problems, they must be solved. Bound together as all humanity is in an eternal union, mutually and equally beneficial, there can be but one judgment, that the universal interest is that they be solved justly. Success and the security of justice can only come by seeking the greatest good of the greatest number. This is the first, the greatest fundamental principle. It is the primer of our Government. Our members, their wives and their children are all deeply interested in the success of our Order. To them our attention is especially directed. Our cause is of national importance. It is a part of justice and of humanity, all who are interested in these are interested in our success. The rights of labor have been the subject of agitation for centuries. The more we contemplate them the more certain it is that nothing but good can come of them and the justice done them. In advocating the rights of labor we have an eye single to justice and universal good. Labor is the grand builder of all to be desired, it builds up the world and is the source of all good. It opens up the flood gates of prosperity. No enconium of labor can be too great. To it we owe our blessings. It is the salvation of humanity. Our great fortune, the source of unlimited bounty. When we contemplate the vast fields of labor of all kinds open in our country we are filled with wonder and admiration. Truly here is a scene to in-

spire the soul of the greatest genius. How gloriously we shall gather in the sheaves of our greatness. Let us possess the goodly land before us. Labor is civilization, and civilization is labor. By supporting the interests of labor we secure to ourselves all the great benefits of civilization. Pampered idleness and snobbish dandyism is barbarity. Who has a better right to the fruits of labor than the laborer himself? Our labors are the result of our sweat and toil, of brain and muscle, by virtue of which we have made them our own. We have identified ourselves with them, they are a part of us, they and their fruits belong to us, they have our brand upon them, and we will own, reclaim and acknowledge them wherever we find them. It is an individual work, essential in every way. No one will be found to perform it for us and no one so well qualified as ourselves to do our own duty. We are the best informed on the subject, and we hold it to be self-evident that we are the best and, indeed, the sole judges of our own interests. The interests of labor have been too long neglected for the good of us all. Let them be supported and all will be happy, successful and prosperous. In forwarding the interests of labor we make no war on capital. Capital's best interests are in a well rewarded and fostered system of labor. What could capital ever hope for from impoverished labor? When labor becomes impoverished and beggarly paid, capital must become the prey of robbers and plunderers. Labor is the prop that supports capital, and when the prop is gone, what depends upon it, must fall. Our great capitalists know this. They will heed it. We will not meet with any opposition from them. Their salvation depends upon us. They understand our grand object, the general good of us all, and will assist us. We seek not to overturn, but to improve. As the military power is subject to the civil, so should the interests of capital be subject to the interests of labor. We propose to repre-

sent, protect and secure the best interests of all our members in the fullest manner possible, in order that justice be done. We must have a voice in the decision of our affairs.

SECURITY.

Harriet McEwan Kimball.

Deep in the grass the trustful lark
Conceals its lowly nest,
Where cruel eye may seldom mark,
Or cruel hand molest.

At least approach of footsteps rude
The little bird upsprings;
From solitude to solitude
It soars on swiftest wings.

Far up the azure height it soars
Beyond the reach of wrong,
And from its modest breast outpours
Its rapt, entrancing song.

Thus dwells the pious soul secure
In meditation blest;
The foot of pride, ambition's lure,
Scarcely find the hidden nest.

And when the tempter draweth near,
His faintest footsteps heard,
Swift on the wings of holy fear,
She soars as soars the bird.

Free in the vast encircling sky
Of God's protecting grace
She pours her matchless song on high,
Of thankfulness and praise.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

Robert Burns.

[The following poem was dedicated to Mrs. Burns during the honeymoon.]

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly love
the west,
For there the bonnie lasses lives, the lass that
I love best!
There wild woods grow, and rivers row, and
mony a hill between;
But day and night, my fancy's flight, is ever
wi' my Jean!

I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet
and fair—
I hear her in the tuneful birds, wi' music
charm the air,
There's not a bonnie flower that springs by
fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings, but
minds me o' my Jean!

O, blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw soft amang
the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle gale, fra muir an' dale, bring hame
the laden bees!
And bring the lassie back to me that's aye sae
sweet and clean,
Ae blink o' her wad banish care, sae lovely is
my Jean!

What sighs and vows amang the knowes hae
past between us twa!
How fain to meet! how wae to part!—that
day she gae awa!
The powers above can only ken, to whom the
heart is seen,
That nae can be sae dear to me as my sweet
lovely Jean!

Contributor's Column

For Firemen's Magazine.

Gratitude and Ingratitude.

BY HENRY C. LORD.

The subject of this paper is fully expressed in the two words which form its text. No man who has lived an active life for nearly sixty years, a child, a student, a mature man, and whether at the bar, in the pulpit, in any commercial and business pursuit, a workshop, the field, or at any post of duty and responsibility, can fail to have his own conception of the meaning of the two words. They are as antagonistic as truth and falsehood, crime and innocence, purity and vice. It is almost idle for any one, man or woman, to define their true meaning except as taught it by personal experience, sad or pleasant as the case may be. One can see its true definition in the eye, feel it in the pulse of the heart, or as exactly portrayed in the conduct of both human and animal life. They all express reason, instinct, emotions or feeling just as truly in the snarl of a cur, or the tender eye of a faithful spaniel, as in the smile and the loving glance of a child, a man or a woman. The definitions of the two words have to be felt; sometimes in sorrow, sometimes in joy, rather than expressed in words. All that the writer can do is to create his own definition, and then leave it to his readers to adopt or reject the whole or any part of it according to their own experience in life or theories of it.

I always like to go back to my early classical studies to get the proper derivation of many words. Accordingly, I start out with the word "gratia," which means favor, love, kindness, appreciation and many other sentiments of a kindred nature, not always or often realized in actual life. It occurs also as an Irish word, "grasa," and is beautifully significant of genuine Irish character. The word grace most often appears in Scripture, but translated in all sorts of ways to suit all sorts of creeds and often inconsistent with one another. The writer thinks he has a better idea of the meaning of the word than Mr. John Calvin, who burned Servetus, or Mr. John Knox, who persecuted everybody who disagreed with him, or of Henry VIII., who got rid of his wives by

killing or in other ways disposing of them as he grew weary of them or they of him. Yet he comes down to history from the tips of Protestants pens as the "Defender of the Faith," by the "Grace of God." What a miserable perversion of the word however it may be defined or incorporated into the text of a creed. Now the word gratitude, according to the writer, is best defined by these two expressions, the true appreciation of favors conferred in any considerate or loving manner and a return of it in the same manner. It may be expressed in a purse of gold, a gleam of the eye, the pressure of a hand or duty performed. Recognition is gratitude however it may be manifested. Forgetfulness, or even thoughtlessness, however shown, is ingratitude, and the latter is cruel always and sometimes a crime under the civil law, but ever one according to the moral law. No man can show ingratitude for a favor conferred upon him without being ashamed of himself and losing his own self respect. You may apply this argument in any department of life, industrial, social or domestic, and the rule or definition will hold good. I have used strong expressions already, but shall employ stronger ones before the close of this paper. But to come again to my definitions before applying them to practical life. Gratitude involves both love and charity, however manifested, in acts or deeds. The word charity is the most beautiful one in every spoken language, the sentiment of it is more often expressed in kind words and gentle looks than in gifts of gold or precious stones. I wonder that the Germans have left it out of their vocabulary; it was a national mistake. I wonder still more that the revisers of the New Testament have substantially omitted it in their translation. The great apostle and scholar, "Paul," pronounced charity to be even a greater virtue than either faith or hope. I accept most heartily his idea and text, for while faith and hope are too often mere sentiments, the former, charity, is always a reality. The original Greek word, with but a slight variation in accent, is to be found in almost every spoken language. The English word charity can never be exchanged in the mind of humanity for the word love, or be made by any translation to take its place. It would be the merest usurpation and abuse to attempt it, and the world would reject it as it has in its honest intelligence every new rendering of the word. How often does it happen in this world made up of all sorts of human curiosities, that a miser loves

his child, while he hides his money, and whose ears are ever deaf to the cry of want and whose hand always comes out of his pocket to receive and not to bestow.

I could continue the discussion of this point and illustrate it by many an example, but it is not worth while. Of what use is it to be ever reminding intelligent people of what they know both from experience and observation. I thus far mainly confine myself to the word gratitude and its proper definition, referring to ingratitude as its opposite. I will, however, before proceeding to familiar illustrations of my idea and argument, attempt in a few words to define more clearly the meaning of the word ingratitude. The word is a very comprehensive one and full of significance. It involves an utter want of appreciation of favors bestowed and kindnesses freely given. It may be said to represent both forgetfulness and the absence of all sentiment or generous feeling in the constitution of the ingrate. Said a distinguished French writer, "Ingratitude is equally abhorred by God and man." Says another writer, "No man will confess himself to be ungrateful." Yet how painful it is to witness it in every day life, here, there, everywhere. How often will you see it illustrated when a man seeing his benefactor, who has forgiven a debt or condoned a wrong, approaching him on the street, pass over to the other side of it, hiding or trying to hide his ashamed look, and thus confessing to himself his guilt; you can read the sense of shame in his eye, if you can catch it; you can see it in his quickened gut as he tries to hide himself and foolishly imagines that he passes on unobserved. He is like the veriest coward that ever deserted the ranks of his comrades upon the eve of a battle only to go home and boast of his courage, until he is finally caught and branded as a deserter and the word burned into his flesh with a heated iron. What a legacy for a father to bequeath to his children. Having defined the word to my satisfaction, if not to that of the creatures who I am discussing, I will come to some illustrations of these two opposite characteristics as developed in human life and experience. They are to be found in all social life, even in family life, in every department of industry and every branch of business: in the workshop, the mill, in all railway life, in all speculative life, in the army, in the navy, upon the land and upon the sea.

In writing, I always prefer to select a text or thought from which to develop

either my own idea or an acknowledged principle.

So in this paper I will start out with the parable of the "Prodigal Son" and one of the most beautiful allegories ever spoken by our Savior for the benefit of the race. The thoughtless wayward boy, tempted by his own unworthy appetites and doubtless led away from the influence of his mother by bad companionship, had claimed his share of the estate. Receiving it he wandered away from home and all its sweet influences. Then yielding more and more each day to temptation, and worst of all to the temptation of his uncontrolled passions, he wasted his fortune in riotous living, consuming it, as well as his own brain and heart, at the same time. No painting or canvas can portray the experiences, the imagined happiness or the following agonies of the boy. Very soon all his inheritance was gone. Those who had divided his wealth with him, or plucked it from him in stealthy ways, first laughed at and then spurned him. He was at once driven either to crime, to manual labor or back to his father's house in want, but perhaps not in repentance. His pride resisted, not that pride which comes from gratitude, but that which results from necessity and a sense of ingratitude. So the young man, in his hunger and distress, first went to work in a field, or perhaps a mill; then he became a miserable swine-herd and fed upon husks. By-and-by, in his great agony, he thought of his old home and wondered if there was forgiveness there. It was not a feeling of gratitude, but that which results from the very sweat of necessity and stricken pride. So most wisely and with that courage which he had left many years before at his father's house, he walked wearily back to it, foot-sore, hungry and almost naked. The parable tells us how he was received by his father. In his face shone the celestial light of gratitude, but it was gratitude to God and not to his erring son, however much he loved him. The parable does not say where the mother was standing at the time, but my readers can imagine. I doubt not that she appeared as the very incarnation of love and forgiveness. Her expression was also that of gratitude to God, and realized the very noblest human conception of both woman and mother.

Doubtless in the case of the boy gratitude followed repentance, for it is the legitimate offspring of it, but it must be sincere and permanent. In the hall into which the door opened there was another

son and the only brother of the prodigal; he did not offer that brother his hand nor salute him in any way, except with a scowl. Turning his back upon father, mother and brother he left the house in anger and intense jealousy, not that which is the result of love, but of pride, conceit and resentment. This was ingratitude.

Here the parable ends. Its moral lives and will live forever in the conduct of men. Of course, I shall not be understood as referring to it as an actual incident, but as an illustration of what too often occurs in daily life and perfectly familiar to the mind of our Savior.

In this brief allegory He intended, doubtless, to impress upon His hearers and all humanity the true conception of youthful folly, the suffering consequent upon it with all its attendant results, repentance, parental love, gratitude in its most beautiful sense and ingratitude both unfilial and unbrotherly. In the parable there is contained a wonderful lesson both for the young and the old. In it are placed in antagonism selfishness and love and forgiveness. But I did not set out to write a sermon, but to make a practical application of a principle, a truth in all human experience. I wish to apply my idea more especially to your readers, and through them to the relations which ought to exist between employer and employee, men engaged in a common and perilous service and between capital and labor.

In this world men are mutually dependent, no matter in what branch of industry or thought they are engaged. There can be no permanent authority or influence with an employer, a capitalist, where the obligation of gratitude to the faithful servant is not felt and expressed by deeds of kindness and recognition. So on the other hand, and just as truly there can be no fidelity on the part of the servant who does not in every way that he can evince his gratitude to a generous master or superior officer. The parable quoted, covers directly the whole truth and sentiment in family life, while indirectly it applies it to all men, women and children. My thoughts wander, as they so often do, to persons engaged in railway life from president and director to the mechanic, the engineer, the fireman, the brakeman and the trackman. Generosity, kindness and mutual gratitude constitute a protection to life, property and wholesome discipline, which more than offset the native treachery of iron and all the dangers of the track. Grati-

tude is always security; there is not an element of security where there is ingratitude. The right-minded and faithful locomotive engineer is always grateful to the fireman by his side, sharing his peril and ever obedient to his orders. The faithful fireman is ever grateful to the engineer who helps him, instructs him and finally teaches him how to drive the iron steed. Between them there springs up from necessity mutual confidence, which is the parent of gratitude, just as mutual distrust and jealousy and a sense of duty unperformed are the parent of ingratitude. The rule applies just as exactly to the president in his office as to every subordinate employee, even more so, for the higher the authority the more power wielded, the greater the responsibility and the duty of recognizing and rewarding fidelity and gratified labor in every inferior department. Precisely so in an army, as shown by the officer in command, when commending the valor of his troops after a battle and their responsive cheer to the kind words of the former. How beautifully was my idea illustrated in the whole military career of Washington from the brilliant victory at Yorktown back to the sufferings, the hunger and the cold at Valley Forge. Washington was the type and glorious representative of gratitude, just as was Benedict Arnold's ingratitude personified. The former goes down to history and will go through eternity, with a diadem placed upon his brow by the hand of Divinity, while the latter will ever be known and scorned as the betrayer of his country and a foul realization of ingratitude.

I often like to think of Napoleon as he rode in front of his shattered ranks after so many battles and selecting with an eye, which seemed to have watched the conduct of every soldier, those who had most distinguished themselves, immortalized them by placing upon their breasts the ever coveted medal, or the cross of the "Legion of Honor." The loving gleam in the eye of the brave and, perhaps, crippled soldier was always a ray of gratitude which went to the heart of the great captain. Imagine also the wild cheer of gratitude, which swelled to the very heavens, from the starving garrison at "Lucknow" when they first heard the notes of the Scottish bag-pipe and soon saw in the distance the noble division of Highlanders hastening to their relief under the command of one of the greatest of heroes, General Havelock.

Gratitude is always allied to courage,

it is the twin brother or sister, as the case may be. What heart, not absolutely rotten with selfishness, does not fairly leap forth in love and gratitude as the name of "Florence Nightingale" is mentioned, whose words of love and sympathy were more tender and beautiful than the notes of the bird after which she was named. But it is of no use to continue the subject to any greater length, although it would be very easy for the writer to continue, developing his idea or, perhaps, his conceit, from personal experiences and much observation. The life of every man brought much in contact with the world and all sides and crooks, heights, depths and corners of human nature is of necessity a checkered one and full of instruction.

It is one of many joys, also of many sorrows. No one survives three score years and ten without being compelled to bear many a cross, now to enjoy the embrace of gratitude, and now to feel the blow of ingratitude.

He is certainly a remarkable creation if he can always enjoy the one and forget and forgive the other. How few will ever forget that immortal sentence from the lips of Abraham Lincoln, chiseled in granite and engraven upon the heart of all grateful humanity, "With malice toward none, with charity to all."

RIVERSIDE, OHIO, Feb. 8, 1883.

For Firemen's Magazine.

The Rhine.

BY CHAS. M. TURNER.

The Rhine has its source in Switzerland, in the country of the Grisons, from a glacier upon the summit of Mount Badur, at the head of a valley called Rhine-wald. This valley is little visited even by the natives, and presents frightful deserts of ice and snow through which the stream descends, sometimes working its hidden track beneath the frozen mass. Hence it pervades or borders Switzerland for the space of 200 miles to the Lake Constance, where it bends West to Basle, and commences its long Northern course. But it does not begin to assume the romantic grandeur of which tourists have given such seducing accounts, until it arrives at Metz, within 260 miles from the frontier of the Netherlands. From that town as far as Coblentz, Bonn and Cologne its shores abound with beautiful and striking objects, and every winding of the river presents some new prospect; rich, variegated and grand. Dr. Lieber,

a German, gives the following description of this magnificent river:

"There are rivers whose courses are longer, and whose volumes are greater, but none which unites almost everything that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions, into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighboring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats, of the chivalric exploits in the feudal periods, of the wars and negotiations of modern times, of the coronations of emperors, whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the middle ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains; vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of Nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected; with beautiful and romantic roads and salutary mineral springs; a river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of 900 miles, affords 630 miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities famous for commerce, science and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies, and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind."

For Firemen's Magazine:

Columbus and Vespucci.

Americans ought to be, and they are in fact, the most interested in knowing any historical discovery, in regard to these two men. Still, we are surprised to find that no mention has yet been made, in the press of this continent, of the new facts which have been brought to light recently, in the scientific circles of Europe, about Christopher Columbus and Alberigo Vespucci. It may be seen, on the contrary, by a long article published in one of our monthly contemporaries,

that the ancient errors on this much debated question are carefully rehashed.

It is, however, thoroughly demonstrated by essays published lately in Europe, and the conclusions of which are universally admitted there, that Columbus was not born in Genoa, and that America was not named after Vespucci. The latest researches have definitely established that Christopher Columbus was born at Calvi, in the island of Corsica; he was still an Italian, for the island, at that time did not belong to France, as presently; but, he cannot be considered any longer as a Genoese. The latter assertion, launched forth at first, by Guistimani, had been denied already by Fernando Colomb, in his history of his father's life.

Now, in regard to what has been called "the most gigantic fraud of which history has kept remembrance," it is now demonstrated that Vespucci was not really guilty of having given his name to the new world discovered by Columbus. It comes out, indeed, from the perusal of old manuscripts, that Vespucci's first or Christian name was not *Amerigo*, but *Alberigo*; this latter looking really Italian, while the former could have had no meaning in those times, nor has it any relation with the Saints' calendar, from which Christian names were usually chosen.

On the other hand, it is known that the Carolines, upon whose islands Columbus landed, designated the mountains by the name of *Americ*. It is, therefore, easy to admit that the Spanish discoverers, on their return to Europe, used to say, while exhibiting their golden treasures, that these had been picked up in *Americ* or in the *Americ*, that is in the mountains. This name of the mountainous and auriferous portion of the country, was propagated, and soon mistaken for the name of the New World itself. It reached the ears of the geographer, who published, at St. Die in Lorraine, the first relation of Vespucci's travels, and it is natural that he shall have made a confusion, giving to the traveler the name of the golden mountains, *Americ*, instead of calling him *Alberigo*, and naming after this *Amerigo* Vespucci, the New World, whose marvels were first related by the Corsican voyager.

*

No man is really poor in the sight of God but he who lacks goodness, and no man is rich in his sight unless he walk in the path of rectitude.

Ladies' Department

Women vs. the Lodge.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In referring to the relations that exist between woman and the Lodge, truthfulness compels us to separate them by these two little letters which signify "against," for there is ever antagonism between the two. A man has always a conscious feeling that his wife dislikes the Lodge, and she cannot help regarding this same Lodge as an enemy which deprives her of her husband's companionship. In this case there are arguments on both sides.

There is a natural desire among men to associate themselves into some kind of a brotherhood, not alone for its social features but also because it affords protection, strength and financial benefit. Especially is it necessary that each distinct branch of the great laboring classes of the country should have such an organization. It is their only method of protecting themselves from the tyranny of capital and providing for their families in case of accident. Every woman should carefully consider these things. If she wishes her husband to hold an influential position among his fellow workmen, to command their respect and to rely upon their assistance, she must expect him to identify himself with all their aims and pursuits. This he can only do by entering into an organization where all are united in one common purpose and action. Such is the present condition of the workingman that he can hardly hope for success and advancement unless allied with some one of the many Lodges which have been organized for his benefit.

The wife should also bear in mind that the Lodge requires of her husband the very qualities that it is to her advantage he should possess—sobriety, honesty, industry—and it is one of their obligations that he must strictly adhere to these principles. On this point, women and the Lodge are in full sympathy and harmony.

Another fact for her to reflect upon is, that her husband's connection with the Lodge is not by any means of a selfish nature. He pays his dues and assessments, maintains his standing, keeps up his insurance—for whom? For her and their children, that after he is past all

need of earthly assistance they may be aided and cared for by this same Lodge that she has blamed and censured. True, it takes part of your husband's earnings, but how could they be more profitably invested? Granted, that it claims a portion of his time, but are you sure that, if it were not for the Lodge, he would spend that time with you? Might it not be some place far more objectionable? And since he needs and ought to have some recreation, could you select a place that would be more harmless, more improving and more beneficial than the Lodge-room?

But, on the other hand, women are not such unreasonable creatures as they are often described. They have ample cause for feelings of ill-will toward the Lodge. Few husbands take the pains to patiently explain to their wives the objects and benefits of the Lodge, and, without understanding these, a woman is excusable for regarding it merely as a place where her husband goes, has a good time, spends his money and neglects his family. But even if she is sensible and consents that he may attend the Lodge, he very often takes advantage of her kindness, goes when there is no necessity for it and stays much later than could reasonably be expected. There is scarcely a man who has not deceived his wife in this matter of attending Lodge. It is so easy, when starting out for an evening's entertainment, for a man to tell his wife he is going "to the Lodge." It prevents any further questions, she does not ask to accompany him, and he is not limited as to the time of coming home. Women have had their confidence betrayed so many times in this manner that it is not to be wondered at if they hate the very name of "Lodge" and think of it only as an excuse for a man to get away from home and enjoy himself without the knowledge of his family. It is simply an instance where a good has been perverted into an evil.

A woman grows lonely and tired and disheartened from close confinement and household cares day after day and month after month. It would be a real benefit if she, herself, could attend a Lodge of some kind and spend a pleasant evening once a week. If every man would make it a rule to take his wife to some place of entertainment just as many evenings every month as he spends in the Lodge room, depend upon it, her objections to the Lodge would be heard no more. If a man will treat a woman kindly, generously, fairly, just as he would wish to be

treated in her place, he will have no cause to complain that she is ungrateful or unjust.

IDA A. HARPER.

Alexia's Representative.

WELLSVILLE, O., Feb. 29, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

My last contribution I wrote as a representative (in the correspondence list) of "Forest City Lodge No. 10," since which time I am *very* happy to state we have a nice little Lodge of our own christened, "Alexia Lodge No. 96." We are very proud of it and have all reason to be, as it cannot help becoming a bright particular star among the galaxy of lesser lights when the true metal it is composed of is taken into consideration. No 96 is made up of honest, industrious, sober young men, none of whom are over thirty and none under twenty; all anxious and watchful for the good of the Order.

They have made a noble beginning, and if they will only commit "Eaglet's" letter to heart concerning "Lukewarm Members," (in Vol. 6, No. 12) nothing but success awaits them; but if they try to shift the duty on some one else's shoulders and think when a duty awaits them—"oh, there's plenty others in the Lodge, let some of them do it,"—why then Alexia stands a good chance of trailing her banner in the dust. But I am not anticipating this, only saying what *might be*, for I'm acquainted with the majority of the members and know them to be too upright and energetic to shirk their duty in any way.

The "Master" is a man that will always be on the square and compel the boys to be or know the reason why. He will allow no lagging when he is around.

The "Financier" will be *right on time* with everything and see that *everybody else is the same way*.

The "Secretary and Magazine Agent" (a consolidation), will see that his books are written up and subscribers gathered in if he sits up all night to write and scours the country all the next day for new names.

The other officers all come in equally for their share of praise.

I have now given you a little insight into our new Lodge, but before turning my attention to other things I mustn't neglect to mention Mr. Shephard, of Forest City Lodge, who filled Instructor Stevens' place. As I was not a witness, I cannot comment on his—fine flow of oratory, nor the impression made at the time, but everything goes to show it was

first class, and we know that he was the right man in the right place.

With success and long life to the Lodge, I will turn to "Fortutana," who wrote such a nice newsy letter for "No. 12, of vol. 6."

I believe from the way you write, Fortutana, that you consider me some poor weighed down wife, toiling for half a dozen children, and seeing trials without number. Probably my letter led you to believe such; if so, I must apologize and try to remove the impression. No, I am a *young wife* (probably younger than the one that signs herself such), have but *one* "olive branch," and have had but little experience with *real hard work*—hence the inability to master it so dexterously as "Young Wife." I must thank you, however, for your sweet comfort, and hope that I may not meet the fate you predict for young wife.

There's but one grudge I owe the "Brotherhood," and that is they have stolen my "Non de plume" for a name for their Lodge. I would relinquish it willingly were it not that it would make it kind of awkward to start up under a new name, so I will retain it and still be

ALEXIA.

A Voice from Missouri.

ST. JOE, MO., Feb. 5, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Eagerly and anxiously I watch for the Magazine to arrive each month, and it is, indeed, a welcome visitor. I enjoy reading the correspondence very much, and think if the wives and sisters of some of the firemen would occasionally contribute it would make it more interesting for the ladies. I have often thought I would write for your valuable Magazine, but neglected it. I have been waiting for some one to tell you, but have seen nothing as yet in the Magazine, concerning No. 43's doings. On the 28th of December, 1882, occurred the second annual ball of the Order at Younger's Hall and was in all respects a grand success. The event was one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind ever given in this city. From 9 o'clock the hall began filling, and for the next half hour there was a steady stream of those on pleasure bent. The Reception Committee, consisting of W. E. Sullivan, R. Morris, J. Grollmunt, J. Coffee and H. Boyer, did everything in their power to make all the visitors feel their welcome and enjoy the pleasures anticipated. Pryor's band furnished excellent music. The costumes of the la-

dies were handsome, though not more so than their faces. C. Murray, W. Stein, C. B. Norris and L. Mooney were not remiss in the performance of their duties as floor managers. This leaves all the members of St. Joseph, numbering 53, in good standing, and I hope hereafter they will speak for themselves, and not wait for their wives to do so. Wishing that prosperity and happiness may abide with one and all of the Brotherhood, I remain the

WIFE OF A B. OF L. F. MAN.

Precepts for Youth.

NEW YORK STATE, Feb. 9, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Can you spare room in the Ladies' Department of your Magazine for these lines, which were suggested by reading in the February number of the birth of a son to one of the members in the West. I have a son, Eugene, also born on the 14th of December, but two years and nearly twelve hours earlier than the Western boy, owing probably to the *sun-shining* in the East first.

At present it is the fashion for our great statesmen to begin life on the tow-path of the raging canal; but if our sons of the West and East should in after years chance to meet in the halls of Congress or the Executive Mansion, I trust they will not forget that their fathers once handled the scoop of a locomotive engine.

Unto us a child is born,

Unto us a son is given.

Will we teach him in life's morn,

E'er his thoughts are wayward borne,

Precepts that will guide his feet,

On the road from earth to heaven?

Teach our son to manly be;

In true manhood greatness lies.

And that though his path may be

Strewn with roses all the way;

Still should this *one* precept be;

"Honest labor ne'er despise."

NEW YORKER.

Good Cheer.

CLINTON, IOWA, Feb. 28, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I am the wife of a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and a constant reader of your Magazine, I take pleasure in reading of the noble acts done by the brothers all over the Union. Every number of the Magazine has some account of a poor brave brother leaving his home and wife and little ones bidding them a cheerful good-bye, little thinking it is his last farewell. The brothers of the Order come forward and give words of comfort to the desolate wife and fatherless children and lend a helping hand to

assist them in their hour of trouble. It is then I feel proud to think my husband is a member of the B. of L. F., and I think the wives and mothers whose husbands and sons belong to this noble Order should not stand back waiting—always waiting for some one else to give a few words of encouragement to the officers and members in the glorious work. And I hope these few lines will have the desired effect. As this is my first attempt at writing for the Magazine, I am afraid I have not done it justice—if not please pardon me and I will endeavor to do better next time, and thanking you sincerely for the space kindly granted, I sign myself with best wishes to the B. of L. F.,

SADIE.

An Engineer's Wife.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., March 2, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having been a constant reader of the Firemen's Magazine for the past four years, and seeing nothing from the ladies of this place, I thought an attempt should be made, and then perhaps others would have the courage to do the same. We find the columns of the Magazine are very interesting, and only wish it would come oftener. I can not say how No. 27 is doing, as my husband is not able to attend very often, but hope she will continue to be a shining light among her sister Lodges, as I have not seen any of her members on the Black List lately, which is more than most Lodges can say for their members. As I sit here I have a copy of the first Magazine that was published, before me, and if any one does not think there is a vast improvement in the Order let them compare them, then and now. The Order consisted then of 55 Lodges; the book contained 32 pages and did not have but one lady contributor, but perhaps the ladies had work that was of more importance than writing for a Magazine; but they could not have improved their time any better, for I think some of the wives and sisters have written some very interesting and beneficial letters, if they have been taken as they should have been. Well, I could say a great many things of importance, if it was not taking up so much of your valuable space. As I have written enough for the first time, I will only say I hope some one else will try and do as I have done, viz: make an attempt, and if appreciated you will hear from me again.

ENGINEER'S WIFE.

Grand Inducements.

BOONE, IOWA, Feb. 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Excuse me for the liberty I take in penning these lines for your Magazine. I have been a reader of its columns for a long time and assure you that it is a welcome visitor to our home. I have two very dear brothers in the Brotherhood—one here at Boone and the other at Bloomington, Ills., and I know it must be a noble Order, or they would not strive so earnestly to promote its interests.

I wish to say a few words of encouragement to your members before I close. Be faithful to your obligations, be true, upright, honest and honorable in all your dealings and your reward will be certain. The Brotherhood offers grand inducements to those who will follow its teachings, and none should fail to take advantage of its opportunities.

MRS. M. E. B.

Comments on the Household.

BOONE, IOWA, Feb. 14, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I was quite disappointed when the January number came, at not finding any communications from the ladies. But the February number more than compensated for it, as it contained several interesting letters. The correspondence department is full of interest to me, for in reading the contributions from the different Lodges, it seems as though I had heard from some absent friend, of whose welfare I was anxious to learn. I think every one interested in the Order regards it in the same light. That one letter, in the February number, from Mrs. Sigourney, is worth the price of the Magazine for one year. Having learned, by experience, to rely on a good many of her suggestions, I can heartily endorse what she writes.

Let me repeat a line of advice she gave: "Mothers, teach your little ones to help you." I have only one child, a little girl four years old, but she saves me many steps every day. I taught her to wait on herself first of all, and then to help me. A little one will oftentimes make as much work as they do, in their efforts to help, but do not discourage them by scolding, or finding fault, but possess yourself with patience, for you are planting the seed of industry, that in years to come, will spring up and yield a bountiful reward. When you are baking, don't send them away from the table because they are in the way, but let them place a chair at

one side; you may never know how the knowledge gained by watching mother at work will help them in years to come. So many things come back to me even now, from that same looking on, when I was a child. Learn your girls to knit, too; it is a pleasant, as well as a useful occupation.

Have any of you tried using hard coal ashes—the fine part that collects behind the ash pan—for scouring purposes? I use it for scouring steel knives and tinware. It will brighten up a lunch pail wonderfully.

The Magazine improves so much every year that I wish it came once a week, instead of once a month.

Perhaps I have taken up too much space already, so I will close, hoping to hear from others through the medium of the Magazine, for we are never too old to learn.

MRS. M. E. W.

The Magazine.

JUNCTION, N. J., Feb. 14, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I think your Magazine is a great deal nicer this year than ever before, and it looks so much better in its new cover. It is a real pleasure to have the books straight from the office, for last year they had to pass through the hands of several parties, before they could reach us. I do not understand how any Fireman can do without it, as it is a journal which none need fear to put before the children. I remember when I was a very little girl and could not even read, I would sit down and spell out the words, with mamma's help, and read it in that way.

GUSSIE SMITH.

In Memoria.

For Firemen's Magazine.

[Lines written in memory of Albert McMahon, aged two years and eight months, who died March 8, 1882.]

It will soon be a year
Since our darling passed away.
Oh, how well I remember
That cold winter day.

None know how we miss him,
Our little blue-eyed boy;
He was like a ray of sunshine
That filled our home with joy.

He has gone to a better home,
Where blue-eyed angels dwell;
Our darling little Albert
We all loved so well.

R.

CLINTON, IOWA, Jan. 28, 1883.



Duties of Membership.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

While there may be no necessity for me to write on this subject, and while it might not obtain the justice at my hands that it would at others, more able than mine, still, feeling that the evils that come under my own observation are not confined to any one locality, I will "pull out" and try and "get there" with a few remarks. It may seem a small subject to write about but it is a very large one to think about if our Brothers will only look into it a little more than they do.

There are many members of our Order, who have never looked farther into our constitution and by-laws than the title page; but because they pay their dues promptly, they are considered by some as good members, while others have read the same book from beginning to end and never are in good standing, or as circular No. 3 says, "keep themselves on the ragged edge, just within grumbling distance," they are also good members, because they are smart and know what is to be done in every instance. Then you see the noble Brotherhood man who annually spends, say \$100 for tobacco and cigars, who cannot afford to subscribe for the magazine; he is a *bully* fellow, because he "*sets em up*" whenever the boys ask him; and then there is the *mighty fine* boy, who is never behind in his Lodge dues but is always behind when a meeting is in progress, and last of all, and least of all, too, is the class who never obtain prominence in the Order until their name comes out in staring type in the Magazine, under the head of *Expulsions*, and then is the time when they make themselves most prominent by accusing the Master of intriguing with the Financier or *vice versa* to "*down*" them, to use a vulgar expression. These are only plain truths. Often have I heard that the Master of this or that Lodge had a spite against a certain member and used his influence to remove him. Now, why do these things exist? It is simply because you are too lazy to read the laws of our Order and find out that if you have proper material for your officers, that there are strict laws laid down for them to follow, and he who holds the position of Master and refuses or neglects

to follow them is unworthy of your patronage any longer and ought to be removed. A man that occupies a position at the head of a Lodge and neglects to enforce the law to shield a friend and uses its most stringent requirements to get rid of some member he may dislike, is not worthy of the place and should be requested to vacate at once, because he is a blot among us and cannot, in the long run amount to any benefit to the Order or to himself. My ideal of a Master of a Lodge is one that would expel his own brother if he were behind in his dues or would violate any of our laws, either written or implied, still my opinions are by no means infallible in this matter.

Another thing I cannot pass unnoticed, is this: do you consider him a true member of the Order, who, when he hears another member's name mentioned in a slanderous way, that will accept those slanderous remarks as being true, without investigation, and go among those with whom he works, trying to injure that member or Bro. without first knowing whether or not his statements can be substantiated? I am rather of the opinion that he has forgotten his solemn vow and promise that all must make previous to becoming one of us; still, it is done every day, and those smart members who read the laws and pay no dues, and the good Member who pays all his dues and reads no laws, uphold him in so doing and pat him on the back and say *you're not afraid are yer.* Indeed, these are *fine* Brotherhood men, yet they are in our Order, and if one who wants to see the Order upheld as it should be makes an attempt to get rid of them, and thereby materially better our Order, the lenient, indolent; careless, and *bully good* members raise the hue and cry of prejudice and personal influence, and so the matter is either dropped altogether or else the man who has a real true spark of manly interest in our Order is compelled to retire. What more disgusting spectacle is there, than to go into a Lodge room, and when the Master, who is sworn to do so, expels a man for non-payment of dues, to see a member of the Lodge rise and address the chair in this manner: "Worthy Master, I think Jim is a good fellow, and he will pay that bill if you give him a chance. He is working right along, but he is buying a lot with his money." Well, in the first place, if the Master did take pity on the would-be millionaire and keep him in good standing, he would be breaking his own oaths, and if we let him keep on buying lots with his money, the Lodge at

the end of the year would be no better off and if Jim should die, who would get his insurance?

It also seems as if some of the members of the Order were disposed to run it on the "*stand off*" principle. Well, I would suggest, that you just go off and hire a hall and get up a little Order of your own and run it on the same plan and see how long it will last. It would last just about as long as you were hiring the hall.

Brothers, this is not right; we yearly have a Convention to make laws to govern our Order; let us accept those laws and live up to them, and if the best friend we have is displaced from our midst, by those laws, submit to it like men, and not try and evade them either by negligence or intentional misconstruction of them, and then, when a Bro. that is in need, comes to you with a card and wants a job, do not put him off with telling him that "that card will be all right with the old man," but take him and go and find the "*old man*" and get him a job if there is one to be had; forget your "*stand off*" principle and don't allow the old man to give you a stand off. To be sure, you may overdo this matter but it is such a rare occurrence that the "*old man*" will cheerfully forgive and forget your offense.

But I must close, with the hope I have done some little good in our organization.

Fraternally,

DR. KANE.

A Welcome Guest.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., Feb. 23, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Mr. Samuel M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Instructor of the B. of L. F., honored our city with a visit. The object of his visit was to meet with the members of San Diego Lodge No. 90 and instruct them in the new work of the Order, they never having had a visit from any of the Grand Officers of the Order since their organization. From all accounts the meeting held on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., was a grand success. Mr. Stevens complimented the Lodge on their deportment, etc., and spoke words of encouragement and advice that will never be forgotten by his listeners. It was his intention to proceed immediately upon his travels, but he was induced to remain over a day or two in order that he might meet some of the citizens of the city and become better acquainted with the embryo metropolis of Southern California.

In the evening a number of young gen-

tlemen of the city assembled at the rooms of Messrs. McConnell and Burbeck to receive Mr. Stevens, and the following named persons were present: Messrs. R. F. Kirk, J. M. Dodge, E. C. Briggs, Ed. M. Burbeck (the Big Four), R. V. Dodge, Jr., W. C. McConnell, J. B. Boyd, L. D. Burbeck, H. A. Burbeck, H. H. Thomas, W. J. Hunsaker, J. M. Van Zandt, G. W. Jones, Robt. Russell, S. Statter, Prof. Sig. Steiner, George Maxwell, Albert Holbrook, John Hoffman and others, and the following well-rendered programme was presented: Overture by Prof. Sig. Steiner and orchestra; Opening Chorus, Messrs. Kirk, Dodge, Briggs and Burbeck; ballad, "Who's got the fire," S. Statler; Waltz Clog, R. F. Kirk; Motto Songs, Robt. Russell; Double song and dance, ("The one I dearly love,"), Kirk and Dodge; remarks by Samuel Stevens; banjo solo, E. C. Briggs; imitations of "Jonah and the Whale," Ed. M. Burbeck; at this point supper was announced, and the party repaired to an adjoining room, which was appropriately decorated, and a most sumptuous repast, as only could be conceived by Mr. Maxwell, San Diego's favorite caterer, met their gaze. It is only necessary to add that the good viands disappeared with wonderful rapidity, and the party returned to the rooms and proceeded to enact the balance of the programme. Piano Recitals, H. H. Thomas; Piccolo Solo, Albert Halbrook; Cornet Solo, H. A. Burbeck; Mr. E. C. Briggs in his hurdle act; Chinese Oration, J. M. Dodge; John Hoffman in his Lightning Zouave Drill. Great credit is due R. V. Dodge, Jr., for the able manner in which he presented the laughable sketch entitled, "Scenes in Chinatown, or Boyd Sing's Revenge," in which each member of the party represented a character suitably and appropriately selected for them; due notice should be taken of the highly sensational and emotional ballad introduced by J. M. Van Zandt, entitled, "Any Old Shoes to Mend;" this was the "last," and "all" agree, and Mr. Stevens will vouch for the truthfulness of the statement, it was "soul" inspiring and will ever be remembered, as it was the "last." The general expression of the party present was that the evening was one of the most enjoyable ever passed by any of them; I am sure it was to the writer. Only one event occurred to mar the pleasures of the evening, that was the accident that befell Mr. Briggs while performing his hurdle act; some maliciously inclined person threw a small pebble into the ring and the animal which he was

riding became frightened, and Mr. Briggs was violently precipitated to the "Brushels;" barring a sprained ankle, he escaped other injury. One and all join me in wishing success to Mr. Stevens, and extend to him an earnest request to visit San Diego again.

DI UN AMIGO.

A Terrible Warning.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 29, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

A sad and heartrending accident occurred here, in the yards of the I. B. & W. R.R., on the 18th inst. The following item, in regard to the matter, appeared in the Indianapolis News:

"Peter Walters, employed as fireman on the eastern extension of the I. B. & W., and residing at 309 South West street, was struck by a 'pony' engine, west of the river this morning, and instantly killed. The deceased rode out with Charley Ferguson, to take his run, and upon jumping off at the shop, sprang in front of the engine which caused his death. The body was dragged some distance and badly mangled. Walters was aged in excess of thirty, and leaves a wife but no children. The remains are in charge of Renihan, Long & Hedges."

The victim was a young man in the prime of life. He had left his family early in the morning and was on his way to his engine in company with Bro. Ferguson when he met his fate.

How dreadful this seems when we pause and think of it! In a few brief moments after he left home, in the flush of health and youth, he was a mangled mass of lifeless humanity. How little he thought that his end was so near! Alas, we cannot tell how soon we too may fall heir to the same doom. In our calling danger and death are ever in search of victims and no one knows who will be the next to fall victim to their grasp.

In meditating upon this subject one fact stands out like a pillar of light—we should at all times be prepared to respond to the dread summons.

The case in question is peculiarly sad and reverts to my mind again and again. The young man had only been married a little over two years and had a bright future before him. Unfortunately he was not a member of the Brotherhood at the time of his death and we could not give his family that help which, as individuals, we would have extended so freely. The many others who are in the locomotive service, who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunities the Brotherhood offers them, may profit by thinking of the fate of the late Mr. Walters. It requires but little time and

expense to belong to our Order. Our objects are few and our duties simple to perform. A man cannot belong to our Order without becoming better, and, above all, his family will be sure of care and support in case of his death. I have been a member of Eureka Lodge No. 14 almost since her organization, and have never regretted it. She had her troubles and misfortunes, but now she is among the most prosperous Lodges in the Order. There are 76 names on her rolls of membership and over \$400 in her treasury, an increase of over \$250 in the past 90 days. The reason of our success is apparent to even the casual observer; we work together in harmony and enforce the laws of the Order. Sluggards and backsliders we have none—as soon as a man shirks his duties as a member he is expelled from the Lodge. I never hear of a wreck on the rail—of the death of an engineer or fireman—without wishing way down in my heart that the victim belonged to the Brotherhood. In that event I know that he will be decently buried and his widow and little ones spared the humiliation of poverty and want. This is my first letter to the Magazine, and I hope it may stimulate others of my Lodge to follow the example.

Yours fraternally,
U. Go.

The Order in Kansas.

ATCHISON, KAN., Feb. 31, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Railroad Centre Lodge is alive and prospering, although business is so rushing on the roads that one is not for a moment secure from the callers.

The Magazine comes to us this month in a new dress, looking brighter than ever. It shows both editorially and typographically that it is under the supervision of men, whose aim it is to excel. If the Magazine continues to grow in excellence it will soon be chronicled with the leading periodicals of the day.

Our Lodge is growing steadily and our meetings are quite well attended. Our membership would be larger had we not lost some by expulsion.

Our worthy Master, John I. Steele, took advantage of the Holidays, by securing a Superintendent for his household. Miss Carrie Sweder was the fortunate lady.

Bro. Frank Johnson was promoted lately. Bro. Al. Studer, Recording Secretary, has been made Foreman of the Round House at Downs. We will miss Al. from our Sunday meetings.

There is another subject of which I desire to speak, and it is this: *There is no necessity of having any back assessments.* If a man cannot pay one dollar a month he had better not belong to our organization. Railroad Centre, I am sorry to say, is as bad as any other Lodge in that respect; when a month is given, in which to pay the assessments, there is no excuse for tardiness. Of course, members who are in arrears are suspended, but that seems to make no impression on some people. Pay up, or, for the benefit of the Order, withdraw and oblige,

No. 31.

Personal Paragraphs.

PERRY, IOWA, Jan. 11, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

There are a great many members here who belong to other Lodges but, in all probability, will soon withdraw and join No. 124, which is yet in its infancy, but soon expects to come to the front. I have only met the Master once, but I am satisfied that he is the right man in the right place.

Bro. Gorham, of No. 12, is on the right side of the middle division, snow plow engine, and has for his mate, Bro. Cahill, of No. 54. Bro. Gepper, of 47, and Santee are on the 500. Bro. Eckman, of 27, and Bro. Gregg, of 124, are on the 508, and Bro. J. K. Smith, of 27, on the 611. Bro. Williams, of No. 54, better known as "Slick," is firing through Express. Bro. Foster, of No. 106, is night foreman at the Perry round house. Bros. McGuire, Quinn, and Gillfeather, of No. 27, are hostlers at Vanthorne; Bro. Flanery, of No. 84, is in the same business on the west end, and Bro. Marker, of No. 29, is in charge of the water works on the middle division.

An effort is being made to organize at Savanna, and if successful, it will help us, as we will then be able to attend meetings at either end of the road.

I almost forgot to mention Bro. Warner, of No. 46, on the right side of the 609. Bro. Brownhill, of No. 33, is also located here.

Our General Foreman, Mr. S. A. Souther, has the interest of the Order at heart and does all in his power to make changes when necessary to allow members to be here at meetings. No. 124, yet young, has been unfortunate, in losing one of her best workers, Bro. Jenkins, a charter member, who was killed in the Van Horne yard. A committee of three were appointed and resolutions were

drawn, in which Mr. Plumb, round house foreman, E. F. Jackson, agent, and A. J. Earling, superintendent, were tendered a vote of thanks for favors shown the members, and passes given Brothers to accompany the remains to his home in Wisconsin, all of which was fully appreciated, and will never be forgotten.

Hoping this will find a space in your columns, I remain,
Fraternally yours. Ex.

The Hoosier State.

LA FAYETTE, IND., Feb. 18, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The book of 1883 has thus far contained nothing concerning No. 36, so I will make a venture at a short correspondence.

The ball recently given by our Lodge was a grand affair, we having cleared a neat sum for our treasury. Although there were several other dances on the same evening, we received a liberal share of patronage. The Bros. of 36 take more interest in meeting now than ever, and in consequence, our meetings are well attended and exceedingly interesting.

Bros. Bane and McDonald had a narrow escape from death recently, on account of a switch that had been left open. Their escape was miraculous, as the engine was turned completely over, pinioning them fast to the deck. Since this advent Bro. Bane has been promoted to the best side. Bro. Gorman, too, has been in a wreck, but luckily escaped without a scratch.

Bro. Wm. McDonald has been away for his health (?). He says that he is greatly relieved, and that the trip panned out according to his hopes.

Bros. Bronson and Russ have been alike blessed with an additional daughter. All parties doing well.

Bro. Ed. Conners has had a severe attack of rheumatism, but has so far recovered as to resume duties. Bro. Michael Ryan is now running a road engine. Bro. Harris has been promoted from hostler to road engineer.

This being all the news at present, I close, remaining

Fraternally yours.

REWERB.

An Excellent Recipe.

WELLSVILLE, O., Jan. 24, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I've been meditating a letter to the Magazine since the boiling hot days of last July, when I read a communication

from Mrs. Incognito, in which she gives such an excellent receipt for "Cooking Husbands." Well, July was a better time for cooking than the present, for the mercury at the present time is at zero. Probably she will say, because I am a man, I know *nothing* about cooking. Let her read my recipe and see.

FOR PRESERVING WIVES.

Take the conjugal affection, love of home, children, music, poetry, and, in fact, all the better parts of a woman's nature, place them over a fire of pure, unadulterated affection, which might be replenished often by all the lover-like ways used so unsparingly before marriage. Sugar is the important thing in preserving and must be used without stint. It may consist of an invitation to drive, dance, walk, to spend an evening at the Opera, to partake of an ice cream when out for a promenade, a copy of poems from her favorite author; in fact, any of the thousand little trifles so dear to a woman's heart, and which cost so little, yet are worth *so much*. Let this boil steadily in ever-continued thoughtfulness for her comfort, and see if, at 75 years, you hav'nt a wife as sweet and pleasant to look upon as when you led her to the altar, a modest, blushing girl of 16.

INCIGNITO.

Trinity Lodge.

FT. WORTH, TEXAS, Feb. 8, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have not seen anything in the Magazine for some time concerning No. 83, I desire to insert a few notes, to let the rest of the fraternity know that we have not lain dormant during our long silence. We have a Lodge in good working order and about 45 members, most of whom are engineers. Our Lodge will soon be provided with new regalias of which the boys will feel very proud. The new promotions are Bros. Sisk, Eastman and Bell, while our worthy Master (though of diminutive proportions) still holds down the right side of a ten-wheeler. Our last year's Magazine Agent, Bro. J. J. Roney, has opened a fine restaurant on Houston street, and is well patronized by the boys. I think that one of our members, (a new addition) by his constant visits to a certain locality in this city, has a view to matrimony. However, we will not inform on him at present, so hoping that I am not taking up too much of your valuable space, I am

Yours fraternally,

TRINITY.

Harmony and Good Will.

AMBOY, ILL., Feb. 28, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

No. 35 has been poorly represented through the columns of the Magazine this Winter, owing to the rush of business on the different roads on which our members are employed.

I am reliably informed that a great many of the members of our Order are anything but prompt in complying with the demands made upon them by their respective Financiers. This, to me, is a peculiar fact, as it seems that every Brotherhood man, without exception, should feel the duties and responsibilities resting upon his shoulders and should not allow his Financier to make a business of awakening him to his own interests and to the interest of those dependent upon his protection and support, every time he is expected to pay his dues and assessments. Men should pay promptly and without so much coaxing and talking to on the part of Financiers. All who expect to share the benefits of the Order, must expect to do what is required of them, and discharge their part of the work faithfully. Otherwise, they are more or less a burden to the Order, that must be carried along by some few members, whose official career is made troublesome, indeed, by these same bug bears.

No. 35 is growing and flourishing, and under the present management is likely to continue in prosperity. We regret that our Master, C. R. Rosier, has been called away to another post of duty. We miss him very much, but hope the change will be to his interest.

May goodwill and harmony reign in every heart, is the earnest wish of

JOS. E. MCCORMICK.

Still Another.

TEMPLE, TEX., Feb. 28, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Another noticeable feature was witnessed to-day in this city, denominated the "Little Giant of the Prairies." It is evident that the inhabitants of the place are alive to every thing progressive. Being only a little over a year old, we are glad to see the banner of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" hoisted to the wind.

Yes, Mr. Stevens was here, and has left his handimark among the boys, giving them the appellation of the "Midlands." They should be called the "Energetics," or some such name, as a mark of the prowess. There is no doubt but the

"Midlands" will prove worthy of their fellow-brethren, as the "Gulf City, 115," has done. Mr. Stevens speaks in glowing terms of No. 115. Mr. Stevens is an affable gentleman, who infuses the true spirit of Brotherhood into those who may lax in it. He inflames the good members with a new vigor, giving them a vim to accomplish great achievements.

The Magazine is much sought and always welcomed. May itself and the "Midlands" grow large and strong, is the wish of

AMANDUS.

A Rapid Increase.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 28, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Only a year ago United Lodge, No. 60, had but 35 members on her rolls; to-day she has 68 names enrolled on register. This is substantial evidence that our Lodge is on the high road to prosperity and success. We have had to expel a number of our members, owing to their disobedience to our laws, but in doing so we never thought that we were sustaining a loss. In fact, we regard it as a victory for a Lodge to purge itself of an unworthy member, for then, at least, he can be of no injury to them. We now have only good men and it is a real pleasure to attend our meetings. The future seems to be filled with promise for us and the day is near at hand when our organization will exist and thrive everywhere. No one can object to its principles or its teachings—it is a glorious cause and we have a right to be proud of it. The grand results already achieved by our Brotherhood bespeak for it a prominence among the world's great charitable organizations, that it will hold while time shall last.

No. 60.

The Mississippi Valley.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., March 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

I embrace the opportunity to write you a few lines to inform you of the good condition of F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44. The proceeds of our last ball were sufficient to clear us of debt and give us a surplus of fifty dollars in the treasury, and the boys are correspondingly happy.

We feel under special obligations to Bro. Chas. Pence, of No. 49, T. W. Field, of No. 128, and G. Hertline, of No. 122, for their words of encouragement at the meetings of our Lodge; also to Bro. John

McGarrahan, of No. 16, for a beautiful plush cushion presented for our altar. Bro. T. J. Hayes donated the Lodge \$16 when she was in bad shape (don't give this away, for he don't want it made public). Tom is our right hand man, and we would be lost without him. He is still holding the 107 level in the C. & A. yards. It is rumored that he is about to make up a train and start out on the road to matrimony. She is one of our most popular ladies, and when they are coupled up we are sure they will flud a straight track and a smooth rail.

After seven years' service on the C. & A., your humble servant has been transferred to the St. L., A. & T. H. R. R., and can now be found on a new Hinckley pony No. 20, and on her tank are inscribed the initials of our motto, viz.: "B., S. & I." As yet there are no Brotherhood men on this road, but I assure you that they will be looked after without further delay.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. MCGARRAHAN.

Northern Light.

WINNEPEG, MAN., March 16, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Failing to see any items from this quarter and having quite a budget of news on hand, I decided to use the Magazine as a means of diffusing the same.

First, I will say that No. 127 is getting along nicely, having a membership of thirty-one, with about twelve more soon to come in. We have quite a number of visiting members here, among others are Bros. Jos. Doricott and Duke McKenzie, from No. 67. They think this a pretty cold part of the world, and Duke wanted to know how far we are from the North Pole. Bro. Jas. Liddell, of the same Lodge, is in the Round House, with Bro. J. Sheldon, to keep him company. Bro. Wm. Still, of No. 38, runs engine No. 47. The boys were all glad to see Bro. Harry Cooper, of No. 61, back again after a long illness. Bro. Fred. Bross, of No. 85, is in the yards at Whitemouth, with Bro. Johnny Walker. Bro. Thos. McKee, of No. 47, runs engine No. 25, and says she is a good one to make time on. Bro. Bell, our Financier, is in Mr. Pink's office. Bro. Curran is night foreman, with Bros. McLeod, Hartley, Wellington, Swinbank, Partington, Dowling and Parks as assistants. Bro. Arthur is firing No. 91 to St. Vincent. We have had very little snow this winter, but steady cold weather. Some of the boys say it is their last win-

ter here; other places probably have greater attractions for them. Such at least was the case with Wm. Swinbank, who went away on a visit, and on his return meekly asked for a duplicate policy. The young lady's name was Miss Maggie Kimmens, of Clinton, Ontario. Poor Bill must be very lonesome, as he came home alone. However, the members of No. 127 all wish Bro. S. and lady a long and prosperous journey through life. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in our dear little journal, I am fraternally yours,
CANADIAN PACIFIC.

A Beardstown Stoker.

BEARDSTOWN, ILLS., March 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

There is a familiar saying among railroad men that a good Fireman will make a good Engineer; this is very true of Bros. Webb, O'Brien and DeHaven, of No. 122, who have been recently promoted. The first two are running on the road, while the last named is running a switch engine.

Any one desiring plumes for ladies' hats and bonnets, will call upon Bros. Morris and Catlin; their new guns have come and many of the feathery tribe are being laid low. Bro. Bond has a smile upon his countenance, now that the cold weather is over and his engine is in the shops.

Bro. Kessel was with us at the last meeting, he came down from Rock Island to see how H. B. S. was getting along. He was evidently well pleased. The boys gave him a welcome, for it is not often that he can meet with us.

We have a very nice, new hall and are settled down for good; since we removed we are all better satisfied.

Why is No. 79 so quiet? Has the cold weather frozen them over? Let us hear from her.

Assuring you that my heart and hand are for the Brotherhood, I am

Fraternally yours,

A STOKER.

Notes from Peoria.

PEORIA, ILL., Feb. 27, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is a long time since I have noticed anything in the Magazine from No. 48 and I am therefore prompted to say a few words in her behalf, to let our sister Lodges know that she still holds her place among them.

The members of our Lodge have been quite fortunate lately, many of them hav-

ing been transferred to the right side of their engines. Among them is Tim Curran, our worthy Financier; also J. K. Hoover, James Crain, H. Eaton, S. Smith and T. W. Welch, our Magazine Agent. Bro. R. Martin met with a serious accident lately, while at work in the Belleville shops. He was engaged in hanging a large grind stone and while on the ladder, trying to place a bolt in the pulley, it wound around the shaft, knocking the ladder from under him and letting him fall about 25 feet, breaking his arm and bruising him very badly. Medical aid was immediately summoned and with the careful nursing of Bro. Joseph Johnson, Bro. Martin was able to be removed to Peoria, to his home, where he is doing quite well and will soon be able to resume his duties. Bro. Bush is troubled with rheumatism but we hope soon to see him at his place, viz: on the "429."

Bros. Applegreen, Chas. Eaton and J. Powell are firing passenger engines on the East division and Bros. Geo. Watt, Douglass Veters and Gates are serving in the same capacity on the West end.

No. 48 has 35 good members and several applications awaiting action. Her success has long since been established.

No. 48.

THE BRAVE ENGINEER.

Drake's Magazine.

"What would you do?" asked the fireman grim,

Of the sooty engineer,
As the latter turned and looked at him
With a patent self-coupling sneer;
"What would you do if you jumped the track,
With another train in view,
And found you couldn't stop or back,
Then what d'y'e s'pose you'd do?"

"Do!" cried the sooty engineer,
With a look of pluck on toast,
"You bet your shovel I'd stay right here,
And perish at my post!"
And the fireman gazed with mute respect
On his chum, and fed the flame,
And wondered, if the train were wrecked,
If he would prove as game.

The engine tore the starless night
Into long, thin shreds of dark,
And marked its headlong, reckless flight
With many a blazing spark;
And the engineer on his locker perched,
Looked down on his humble friend,
Until on a switch the engine lurched
And canted end o'er end!

And there in the broken, steaming wreck,
The luckless fireman lay,
With a badly dislocated neck
And a general look of decay.
And the passengers gazed upon the smash,
Where the ditch and the engine bumped,
To see the engineer all hash,
But they didn't—he had jumped!



TIM CURRAN, worthy Financier of No. 48, has been promoted.

BORN unto Mr. and Mrs. John McCreagh, a daughter.

GULF City Lodge has quite an energetic Magazine Agent in J. H. Steinhoff.

J. C. MUGGROVE, Financier of 102, is running a passenger engine on the D. M. O. & S. R. R.

TIM CURRAN, T. Welsh, J. Hoover, Scott Smith, H. Eaton and F. Crane, of 48, are new engineers.

WALTER Noleman, of North Springfield, Mo., was called to Centralia, Ill., by the dangerous illness of his father.

E. K. COLE, of Garden City Lodge, and Frank Williver, of Whipple Lodge, have been promoted.

J. W. SMART had a collision lately. He ran into an apple dumpling in the hands of a beautiful young lady.

No. 91 returns thanks to the officers and members of No. 63 for an invitation received to attend their last annual ball.

C. M. STONE, of West End Lodge, is carrying the punch on the "Cyclone," now. It is said that he makes a "dandy" passenger conductor.

A. H. HOWARD, of No. 94, has opened a meat market at Lordsburg, N. M. No one who knows him doubts his ability to conduct his business.

No. 101 is well "Advanced," and her sister Lodges in Iowa will have to look to their laurels or she will leave them far behind.

It is said that Bro. Reddie, of No. 67, has a hankering for Port Hope since his last visit there. Whose sister-in-law is she, Reddie?

GEO. R. STACY, late of Moberly, Mo., is stationed at Ottumwa, Iowa, at present, in charge of the engine department of the Wabash road.

Calhoun Lodge, No. 84, reports the promotion of Bros. Rutherford, Bodily, Calahan and Niles. Others are expected to follow soon.

THE members of Gate City Lodge, No. 93, extend to Robert Brown, of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, and his fair bride, their hearty congratulations.

MESSRS. Ed. Upton, Peter Champagne, Thos. Clark and Charles Costigan, all of No. 15, have been promoted to the right side.

C. A. CARSON, of No. 33, returns thanks to the members of Nos. 105, 80 and 50, who so kindly favored him during his visit with them.

A. E. Finley, of No. 101, wishes to return thanks to the boys of No. 95, who kindly entertained him, during his recent stay in Chicago.

WE are pleased to note the promotion of three more of No. 101's men, Bros. Frank Eckerson, Wm. Daniels and Morris Dailey being the favored ones.

WE extend to Bro. Wm. Campbell, of No. 100, and wife, nee Miss Carrie Porter, our hearty congratulations, and wish them many years of wedded bliss.

MESSRS. Patrick I. Hayes, Homer D. Howard and Thos. M. Edwards, highly esteemed members of No. 37, have been promoted to the opposite side.

J. SWEENEY and wife, of Cleveland, are blessed with the first of their future happiness and as "it is a boy" the members of No. 10 are willing to sign the application.

T. B. CRAWFORD, H. Green, G. H. Olds, J. W. Smart, J. F. Reid, J. M. Harrison, S. A. Allis and J. H. Mann are reported among the promotions of West End Lodge, No. 18. May they all have success.

No. 139, at Tulare, California, a bran new Lodge, with Bro. W. H. Evans as Magazine Agent, is sending in orders for books that would surprise its older sisters, and be a credit to any Lodge.

F. D. SHULL, of No. 96, should always take one of "Aunt Jerusha's turn-overs" in his pocket when he attends Lodge, as the hours are too long for him and he is apt to get hungry.

JOHN DEJEROLD, of No. 80, has tired of single life and concluded to travel hereafter in double harness. The happy couple deserve the congratulations of their numerous friends.

ONE of our most active toilers is Bro. John O'Brien, of No. 61. He is aiding the Magazine Agent, and those desiring to eclipse them will have to rush matters. No man can resist John.

S. T. FLETCHER writes from London, Ont., that Beaver Lodge No. 117 is in a prosperous condition. The members manifest a deep interest in the Order and strive to make it a success.

HAVING gone to Connecticut, Bro. W. W. Hosford, of No. 11, was obliged to resign his Vice Mastership. No. 11 regrets to lose so competent an officer. He was succeeded by Bro. Reuben Tindall.

WM. COCKER, of No. 99, has been promoted from a freight to a passenger fireman. Although Billy is short, he is one of the best firemen on the road, and good firemen soon make engineers.

THOS. McHUGH, of No. 74, was married February 4th, to Miss Hurley, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. The wedding party left on a two week's tour, taking with them the best wishes of their numerous friends.

J. W. GEARY is one of the leaders among the members of No. 16. He thoroughly understands the principles of the Order and is not slow in carrying them out. Wherever he may be located he is sure to be substantially heard from.

ENTERPRISE Lodge has a mutual insurance association of its own. Though five deaths have occurred among the members and their wives, no demand has been made upon the treasury, as those members did not belong to the Association.

THE members of No. 82 return thanks to the wife of Bro. Sebastian for a beautiful motto recently presented to the Lodge. Bro. Sebastian, although far away, is still in full sympathy with the boys.

FROM suggestions offered by Bro. Stevens, the opening in the fire-box of engine 18, of the S. P. R.R. of New Mexico, will be enlarged to four feet. Bro. Stevens thinks some trouble will be saved in getting coal in the door.

THE Master of Cactus Lodge, F. D. Simpson, is about to engage in the commission business, dealing principally in potatoes, apples and onions. As he is active and energetic, we have no doubt of his success.

CACTUS Lodge has been presented with an elegant frame containing the cards of the Grand Officers and Delegates at the eighth annual convention at Boston. Bro. J. C. Spahr is the donor and the boys fully appreciate his gift.

THE members of Beaver Lodge, No. 117, congratulate Bros. Sheehy and Bredin upon their narrow escape from death in a collision on the Capetown grade. There were two engines on the train going up the hill and their train was met by another coming down, on a very sharp curve. One of the engineers was killed instantly, but all others escaped with a severe shaking up.

THE good condition of the Lodge at Sedalia, Mo., speaks well for the men in that locality. No. 78 now has fifty-three members, of whom twenty-four are engineers. They are a fine body of men and would do credit to any Order.

GEO. SWARTZ, of No. 76, who is now located at Denison, Texas, manifests his interest in the Order, no matter where he is. He has been doing excellent work, assisting Bro. Matthews, the Magazine Agent of No. 8, and together they have accomplished much.

MARRIED IN CHICAGO.—P. Sweitzer to Miss Kate Heydenburg; the bride being a sister of Bro. Heydenburg, of No. 47, and the groom a prominent member of the same Lodge, the boys are more than pleased to have him so well cared for in the future.

W. H. Sadler, of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, has captured one of Big Spring's fairest flowers and accomplished daughters, in the person of Miss Mollie Reimer, formerly of Fort Concho. Both are highly esteemed by all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance.

SINCE the time of her organization No. 51 has never produced any but first-class Magazine Agents. We always expect heavy orders from her, nor were we disappointed in her present Agent, Bro. Wm. Guster; he has kept up the record and is making good time in the work.

WM. R. BARNFATHER, of Dominion Lodge, No. 67, formerly located at Big Springs, Texas, and employed by the T. P. R.R. Co., in the capacity of engineer, has resigned his position and returned to his Canadian home. He has the best wishes of both the Brotherhoods and also of the people of Big Springs, who fully appreciate his many good qualities.

QUITE an accident occurred in the C. & C. B. Div. of the M. and St. P. recently, in which the B. of L. F. boys figured conspicuously. Engine 584, with snow-plow attached, with Bro. Gorham, of No. 12, at the throttle, and Bro. Miller, of No. 124, at the scoop; also Bro. McGuire, of No. 27, and Bro. Gregg, of No. 124, behind, were opening up the line, and in coming around a sharp curve they met Bro. Lowery, of No. 27, on the main line. A collision ensued but fortunately the result was not so severe as might have been expected. All escaped uninjured, except Bro. Gorham, who had his left arm broken. We are glad to say that Bro. Gorham is getting along as well as possible under the circumstances.

THE officers and members of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, desire to return thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraizer for their kindness in permitting them the free use of their home for meeting purposes, halls in that locality being very difficult to secure. The boys fully appreciate the favor.

WE notice by the North Platte Telegraph that P. H. Sullivan, of No. 28, has taken to the stage. He recently appeared in a military play, entitled "A Comrade's Luck," in which he seems to have met with great success. The Telegraph, in commenting on the inimitable Pat, says: "P. H. Sullivan, who took the part of Cæsar, carried it through in his characteristic manner. He was perfectly at home and his happy adaptation to the character of Cæsar, made it a most acceptable one to our people."

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last, came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along.
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She Somebody's Mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And some one some time may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
And her own dear boy is far away."

"Somebody's Mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she
said

Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is Somebody's Son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was
heard.

Miscellaneous

The Magazine.

El Paso Times.

WE have received a copy of the Firemen's Magazine, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada. It is a neatly printed, ably edited, and creditable publication. It is sent to us by Harry Keler, of Big Springs, one of the cleverest men on the road.

The Firemen's Magazine.

Terre Haute Express.

Moore & Langen are printing an edition of 16,000 of the March number of this excellent publication, which has become an able exponent of the principles of the worthy Order of which it is the official organ. The March number is probably the best one yet issued. It contains among other good things an article on "Locomotive Firemen," by Henry C. Lord, of Cincinnati, formerly president of the I. C. & L. R.R., and also an ingenious piece of composition, "A Long Tramp by Night," by A. H. Green, of Bowling Green, Ky., a member of the B. L. F. "Harry Essler's Inheritance," by Malcolm Meredith, formerly of this city, is also given.

Brotherhood of Firemen.

San Diego Sun.

San Diego Lodge, No. 90, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was favored Tuesday evening with a visit from their grand instructor and lecturer, Mr. Samuel Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. Stevens has been connected with the Brotherhood for a number of years, and as an evidence of the respect and confidence which they had in him, he was elected in 1878 at a convention held in Buffalo, to the position which he now holds. Mr. Stevens has left proof of the interest he takes in his work in almost every railroad point throughout the United States and Canada. His object in visiting the San Diego Lodge was to exemplify to the members the workings of the Order. The members of the Lodge take this means of extending to him their heartfelt thanks for the noble manner in which he explained to them the new work as adopted at the last convention held in Terre Haute last year. The members of Lodge No. 90 feel very much en-

couraged since Brother Stevens' visit, and never will forget the pleasant evening passed with him.

A Flattering Testimonial.

Among all the letters we have ever received in commendation of the Magazine the following, from Mr. G. F. Willes, of Brookville, Kan., is the best. We take the liberty to publish it so that our readers may know how much our little Magazine is appreciated by the distinguished author. Here it is:

"BROOKVILLE, KAN., 2-4-83

MR. DEBS

Please stop this magazine to my address. I subscribed for it just to get rid of the agent and would prefer paying as much if necessary to get rid of it. do not consider it fit to be read by enny respectable familey

Yours

G. F. WILLES.

Mr. Willes has our thanks and our gratitude for this flattering testimonial.

We receive so many letters of an unpleasant nature that it is positively encouraging to know that our humble efforts are appreciated in some localities, at least. That Mr. Willes may live long and prosper is the wish of the Magazine.

S. M. Stevens at San Diego.

The members of San Diego Lodge, No. 90, published the following card in the San Diego Union, relative to the visit of Instructor S. M. Stevens:

"At a meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held at their hall in National City, Samuel Stevens, Grand Instructor and Lecturer of the Order, was present, and he exemplified the working of the Order in asplendid and never to be forgotten manner. Mr. Stevens has been connected with the Order for several years past, and at the Buffalo Convention, held in 1878, was selected to fill the position of Grand Instructor and Lecturer. His work during his administration has proven that the selection was a good one. No matter what condition a Lodge is in, after Mr. Stevens has visited it, new life and energy seem to be infused into it. The members of San Diego Lodge, No. 90, take this means of expressing their gratitude to Brother Stevens for condescending to pay their little Lodge a visit, and we sincerely hope that this article will come under the observation of every member of the Brotherhood, so that they, one and all, will understand that San Diego Lodge appreciate the visit of our Grand Instructor and Lecturer. Our Lodge now consists of only nine members, but although small in numbers, we consider ourselves strong in our affection for the Brotherhood, and just as long as there are enough of us to retain our charter, so long will we hold together. We do not feel at all discouraged on account of our limited number, for we feel satisfied that those who listened to the words of our Grand Instructor on last evening, will remain true to that cause which is doing so much for the good of the widows and orphans throughout the land."

Firemen's Department.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

Magic City Lodge No. 114, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held their annual ball last night at Library hall. It was a highly successful affair, the attendance being very large. Supper was had at the Opera House restaurant. The following were the committees: Arrangements—J. V. Ellis, Wm. McGuire, F. W. Dudley; Invitation—C. Madison, P. Durham, M. Artist, G. Dillenger, R. N. Wind; Reception—A. Heenan, E. Purtell, S. B. Ellis, E. S. Emerson, John Dunn; Floor Managers—L. O. Ball, Wm. McGuire, L. Libby, F. A. Post.

ELLIS, KANSAS.

A grand success was the ball given at the Ellis House, on the evening of February 27, by Border Lodge, No. 32, B. of L. E. There were 86 couples present and the music, which was rendered by Wilcox & Co.'s Band, was splendid. One could see by the smiling faces of the participants that they all enjoyed themselves. Great praise is due many of the members for the able manner in which the affair was managed. The sincere thanks of the Lodge are extended to the Master Mechanic, Mr. J. B. Dalley, also to Mr. O. H. Dorrance, their Superintendent, for the courtesies extended by them to make the occasion a success. The thanks are also extended to the members of the B. of L. E. for the valuable assistance they rendered.

The ladies did themselves honor in getting up the supper, which was unanimously appreciated. The kindness of Mr. Stanton, proprietor of the Ellis House, was also the subject of much comment and will not soon be forgotten.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Daily Globe, of St. Paul, gives the following account of the ball of Minnehaha Lodge No. 81:

"It is not extravagant to state that Market hall contained as large and happy an assemblage last night as has ever graced its spacious interior. The occasion was the sixth annual ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and it is weak praise to say that the affair was a brilliant social success. Delegates were present from every large city in the State, and a large number of outside cities were represented. The snow blockade was at first considered a drawback, but the immense crowd in attendance proved that had all the trains been running the hall would not have been large enough to contain half who applied for admission. The hall presented a very rich and tasteful appearance. Streamers of red, white and blue bunting depended from the ceiling and the brilliant light of the chandeliers was magnified by a number of beautiful lanterns. The platform was occupied by the Great Union band, and the center of the stage was taken up by a magnificent

headlight relieved by stringers filled with lanterns, the combined effects of which made the animated scene doubly brilliant. The gallery rail was handsomely adorned with a headlight and lanterns, below which was the motto, 'Sixth Annual Ball,' wrought in evergreen. During the evening the hall was visited by a number of prominent railroad officials. Much of the fine appearance of the hall was owing to the admirable arrangements of Mr. Steve Murphy, who had labored indefatigably to make the ball a success. The dancing programme embraced twenty-four popular numbers and the festivities lasted until a late hour. A substantial supper was served at midnight. The floor managers were Messrs. T. Cox, D. E. Casey, J. B. Miller, P. K. Sullivan, J. D. Harrity, J. A. O'Brien, P. H. Murphy, W. J. Crocker and A. W. Merrick."

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Vigo Lodge, No. 18, celebrated her eighth anniversary on the 27th of February with a banquet and reception that will long be remembered by those in attendance. The eatables were contributed by the families of the members, and the supper, which was most elegant, was prepared by the ladies themselves, who took an active interest in the affair.

The members of Division No. 25, B. of L. E. and their families were invited and many of them were present. The Terre Haute Express contained the following report of the affair:

On the 27th of February, 1875, the first Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in this city was organized. Last night the eighth anniversary was celebrated at Dowling hall, by a banquet and reception, to which none but the members of the Firemen and Engineers and their families were invited. The hall had been tastily decorated for the occasion with flags and festoons, and presented a very attractive appearance.

The hall was very comfortably filled by the boys of the throttle, the pick and shovel, their wives, sweethearts, and children. The tables had been tastefully fitted up in the rear part of the hall in three long rows, and with but a few exceptions the seats were all filled at nine o'clock, when the banquet began. The Ringgold orchestra rendered an overture, by Schacht, entitled, "Welcome Again," after which Rev. S. F. Dunham pronounced grace. Robert Ebbage made an address, reviewing the progress of the Lodge from the date of its organization, and was followed by the orchestra with a selection from Boettiger.

The menu of the banquet was then enjoyed.

After this had been done full justice, dancing was commenced and heartily enjoyed until a late hour. The committee in charge of the affair, and to which the credit of its success is due, consisted of James Smith, Robert Ebbage and Charles Bennett.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

The Tucson Citizen gives the following report of the brilliant ball of Cactus Lodge, No. 84:

"Masonic Hall has scarcely ever presented a more brilliant appearance that it did last evening upon the occasion of the second ball of Cactus Lodge No. 94, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The hall was gayly festooned with flags, and the walls were decorated with the different and appropriate insignia of the Order. Over the music stand a large and creditable painting of a locomotive

and tender was suspended, bearing the mystic letters, 'B. S. & I. R. R.', the work of Mr. J. Schwarz, of the S. P. R. R. paint shops. Immediately beneath, a banner with the word 'Welcome' gave cordial greeting to the many guests. The walls were covered with handsome banners bearing the words, 'Benevolence,' 'Sobriety' and 'Industry,' the precepts of the Order. To the right and left of the music stand two immense headlights were placed and shed an agreeable light over the otherwise brightly illuminated hall. The face of one bore the legend, 'Cactus Lodge No. 94, B. L. F., of Tucson. Membership 50,' and the other, 'Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, organized at Port Jervis N. Y., membership 6,000.' Beneath the several chandeliers were suspended various colored lanterns such as are used on railroad trains and their soft and pleasant light increased materially the general effect of the handsomely decorated hall. The ball was largely attended, and the Lodge has reason to feel proud of its second social effort. The ladies were dressed with most charming good taste, and many of the toilets were of rare elegance. After supper dancing was resumed, and it was not till the 'cocks' shrill clarion' betokened the rapid approach of morn that the dancing came to an end, and the now tired merry makers wended their way homeward, conscious of their indebtedness to Cactus Lodge No. 94, B. of L. F., for having passed a most delightful evening. The following is a list of many present: Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Mellus, Mr. and Mrs. R. Fitterly, Mr. and Mrs. C. Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Zeigler, Mr. and Mrs. G. Russ, Mr. and Mrs. Stollar, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. L. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Simpson, Mrs. Kerley, Mrs. L. Rusk, Mrs. Breemer, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. E. Bowers, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Harlow, Mrs. R. W. Gray, Miss Apple, the Misses Rusk, Miss K. F. Fitzgerald, Miss Johnson and Messrs. W. W. Booth, J. B. Moore, J. R. Drake, Judge A. M. Bragg, L. Enricht, J. Pahl, Joe Betz, J. Bogan, Lou Lulley, S. P. Hickok, J. T. Marr, C. Smith, B. Bonney, B. Bowers, J. C. Spahr, Al Mann, J. Schwartz, F. Dietz, Mr. McGill, T. Nottle, Mr. Strube, M. H. Gifford, Mr. Brady, H. Burns, H. B. Lighthizer, E. Follensby, Mr. Hoffman, Geo. Gibson, R. Caverly, Mr. Ray, Mr. Laughlin, T. J. McCarty, C. Stewart, A. Ardis, E. Lockwood, Wm. Houselibe, E. Feilder, E. F. Weed, D. Y. Briggs and H. Apple. The following is a list of the committees who so ably managed the ball: Executive Committee—G. W. Fox, F. D. Simpson, F. Dietz, E. L. Bonney, H. H. Conner, A. W. McQueen, Geo. Williams, E. P. Sargent. Committee on Invitation, Reception and Introduction—J. C. Spahr, E. A. Kingsley, Jas. Miller, Wm. Houselibe, F. M. Wiley, C. W. Wilcox. Floor Manager—F. Dietz. Aids—C. W. Smith, E. L. Bonney, A. W. McQueen, F. Smith, J. B. Baker, M. H. Adams, O. J. Brown, T. L. Ardis."

LETTER OF THANKS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1883.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have received word from my brother, E. R. Cole, that he received from the Financier, W. L. McClure, the draft of one thousand dollars as payment in full of the policy of my late son, John C. Quarterman, which I acknowledge with many thanks. I wish also to thank the members of Lodge No. 101 for their kindness to me. That prosperity may always attend the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is the earnest wish of

MRS. K. R. QUARTERMAN.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., March. 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending February 28, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 17 and 18.	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 17 and 18.	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Total.
1		\$30 00		\$30 00	66		\$41 00		\$41 00
2	\$11 00	15 00		26 00	67	\$2 00	56 00		58 00
3	1 00	104 00		115 00	68	8 00	28 00	\$27 00	63 00
4	4 00	18 00		22 00	69	6 00	34 00		40 00
5		26 00		26 00	70	9 00	19 00		28 00
6	9 00	1 00	\$1 00	11 00	71	5 00	38 00		43 00
7	19 00	1 00		20 00	72		1 00		1 00
8	12 00	8 00		20 00	73	1 00	32 00		33 00
9		40 09		40 09	74		25 00		25 00
10		54 00		54 00	75	6 00	75 00		81 00
11		54 00		54 00	76	5 00	14 00		19 00
12	17 00	60 00		77 00	77	14 00	50 00		64 00
13	2 00	65 00		67 00	78		45 00		45 00
14	1 00	68 00		69 00	79	12 00	25 00		37 00
15	1 00	38 00		37 00	80		38 00		38 00
16	1 00	93 00		94 00	81				
17	4 00	34 00		38 00	82	24 00	39 00		63 00
18	2 00	31 00		33 00	83	2 00	40 00		42 00
19			33 00	33 00	84	2 00	34 00		36 00
20	1 00	35 00		36 00	85	22 00	6 00		28 00
21	3 00	48 00		49 00	86		57 00		57 00
22	9 00	35 00		44 00	87	13 00	8 00		21 00
23	1 00	15 00		16 00	88		44 00		44 00
24			35 00	35 00	89			48 00	48 00
25	1 00	25 00		26 00	90			9 00	9 00
26	4 00	48 00		50 00	91	3 00	34 00		37 00
27		60 00		60 00	92				
28	4 00	34 00		38 00	93			32 00	32 00
29	2 00		38 00	40 00	94	2 00		49 00	51 00
30	2 00	18 00		20 00	95	24 00	75 00		99 00
31	8 00	47 00		55 00	96			18 00	18 00
32	2 00	35 00		37 00	97	6 00	49 00	51 00	106 00
33	4 00	45 00		49 00	98		29 00		29 00
34		32 00		32 00	99	3 00	37 00		40 00
35		16 00		16 00	100				
36	10 00	42 00		52 00	101				
37	1 00	50 00		51 00	102			22 00	22 00
38	6 00	59 00		65 00	103				
39			47 00	47 00	104	3 00			3 00
40	3 00	55 00		58 00	105		30 00		30 00
41				58 00	106		21 00		21 00
42		17 00		17 00	107	1 00	21 00		22 00
43			54 00	54 00	108	2 00	18 00		20 00
44		22 00		22 00	109			32 00	32 00
45	11 00	57 00		68 00	110		16 00		16 00
46	10 00	31 00		41 00	111	2 00	21 00		23 00
47		85 00		85 00	112				
48		30 00		30 00	113		12 00		12 00
49	7 00	21 00		28 00	114		18 00		18 00
50	20 00	43 00		63 00	115	4 00	20 00		24 00
51	1 00	39 00		40 00	116		21 00		21 00
52		47 00		47 00	117		36 00		36 00
53		23 00		23 00	118	4 00	8 00		12 00
54	9 00	64 00	1 00	74 00	119			10 00	10 00
55		28 00		28 00	120		27 00		27 00
56		19 00		19 00	121			17 00	17 00
57	21 00	87 00		108 00	122		2 00	27 00	29 00
58					123	1 00			1 00
59		98 00		98 00	124		10 00		10 00
60	3 00	55 00		58 00	125		12 00		12 00
61	49 00	79 00		128 00	126			23 00	23 00
62	1 00	28 00		29 00	127				
63	9 00	39 00		48 00	128	4 00		9 00	13 00
64					129				
65		25 00		25 00	130		4 00		4 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

Continued.

Lodge No.	Assess't 17 and 18.	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Total.	Lodge No.	Assess'ts 17 and 18.	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Total.
131				141			
132				142			
133		\$14 00	\$14 00	143			
134				144			
135				145			
136				146			
137				147			
138				148			
139				149			
140				150			

Balance on hand February 1 \$1,104 50

Received during month 4,667 00

Total \$5,771 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 24, 35, 36, 37 and 38 \$5,000 00

Balance on hand March 1 \$771 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

John Pascoe, of No. 116, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

C. H. Suber, of No. 78, is hereby requested to correspond with his Financier, W. H. Clark, Box 1100, Sedalla, Mo.

Messrs. John Kidd and A. W. Niles, of No. 84, are hereby requested to correspond with Geo. Kelly, Battle Creek, Mich, box 1084.

F. C. LaMountain, M. Kennedy, M. McGovern, J. W. Armitage, W. Enos, J. J. Layton, T. F. Morse and J. S. Young are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of No. 77. Address W. F. Hynes, Denver, Col., box 1588.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
8	W. P. Danforth	18
12	Henry Adams	67
14	W. J. Pursel	49
49	Jos. Sincraft	44
54	L. Sheppard	54
57	J. Flarhartee	73
74	G. H. Herron	32
77	P. O'Rourke	63
82	C. K. Brown	105
89	M. T. Coats	89
94	Geo. W. Knox	97
97	W. P. Lowry	87
97	H. Davis	98
130	H. L. Nichols	95
132	J. Keith	34
132	F. M. Morgan	25
132	J. M. Miller	95
135	F. B. Windlate	87
135	C. E. Messenger	94
141	R. M. Germain	47

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
2	Wm. Lowry	Non-payment of dues.
2	Frank E. Warden	Non-payment of dues.
7	W. H. Fisher	Defrauding Lodge.
8	H. Gorden	Non-payment of dues.
8	Wm. Parker	Boarding House Beat.
31	C. Beckfort	Non-payment of dues.
31	Nova Walling	Non-payment of dues.
31	R. K. Scott	Non-payment of dues.
31	Calvin Brewer	Non-payment of dues.
31	W. Hunsley	Non-payment of dues.
31	W. P. Utley	Non-payment of dues.
32	J. P. Leach	Non-payment of dues.
33	A. Roesch	Non-payment of dues.
32	Ed. Shanahan	Non-payment of dues.
54	Albert Wilcher	Non-payment of dues.
57	W. M. Qulmby	Non-payment of dues.
57	W. J. Blanchard	Non-payment of dues.
58	F. Sedgley	Unbecoming conduct.
58	J. Caswell	Non-payment of dues.
61	Fred. Almy	Non-payment of dues.
61	Chas. Cullen	Non-payment of dues.
61	W. J. Crocker	Non-payment of dues.
61	J. W. Flitzgerald	Non-payment of dues.
61	Wm. Kelley	Non-payment of dues.
61	J. D. Stewart	Non-payment of dues.
69	Wm. Balfe	Non-payment of dues.
75	Jas. P. Leggett	Non-payment of dues.
79	J. W. Holmes	Non-payment of dues.
82	A. E. Blackman	Non-payment of dues.
82	Mat. Conners	Non-payment of dues.
82	Ed. DePew	Non-payment of dues.
82	Dan. Lehan	Non-payment of dues.
82	P. T. Mixer	Non-payment of dues.
82	Al. Northrup	Non-payment of dues.
83	Saml. C. Clossin	Defrauding Lodge.
100	P. W. Knight	Non-payment of dues.
100	P. Ryan	Non-payment of dues.
100	C. M. Wright	Non-payment of dues.
101	Ed. J. Bleathen	Non-payment of dues.
101	F. A. Chapman	Non-payment of dues.
109	G. M. Bouchard	Defrauding a Brother.
120	Jno. Newman	Non-payment of dues.
130	Geo. Spicer	Dishonesty.
145	J. J. Lyons	Contempt of Lodge.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
19	H. Draper	135
33	J. W. Brown	137
38	Wm. Roope	61
39	F. A. Woodward	85
49	W. Pursel	14
54	A. G. S. Kagerstrom	123
58	Chas. O'Brien	
61	M. Duling	
73	Jas. Flarhartee	57
74	J. S. Wheeler	135
74	W. J. Cahill	124
87	F. B. Windlate	135
83	W. D. Schellinger	74
98	Geo. W. Knox	94

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
7	A. M. Smith.	83	J. McHasty.
8	W. A. Waddington	86	Samuel Collins.
8	Thos. Dollarhide.	86	David Danovan.
31	W. Green.		

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
32	C. E. McCourtlee.	61	C. Cullen.
43	Harry Burton.	75	Charles French.
43	Chas. Patterson.	77	Thomas Hynes.
57	John W. Angell.		

RESOLUTIONS.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, January 6, 1883.

At a special meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, held Friday evening, January 5, 1883, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to Mrs. Georgia M. Sargent, wife of our worthy Financier, for the elegant altar and officers' stand cloths which she kindly worked and presented to us as tokens of her appreciation and friendly feeling for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate these kind gifts, and will ever keep them in grateful remembrance of the donor and her devoted husband.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Georgia M. Sargent and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. W. MCQUEEN,
C. W. WILCOX, } *Committee.*
E. F. SMITH,

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Feb. 6, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Cactus Lodge No. 94, B. of L. F., at their hall in Tucson, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of Cactus Lodge No. 94, B. of L. F., extend their sincere thanks to Mr. F. Littlefield, of Division No. 28, B. of L. E., of Tucson, for representing their Lodge in San Francisco at a convention of Locomotive Engineers called together to settle the trouble arising from a request of Mr. J. A. Filmore, Superintendent of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad, for photographs and personal records of Engineers and Firemen.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. F. Littlefield, also placed in the minutes of this Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

L. HOLLIDAY,
C. W. WILCOX, } *Committee.*
J. T. LUCY.

EL PASO, TEXAS, Feb. 24, 1883.

At a called meeting of New Year Lodge No. 135, held Sunday evening, February 11, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Bro. S. M. Stevens in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of the above named Lodge, were so kindly and ably assisted at our meeting,

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be extended to Bro. F. Beaumont, of No. 45; Bro. Connelly, of No. 74; Bro. Wheeler, of No. 70, and Bro. Kinsley, of No. 94.

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the interest manifested by these Brothers in our behalf, and that we shall endeavor to so conduct ourselves as to be worthy of their continued esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

J. B. MATTHEWS, Secretary.

DENVER, COL., March 1, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held on February 25, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. S. T. Smith, General Superintendent of the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific R.R., kindly furnished transportation to A. J. Farr, who was delegated to accompany the remains of our late Bro. A. V. Maxfield, a member of Lodge No. 27, to his former home in Pana, Ill., and

WHEREAS, We wish to give expression to our feelings of gratitude for such acts of kindness to our dead; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Smith for this act of fellow-feeling to our deceased Bro., and the cheerful and gentlemanly manner in which the request was granted; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Smith, and also to our Magazine for publication.

W. KLETT,
A. M. JOHNSON, } *Committee.*
W. F. HYNES,

LONDON, ONT., Jan. 9, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Beaver Lodge No. 117, B. of L. F., held on the above date, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Master to remove from our Brotherhood on earth to that Grand Lodge on high, our most worthy Brother, William Strongman, by injuries received in a collision while in the discharge of his duties as Fireman,

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of the above named Lodge, do feel that in the death of Bro. Strongman, the founder of our Lodge, the Order in general has lost a member of unusual zeal and untiring energy, and we do hereby testify to the esteem in which he was held as a Brother and fellow-worker;

Resolved, That we do extend to the sorrowing widow and friends of our late Brother, our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their affliction, and may they look for consolation to Him who hath promised to care for the widow and provide for the fatherless.

A light from the household is gone,

A voice we loved is stilled,

A place is vacant at home

Which never can be filled.

Resolved, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, also to Mrs. Strongman, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

G. RYDER,
E. LOWE, } *Committee.*
S. T. FLETCHER.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns Vice Grand Master
1728 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
F. M. James, Secretary Centalla, Ills.
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan.
D. E. Barry Buffalo, N. Y.
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
 W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
 D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont.
 M. S. Sheldre, C. St. P. M. & O.
 R. R. St. Paul, Minn.
 J. McDonough, Ave K, between
 36th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex.
 M. Shick Jersey City, N. J.
 A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. . . Boston, Mass.
 G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich.
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. St. Joseph, Mo.
 W. L. Dean, Box 385 Butte, Wyoming.
 F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
 T. E. Green, Box 1278 Galesburg, Ills.
 S. C. Myers, Box 22 Ravenna, O.
 F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
 Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M. and
 Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
 F. L. Smith, Box 516 Secretary
 A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
 C. E. Barkman, Box 20 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
 Meets 1st Monday and 3d Wednesday at
 8:30 P. M.
 C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
 A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Secretary
 A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. . . . Financier
 T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
 Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
 and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. . . . Master
 E. Ely, Pavonia Station Secretary
 B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St.
 New York City, N. Y. Financier
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. . . . Master
 A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. Secretary
 F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . . Financier
 A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. R. . . . Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
 Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
 G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
 T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
 M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
 G. Utter Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
 Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
 Aaron Platt Master
 Wm. Hearst Secretary
 A. C. Huestis Financier
 M. Findlon Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
 A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. Master
 M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W. . . . Secretary
 T. W. Bowen, 160 6th St., S. W. . . . Financier
 R. M. Smith, 180 Carroll St.
 S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison City, Tex.
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
 J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
 T. H. Morter, Box 336 Secretary
 E. Flint, Box 336 Financier
 J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
 Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
 J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. . . . Secretary
 C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
 F. J. Kelstler, 214 S. High St. . . . Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
 A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Secretary
 T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. . . . Financier
 E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. W. Carling Master
 C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
 J. W. Sinclair Financier
 H. Lott Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
 Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
 A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . Master
 D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Secretary
 C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. . . . Financier
 D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
 T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
 P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. . . . Secretary
 C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
 G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw
 Ave. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
 Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
 J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
 E. K. Whitst, 292 Virginia Ave, Secretary
 Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
 H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops, Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
 Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
 E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. Secretary
 J. Ryan, 211 Burgeois St. Financier
 C. A. King, 47 Wellington St. . . . Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St. Master
 E. V. Debs Secretary
 J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
 F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 H. M. Hogan Master
 T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
 C. A. Cripps Financier
 C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
 Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 M. Short Master
 T. B. Crawford Secretary
 F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
 J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
 Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
 G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
 J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
 J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
 C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
20. **STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
 M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
 C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
 E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**; South St. Louis, Mo.
 Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
 J. H. Clark, 3d St., between
 Primm and Tesson Sts. Secretary
 J. D. Fisher, Carondelet, Mo. Financier
 F. Fuller, 2d St., between
 Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent

- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64 Financier
A. Barr, Box 64 Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangol Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
Geo. Howe Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 660 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Gildard, Box 795 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
A. Studer, 203 South Liberty St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. R. Rosler, Box 420 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermerhorn Financier
J. E. McCormick, Box 508 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W. Shops Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 153 North St. Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centerville, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 108 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, Box 1903 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1903 Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
A. Haag, Cor. 6th and Hickory Sts Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schlumpfennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger 819 E. 2nd St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summerhill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent

- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 8158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. R. Young, Box 560 Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St., Master
J. J. Delaney, 4854 Dearborn St. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hannahan, 3861 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulce Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 628 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 628 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 628 Financier
F. E. Wolfkill, L. Box 628 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 608 Master
C. Raymond, Box 857 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 667 Master
J. Everitt, Box 667 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Financier
M. C. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 18 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
P. McDermott Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
J. B. Miller Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands Master
R. P. B. Jones, 58 Washington
St., Charlestown District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. C. Brown Master
L. Jeardenu Secretary
A. H. Curtis Financier
C. W. Myers Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
A. Wythe Secretary
L. E. Wade, L. Box 76 Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St.,
81st Ward Master
T. McCann Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHABA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley, 714 Reaney St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
A. Canfield, L. Box 6 Master
L. C. Webb Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 761 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
H. Lavole Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Stinson Master
A. McKay Secretary
J. Kennedy, Box 77, Altoona, Wis. Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 294 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent

- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 414 Hamilton St. Master
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 426 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 4th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson, Box 67 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
A. H. Chapman, Box 1,588 Master
A. Clark, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588 Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Walters, Box 1091 Master
C. T. Kelk, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ills.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larison, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
A. W. Dean, 310 19th St. N. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 612 12th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tierney, Box 459 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Highe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 138 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton, Box 198 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. LeCain, Box 89 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollbaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
J. V. Vasque Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. W. Harrigan, 1478 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, 212 2nd St. Secretary
J. C. McCreaugh, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.**
J. E. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Polean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, Box 651 Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton Ave. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays Master
C. S. Given Secretary
W. P. Scheets Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
A. P. Keran, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent

- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foechner St. Financier
Geo. Hartman, 122 State St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
A. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 383 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
P. Combs Secretary
J. Musgrove Financier
J. Clarey, Box 150 Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
T. McGulre, 946 Dumesnell St. Secretary
H. Prout, Broadway Hotel Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON; Louisville, Ky.**
J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store. Master
F. Honnaker, 939 E. Green St. Secretary
F. Honnaker, 939 E. Green St. Financier
G. Buxe, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1873 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between
Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 186 Financier
W. E. Armour, L. Box 33 Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
W. Cline, Alamogosa, Col. Master
K. B. Rhelm Secretary
J. C. McCabe Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Ala-
mogosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. Hackett, 3101 Caroline St. Master
W. J. Pourcelle, 2718 Gamble
Ave. Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
W. A. Isbell, 320 Montrose Ave, Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland, Box 833 Secretary
H. H. Kirchgraber, L. Box 142 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 285 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. J. Randall, L. Box 128 Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 566 Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull Master
G. H. Maitland Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 220 Master
C. Madison, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
W. McGulre Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Praline, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, be-
tween 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
E. G. Hibbard, Box 154 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 384 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P.O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P.O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
R. Findley Master
F. Gosselin Secretary
Wm. Carmichael Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. R'y, River du
Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 187
Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St. Secretary
G. J. Walters, 146 Butternut St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 58 Otisco
St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
G. Hertline, Box 421 Financier
B. DeHaven, Box 190 Mag. Agent

- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, 608 13th St. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
H. A. Draper Master
M. Maloy Secretary
E. G. Fox Financier
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
G. S. Tubbs Secretary
J. Burke Financier
F. W. Snider Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
P. McWhorter Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillette Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. Master
H. Curran, C. P. Ry. Shops Secretary
R. Bell Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Flage, Box 55 Master
J. H. Casey, Box 55 Secretary
W. T. Field, Box 55 Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens, Box 208 Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
G. W. Parmeter Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 305 Jackson St. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 235 Hanover St. Financier
J. Buckley, 305 Jackson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. A. Brooks, Box 88, S. Side Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
E. Murray, Box 88, S. Side Financier
C. H. Eastwood, Box 74, S. Side, Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
Jno. Caulfield, Box 90 Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets every Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Madden Secretary
John Nichols Financier
M. J. Black Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
F. B. Windlate Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry. Master
G. Campbell, Box 273 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry. Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
C. F. Strickland Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine, Wis. Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Braid, 80 Kraft Bros Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
W. L. Smith Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford Master
M. J. Ruland Secretary
W. J. Cox Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 84 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
H. Kelley, 115 Broadway St. Master
F. Williver, Cor. Dix and Western Ave. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower Sts Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1700 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 829 Wood st. Financier
G. H. Vogley, 1700 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. —; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
. Master
. Secretary
. Financier
. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton Master
Wm. Forbes Secretary
Daniel Denton Financier
H. N. Norton Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. D. Young, 190 Washington St. Master
P. Volts, 101 Houston Ave. Secretary
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. Financier
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr. Secretary
J. S. Ramsour Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent

Firemen's Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF THE BROTHERHOOD
OF LOCOMOTIVE
FIREMEN OF THE
UNITED STATES
& CANADA

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MAY, 1883.

NO. 5.

LONGFELLOW'S CREED.

My work is finished; I am strong
In faith and hope and charity;
For I have written the things I see,
The things that have been and shall be.
Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong;
Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate;
For Hate is death; and Love is life,
A peace, a splendor from above;
And Hate a never ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss
Where unclean serpents coil and hiss!
Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate is the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this
Betrays his Master with a kiss.

Saved By Electricity.

I was telegraph operator and station agent on one of the western lines of railroad when this adventure of which I am going to tell you happened to me.

It was a wild and stormy night, and as the depot was nearly half a mile out of town, the set of loafers which usually collected about the stove in the waiting room had eventually concluded to seek some place nearer home to spend the evening in, and, for a wonder, I was alone.

The express from the west was due at 9.50.

After that I should be at liberty, and I began to wish the evening was over long before the train came along, or else that I had some one to talk to, for the depot was in one of the loneliest spots that could have been selected; and the wind kept up a dismal moaning in the woods close by, and every now and then seemed to be positively howling in the wires of the telegraph. I began to feel nervous and fidgety.

At last the train came. I was also express agent, and the express man on the train handed me a heavily sealed enve-

lope, remarking as he did so, "Be careful of that, Branthwaite. There's a big bonanza in that package, if it was yours or mine."

"Money?" I asked, noticing that there were but two passengers getting off—two men in shaggy overcoats and slouchy-looking hats, whom I concluded, without thinking much about them or paying but little attention to them, to be hunters returned from some upper country trip.

"Yes; a trifle of \$20,000, I believe," answered Phillips. "Old Bowers is sending it down to his son, who's putting up a mill somewhere near he, isn't he?"

"Yes; on the other side of the river," I replied. "It's lucky to have a rich father, Phillips."

"You're right, there," answered Phillips.

And then the train started off, and I turned and walked toward the office.

As I neared the door with the package in my hand one of the men who had been watching me, made a spring toward me.

I don't know why I happened to be on the outlook for them, but I must have been, for I jumped back almost the same instant that he made his move, and before either one of them comprehended what I was about I had made a dive between them and succeeded in getting into the office, and had the door bolted almost before I knew what I was doing.

I heard a volley of curses hurled after me, and then I knew by the sounds and the creaking of the door that both of the men were trying to break in.

But I had no fears of their doing that. It was of hard wood, well seasoned, and would resist all their efforts in that direction.

I put the package in the safe and locked it securely, before I stopped to think

what was to be done. Then I sat down to think, while I could hear the men talking outside; I knew they were holding a council over the means to be used to effect an entrance and obtain possession of the money I had received.

It was anything but a pleasant situation to be in.

Here was I alone, half a mile away from any assistance, at 10 o'clock at night—and a stormy night at that—and the probability was that nearly everybody was already in bed. If they were not, no one would think of coming to the depot at that hour of the night.

Outside were two desperate men, who knew I had a large sum of money in my possession, and they knew that if they could effect an entrance I would amount to but little in the accomplishment of their villainous purpose.

Suddenly a thought occurred to me. The clerk at the hotel where I boarded had taken a fancy to telegraphy, and we had put up a wire between the hotel and the depot. Why couldn't I advise him of my danger, and have him send me help?

I heard a new sound at the door just then, which sent the blood in great, frightened waves all over me. The men had begun to cut their way in with their pocket-knives.

I rushed to the instrument and "called" George.

What if he had gone to bed, or should be out? I turned pale at the thought.

But pretty soon a response came. He was there. Go ahead.

I began and wrote:

"I am in danger. Two men are trying to gain admittance for the purpose of robbing the express safe. Send help immediately, for God's sake. Not a minute to lose!"

"Slower," telegraphed George, who had not been practicing long enough to be able to read very well.

I went over with the message again. But I suppose the excitement made my writing "blurred," for again he sent back word:

"Slower, and more distinct. Can't make it out."

Good God! Before I succeeded in making him understand me they would be through the door, I thought, with a cold sweat breaking out all over me.

But I went over the message again, and this time he caught it and sent back a hurried "All right! Hold out for ten minutes!"

The men were digging away like bea-

vers. I could see the points of their knives once in a while as they splintered away fragments of the panels. But I knew that it would take them some time yet to cut away enough for them to make an entrance through. How I wished I had a pistol.

I waited in feverish impatience. Suddenly there was a crash, and one panel was stove in by the foot of one of the men.

"Aha!" he grinned with his leering face at the aperture. "You see we mean business, dont you? What are you going to do, eh?"

I didn't know. Die, I suppose, if they took an idea to put an end to me into their heads. Why didn't George and the help he promised come? It seemed to me that they had had time enough to make a ten-mile trip.

"We've got the second panel almost ready to stove in," said the man; chuckling horribly over the cheerful information.

"Then I guess Tom can crawl through. You might as well be opening that box of your'n an' git out that bundle we're after. It'll save all of us considerable trouble an' time."

Crash came his foot against the panel and it burst it into splinters; and my heart fairly stopped beating when I saw one of them thrust his head and shoulders through the opening.

I seized the poker and struck him over the head with all the force I could muster. He rolled out a volley of terrible curses, but I was master of the situation at that particular time.

Suddenly there was a sound of voices, and then the man outside cried out that they were "nabbed," and tried to make his escape.

But I knew by the sound that he was caught, and was struggling with his captors.

There were several pistol shots fired, and eager cries, during which the poor wretch in the door made no effort to escape, but lay there limp and motionless. I began to fear I had killed him.

I drew back the bolts and got the door opened just in time to see the other overpowered, a prisoner in the hands of half a dozen of the boys from town.

Then we got the man out of the door. He wasn't dead, but he was insensible; my blows with the poker had been too much for him.

I bought me a pistol the first thing the next morning, and was on the lookout for robbers and adventures after that; but

that was the only adventure of any account that happened to me while I stayed in that vicinity.

If it hadn't been for that telegraph which George and I had put in operation, I rather think I should have finished up all my earthly adventures that night.

Very Mysterious!

Youths' Companion.

In one of our Eastern States, hidden away in a nook of the hills, is a little village where grass grows in the very streets, and the birds build fearlessly in the trees that shade the "main buildings." These buildings comprise a grocery, a store where dry goods and "notions" are sold, and a postoffice which is also a book store.

A dreamy quiet hung over the little town. There were some days in the spring-time, when the lilacs were in bloom and the bees kept up a perpetual hum about the flowers; when no breeze was stirring, and the air was warm and soft, that a stranger coming there would deem it a veritable Sleepy Hollow, and be almost sure that Rip Van Winkle lived hard by.

Well, everything was so pleasant and peaceful, that it was no wonder people did not care to change. They entertained the most intense respect for the ways of their ancestors.

When a man had fought through the Revolutionary War, and had his toes frost-bitten at Valley Forge; when he had signed the Declaration of Independence, or been one of the first settlers; or, as some of the mossy tombstones stated, had been "captivated by the Indians, and safe returned by Divine Providence,"—why, then, it was not at all likely that his great-grandchildren could improve on the pattern.

And very probably, so far as good sense and sound principle go, they could not have surpassed their ancestors. But a hundred years is a hundred years, and it takes even less time than that to change materially the coast-line of knowledge.

Our little village was so securely planted among its hills, that as the years went on, and the waves receded, it almost forgot there was an ocean beyond.

"Eddication, now," said Deacon Green; "what on airth duz a boy want with more eddication 'n he gets in the deestic school? Ef he kin read, an' write, an' cipher, what more duz he want? He don't want nothin' more!" And such was the general opinion.

But it must be owned that this belief bore hard on the deacon's youngest son,

William Green, who was thirteen years old, and who had a passion for what his father called tomfoolery, and his mother said was "pesky nonsense."

From the time he was able to run about he had laid hands on everything that he could find in the insect and small animal line. He was forever watching beetles and spiders, carrying around snakes, and catching young birds and tadpoles.

As he was the only boy in the family, he might have been quite useful in the farm-work. But no; as the deacon remarked, "he haint no head at all for what's usefuf. He'll let the pig walk right into the corn, an' never notice it; an' ef I put him to milkin', he'll more 'n like strip two teats, an' forget the other two. But jest let a thing have half a dozen legs, or do somethin' that nothin' else of its kind ever thought of doing', an' he's all attention; he can't look too close."

And, indeed, his *deeds* were the source of much vexation. His mother's pins went to impale "specimens," her boxes to encase them; and when later, under the young doctor's influence, he began to collect bones, and stuff birds, the poor woman was almost distracted.

All this was bad enough; and, as the Widow Tucker put it, "That boy was a drefle dispensation to his parients." But worse was to come, for the "dispensation" found an ally and upholder in the new doctor. The old doctor was credited with thoroughly understanding the constitution of every child born in the village during the last fifty years; yet all his knowledge could not keep his own constitution from breaking.

Accordingly, as strength and eyesight began to fail, he called in an assistant. The young man was fresh from the Harvard medical school; and having more ideas than money, took the first place offered him, and brought his science to our little town. One result of this move was that he had a fixed though small income, and another, and more important result, was that he met William Green, liked him, and by his books and talk and advice, confirmed the boy's natural bent.

There is no saying what the end would have been, had matters gone on in their usual even channel. Perhaps in time the deacon would have reconciled himself to Will's inclinations, and even aided them. But for once it was clear that destiny was averse to slow measures, and meant to give the deacon short space for reflection.

As the means of fulfilling her purposes, she chose the crock wherein Mrs. Green

kept the milk of a favorite cow. She also selected an active agent, which shall be for the present an unknown quantity.

There was no cellar in the neighborhood like Mrs. Green's,—so cool, and airy, and large, with its brick floor and rough stone walls. It was enough to coax cream from the poorest milk.

Neither was there any butter in the neighborhood like Mrs. Green's. Her skill was beyond a doubt, and brought her ready purchasers.

Within the last few weeks, however, she had been annoyed by finding one particular crock of milk often disturbed. Every morning some of the cream was gone, and what was left was broken and stirred up. Being a prudent woman, Mrs. Green said nothing for a while, and quietly watched to detect the thief.

Her suspicions fell first on Jane, the kitchen "help;" but when she spoke to her, Janey sobbed till she had a headache, and almost choked herself by the energy of her denials. Moreover, the cream was disturbed one day when Janey was at a neighbor's.

Mrs. Green now turned her attention to Mike, the hired man. But Mike said, coolly, "Ye'll have to look elsewhere, mistress, for the thafe. Mike Dewine is none so fond of cream as to be afther stalin' it from yer pans." And in his case, as in Janey's, an alibi was so clearly proved that the black cloud of suspicion lifted at once, and now hung ready poised to descend on some one else.

The deacon was, of course, out of the question. In the first place, he was a deacon; in the second place, he did not like cream; and lastly, if he had wanted it, he had a right to it and would not have denied taking it.

Once or twice he suggested to his wife the Pinafore solution,—it was the cat, but she dismissed that idea with scorn.

"I'd like to know now," she said, "can a cat take off a board kiver an' put it back agen all right, an' besides that, leave no tracks of itself?"

The deacon acknowledged that it was not likely.

"Of course it aint," she answered, sharply; so this explanation also was given up.

Not so the cream; it continued to disappear as though it had legs of its own and a ticket-of-leave. The cloud of doubt still hung over the old farm-house, till one fine day, it made its last descent and alighted on the luckless head of William Green.

That morning, as usual, Mrs. Green

skimmed the milk and examined with a careful eye the last night's pans and crocks. The crock, the source of so much trouble, was, she rejoiced to see, all right; and in her own mind she resolved to use the cream for dumplings at dinner.

Having made this decision, she went about her work. The deacon was reading the weekly paper, Mike had gone with a grist to mill, and Janey was in the kitchen. William was off—the Lord alone knows where, thought his mother, with vexation. She was in need of chips, and found no one to pick them up but herself.

Perhaps an hour had gone by, when, looking out from a window that commanded the outer cellar steps, Mrs. Green beheld her missing son cautiously skirting the house and entering the cellar.

This means something, thought she; and she stood watching at the window, as a cat watches a mouse. In a little more than five minutes, William came out, and with the same caution disappeared round the corner of the house.

Then Mrs. Green, in her turn, visited the cellar, and walked straight up to the ill-fated crock. She raised the cover, she looked within, she groaned in anguish. Her fears were realized. The cream had been broken and some of it was gone.

Poor woman! she really felt more deeply than William or any one else would have supposed possible. Under a brusque and terribly energetic manner, she concealed a good, warm heart, wherein William held the largest place.

She knew he liked fun and could not resist a practical joke, but she did not think he would take what did not belong to him, or tell a lie about it. Now here was the fatal proof.

It was with a heavy heart that she called the deacon, and laying the case before him, waited his verdict. It came,—swift condemnation, and retribution to follow as soon as the offender should be caught,—all this expressed in as strong terms as an elder in the church could use.

Both the deacon and his wife held firm to what was, or should have been, the Puritan motto,—let justice be done though the heavens fall. Like their ancestors, too, they were apt to think that if the heavens fell, justice was surely done.

When William next appeared that day, it was almost noon, and he came with the evident purpose of getting his dinner. A twinkle was in his eye and a light-hearted pucker on his lips.

"William!" called the deacon, from the sitting-room, "come in here. I want to speak with you."

William's hilarity left him at once; too many a "talkin'-to," or worse, had been prefaced with like words. However, he answered, "Yes, sir," and walked promptly in.

A long switch stood in the corner, and his father was regarding it with an eye full of intention.

The intention was soon apparent, and in one way decisive. William acknowledged that he had been in the cellar, but would not say what he went for; only, he solemnly declared he had not touched the cream. Circumstantial evidence being against him, there followed a sound whipping, after which he was sent dinnerless to his room, to stay there till he confessed. His mother brought him his supper of bread and water at evening, but the lad was smarting under the injustice more than the punishment, and would say nothing.

Morning, noon, of the next day passed in the same manner. About dusk, the deacon came up stairs, and after some fruitless questioning, lost patience.

"I'll give you till to-morrow noon to tell the truth," said he; "and ef you've nothin' to say then, I reckon you know what to look for."

"Very well, sir," replied Will, in a stubborn way, that seemed to the deacon to the last degree unregenerate.

Later on, when her husband was asleep, good Mrs. Green stole softly up and tried to coax confession from her boy.

"O Will," she said, "I've never seen your father so put out. Do own up, an' then perhaps things will come right."

"Mother," answered Will, desperately, "I can't, and I won't, own up to what I never did; and if father won't believe me to-morrow, I'll get where he won't have a chance to doubt me again." This was all she could get from him.

His bread and water was taken up the next morning, as usual, and received in sullen silence. At the breakfast-table in the room below, the family could hear him tramping back and forth restlessly. Gloom overspread them all.

The deacon was so sore at heart as to be glad of a chance to scold, when he found no cream for his coffee. "Pears to me, Samantha, I wouldn't call folks to breakfast till the things were on the table."

"Mercy, father! aint there any cream? I'm that upset I can't think of anything," and off she hurried to the cellar with the empty jug. But hardly was she there before they heard her give a curious, agitated cry; and the next moment she came

running up stairs panting, almost speechless from excitement.

"Well," snapped the deacon, "can't ye speak, Samantha? Are ye *tuk*, I'd like to know?" Three pair of eyes, fixed on her, dilated and then grew blank, as she gasped in answer, with her first and only attempt at a pun,—

"No, Elnathan—I—aint *tuk*—but—the *cream*'s—*tuk*. It's stirred all up *agin*."

There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tramp of the guiltless and much-wronged William overhead. Then the deacon rose from his unfinished breakfast, and gave an exasperated push to the chair he had been sitting in.

"Be ye goin' to fool the whole mornin' away?" he said to Mike; then, turning to his wife,—

"Mother, I'm a-goin' to the old orchard lot, an' sha'n't be back afore dinner-time." Here he put on his hat, and sought the door, preceded by Mike.

With his hand on the knob, however, he returned to say, in the gruffest of voices,—

"I s'pose ye might as well call William, an' get done eatin' some time to-day." With this, he walked out and closed the door behind him.

It is to be presumed that William enjoyed a warm breakfast, and forgot to some degree his wrongs in the various dainties his mother brought him. Still, there was considerable stiffness when they all met at dinner; and this was increased by his father's remarking that though he was not guilty this time, he might have taken the cream before, and he meant to keep an eye on him.

But the course of events was already bringing to light the real criminal. The next morning, when her work was done up, Mrs. Green took her knitting, and sat down on the cool, shady stone steps that led out-doors from the cellar.

William sat down by her, busy with some device of his own, and some time passed in silence. All at once Mrs. Green, who was drowsily and mechanically knitting, was roused by a cautious touch from Will. He motioned her, first to be silent, then to look, pointing forward with his finger.

What she saw, shall be told in her own words, as she recounted the affair to the deacon, the "help," and one or two neighbors who dropped in during the afternoon.

"No," she said, "I'd never a believed it, ef I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. I was kind of noddin' over my needles, when Will, he grabbed me. There he was, a-p'intin' with all his might; an' so,

as my specs were on, I tuk a good look.

"You see, that crock—the one I kept the Alderney's milk in—it stood nigh on to the end of the shelf, an' as I was short of kivers, I jest tuk a square piece of board for that one. I declare, I dunno how 'twas I never noticed it afore, but when I come to look arterwards, I saw there was just a bit of a knot-hole in it, 'bout as big round as your two fingers.

"Well, now, ef you'll believe it, when Will p'inted, there was a big gray rat a-snoopin' up along the shelf. He kep' a-sniffin' an' lookin' round, but we wuz still as death; an' moreover the cellar-door kind of slanted between; an' so he snooped along till he got up on that crock.

"He looked dreadful knowin', an' pottered about awhile, to make sure, I s'pose, that nobody was a-noticin'; an' then, all at once, he put his tail right down through that knot-hole, an' wiggled it round. Then he jerked it up, an' ef you'll believe me, it was jest *tivered* with cream.

"Well, well," thinks I to myself, as I see him begin to lick it off, 'ef it don't beat all!' Well, when he'd got the cream off, down he soused it *agen*; an' he kep' a-dippin' an' a-lickin' an' a-dippin', till William he couldn't stand it no longer, an' he up an' giggled all to once.

"I wish you'd aseen that rat! He was off the pan, an' across the floor, afore you could so much as wink. An' William, he lay back on the steps and laughed till he was black in the face, and I had to pull at him an' say, 'Aint you ashamed or hourseful, William?' But he only kep' on a-chokin an' laughin', till at last I hed to give in; an' I laughed too, it was *that* comical."

In the course of the afternoon, the deacon found William at the barn; and being a good man at heart, and not unable to appreciate a joke, he walked up to his son, and said,—

"I s'pose you wouldn't a cared ef the rat had got your whipping as well as the cream."

William's dignity broke down under this, and they laughed together. The deacon was the first to recover.

"What does hurt me, my boy," said he, "is that I didn't believe you. Now, I'm sure it was all right, an yet I'd like to know what you were after that day in the cellar."

"Father," answered Will, earnestly, and with emotion, "I never lied to you, indeed—and it was almost nothing at all I went for. I might have told you as well as not, only you'd said you wouldn't have me fooling around when I ought to be at

work. I'd got a tree-toad in the corner by the drain, and I wanted to see if it would turn red, from the bricks, if I kept it there long enough."

Will was quite crimson by the time he finished his explanation, but his father did not seem displeased—only thoughtful.

Some weeks later, the deacon, who in the meantime had long interviews with the young doctor, announced to Will, that if he was going to fool round all his life, he might as well make a business of it; therefore, as soon as fitted for it, he was to go to a scientific school.

He has now been several years at such a school, and looks forward confidently to the day when he shall discover a new species and see it go down to posterity, labelled—*Greenensis*.

And to support his hopes is the fact that his professors speak very highly of a paper on "The Brain of the Woodchuck," which—says the title page—is written by Gulielmus Green.

Success in Life.

Anon.

There are people who seem foreordained to fail, as there are those who seem foreordained to succeed. Whatever one man touches turns to a cinder; whatever another man touches turns to gold. One man fishes all day without getting more than a nibble; another fishes in the same stream, and catches more than he can carry home. Our good friend whom we all respect, gets into Parliament, and gives promise of becoming a great orator and statesman; but in a few months we hear of him no more. Esquire C. buys a green bag, and shows himself at the courts, but gets no cases. The Reverend Mr. D. closes his course of study, and is ordained, but there is no place for him in the vineyard. Professor E. tries to get a living by his pen; but whatever he writes no one cares to read. Mr. F. opens a shop, but he does not get custom enough to pay his rent. It is a sad thing to fail, but there is no recipe which will insure success. There are, however, certain conditions, upon our compliance with which success or failure may be contingent.

A radical mistake in the choice of a profession generally proves fatal. A man ought to find out what he is fit for before he starts. If he enters upon a vocation that is above his capacity, he is sure to fail. No amount of industry can supply the natural defect. Some people will tell you that if you will only stick to it, no matter what line of life you have chosen,

you are certain to succeed in the end. Many a poor, disappointed, overworked man will tell you this is not true. He has done his best, and failed.

In every profession there is a large percentage of failures, simply because there are so many who strike higher than they can reach. It may be said that a man can not tell what he is fit for until he has tested his powers. There may be some truth in this, but in many other cases people can tell beforehand what we are fit for. It requires no great amount of foresight to predict that certain persons whom we know can never be artists, or poets or good public speakers. On the other hand, if one has a real genius for any particular profession, it will manifest itself soon enough. If the fire is in him, it will soon blaze out of itself.

But whatever profession we choose, success is impossible without labor. A fortune is not made without toil. Money seems to come very easy to a few favored people, but the world may not know how hard they had to work in the beginning. Newton said that all he had ever accomplished was the result of industry, but it was his genius that made him industrious. With the impulse that lay behind he could not help working. The wind blew, and the mill must turn. A man of good parts may have his lazy fits, but he loses just so much because of this. His success is determined by the time he gives to his work and the degree in which he concentrates his faculties upon what is before him.

The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young men whom you see lounging about waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they begin—get stuck before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electrical machine in a vacuum, but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful statue may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brains and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long, in order to produce any practical result.

Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness and skill to seize opportunities, and take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call luck, is nothing more nor less than this. It is the man who keeps

his eyes open, and his hands out of his pockets, that succeeds. "I missed my chance," exclaims the disappointed man, when he sees another catch the ball and "go in." If he had been as alert as the other he might not have missed. But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency.

An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to insure success. Many a great orator has made a terrible break-down in his maiden speech. Many a merchant loses one fortune only to build up another and larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is at last rewarded with a splendid triumph. Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade, and could not be expected to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship was over. One great secret of success is not to be discouraged.

A Thousand Million Suns.

Prof. Proctor.

But as astronomers increased their estimates of the sun's distance, and as, observing more and more carefully the stars' positions, they diminished the possible range of the as yet undissected apparent motions, men's conceptions of the grandeur of the material universe increased. With Briarean arms science thrust back the stars into the depths of space, until the glories of the nocturnal heavens were changed from so many thousand points of light to as many suns, many as grand as our own, many far grander, some, like Sirius, Vega and Canopus, so much vaster than he is that by comparison with them he seems the merest miniature of a sun.

But even this, stupendous though it seems, is little compared with the scene presented when we rightly interpret what the telescope reveals respecting the depths of space beyond the domain of the visible stars. For each star we can see, thousands were made visible by the telescope of Galileo, in later times tens of thousands, and in the days of the elder Herschel hundreds of thousands. With the best telescopes in our own time it is probably that as many as a thousand million stars could be seen were every part of the celestial sphere examined. A thousand million suns, a thousand million repetitions of the glories and the wonders which moral science reveals in the central orb of our system!

BOTH VIEWS.

Kokomo Tribune.

The weary train went thundering by
The field where John was turning
The long, straight rows of emerald sod,
With crimson fire weed burning.

He raised his hat from heated brow,
And murmured "thus 'tis given;
To me old Adam's curse of toil,
To others peace of Heaven."

While glancing from the moving train
Old Money-bags was saying:
"Ha! look upon that rustic king,
His work is only playing.

"While I must toil in feverish mart,
In streets that's dark and narrow;
He winds the silvery skeins of life,
Contented as a sparrow."

And thus it is we read Life's psalm
Each in a different measure;
If one has rest he sighs for work,
If one has work for leisure.

◆◆◆
Going Aloft.

One evening a party of old shipmasters met at a social supper. After the cloth was removed and the wine began to circulate freely, some of the older captains commenced spinning yarns about their own adventures at sea. Among the number was Captain Sutter, as fine a man and good a sailor as ever trod a deck. It was observed that he drank nothing but water; and when it came his turn to entertain the company with a story, he began as follows:

Well, shipmates, to show you why I don't and can't drink with you, so that you won't take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect, I will give you a chapter from the story of my early sailor life. It is a very important chapter, too; for on the incident I am about to relate the whole of my subsequent manhood was built.

I was very young when I first went to sea. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indianman for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and had about the same duties to perform. The ship, the Lady Dunlop, was a large one and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two all told. Our captain was a noble hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict.

Now, we boys had learned in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailor. When we could get on shore, we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently we would come off in a state anything but sober. I said "we;" but there was one of our number who could not be induced to

touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was John Small.

Now, Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave the job up, however; for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes; and it was not long before he began to show Jack many favors which he did not show us.

He would often take him on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. That wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor, and had learned more navigation. It got so at length that Jack was called upon to take the deck sometimes when the officers were busy; and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eyesore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess, when Jack was absent and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. We were on our homeward bound passage, by way of Brazil and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning, we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up all our best togs and were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as we got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten, we would have some light, sweet wine brought on, and that we would con-

trive to get enough rum into what he drank to upset him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack drunk and carry him on board in that condition. Then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves.

Dinner came at length. It was a capital dinner and we came to it with sharpened appetites. But when the wine was brought in, Jack not only refused to taste it, but declined to remain in our company. We cried out against him as a mean, stingy fellow, who thought himself too good to associate with us and accused him, at last, of trying to step over our heads on the ship and all the unpleasant things we could think of to make the poor fellow unhappy. At first, he seemed to be inclined to leave us and return to the ship alone; but suddenly, in a quiet tone he said: "Shipmates, listen to me a moment. Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you something which I never meant to reveal. My story is short. From my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he was a good man and a good husband, but rum made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless the winter used to be. We had no fire, no food, no clothes, no joy, no nothing—nothing but misery. Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could not prattle, learned to pray, too.

"When I grew older, I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering, I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters, and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortable and I knew they were happy; for they laughed and sang as they bounded along to school. These boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine once, for my mother had told me how noble my father could be if rum were not in his way.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old—and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never again experience. At length one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped and a

shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father, and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, shipmates! I cannot tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped that icy corpse to her heart, as if she would have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away and left the dead body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears were rolling down her cheeks. 'My child, you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy as man can be; but! see how he has been stricken down! Promise me, my child, oh! promise, here, before God and your dead father and your broken-hearted mother that you will never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery!'"

Shipmates, I did promise all my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried and some kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and every time I go home I have some money for my mother. Not for the wealth of the world would I break the pledge I gave mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. This is all, shipmates. Let me go, now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge me to drink."

As Jack thus spoke he turned towards the door, but one of us stopped him.

"Hold on, Jack," said he, wiping his eyes. "You shan't go alone. I have a mother and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine; for I swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I'll drink no more!"

"Give me your hand, old fellow!" exclaimed the rest in chorus, starting from our seats, and before many minutes we all agreed to imitate Jack's noble reso-

lution. We called for pen, ink and paper and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first, and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was not touched and the liquor we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in its effects.

Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we all came over the side and reported ourselves to him, his countenance lighted up. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"Boys," said he, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the paper," whispered I.

Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length, I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

We let the captain keep the paper and when he had put it in his pocket, he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I know that the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy; for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all rated as able seamen and received full wages, and we left not that noble captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met, the whole six of us, at dinner again, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we had made in the hotel at Rio. We had all stuck to the sea, and were then commanders of good ships.

That is my story; and now you know why I don't drink with you, and, as I said at first, you will not take my refusal as a mark of disrespect or want of good fellowship.

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs: Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?

THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

Robert Dale Owen, in one of the chapters of his autobiography, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, reproduces the following poem, written many years ago to illustrate an incident of English factory life.

'Twas on a winter morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Two hours before the dawning
The father roused his child;
Her dailly morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, "The bell is ringing;
My hapless darling, haste!"

"Dear father, I'm so sorry!
I can scarce reach the door;
And long the way and dreary;
Oh, carry me once more!"
Her wasted form seems nothing;
The load is on his heart;
He soothes the little sufferer,
Till at the mill they part.

The overlooker met her
As to her frame she crept;
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her when she wept.
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
'The threads the oftener broke;
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

She thought how her dead mother
Blessed her with latest breath,
And of her little brother,
Worked down, like her, to death;
Then told a tiny neighbor
A half-penny she'd pay
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she lay.

The sun had long descended
Ere she sought that repose;
Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
Then home! but oft she tarried;
She fell, and rose no more;
By pitying comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his sleepless child;
Though close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last perceptions tried;
Up from her straw-bed springing,
"It's time!" she shrieked, and died.

That night a chariot passed her,
While on the ground she lay;
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay.
Their tender hearts were sighing,
As negro's wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying
Who gained their father's gold.

A BUGABOO once crawled down a chimney to run away with a child who had the afternoon previous been detected in one of the prevarications peculiar to youth. "Pray, do not harm me," cried the terrified youngster. "But if you insist upon wreaking your revenge upon a liar, please step into the next room and tackle my parents, who have been giving me the traditional stiff about Santa Claus."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Remarkable Nerve.

A one-armed and aged soldier was found by the first Napoleon wearing a faded uniform, with a sword by his side, and breaking stones in the road. The Emperor stopped his horse and inquired of the veteran, who had lost his left arm, why the government neglected him and allowed him to work on the road for a living. The soldier refused to hear a word said against the justice and liberality of the Emperor, and when the well-pleased Napoleon revealed himself, the man was frantic with delight. The Emperor took from his breast an order which he wore and fastened it to the veteran's tattered coat. "This is for your lost arm," said he; "when you lose your other hand I will give you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Is that a promise, my Emperor, exclaimed the veteran."

"It is," replied Napoleon.

Quick as thought the brave old soldier drew his sword, and severing the remaining hand from his arm, at the wrist, dropped on his knees before the Emperor and claimed the redemption of his pledge.

Daniel O'Connell's Birthplace.

Exchange.

Just before you reach Cahirciveen, in Kerry, fifty miles from Killarney, the nearest railroad station, you come to a turn in the road. To the left is an old mill, with a broken water-way upon shaky trestlework that once carried water to the dismantled wheel. On the right is a ruined house, whose roof has long since fallen in, and whose stone walls are now covered with a mass of ivy. Two parallel lower walls reach out to the road; the others show the house to have been a large, square structure. This old ruin, now completely neglected, was the birthplace and early home of Daniel O'Connell. To the left rises barren hills. Far to the right are mountains, generally obscured by rain or mist. Between these a person gets a silver glimpse of Cahirciveen Bay, with the low hill of Valentia Island in the horizon—the island that sends European news to America—and, by the way, the four big wires that connect the island with London pass over the ruins of Dan's house. By the side of the bay the roofs of squalid Cahirciveen can be seen. In that village of one long, straggling street, I found nearly every second name to be O'Connell. On the magisterial bench, while I was there, sat Daniel O'Connell, successor and grandson

of the patriot. Daniel the present is a landlord and, I believe, does not look with favor on the teaching of the Land League. I intended to interview him, but could get no opportunity of doing so, unless I chose to appear before him as a "drunk and disorderly." I understood that several O'Connell's in the district are landlords, all related to the great Daniel. One O'Connell was very highly spoken of. He had made great reduction in the rents, and had only the day before forgiven a poor woman three years' rent, as her husband had died. Some of the younger O'Connells, however, are fierce Land Leaguers. In fact, Dan has so many descendants that they probably represent all shade of political opinion.

Dublin has just erected a beautiful monument to Daniel O'Connell. A gigantic bronze figure of the patriot stands looking across the O'Connell Bridge, the finest bridge in the city of fine bridges. Below him are grouped life-size figures, but who they were—like little Peterkin—"I could not well make out." "But everybody says, quoth he, it's a famous piece of statuary."

Aaron Burr as a Cross-Examiner.

A writer thus describes the conclusion of a case in which Burr was one of the lawyers: The evening session opened and Burr resumed his cross-examination of the witness. It was a test of the profound skill and subtlety of the lawyer, the self-possession, courage and tact of the witness standing on the very brink of a horrible gulf calmly and intrepidly resisting the efforts of the terrible man to topple him over. At last, after dexterously leading the witness to an appropriate point, Burr suddenly seized a lamp in each hand, and holding them in such a manner that their light fell instantaneously upon the face of the witness, he exclaimed in a startling voice, like the voice of the avenger of blood: "Gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!"

With a wild, convulsive start, a face of ashy pallor, eyes starting from their sockets, lips apart, his whole attitude evincing terror, the man sprang from his chair. For a moment he stood motionless, struggling to recover his self-possession. But it was only a momentary struggle; shaking every nerve with paralyzing fear. Conscious that the eyes of all in the court room were fixed upon him reading the hidden deeds of his life, he left the witness stand, and walked shrinkingly to the door of the court room. But he was

prevented from making his escape by the sheriff. The effect can be better imagined than described. It struck the spectators with silent awe, changing the whole aspect of the trial in an instant, overthrowing the hypothesis of the Attorney-General, which he was convinced would send the prisoner to the gallows, saving an innocent man from the deathful hands of a bold and skillful perjurer. The false witness was arrested, two indictments were found against him, one for murder, another for perjury. He was acquitted for murder, but subsequently convicted for perjury and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

An Affecting Scene.

Texas Siftings.

An Austin young lady who has enjoyed the advantages of a classical education at a Northern female college, happened to be at home when her aged grandmother was stricken down with a fatal illness. The entire family gathered around the death-bed of the old lady, who, in a feeble voice, said: "Good-bye to you all, I am gwine to peg out." "Grandmother!" exclaimed the young lady, in a tragic tone of voice, "please don't say that. Don't say you're gwine to peg out. Say that you are going to expire, or that you contemplate approaching dissolution. It sounds so much better."

Frankly Expressed.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Some children are singularly dull at the very moment when they are expected to make the best showing. A nurse in a pious family who took occasion to put her little charge through a sort of catechism every night, called in her mother on one occasion to let her see how nicely her pupil was getting along. "Come, now, darling," she said "who is it you love better than father, or mother, or brother or sister—better than all the world put together?" With a look of innocence that might have been borrowed from the angels, the Christian cherub responded—"Pie."

"Don't swear so, John. What if you should be struck dead with such horrid oaths on your lips," said his wife, soothingly. "Swear so? Jimminy crickets, by all that's great, I am not swearing, but I'm going to express my opinion of this confounded, nine-cornered bazoo of a blamed rickety infernal bit of a stove-pipe—" Exit the wife with her hands over her ears.

The "Don't-You-Know" Young Man.

One of the most conspicuous objects in certain circles of society at the present time is the "don't-you-know" young man. He ranks along with the youth who carries his coat on his arm and smokes cigarettes on the back platform of street cars. If you meet him in the morning he greets you by remarking. "This is a fine day, don't you know." His last salutation at night is to the effect that he wishes you "a very good evening, don't you know." He goes down street just before noon, and tells his broker to "buy me some Wabash, don't you know." It matters not where he goes, his "don't you know" goes with him. He beams down upon his partner at the ball, and as he passes his arm around the butterfly's waist remarks, "I'm very fond of waltzing, don't you know." He bows graciously to a friend in the pew behind him after service is over on Sunday, and thinks "the sermon was rather tedious, don't you know." When his fond parents conclude it is about time he honors society and some millionaire's daughter by getting married, he broaches the matter to the girl in question by informing her that "I love you, don't you know."

Everybody knows him by his "don't you know," and those who are sensible of the ludicrous as well as the ridiculous, have his expression for a by-word and get lots of fun out of him. But he is oblivious to it all. He deems his phrase very neat and fashionable, and would not drop it for the world, "don't you know." So he dons his stitched back gloves, twirls his natty little cane, and starts out to see what is "going on down town, don't you know." He is one of the features of the time and be recognized in any summary of the oddities of humanity. The "don't you know" young man must be heard to be appreciated, in one way or another, when he is heard. For he is a character, "don't you know."

HE was seeing the girl he liked best home from the theatre, and as they walked slowly along the beauty of the night inspired him to say: "Of all the handi-works of nature, none are more varied and beautiful than the frost works on—" At that moment his feet flew from under him and he went down with a cold, calm thud on the frosty sidewalk. "How came you to fall? she asked in sympathetic tones. "Oh, I wanted to," he answered carelessly; "I was just yearning to go down."—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Grant's Gloomiest Day.

Boston Traveller.

Gen. Grant, in a recent conversation, said: "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field and starting up again in the gutters. We had fought it as a war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant, saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was grieved to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue, a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: 'There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with some other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us.' I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seemed that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remember that the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

The Wear and Tear of American Life.

Herbert Spencer.

Thus, though it seems beyond doubt that the removal of all political and social barriers, and the giving to each man an unimpeded career, must be purely beneficial, yet there is, at first, a considerable set-off from the benefits. Among those who, in older communities, have by laborious lives gained distinction, some

may be heard privately to confess that "the game is not worth the candle," and, when they hear of others who wish to tread in their steps, shake their heads and say, "If they only knew!" Without accepting in full so pessimistic an estimate of success, we must still say that very generally the cost of the candle deducts largely from the gain of the game. That which in these exceptional cases holds among ourselves holds more generally in America. An intensified life, which may be summed up as a great labor, great profit, great expenditure, has for its concomitant a wear and tear which considerably diminishes in one direction the good gained in another. Added together, the daily strain through many hours and the anxiety occupying many other hours—the occupation of consciousness by feelings that are either indifferent or painful, leaving relatively little time for occupation of it by pleasurable feelings—tends to lower its level more than its level is raised by the gratifications of achievement and the accompanying benefits. So that it may, and in many cases does, result that diminished happiness goes along with increased prosperity. Unquestionably, as long as order is fairly maintained, that absence of political and social restraints which gives free scope to the struggles for profit and honor conduces greatly to material advance of the society—develops the industrial arts, extends and improves the business organizations, augments the wealth; but that it raises the value of individual life, as measured by the average state of its feeling, by no means follows. That it will do so eventually, is certain; but, that it does so now, seems, to say the least, very doubtful.

At a Railway Station.

What is more painful to witness than the parting of friends who do not know how to say good-by at a railway station. It is generally women who prolong this lukewarm leave-taking to which I refer, but occasionally a verdant youth or an uneasy old man acts the part of the bereft one. The last I saw were women, however. After an affectionate kiss one came into the car, saying, "Give my love to all the folks" (whom she had just left); "tell George to write to me." Taking a seat, tug, tug, and pound, pound, "Oh, dear, what does all this window?" And then with a loud voice, face to the glass, and intense mouthing of the words to make herself understood, she says, "Almiry, I can't get the window up." Almiry says

"never mind," and then they smile at each other. Five minutes elapse, during which our passenger arranges her belongings to her mind, and then says to her patient friend on the platform, who is bound to stand there until the cars leave, if it takes all day: "Tell Jim I sha'n't forget what he said last night—you know." Then both nod and look wise, and smile. "It seems to me that I have forgotten something, but I don't know what it is." A long interval, during which Almiry fits the toe of her shoe in a crack in the floor, and occasionally looks despairingly down the long train of cars, and wonders if it will start. Then a thought strikes her, and she comes close to the window. "Say, Lizzie, did you see Mary Phetplace look as we came out of church? You know what she said to Jim that day? I guess she thought it was so." This remark creates a momentary excitement, but they both get discouraged again as another five minutes goes by. Their visit is over, and they do not know how to end it. Another long minute, more ghastly smiles, and both breathe a sigh of relief as the warning bell strikes. Just as the train begins to move, "Oh, my good gracious!" and our passenger starts for the door, then we hear her shouting, "Almiry, I left my best black dress hanging in the closet under the stairs; send it by express." Then back she comes to her seat, red in the face, and all in a flutter, and some horrid drummer growls audibly, "That's a regular woman." Perhaps she is.

The Cynic.

Texas Siftings.

One of the most disagreeable human beings is the cynic who does not believe in good or disinterested motives. He distrusts everyone. He is skeptical as to the sincerity of all men, and he believes that self-interest prompts all their actions.

Whenever you see one of these men, you see one who is so filled with selfishness that there is not room enough inside him for it, and for all the egotism he tries to carry, and you will see it oozing out of him at every pore. These two attributes crowd his soul into a small compass, press on his heart until there is not room for it to develop a generous impulse, and take possession of his mind until liberal or noble thoughts cease to exist there.

He is liberal enough in one way—liberal in unbeliefs—but a narrow-minded bigot in his beliefs. When he hears of some apparently unselfish act, he begins hunting for a selfish motive, and should

he fail to find it, he says: "Well, I can not understand what he does it for, but he must expect to benefit by it somehow." Certainly, he can not understand a disinterested act of kindness, because all his own motives are prompted by self-interest. He knows of no higher motives.

The cynic is simply what he believes all other men—who are not fools—to be. His heart is not large enough to conceive a chivalrous act, his brain not of sufficient dimensions to beget or be delivered of a noble or generous thought, and his little soul so shriveled that if it were possible that it could ever get to heaven, and if Peter should smile a welcome as he let it in, it would immediately suspect the saintly gatenmen of having some interested motive in being so friendly.

Whenever you meet a man of this kind, who suspects that everybody in the world is trying to take advantage of him, you may be sure that that man would beat everybody in the world if he could. Whenever you see a man attributing mean or sordid motives to others, you have found a man who himself is mean at heart, and you have discovered a man who may have many acquaintance, but very few friends.

Snakes, even the most venomous, are supposed to have been created for some useful purpose, and so the cynic has doubtless a place in the economy of nature that it is necessary he should fill, but he is a very disagreeable necessity.

Impress on the Boys.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that one good, honest trade well mastered is worth a dozen beggarly professions.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them by your own example that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

A New Kind of a Table Knife.

Texas Siftings.

When the blade of a knife exceeds a certain length, it becomes a dangerous weapon, and the party carrying it becomes liable to the law. An Arkansaw man, who did not know this, and who is en route to the Rio Grande in a wagon, with his family, camped on Shoal Creek, in the suburbs of Austin. After he had eaten his frugal meal, he thought he would stroll over to the Capitol and see the animals in session. He did not seem to know that it is contrary to law to carry weapons in Texas, for he pulled a huge bowie knife from his boot, with which weapon, the knife, he proceeded to excavate the debris of his breakfast from between his tobacco-stained tusks. When a policeman arrested him, he was surprised. He explained that it was the knife he used in cooking and eating, but the policeman was inexorable.

Turning to his boy, the Arkansaw man said:

"Billy, run back to camp, quick, and throw the frying pan and the tin cups into the creek, or they will hang us, sure."

It seems to be a hard case, that the man should be fined, although the weapon is a murderous one, but that is the only kind of knife they use on the table in Arkansaw, so we have been informed. People in that State do not care to lose time swapping jack-knives when they have a falling out at the table.

The Brakeman.

New Orleans Democrat.

The brakeman is a man who is employed by a railroad company to stand upon the top of a freight car, and work both hands at the engineer, and to help stop the train when it is necessary.

Next to being a bare-back rider in a circus, the small boy pants to be a brakeman, so he can sit on the wheel of a brake and chew tobacco while the train is running at full speed. The fact that a brakeman is often seen pegging broadcast over the land on a wooden leg or minus one arm, often causes people to believe that he is an old soldier, or has served a term in a base ball club.

There are two kinds of brakemen—the passenger and freight. The passenger brakeman is a gentleman of considerable leisure, and by the non-chalant way in which he comes through a car and tramps on the passengers' feet is often mistaken for the conductor.

He does not have much else to do but

slam doors, growl at the porter, and when the train arrives at a station to yell "Ponooyah" when he should say "Pontchatoula."

The freight brakeman is an entirely different man. He is grim, silent and dignified. He seldom speaks except to curse the green hand on the rear end of the train, whom he affectionately refers to as a "pudding." Despite his faults, however, he works hard and very often arises to a position of importance, unless some day he tries to use his body as a coupling pin and fails.

At night, when a freight train is sidetracked at a meeting point, and all his companions are squatted on a pile of cross-ties, the brakeman is in his glory. He then discusses ad libitum the affairs of the road, and criticises every one from the President down to the most humble official. He does not hesitate to say that if the President can't run a road any better than he does he should go off somewhere and drive a canal boat.

The brakeman is to be admired for the remarkable manner in which he gets wind of various and sundry plans which the management intend to place in operation and wish to keep quiet.

The brakeman will sit on the end of a cross-tie, swap opinions concerning the wisdom of the President in concocting such a plan long before the la-de-da clerks in the general office obtained the merest inkling of it. If an appointment is to be made he will tell you the name of the man and the time the appointment is to go into effect.

"It may be news to you since you have invited me to 'smile,'" said Mr. "Bob" Burdette, the humorist, to a Pittsburg Post reporter the other day, "that I have become a total abstainer. I reduced the matter to figures and found out that to each man is allotted one barrel of whisky; and by close calculation I discovered that I had drunk a barrel and a half. In other words I had drunk my own and half of some other man's barrel. I am too honest to rob anybody, especially of the whisky we get nowadays, and therefore have quit drinking whisky entirely."

"HANNAH," said a lady to her servant, "when there's any bad news, always let the boarders know it before dinner. Such little things make a great difference in the course of a year."

THE man who is always behind will have no followers.

Uses of Whalebone.

London Times.

The principal application of whalebone now is that in making whips and corsets.

Steel has mostly displaced whalebone in umbrellas and parasols. Some years ago umbrella ribs were made in France of an excellent imitation of whalebone (not distinguishable, indeed, till fractured), but it is no longer heard of.

Genuine whalebone is often made white and used with garments of muslin or the like, not being seen through these so easily as the dark sort. The newest application of whalebone is that to hats; it is cut into fine strips and interlaced with straw. Such hats are very dear.

Another novelty is "whalebone ribbon." For this white whalebone is generally used, and the shaving is so thin that ordinary print can be read through it. It is often colored blue, red or green, and used by saddlers in making rosettes.

Walking sticks of whalebone are also in good demand.

The exceptionally thick strips cut for this purpose are rounded by being drawn through holes in a steel plate. Billiard pads of whalebone must be very smooth and cut of a certain exact thickness. Fishing rods are made of two carefully worked strips of whalebone with thick silk thread wound round them. Penholders and other small articles are made of whalebone at the lathe.

The hair cut off the raw whalebone was formerly used for brushes, but is now mostly replaced by other materials. It is largely crisped and used as a filling for mattresses. This list by no means exhausts the uses of whalebone, which is continually being applied in new ways.

Society of a Lamp Post.

Billy Copeland.

SEE the man. He is holding on to the lamp-post. How the wind whistles and blows. It is very cold. The man is full as a boiled owl. If he goes home will his wife greet him with a kiss? No, but she will search his clothes for loose change and appear at the matinee next Saturday. The man knows this and does not go home. He prefers the society of a lamp-post to that of his wife. This man has a great head.—

Wages in India.

Men in the India cotton mills get as much as seven shillings a week. Women can earn about two-thirds as much, while children do not make more than about 50

cents a week, and yet these wages are about twice those paid to farm labor.

Self-Made.

Boston Globe.

"Do you see that old man near the frog pond on the Common?"

"Thirty-two years ago that old man came to Boston with one suspender and a sore toe. He also had a basket of apples which a farmer in Lexington had given to him. He peddled the apples on Washington street and netted eighteen cents the first day. How much do you suppose he's worth now?"

"Oh, a million and a half," said one.

"Two millions" cried another.

"Six millions three hundred thousand," was the estimate of a third.

"I give it up," remarked No. 4. "How much is he worth?"

"Not a red cent, and he still owes for the basket."

187 Miles in 180 Minutes.

An account is given in English journals of the performance of a locomotive on the Great Northern Railroad, which recently carried the Duke of Edinburgh from Leeds to London, 186½ miles, in three hours, or at the rate of 62 miles per hour. This speed has frequently been equaled, and sometimes surpassed for short distances. The engine had driving-wheels eight feet in diameter, or two feet larger than the wheels of American engines.

Key of the Richmond Slave Pen.

Harper's Magazine.

In a drawer of his writing-table the poet Whittier still keeps the large iron key of the slave pen at Richmond, which was sent to him when the city was captured by the Union troops. The key is made of wrought iron, is about five inches long, and has been broken and welded together again. It was as appropriate a gift to the poet as the key of the Bastille to Washington, both marking a new era in the liberties of man.

High Classics and Low.

Boston Advertiser.

High classic—"Can you comprehend me?" "I am perhaps a little obtuse; but you may be assured that I shall get your meaning presently." Low classic—"Can you catch on?" "Well, perhaps I don't drop as suddenly as some; but you bet I'll tumble about as quick as the average."

A Reminiscence of Parepa.

Detroit Post.

The New York season of music was closing. Satiated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the Academy of Music, was about to enter her carriage, when "Please, my ladi," in low, pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice, held for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well," said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please," in sweet, broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was her answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips, passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes aflame and in the sobbing, broken words: "Mi ladi, oh! mi ladi—I could die."

"Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at 5," and holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy averted and shook, and a look so wrapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. Then the wondrous voice thrilled softly like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn; again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chiming of vesper bells. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as

possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad with its refrain of "Farewell, Sweet Land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars.

A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few had opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, and they call him to play before Princes.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts, and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

MY WIFE.

I heard her, O, how cautiously,
Open my bed room door;
I heard the step as noiselessly
To my couch across the floor;
I felt her hand my temples press,
Her lips just touching mine!
And in my anguish and distress
'Twere sinful to repine.
Our pilgrimage is nearly through—
We've passed life's mountain brow;
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.

Her face was hovering over mine,
Her warm tears on my cheek;
Her whispered prayer of thought divine
Rose frequently, but meek.
Her bosom rested on my arm,
I felt its tremulous throes;
I knew the cause of its alarm,
And felt its source of woes.
And then the blood my system through,
Came pressing on my brow.
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.

Thus watched that tired and patient one
By night as well as day:
In sadness and almost alone,
'Till weeks had passed away.
Boreft of sleep, deprived of rest,
Oppressed, borne down with care;
'Till O, her labors have been blest,
For God has heard her prayer,
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,
And placid is her brow;
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

MAY, 1883.

The Tehachapi Calamity.

The newspapers throughout the country have had much to say about this disaster. Some of them have been ill-tempered, some sensational, while some have taken the higher stand of fair inquiry. The appalling runaway of a great train of cars, filled with human beings, down the declivity from Tehachapi Summit, Cal., on the morning of the 20th of last January, very naturally and properly startled the whole country with alarm. It was a public calamity, and the public should know the whole truth about it. It is not a time or place for trifling. The case must be fairly tried. For this purpose, conscience is the only court of competent jurisdiction, the solemn presence of the dead the cause for trial, truth the advocate and reason the judge. At such a tribunal the real issue only will be considered, the verdict impartial, and the popular judgment upon it without error.

We have explored and carefully measured every source of information we could obtain on the subject. We have reached a conclusion, which we know is impartial, and which we believe will bear the best tests of enlightened judgment. In the first place all versed in railroad history and statistics will agree that the Central Pacific Railroad is one of the best managed

in the world. It pays its employes the largest wages of all American railways, and, as a consequence, commands the choicest men. The record shows that this company and its leased lines, in the seven consecutive years ending December 31, 1882, carried 48,163,245 passengers. Of all this vast number but twenty-seven were killed, and nearly every one of these, as legal investigation has proved, without the negligence of the company or its employes. Not one life, before the Tehachapi accident, was ever lost by derailment of cars or insufficient equipment. What railroad, of any country, can show a more enviable record?

But the accident did occur at Tehachapi on the 20th of January, 1883. It was a sad accident, and many precious lives were lost. The topography of the country in that locality is remarkable. Going south the grade begins at Sumner and extends thirty miles to the mountain Summit, at or near Tehachapi. Mr. S. M. Stevens, our Organizer, has recently passed over the ground, and has furnished us facts which are reliable. From Sumner to Tehachapi, the steepest grade on any standard guage road in the world is overcome—116 feet to the mile, or about 24 inches of altitude for every 1,200 inches of length. This is monstrous, but only so because the mountains are. The genius of our age demands the railroad, and it must be made over the mountains or under them, whichever is the nearest possible. Mountain ranges are not as propitious as level plains for railroad grades, but as the demand extends from sea-board to sea-board the country, as nature made it, must all be traversed alike. Extraordinary precautions, it is conceded, must be observed in extraordinary and dangerous places. The public safety chiefly demands it. The capital employed in the enterprise arbitrarily demands it also. The facts in the case now under review, show that a helper was joined to the regular engine at Sumner and assisted it to the mountain Sum-

mit. There the grade becomes nearly level. Mr. Stevens says both engines, one just behind the other, were detached from the train, and moved forward so that the helper, always in the rear, after passing over the switch, could be backed on the side track out of the way of the regular train engine wishing to back down again to its train. When the mountain Summit was gained, as the air brakes were cut off by the exigency of the engine going forward to release the helper, the car brakes were set, and for years have proved sufficient to hold the train. At this particular time the engines were cut off as usual and the chain brakes set. The ill-fated train did not begin its descent immediately after the air brakes and engines were cut off. This proves conclusively the employes of the company had done their duty—all they were required to do and all they could do to make the stop. A young lady, it appears from the evidence, was to alight from the train that morning. The night was stormy and dark. Somebody was required to aid and protect her. The conductor was at the telegraph station looking after his orders, as he should have been. The brakeman had set his brakes and then went forward to aid and shield the alighting passenger. Such was duty as an employe—still more his duty as a gentleman. Somebody relaxed the brakes. Nobody will say it was the train men. Who did it? Let that question be answered and the mystery is solved. The evidence, at most, can now be only circumstantial. Rationally considered, what is it? Charles K. Pearson was the express messenger. In the wreck he was found in his car with a fractured skull. The fracture was small. The evidence shows it was done, in all human probability, with a small deadly instrument. A strange man was found in the express car with Pearson. He was a stranger. The papers found on his person show he was a bad man, who had been dismissed from the army of the United States in

Arizona in disgrace. What was he doing in the express car? Was he a proper or safe man to be there? Does the evidence show that Pearson was the type of man to keep such company voluntarily? Connect this fact with the particular wound found on Pearson's head? Two unrecognized roustabouts were found among the killed in the wreck. A number of the same sort were found further down the grade. It appears from the evidence at the inquest some of them had money and jewelry supposed to have been taken from the dead. It makes an ugly showing. It looks like the work of an organized gang of train robbers. Their plans had failed. In the absence of the conductor and brakeman they had relaxed the brakes. The two men assigned to the work had not been able to accomplish their part as surely as the desperado in the express car had his. The train broke away from them and they had perished with the victims they and their confederates in ambush further down had only intended to rob. This seems to be the real situation of this dark disaster. Benjamin F. Reid and Richard Horton, the conductor and engineer of the train that night, were exceptionally experienced and prudent men. They knew their business—they made no mistakes. Weigh all these facts and form your own conclusions. Let the verdict be impartial and it will be just.

Samuel M. Stevens.

Our modest, conscientious and efficient Organizer and Instructor has just returned from a two months' canvass of the Southwest, including a limited tour of the Pacific Coast of California. He has accomplished much, and he brings us an encouraging list of subscribers to the Magazine. This, however, though essentially important to our cause, is not the best of his work. He has organized a number of new Lodges, and by his characteristic energies and earnest appeals rejuvenated many old ones.

We cannot exaggerate the importance of such work. Human nature is the same all over the world. It is vitalized by encouragement—it repines and languishes under neglect. Our Brotherhood in the Eastern and Middle States, where all is life and vigor, does not quite comprehend, perhaps, the real situation in the more sparsely settled districts of the Southwest. Some of those localities are pioneer now, but they will not long remain so. Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and the adjacent territories are developing rapidly. They are coming to the front like an advancing army under forced marches. Texas is a giant already. The hosts of Xerxes, which once darkened the shores of the Hellespont, will some day dwarf by comparison with the mighty race of the brave, earnest, thrifty people who will inhabit this Southwestern railroad empire. This is not idle speculation. It is truth based on mathematical certainty. It will undoubtedly become the greatest railroad district in the American continent. Mr. Stevens fully realizes this fact. It is one of his favorite theories. His idea is that our Brotherhood should anticipate it and provide for it. There is great force in his arguments. Can we afford to ignore and neglect such a field? If we do we will be the chief losers by it. If we do not organize them now, they will surely organize themselves. The forces will be there, and the necessities of fraternity will be overpowering. Shall they be a part of us, or a new and different organization?

The spirit and genius of our fraternity is as broad as humanity itself. It inculcates temperance, intelligence, charity and fidelity. And who, of our common industry, does not want to be included? American, Canadian, Mexican or South American, whatever the nationality that sets foot upon our enchanted foot-board anywhere on this entire continent, from North to South and from sea to sea, should wear the decoration of one and the same Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

What a magnificent, powerful, omnipotent influence! That is Mr. Stevens' hope, and God grant that it may be fully realized.

We set out especially to tell our readers about Mr. Stevens personally. We want them all to know him as we do. Few persons realize what a great work he is doing. It would be scant praise to say such a man is an honor to our fraternity alone—he is an honor to humanity. He goes into strange places, where he knows nobody; there he hunts up railroad firemen; huddles them together, as best he can, in out-door conventions; shows them the necessity of organization, brotherhood and co-operation; and by rapid, earnest, eloquent appeals leads them to band together and organize under the shield of our great industrial franchise. At other places he finds organized Lodges lukewarm; divided and distracted, it may be, by feuds and personal misapprehensions. These he warms up and placates by such sincere, honest, cogent entreaties so characteristic of the man. He is a revivalist as well as an organizer. It is hard work—often unpleasant and wearisome, but who can deny its importance?

Such are some of the fruits of Mr. Stevens' noble work. He is a rare man—the personification of honor, truth, courage, good faith and consistency. He goes about with but a single thought—the welfare of our Order and the complete personal unification of all its members. One of the noblest acts of this remarkable man consists in the fact that he has provided a way for his own speedy removal from office if by any act of omission or commission the Brotherhood does not approve his official conduct. Mr. Stevens, at the Boston Convention in 1881, originated the idea of a Grand Executive Committee. This committee has power to remove at anytime any Grand Officer guilty of the slightest dereliction. This law, as we have said, embraces himself, and supervises every act he performs in all the rounds of his arduous and responsi-

ble duties. He works in an open field. His conduct may be challenged any day by anybody. What a comment on the work of a just man! Who could take his place?

While in California Mr. Stevens explored the mysteries of the Tehachapi accident. Some of the public journals in that State had endeavored to place the responsibility on the engineer of the ill-fated train. He was one of the oldest and most prudent in the service. Mr. Stevens very wisely thought if he was blameless he ought to be vindicated. His investigation was thorough. It was made on the ground. His theory of this sad misadventure and appalling wreck is the best yet published, and will undoubtedly be accepted by the country.

In this connection we also desire to make honorable mention of F. W. Arnold, of Columbus, Ohio, our faithful and accomplished Grand Master, who lends us a willing, helping hand on every proper occasion. He is the right man in the right place. Mr. Arnold's splendid address at our last National Convention, so replete with sound, practical suggestions, has given him an abiding place in the hearts of the entire Brotherhood. He was required to speak from the same platform with some of the most eloquent orators of the nation, and that under such trying circumstances he should have enhanced his reputation is no small compliment to his zeal and talents. We are proud of these leaders. The Brotherhood is proud of them, and we shall lose no opportunity to hold up their hands in every effort they make to develop, purify and enlarge the influence and power of our consecrated Brotherhood.

Self Respect.

The man that respects himself will meet with the respect of others. As we measure ourselves so do others measure us. This is exemplified every day. The loafer, the bully and the dead beat are depised by all. Why? Because they have drawn their own measure and men

accord it to them. The diligent, sober, honest citizen meets with the applause of his fellows. Why? Because he too has measured himself and men accord him the measurement. If one desires to be respected, that one must respect himself. Be proud! Pride yourself on your integrity, on your sobriety, on your industry, and self respect, and the respect of others will follow.

The man who slouches through life, who evades his duty, who dead beats his friends, never attains any one's respect, not even his own. A sneak can't respect himself; how then can he, in reason, expect others to do so? The manly man, the man of broad views, of liberal action, of fearless conduct, the world hastens to do honor, while the coward, the dishonest man and the lazy meet with swift condemnation.

Self respect does not belong to the rich. Many a man who wears fine clothes is a dog at heart. The engineman, with the stain of smoke and grease on his face, is just as capable of commanding respect as is the man in broadcloth and fine linen; it is a question of conduct and not of clothes.

We desire to enforce upon our members the necessity of self respect. Respect yourselves too much to get drunk, too much to neglect your duties, too much to play the dead beat. Ours is an honorable calling, and we can make it more so by acting honorably. Scorn littleness! Turn from dishonesty as you would from a snake. Pay your way. Help the needy. Be true to your friends. These things, well done, will make you honorable, self respecting citizens.

THE TRUSTING ONE.

Do you dream sometimes, with a sudden thrill,

Of one whose pulses stir
At thought of you and your brave, strong will
To bless and comfort her?

Ah, life of my soul! It is better to know
There is one in this wide, wide world,
No matter how far or how free we may go,
Or what fable we may have told,

That belongs to us, as the earth to the sun
Or the spirit to God who gave;
And this is as certain that we are one
As life and death and the grave.

Contributor's Column

Written for Firemen's Magazine.

The Recent Flood and its Lessons.

BY HENRY C. LORD.

I.

I commence writing this letter sitting at a front window overlooking the Ohio river, which is now at a height never known before in the history of the State, and whose waters are now causing unprecedented individual distress and loss of property, and the greatest loss is being visited upon the poor families and the laboring men who cannot make it good except by toil and the scanty earnings of years. It is a pleasure, of course, to the wealthy man to send in his check of relief for a thousand dollars, less or more, but it is agony to the poor man or wife, even while accepting the loaf of charity, to see their humble home moving from its foundations, their furniture, clothing and the little savings of years disappearing before the relentless rush of the waters.

It is a relief to the writer to leave his chair by the window every half hour to go to his favorite porch fronting northward. Near by and from the door of an open carriage house can be seen suffering humanity, as represented both by old and young, coming for relief. Within the large room may be seen piles of bread, of provisions, of tea and coffee so necessary to the comfort and health of overtaken, weary and almost panic-stricken persons receiving from the hands of young lads the stores so generously provided by the authorities of a small village, with the unanimous consent of its population. The expression on the faces of the boys is, however, quite different from that appearing upon those of the recipients of necessary food and bounty; that of the latter might, perhaps, be better described as a startled one, while that of the former is a steady one of satisfaction and pleasure that they should have been selected as the faithful guardians of the precious property and the discreet dispensers of it. Those boys were having just the best lessons that were ever taught by either human lips or human experience, and they will use them hereafter in instruction and narrative to their own children. The thought occurred to my restless imagination that as Christian charity was born in

a stable, it might after all and in the end assert its power from another. Taking history for my instructor and guide my sketch is not overdrawn. But to return to my front window and try to complete the picture. The writer has sat by it and looked, thought and written for many weary years. His eyes fail to witness any familiar objects except the slope of the hill in front of him with its trees; in summer, beautiful in their verdure; in winter, shorn of that beauty and looking like skeletons never to be re clothed and bear fruit to give pleasure to the eye, and even the music of the winds, as they blow through them, sounds like a funeral dirge. All the way in front of me are what were the homes of labor, standing to their very necks in water and the undercurrent is strong and rapid. Hardly more than roofs can be seen where, a few days since, foundation walls greeted the eye. Most happily the occupants of these homes have escaped with their lives, few of them with their clothing and other necessities of life.

The "well-to-do" have lost their pianos and cherished furniture, the poor their clothing, their almost all, and the widow even her mite. Far to the east and west and on higher and therefore safe ground appear many homes of those in one, but often mistaken sense, more fortunate, the doors of whose houses are all at once opened as charity knocks or rings the bell. Almost every neighbor vies with all his fellows in the discharge of the most sacred duty ever intrusted to man or woman. The village officers stand by labor and appeal to capital. The latter responds with true nobility of heart and purpose. Law must direct and enforce its methods by execution, will and discretion. Capital replies: "I have laid in store neither bread or meat, and can not labor." Labor answers back: "Give us the money and we will furnish both meat and bread for you and ourselves and give you the benefit of our strong arms without charge;" and the whole people say, "Amen." Labor and capital thus join hands, and that glorious sense of mutual dependence springs up and develops, essential to a pure individual and national life.

My readers can realize the truth of my idea as applicable in a township as a state. Here, then, is the combination: 1. Humanity arrayed in all the glorious colors of charity; just as conspicuous in the cottage as the palace, and too often more so in the former. 2. Capital offering its aid with generous kindness. 3. Labor

tendering its time and its muscle. The gold of the capitalist is often of infinitely less value to itself than a loaf of bread, for the latter saves life or relieves suffering, which no coin, diamonds or emeralds can do. Just one mile east of my desk is a great city. She calls herself a Queen City. She has for days been almost isolated from the world outside. In front of my eye flows a swollen and angry river, the current of which even great steamers dare not attempt to stem. Between me and that river are submerged two trunk railroads connecting Cincinnati, City of the Queen, with her greater sisters, the one on the coast of a great lake 300 miles distant, and the second on the bank of the mighty river that runs to the gulf. The music of the locomotive whistle and bell which after a long period of years become dear to a railroad ear, is hushed as if forever. The writer cannot go to the city, being forbidden to do so by the power of that water, which has shown itself more than the equal of man, legislation and modern engineering, and his only current information comes from the weary carrier who climbs the hill and wanders over uplands to distribute his gifts of the press and the electric wires which sustain it, and the messengers dispatched by wisely exercised authority, men most willing and skilled in the use of the oar, to obtain supplies absolutely needed to relieve general want and distress. It would be hard to discriminate where all behaved so nobly, but I venture to refer to one, not by name, but who will be locally recognized as the brave, kind-hearted saloon-keeper, who, at a recent election, upon the opening of the ballot box, found every vote recorded for him. So he writes from hearsay and his own imagination, which may or may not be right or well regulated. He, however, thinks that the latter may be as reliable, as he has lived almost upon the bank of the river, and has not carelessly watched its tricks and coqueries.

But to the city and what dawns upon his view through the medium of his own eyesight and that of the press. He has said in former lines that he could not reach it, great as was his curiosity and anxiety. Others did, with much labor and difficulty, to purchase necessary supplies for rich and poor alike, and as each relief boat would arrive, a sigh of safety (my readers will excuse the expression) could be heard and felt also in every responsive heart, and all hearts were responsive. The writer never before, and

being a close eye and ear witness, so thoroughly realized the truth of the text, "The rich and the poor meet together"—bound to do so, compelled to do so, both by the force of water and a common necessity for bread. So the people meet at the same stable and upon the same errand, where charity dealt out her precious rations to all alike, and her sweet smile blessed each loaf to whomsoever it was given, and she could not have been bought or tempted by gold or jewels to prefer one to another.

Hunger is a great leveler, but at the same time a great equalizer. Its tendency is to level upwards, not downwards, and it develops charity except in the case of a miser or an ingrate. Capital waist deep in the flood has no advantage over labor at the same depth and in the same current. On the other hand, the latter has the physical strength, the courage and the willingness to exercise it and rescue the proud rich man who cannot help himself. It is there that capital, allegorically speaking, cries out to labor in its agony: "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" Labor holds the purse strings, and can alone unlock the safe and transfer its contents to security. Muscle, courage, labor, and that sympathy which is the natural fruit of all, comes to the front and asserts alike its rights and its power. Oh, what a lesson to a thinking mind! Pray tell me, does not labor think and act, not according to prescribed rules and methods, the teachers of spelling and grammar, or the miserable technicalities of conceit, but in conformity with the promptings of human nature, aye, my readers, and animal nature too, for how often does it not happen that a faithful dog has saved the life of the child which has fondled and fed him when a coast signal crew would have given him up for lost. Don't any more talk to me about instinct. It is an undefined and undefinable word. Yet after all it represents the working of a brain and therefore reason. Its conclusions are generally reliable. A deaf, dumb and sightless child possesses all the while his brain, and if kindly taught can communicate his thoughts, his wishes and his wants to those who will understand and supply them. This is, of course, a digression, but the writer travels along in the way of his thought, and of course exposes himself to criticism. About this he cares nothing. Such a flood of water as is sweeping in front of him, finding in its grasp familiar homes, while in the rear of his own, their occupants are wearily climbing their way to the only village

grocery left, and that an impromptu one, where no charges are made and from which no bills for instant collection are issued. The village mayor is too busy in issuing orders for bread to bother himself about issuing writs against debtors. Charity pays all. Hope, half frightened, still lingers and gladdens itself; faith then puts in its claim, and imagines rest; charity, greatest of all, is a sentiment, aye, a reality, and enjoyed by every human being. How often do you hear one person say "I still hope," and "As long as there is life there is hope." How often another, "I have lost all faith!" But whoever heard genuine charity complain of fatigue or weariness in well doing? If her purse gives out, she offers her brawny arm; if that fails, the tender care of the nurse. She is no longer the stout brother, but the loving sister; she never dies; she is immortal. How perfect in illustration of daily life, as we all have had occasion to experience it, is the Scripture allegory of the Levite and the Good Samaritan. The former represented pride, conceit, avarice, fashion and greed all combined in one odious miserable creation and the latter, charity, illy clad, perhaps, but never weary and never failing in his supply of love, sympathy, and of that delicious oil which heals all wounds, whether of the suffering body or the bruised heart. My ever indulgent readers will excuse me for some personal allusions, just as true of my kind neighbors as of myself. I am writing not only a true sketch, but trying to enforce a principle; a law. I am now writing after the hour of midnight. All is still, but silence is itself suggestive. In the house in which I write, and my own is simply a true type of others east and west, but upon nearly the same level, and that far above the flooded district. In one room is a Welshman, with his pleasant young English wife and an infant of only two months' experience in this life of crosses and so called discipline and preparation. In another is a Scotch-English family of man and wife and three children of tender years. In another an Irish family, grandparents, children and grandchildren, kind, helping and efficient in the days of trouble. In two other rooms can be found the mayor of the village, of New Hampshire birth, his wife born in Kentucky, and his five stout boys, who drew their first breath in Ohio, and upon the banks of whose treacherous rim they have escaped in good time and at high speed. In still another is the village engineer and his lady, he having located

and built his pleasant home below high water mark, his first, and as I think it will be, his only mistake. There is a wonderful difference between the modest Merrimack rivulet in New Hampshire, where he and I were born, and the mighty Ohio river. The former runs a few cotton mills, the latter is a great avenue of interstate commerce whose waters are burdened with precious freight. My friend and cousin will pardon me the allusion, which I would not make if he were a stranger. It just occurs to me that my own house, in its present midnight peace and rest, is modestly illustrative of a Union such as ours, where the representatives of almost all nations live in harmony and as a rule exercise similar indulgence and charity. I have made my personal references, and doubtless any one of my neighbors could have made similar ones for a purpose and as the text of an argument to which I will come by and by.

Before taking my readers to the city, the steeples and towers of whose churches are in sight, the writer wishes to make a final reference to Riverside, for it has been his home for nearly twenty-five years. As far as he knows or can learn, every man and every woman, not an ingrate, have done their duty, and even the youth of both sexes have tendered their willing, useful hands, little children, indeed, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is curious to watch human nature in its various phases at such a time. How different its manifestations through each and every sense. I don't want anybody, professing to be an ordained link of the long chain of apostles or preachers, ever again to tell me that all humanity is governed by and must submit to one inexorable law, dogma or creed. A sudden rise in the Ohio river upsets their whole theory just as exactly as my neighbor's barn shews to-day, off its foundations and floating away, and nearly bottom side up. There are just as many varieties of human nature and temperament as can be found in either the animal or vegetable kingdom, and you cannot apply the same rules, treatment or discipline, civil or religious, to all alike. You might as well attempt to make every being adopt the same faith, or require justice to discriminate in passing its sentences upon all persons brought to its bar. Said one, as he left the store-room with his basket, "I don't think I got my share." He was a lazy fellow. Said another: "I got less than you, but am very thankful for it," and away he went to work, and

that a labor of charity. Said a woman, noted for her stringent faith: "Mr. Lord, don't you think we ought to be thankful to Providence that the river has commenced to fall?" I could not help asking her in reply if she did not think we ought to be grateful to Providence for everything? "Indeed I do," said she, "I am, to be sure." "Well," said I, "were you thankful when the flood was rising up to your first floor?" "Indeed I was not!" she exclaimed, but soon seeing she was caught, said: "Mr. Lord, you are a Pagan." This ended the conversation. Let my readers apply the three illustrations (facts as well) to their own experience in life, and they will get my point exactly.

The writer regretted to notice the ever various explanations of the flood from an excited clergy, and they will permit me to rebuke them in all charity. The general notion of these excellent men seemed or seems to be that it was a special visitation of infinite love and kindness to punish the people for their sins both of omission and commission. Now, if this be true, I would like to put a few questions to my clerical friends. If it was the Divine purpose to punish the valley of the Ohio for the sins of the people, why confine the ravages of the flood to the low streets and bottoms, where labor mostly earns its bread? Why should it not have been permitted to climb the hills and cover Clifton, Mt. Auburn, Walnut Hills, and even the "Garden of Eden?" Perhaps, however, I err in supposing that the people residing in those favored retreats of allied fashion and humility needed any purification. Again, why should one assumed exponent of divine will or plan tell in a voice not of charity for all, but of doleful warning, "you are meeting the consequences of your misdeeds," while another, addressing a hill top congregation, would say, "we should be thankful that we are where we are, that we are on dry ground and above high water mark." We commend you, however, to be charitable to the sinners who are being dealt with down on the low grounds, and the contribution box is passed around. Herein is a great inconsistency, both in point of logic, political or scriptural. Again, what is the meaning of the story of the wealthy young gentleman who, getting somewhat anxious, approached our Savior with the question, "What can I do to inherit the kingdom of Heaven?" My readers are familiar with the divine reply which fell from His lips. It will not do to have

one construction of parables and the instructions of Scripture for one class of people and a different one for another. The means that genuine charity employs should always correspond with all the worthy demands made upon it and in dealing with all humanity in its varied necessities and that whether in a case of a physical want or a mental conviction. There are a great many highways to Heaven and entrances to it besides John Bunyan's wicket gate. Again, why is it that capital is forever complaining of excessive taxation, while labor is relatively silent and submissive upon the subject. Yet many a man of large wealth and rejoicing in luxury all over the country during the few days which precede the stated day for a sworn list of his property subject to taxation, turns his balance in bank into government bonds, untaxable, and the day after sells them, perhaps at a premium, and restores his bank account, and then comforts his conscience by a check for \$100 payable to the order of some relief committee or a church meeting. To make a local application of my last question. The only road in front of me and my neighbors, and there is none to take its place in the rear and on high ground. So the great mass of the people of the village for a lineal distance of four miles resolved, if possible, to construct an avenue, and the State came at once to their assistance, ordering the proper officers of the county to levy a tax to nearly the whole ascertained cost. Then a few, a very few, jealous persons, grumblers about every reasonable project for the public benefit, employed able counsel to postpone, and, if possible, defeat the improvement which might and ought to have been completed. The technicalities of the law were appealed to; its spirit ignored. Now the result. The rains descended and the floods came and beat upon that river road and it was drowned out, and the able attorney could not get even to his own house on horseback. He will excuse me for congratulating him alike upon his *temporary professional* success and his individual discomfort. It will not do in this country of quiet demands and rapid improvement for any citizen to stand in the way of an enterprise demanded by a public necessity. I have never seen this growing maxim more perfectly illustrated than by the present flood. The road to which I refer has been an inlet and outlet of country produce and city supplies not only from the country but the adjacent counties in Kentucky, and yet not a market wagon

has been seen upon it for more than a week, and the loss to both the local population and the farmers far beyond has closely approximated the whole cost of the proposed safe avenue to the city. I am stating a fact as well as a principle which all will recognize, and have more charity than the learned attorney to whom I refer. He has with eminent success often argued the same points in behalf of corporate interests. The individual, however, attached to some favorite home must get out of the way at the sound of a locomotive whistle or a public requirement. This is one of the lessons of the flood, and it is of these that I am thinking. It is one universally applied and always in any final result accepted. I will continue the subject in its application to other cities. Cincinnati, her claim to be the center of high art, and compare the tones of her great organ with the echo which has come back from her great river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Firemen's Magazine.

The Kicker.

BY J. O. S.

As one of the fine arts of railroading, the Kicker is becoming "much too numerous, not to mention!"

Some have practiced it incessantly, and have become experts—in fact are considered "kickers of high degree." They kick at everything in or out of reach, at their luck, at home, on the road, at their meals, their runs, their pay, and when sleeping, dream that they are kicking the General Superintendent all over the line, and upon awakening, kick themselves because it was "only a dream."

I have a mental photograph of one of the mentioned chronics at hand. He has cultivated the talent so assiduously that the whole expression of his countenance plainly reads "I kick!" He kicks against everything and everybody on the line. Even some of the thoroughbreds cheerfully accede that he is the "boss kicker." In his own estimation there is only one first class man on the line—himself. He monumentally stands alone in said view.

A "serious chronic kicker" is continually kicking himself into trouble, and generally has to kick like a mule to get out of it.

A kicking employe, no matter how valuable he may be, makes himself disagreeable to the company, to his co-labor-

ers, and to himself—if decency has any part in his composition, and if he ever "thinks it over" afterwards. He most certainly lessens his chances for preferment, and seeing his failure, he kicks again, thereby unwittingly adding another knot to the rope holding him down. He forgets that cheerful obedience to the company's requirements, as interpreted by its various officials in the instructions they issue, is a straight duty he owes the company in consideration of the pay he receives. He is neither coaxed, drafted nor forced into its service, and can retire at his pleasure, and in such event figuratively become "bigger'n old Grant."

This moment my memory recalls a case in particular, of a man thoroughly competent in his line of duty. The pros and cons were being agitated relative to prospective promotion for him. It was nearly if not quite settled in his favor, when a bomb-shell fell in their midst inscribed "Kicker." He was labeled—

"Irrecoverably sick,
Self-inflicted kick!"

and he is still plodding.

There is a very broad and distinct line between kicks and decent complaints. Kicks are made through envy, jealousy, and "I'll get even" and without good cause. The propeller of them is generally very loth for them to be heard of outside of his immediate audience. There is a little leak, which widens into a flowing stream, and the kicker later on, has the pleasure of debating in his mind as to which one "gave it away."

A legitimate complaint, with a fair frontispiece and a background of facts, when courteously presented, seldom fails to receive attention or redress, and very often is the means of correcting for the good of all, grievances of a serious nature.

We are all prone to do a little kicking at times, but honestly, is it good policy, or is it right, one time in twenty? If courteous ourselves, are we not treated courteously and frequently with unexpected and liberal kindness? The exceptions are very few and a long time "between trains."

It is always best to be upright and manly in every action; to bear no malice, nor encourage envy of others; to be strictly and honestly, but not criminally, loyal to the company and our superiors in responsibility and authority, as the promotion crank frequently turns and some one of you gets a "set up," and then you will know how it is yourself. A good, clean record will count on a long run, and is often more valuable in the

end than rapid and wonderful advancement. Do not for a moment allow yourselves to think that good company service and dissolute, corrupted private life will good naturedly go hand in hand very far; one or the other will soon "kick."

Boys (as we call each other in railroad parlance), I trust I have succeeded in starting your "train of thoughts" on time, and given you some good signals; and to those who say nay, I respectfully arise and remark: "I do not kick."

I DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL.

Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
Words I said they should not speak;
And I would I could recall them—
Would I had not been so weak.
Oh, that one unguarded moment;
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appeal to me in vain.

True, my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart—
I am happy when beside you,
Wretched when we are apart.
Though I listen to your praises
Always longer than I should,
Yet my heart can never heal them
Half as often as it would.

And I would not, could not, pain you,
Would not for the world offend;
I would have you know I like you
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep one secret
In my bosom always hid,
For I never meant to tell you
That I loved you—but I did.

WHAT CAN HONOR BE!

Charles Dickens.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet, peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep, thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak,
And the gentle breeze played lightly round,
As thus the fair boy spoke:—

"Dear father, what can honor be,
Of which I hear men rave?
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave,—
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen,
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honor mean?"

"It is a name—a name, my child—
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport thick battle-frays;
When in armor bright the warrior bold
Kneled to his lady's eyes—
Beneath the abbey's pavement old

"The iron hearts of that old day
Have mouldered in the grave
And chivalry has passed away
With knights so true and brave;
The honor which to them was life
Throbs in no bosom now—
It only glids the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vows."

Special Correspondence

PATRIOT, THE OKAW PREACHER.

The Learned Divine Rides on an Engine.

He is Accompanied by His Venerable Spouse.

Their Observations of the Switch, the Frog, and
Parallel Rod—Humanity, Hell and Humor
—Curiosity More Than Satisfied.

OAKAW, EALANOIS, March 31, 1883.

Mistur Editur: I cum over to Terry Hut the other day on the steem engine, and es we wus ridin along, I hed the queerest feelins I ever hed in my life. I felt es if I wus in the clouds, and that the earth wus rollin up es a scroll under my feet. My spouse Cozier wus along, and she made herself redicklus. The man that guided the engine, and the young feller he hed with him to keep up the fire in it, wus both disgusted with Cozier, and at first they 'peered to be afeered of her. She axed so meny fool questions. What that woman cant find out, aint wuth knowin. She sed she "hed always heerd the steem engine called the 'iron hoss,' but it 'peered to her more like a mar, et kept up sich an everlastin whinien, es though it hed a young suckin colt round somewhar." The young man that hed the scoop laid it down and tuck one more straight look at her, and sed he'd "resign at the next station, ef that crazy woman did not git off." But Cozier giv him sum cakes and apples she hed along, and he wus reconciled.

The steem engine is a wonderful thing. Davy Crocket used to say et wus "hell in harness." But Crocket wus an ignorant man, and did'nt know much about Scriptur, or he would'nt hev sed that. Hell never could hev bin one-half es hot es the insides of that steem engine, or the rich man thar who axed Lazarus to giv him a drap of water to cool his tongue, would'nt hev hed enny tongue. Et would hev bin biled into a cracklin in a minit. I hev preached the gospull for forty odd yeer—but I've never bleeved that hell fire is es hot es it might be, or even es hot es sum people think it is. Whar would the fuel cum frum? Et dont stand to reason that thar kin be sich a hot fire kept burnin so long without fuel. Thar may be a limited hell sumwhar, but et never wus, and never

kin be, es hot es the insides of the ingine that pulls them steem keers. Cozier hes pretty good Scripturall notions, and she told them railroad boys that "ef King Nebukudnezzur hed put the Hebrue children in that ingine fire, they'd never hev bin heerd tell of agin, neither in this world, nor enny other world. They'd bin burnt up teetotally—coat and breeches, body and sperit."

Cozier kept pilen in her questions so lively, that one of the boys told her, ef she did'n't shet up, he'd "switch her off." This seemed to rile the old woman's temper mightily, and she told the man ef he "ever struck her with a switch, she'd rally the whole horse thief association of the Blue Fork Bottoms, and hev him tar'ed and feathered." Her "son Abijah," she sed, wus "the presidunt of the association, and he know'd better than not to do everything she told him." Thar wusn't enny more talk about switchen the old woman off after that. So she lit her pipe and went to smokin—pretty mad, but that's all she sed about it. The scoop man looked wild, and he eyed Cozier pretty close, but he chaw'd his tor-baccer, spit shy like, and minded his oven.

Es we wus comin round a little ell-ow into a snall town, the steem ingine all at once heeved, and lurched, and shuck all over. Et reminded me exactly of the earthquake of 1823, which turned over my barn. Cozier tried to jump off, but one of the men ketched her by the girdle, and heeved her back on the coal pile. She fainted pine blank, and lost a full sett of brand new teeth, which hed cost \$25. She thought she hed bin struck with lightenin. When she cum to, she axed 'em what hed "bin the matter." They told her they hed "only run over a bad frog." "My God, men," says she, "you don't tell me et wus a frog!" "Yes, a verry dangerous frog—and ets a Gods wunder it did'n't destroy the whole train." Cozier got wild. She did'n't understand it. She hed never heerd of sich a frog. She wus pretty nigh skeerd to death. But afterwhile it wus all explained to her—that it wus not a bull frog, but a railroad frog, and she got easy agin.

We got along pretty well after that, until all at once et seemed es if hell hed broke loose, and the devil wus on the war path. "The engeneer sed the "parallel rod wus broke." Et broke on the fireman's side, whar Cozier was settin. Et everlastingly knocked the bottom out of the whole ingine. Forty mauls, all

slashin away at one white oak glut, would'n't hev bin a patchin to the thumpin Cozier got. She kin never set down agin. That "parallel rod" done the work. Give me Ingines, tommyhocs, bears—ennytthing else on earth, but save me from a seat over a broken "parallel rod." Ets the devils own fiddle at hells anniversary ball.

That's the last ride, Mr. Editur, me or my spouse will ever take on a steem ingine. The old fashioned mules and spring wagon shall hereafter be our portion to the close of our earthly career.

I cannot close this epistull, without expressin the hope that you and all the Firemen may always live a Godly, righteous and sober life, to the end that you may hereafter hev a part and lot in that mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In all gospull truth and apostolic doctrin, I am

Yours affecshunately PATRIOT.

THE GOAT AND THE BOY.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The goat stood by the bill-board,
And he tore a yard or so
From the gally-colored bills which were
To advertise the show;
And as he chewed reflectively,
With a quiet, soulful joy,
Another person there appeared—
An unsuspecting boy.

He did not see the animal,
Which rampant doth appear
With forefeet on the oaken keg
Which holds the springtide beer;
But he gazed upon the posters,
And his young heart filled with glee,
For his means would gain him entrance
To the upper gallery.

The capricorn, however,
Saw the boy, and straightway he
Left his meal and hid him thitherward
With great velocity.
The boy went through the bill board,
But the goat, unmoved by that,
With placid meine stood still and ate
The boy's abandoned hat.

THE TENDER TOUCH.

A youth entranced a radiant maid;
An old man lingered in the shade.
"From thy stern parent let us fly,"
The fond youth murmured with a sigh;
"We'll dwell with in a humble cot,
"Two souls with but a single thought,"

Then up the old man softly stole,
"I'll just throw in another sole."

He lifts the number "leven shoe.
"Behold one soul that beats as two!"

The young man felt its tender touch,
And did he tarry? No, not much.

Miscellaneous.

Benevolent Institutions.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

We have on our table several numbers of the Firemen's Magazine, published at Terre Haute, Ind., under the editorial management of Eugene V. Debs, who is also the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada. We do not suppose, all things considered, there is a more important benevolent Brotherhood than that of the Locomotive Firemen, or one in which the public generally, when the facts are known, should take a more lively interest. It should be understood that when a man takes the position of fireman on a locomotive engine he is in the direct line of promotion to the position of locomotive engineer. It is stated that for every 100 miles of railroad track in the United States there are fifteen passenger cars. If we put the railroad track of the country in round numbers at 100,000 miles, we have 15,000 passenger cars. If we divide the cars into trains averaging six cars each, we have 2,500 trains, each requiring an engineer and a fireman. In this calculation we omit freight locomotives and those employed about depots. We are simply considering the public interest in engineers and firemen in connection with passenger transportation. On the 2,500 passenger trains millions of people are transported annually. To a certain extent their lives are in the hands of the engineers, and since firemen are certain to become engineers, the public has a deep and abiding interest in all matters pertaining to their welfare. No other class of men, not even those who work in powder and dynamite factories, are so constantly exposed to danger. Their lives are forever in jeopardy. The public is interested in knowing all about men who occupy positions of so much trust and danger. Are they men of unexceptionably good habits, sober and trustworthy? quick, energetic and courageous? Will they stand to their post? In a word, can they be trusted with a machine in storm and shine, in daylight and in darkness? Such questions the great public ask about no other class of men; hence the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Locomotive Engineers are organizations in the welfare of which the public

ought to feel a lively concern. During the years 1879, 1880 and 1881 there were in the United States 3,197 railroad accidents, in which 881 persons were killed and 3,281 injured. Such facts emphasize the public interest in those who have charge of the locomotives. As we understand it, the purpose of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is not only benevolent, but it also vigilantly watches the character of its members. They must be sober, circumspect, trustworthy men, distinguished for courage and fidelity, and in glancing through the pages of the Firemen's Magazine we notice with real satisfaction a purpose to elevate and ennoble the members of the Brotherhood. Sobriety, morality, probity and high sense of duty are virtues constantly inculcated and enforced, and the fact that the Magazine, under Mr. Debs' control has reached a monthly circulation of about 16,000, is convincing proof that the publication is popular with the Brotherhood and is doing good work. But there is some things which strike us as peculiar. We refer to the number of expulsions from the various Lodges. It appears that the Brotherhood now has 148 Lodges, and we find that for months of January, February and April there were 162 expulsions, of which 147 were for non-payment of dues. This feature is not a pleasant one to contemplate, since the ability to pay benefits depends upon the prompt payment of dues. But the quick expulsion of derelict members relieves the Brotherhood of dead weights, and in the long run will give it far greater strength and efficiency. It is also noticeable that drunkenness is not tolerated, and that becoming deportment and strict honesty must characterize the members of the Lodge. In such matters, as we have remarked, the great public cannot fail to be profoundly concerned, and it occurs to us that railroad officials, whose duty it is to employ efficient men as engineers and firemen, will be led to consult the tables published in official organs of the Brotherhood to find the right kind of men to place in control of their locomotives. With an organization of 8,000 members, the great majority of whom are devoted to its permanency and success, the future of the Order need not be a matter for special solicitude, and since in taking care of its own interests it is equally devoted to the welfare of the traveling public, it is destined to grow in favor not only with the people but with the railroad kings of the country.

Dunlap Lodge, No. 152.

Wells (Minn.) Advocate.

On March 18th, a branch of "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen" was organized in the I. O. O. F. hall, under the name that heads this article. The Lodge organized with fourteen charter members, who were highly complimented by the Grand Organizer, S. M. Stevens, for the ready and intelligent manner in which they took hold of the work. The following officers were elected for the first year:

John T. Ryel, Master.
F. E. Howe, Vice Master.
Don Dunlap, Secretary.
A. E. Liddle, Financier.
Rolla Hazeltine, Conductor.
Clem Ellingson, Magazine Agent.

Those who are familiar with the boys on the road will see that excellent judgment was used in selecting officers, and with such a set of officers at the helm, Dunlap Lodge is bound to be a success in the fullest sense of the word. In connection with the Order every fireman's life is insured for \$1,000. The plan of insurance is similar to that of the A. O. U. W. On this division there are thirty-four firemen, all of whom will no doubt join sooner or later. In addition to those on this division there are a large number on the B. C. R. & N. and M. & St. L. roads, that run into Albert Lea, who have signified their intention of joining our boys as soon as they are ready to receive them. The motto of the Order is Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Section 6 of the by-laws of subordinate lodges reads as follows:

Any member dealing in, or in any way connected with the sale of intoxicating liquors, shall be expelled.

Any member found guilty of drunkenness, shall be suspended for the first offense. A repetition shall be punished with expulsion, and under no circumstances shall a member so expelled be reinstated before the lapse of one year.

It will be seen by this that the influence of these Lodges will be for good rather than otherwise. The Grand Organizer, S. M. Stevens, made the Advocate a pleasant call, accompanied by Don Dunlap, who was the chief mover in getting up the Lodge at this place, and from whom the Lodge took its name. They left with us a copy of the constitution and by-laws, also a copy of the Firemen's Magazine, published at Terre Haute, Indiana. It is a well gotten up magazine, and reflects credit on the Order that it is published for. The Advocate is proud of Dunlap Lodge, and promises to do all in its power to build it up and keep it be-

fore the people that all may know the firemen on the S. M. division have aspirations above heaving coal and rubbing brass. The boys are talking of renting a room and furnishing it, so as to have a place where members of the Order can spend their leisure time. It is the intention, if this is done, to have the room supplied with all the leading periodicals in the United States. This is a good idea, and we hope to see it brought about before many weeks.

A Presentation.

A short time ago, at a meeting of Lawrence Lodge, No. 15, immediately after initiation of candidates, Bro. Ed. Upton took the chair, and calling on Bro. John Ryan, presented him, on behalf of the Lodge, with a splendid solid gold badge, emblematic of the Order and bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. John Ryan by the members of St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 15, B. of L. F., February 18th, 1883," and also with a beautiful and artistic meerschaum cigar holder. In doing so, Bro. Upton said:

"BRO. RYAN, on behalf of St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 15, I take great pleasure in presenting you with these small tokens of the esteem in which you are held by this Lodge. Your services are too many and too well known to all of us to require any mention from me. It will, however, be a satisfaction to you to know that although they can never be repaid, still the Lodge recognizes them and shall ever feel grateful for the untiring zeal with which you have discharged the arduous duties of Financier of this Lodge. Your honesty is proverbial, and the prompt, considerate and business-like manner in which you discharge your duties call forth at once our admiration and our gratitude. We hope, Bro. Ryan, (although it may seem selfish to us) that this Lodge may, for a long time to come, be able to point with pride to you as our worthy Financier, and we wish you all prosperity, and that when you have finished your duties here on earth you may hear from our great Grand Master above the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Brother Ryan was quite taken by surprise, having had no previous intimation of the affair; but his natural eloquence came to his assistance, and he replied in a very suitable and well delivered speech, expressing the great pleasure he felt in receiving such tokens of regard and esteem of the Lodge, and assuring them

that the interest he took in the Order, and especially in his own Lodge, was constantly on the increase.

It is now an established fact that Bro. Ryan is the best man in one of the best Lodges in Canada.

The Milburn Manufacturing Company.

This excellent company is represented at St. Louis by L. C. Hill, of our Order, formerly of Parsons, Kansas.

Bro. Hill is well experienced in this business, having served in it more than ten years in the various parts of the East. He is an adept in both the wholesale and retail trade, as his long and varied experience has enabled him to familiarize himself with every department of the business.

Besides the business qualities he possesses, he is an agreeable and pleasant gentleman, who makes friends wherever he goes. He is a man of the strictest integrity and the highest moral worth, and the Magazine wishes him an abundance of success in whatever enterprise he may engage.

Magic Power of Shorthand.

When the martyred President Garfield lay at death's door for so many weeks, and the whole nation eagerly read every word that came from the sick chamber, the shorthand secretary of the President, Mr. Stanley Brown, was the medium through whom those important messages were given to the public. Only two or three years before that young Brown was working for his father in Washington, as a carpenter, with hard hands and sunburnt face, earning a mere pittance the year round. But he had heard of the magic power of phonography, spent a dollar of his scant pocket money for a manual of the art, and during his evenings and rainy days had acquired some proficiency in the use of it. Then he began writing from dictation, in shorthand, for members of Congress, at fair remuneration. His ability in this kind of work reached the knowledge of Senator Garfield, and he employed all the boy's time as a shorthand clerk; then when the American people made his employer President, young Brown went with him to the White House as shorthand secretary, on a liberal salary.

Other senators are wanting shorthand clerks, and other Presidents will need shorthand secretaries; the presidents of railroad companies, insurance companies,

manufacturing companies, and the like, are daily calling for shorthand clerks, and the supply is not equal to the demand. Boys who have the capacity to see beyond their noses, should at once procure the latest and best manual of phonography, and begin its study, in earnest, as they would the study of law or of medicine. There is not only "money in it," but influence, position, and power. We know of no better work for this study than the "Eclectic Manual of Phonography," by Elias Longley, Cincinnati, Ohio, a copy of which now lies upon our table. The price is only 75 cents, and it would be cheap at twice that.

Mr. Longley's books on phonography are published by Robert Clarke & Co., 61, 63 and 65 West Fourth street, Cincinnati.

For Firemen's Magazine:

FIREMEN'S BROTHERHOOD.

BY A. C. W.

I live in Brandon City now, and along the track I fly,
And none are so happy, merry and free; for
a knight of the scoop am I.
I knew not what contentment was; be happy
I never could,
Until I became a member of the Firemen's
Brotherhood.

Chorus.—The Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood

Every one should join who could;
Be one of us, and then you may
Make shelter for a rainy day.

I joined my Lodge three months ago, and
better am I by far
Since I entered that Lodge of the Brotherhood,
called the Northern Star.
Our motto makes us better men, it stands in
evidence,
For the very first word upon our flag, is true
Benevolence.

Chorus.—The Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, etc.

Our rules and precepts teach us all our duty
first to do,
Before we think of fun or frolic, and then
keep sober too.
They show the road that we should take to
be faithful men and free,
For to be good and true they say, we must
practice Industry.

Chorus.—The Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, etc.

We give attention to our work, and think less
of the bottle;
Hence, soon are called to drop the scoop and
take hold of the throttle;
So enginemen and stokers too, come every
one who would,
Enroll your names as members of this happy
Brotherhood.

Chorus.—The Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, etc.

Correspondence

Harry Barnes in the Northwest.

BRAINERD, MINN., March 23, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I am located here for the present, I thought I would write a few lines for the Magazine in regard to Brotherhood matters in this locality. I am very glad to say that Pine City Lodge, No. 81, is prosperous and the members correspondingly happy. Bro. Bodecker occupies the position of Master and does splendid work in that capacity. He is leading the boys to the front in fine style. The membership is increasing rapidly—from two to three members joining at every meeting. I am told that No. 81 has now some fifty members, with prospects of getting many more in the near future. They are a fine lot of men and you have my word for it that they are a credit to the Order. They stand well with their Master Mechanic, Mr. H. J. Small, who is pushing them forward in the line of promotion as rapidly as he can. Bros. Wm. Wadham, Bodecker, Lon. Smith, Gavin, Curry, Farrar and others are now in charge of engines and getting along with great success.

It is with pleasure that I inform you of the fact that the engineers and firemen here have had their wages raised—twice in one month. The engineers were raised 25 cents and the firemen 20 cents per day, to take effect February 1st. It was thought by the men that the raise was not quite sufficient, so the engineers appointed a committee to wait on the officials and requested them to adopt the following scale of wages, viz: Engineers \$4.00 per day and 40 cents per hour for delayed time on the road, and firemen \$2.25 per day and 25 cents per hour for delayed time. The committee proceeded to St. Paul and presented their request to Mr. Haupt, the General Manager, and Mr. Cushing, the Supt. of M. P. & M., who received them with the utmost courtesy. The result of the interview was that they "split the difference" and adopted the following schedule of wages, viz: Freight runners \$3.90 per day and passenger runners \$3.70 per day; freight firemen \$2.25 per day and passenger firemen \$2.00 per day; engineers to receive 35 cents per hour and firemen 25 cents per hour for delayed time. The allowance for delayed time is quite an item at

this season of the year, for when we start out on the road now, there is no telling when we will get back, as the snow is extremely deep.

Before closing, I must not forget to thank Bro. Dennis for taking the pains to advertise my "laundry" in the Magazine. He is a very clever fellow, but I advise him not to attempt another interview with an Indian squaw until he knows the difference between the Irish brogue and the Indian dialect. Should he fail to heed my advice you may hear of his scalp dangling from the belt of some noted warrior, which would be sad news to his many friends in the Brotherhood. But, laying all jokes aside, he is a genuine Brotherhood man, and as such, he is known throughout this vicinity.

Yours in B. S. and I.

HARRY BARNES.

The Officers of Sprague Lodge.

SPRAGUE, W. T., March 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We have now been organized several months and I thought you might be interested in knowing how we are getting along. Our roll of membership shows twenty names already, with prospects of increasing the number in the near future.

Bro. T. J. Allen, late of Morning Star Lodge No. 88, occupies the Master's chair and fills it with credit to himself and his Lodge. He is a thorough Brotherhood man, and we are bound to prosper under his administration. Bro. John Nichols is our Financier, and attends to his duties with the utmost zeal and fidelity.

As Secretary, Bro. Wm. Madden is a success. His records are neatly kept and he is ever on hand when he is needed.

Our Magazine Agent, Bro. M. J. Black, has already made for himself a record of which he may be proud. He has been the means of placing the Magazine in nearly one hundred and fifty homes in this locality. With such officers we are sure to prosper in the work of the Brotherhood.

Yours fraternally,

SPRAGUE.

A Fatal Accident.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 9, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

A fatal accident occurred on a branch of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R.R. between engines 207 and 401, in which four of the members of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, were prominent participants, viz: A. L. Jacobs, engineer and Master of No. 12, Wm Oli-

ver, engineer, and Geo. Bond and Nick Ruch, firemen. The wreck resulted in the death of Bro. Ruch. Engines 207 and 401 were switching at Black Rock at about 11:20 a. m. Engine 401 came around a curve in the yard at Bird Avenue, striking engine 207 from the rear, driving her tender into her cab. Bro. Jacobs, seeing engine 401 approach, took in the situation and said to Bro. Ruch "Look out for yourself," to which the latter made no reply. Bro. Ruch was caught between the tender-frame and the deck and was badly crushed. Bro. Jacobs took him from the wreck and all that could be done to alleviate his sufferings. He was conveyed to his home, where Drs. Dayton, Daggert, Markerly and Warren did everything they could to save him. Their efforts were futile, however, and death came to his relief at 6:25 p. m., in the presence of his father, mother, sisters and brothers and a large number of the members of No. 12.

The funeral was largely attended and the service of the Brotherhood was performed at the grave. A beautiful floral pillow, with the initials of Bro. Ruch in the centre, was presented by Buffalo Lodge, No. 12. The following members acted as pall-bearers: Dan. Dugan, Tom Dawson, Jas. Welch, V. Gailsdoffer, John Ray, Wm. Bloomer, John Kelty and Bro. Kinkade. Bro. I. H. Crossman acted as Marshall.

Fraternally yours, BUFFALO.

Presentation Entertainment.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 24, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I must give you an account of an entertainment given by Enterprise Lodge No. 75 to its members and invited guests on the evening of March 22. There were present 294 persons, chiefly members and their families. The entertainment consisted of recitations, singing, and instrumental music. During the evening a handsome set of officers' and three dozen members' regalia were presented to the Lodge by their lady friends. They were ably presented on behalf of the ladies by Mr. B. Frank Keffer, and as well received on behalf of the Lodge by Bro. Charles Taylor. Bro. Taylor presented a handsome portrait, beautifully framed, of our deceased brother, Thomas D. Young, which was received on behalf of the Lodge by Bro. Samuel Drinkhouse. Mr. Keffer, also Violet Knowles (a little Miss of less than four years, a daughter of our Master), gave us some recitations, and

Bro. Allison and Mr. Ellis some singing. A volunteer orchestra also served to enliven us with delightful music. Refreshments were bountifully served, and the evening's entertainment closed at about 10:30 p. m. with a little dancing. Everybody seemed pleased and satisfied, and went home with a merry heart. The following notice of the affair is clipped from one of our papers:

"One of the most enjoyable entertainments heard of this season was that of the Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which took place at Jones' Hall, Lancaster avenue, below Haverford street, last Thursday evening. The lady friends of the Order purchased a full set of regalia for the officers and members of the Lodge. The latter concluded to make the occasion of their presentation an enjoyable affair, and engaged the above hall, secured lots of refreshments and invited their friends to be present with their families. There were fully 400 people in attendance on the occasion. The entertainment consisted of instrumental and vocal music, recitations and addresses, after which refreshments were served. It is seldom in affairs like these that the refreshments go around, but in this case there was abundance and plenty to spare. The members evidently believe in treating their friends properly."

We have been talking regalia for some time, and now we will proudly wear them. Should any of our traveling members come this way, give us a call, and you can see them, and be sure of a cordial reception by No. 75.

Yours in B., S. & I.,
CHAS. H. MAUL.

Return From Abroad.

TORONTO, ONT., March 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have just returned from a three months' absence in Europe, and on looking over the Magazines issued since I have been away, and seeing nothing from Dominion Lodge, I thought I would just give you a few of my impressions on the state of railroad men in England and let you know at the same time a little about how things are here. In the first place I think the English engineers and firemen are, in a social sense, very inferior to the Americans. The wages are very low, scarcely any engineers receiving more than \$1.75 per day and firemen very little over half that amount. Whilst in France, I made enquiries and found that the French engineers and firemen are even worse paid and less satisfied than those in England. I showed some of the men our Magazine for December, which Bro. Pratt had kindly sent me. At the same time, I explained the system on which our Order was worked, and they agreed

that it was a pity that they could not form such an Order and such an advocate as our journal in England. I visited most of the places of interest in England and France, and although I will admit them superior in some respects to America yet they are not the countries for workmen, either in their laws or customs, and are infinitely inferior in their chances of success. I left with regret my friends in the beautiful Isle of Wight, some times called the Garden of England, where, in spite of the constant wet weather, I enjoyed myself immensely.

Our Lodge here is flourishing, and I was agreeably surprised to find, on my return, that promotion was on the "boom" and that Bros. Wallace, Hushin, Stuart, Reed, Shields, Weston and Pratt had stepped from left to right.

A few weeks ago Bro. Scott organized a Lodge in Port Hope and to-morrow he goes to Hamilton to organize one there, so that I think that we shall shortly require an Organizer altogether for Canada.

With the assurance that my experience of the last four months can, if possible, only increase my respect and admiration for the B. of L. F., I remain

Yours fraternally,
SID VAUGHAN.

Nicodemus Attends a Meeting.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., March 11, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Sitting in my easy chair this evening, I am thinking of the splendid meeting we had this afternoon. Not being a regular attendant, I rarely enjoy the pleasure of meeting with the boys. To-day afforded the opportunity, so off to the Lodge I went. The first thing on the programme was the initiation of Eugene Turner, which was done in fine style. Every member did his part well, thus showing that a proper interest was taken in the work of the Order. Among other things, the new banner made its appearance. It is a beauty and was obtained at a cost of \$75.00, which was netted at our last ball.

One of the good features of our Lodge is a burial fund, which has lately been created. It contains \$100.00, in case of emergency, so that the heirs of a Brother receive the net amount of insurance without deduction for burial expense.

Little Hiram Ross has taken unto himself a wife and now thinks he is the only married man on the C. B. road. Geo. Hall and Ed. Patterson have followed suit. Bro. J. Leach is running on the Narrow Gauge and thinks he can pull

more "peanut shells" than any other man on the line.

Among our late promotions are Ed. Patterson, E. Lawles, Billy Farwell and Joe Grollmunt. Our Financier is ably assisted by Joe Grollmunt, who gets money out of the boys in great shape. He hardly ever meets one without saying "Got a dollar for me, Nicodemus?" He says it in such a persuasive way that he generally gets the dollar.

We now have a law providing for the roll call of members at every meeting, and if one of them fails to present himself at least once every three months, he is expelled. This is right, for a member who doesn't think enough of his Lodge to attend meetings at least four times a year is of no benefit to us,

NICODEMUS.

Black Jack's Lamentations.

LARAMIE, W. T., March 3, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Here I am again. I suppose you thought you were rid of me; well, if you did, you were mistaken.

Our Lodge is still in a prosperous condition, thanks to an efficient body of officers, and especially our worthy master, who is a rustler from "way up the gulch."

This company is stocking this part of the road with consolidated engines, and sending our old ten-wheelers to the O. S. L., and the following is an expression of how the boys feel about it:

There are times when I say
Bad luck to the day
When first I took hold of a scoop;
What with scourin' and stokin'
My back's about broken,
And my shoulders have got a bad stoop.
Sure my back once was straight,
And my figure quite nate,
But that was before I went stokin';
But now I am tould
I begin to look ould,
And in troth I'm afeared it's no jokin'.
Bad luck to ould "Perrin,"
I'm dead as a herrin',
Heavin' coal in this bloody ould kettle.
I know that it's wrong
To make a fire-box so long
As twelve feet; it's a clear waste of metal.
One can tell at a look
That ould "Baldwin" and "Cook"
And ould "Perrin" have all concentrated
To give stokers more trouble,
And make them work double,
On those "bulllines" called Consolidated.

Once again I must say
Bad luck to the day
That I lost my ten-wheeler so handy;
Sure I've had my fill
Of this bloody ould mill,
For in troth she's not much of a dandy.

BLACK JACK TWEED.

The Last Sad Rites.

COVINGTON, MD., March 16, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We have again been called upon to perform the last sad rites and pay the last tribute to a dead Brother. On the 24th of February Bro. Edward Riley departed this life, leaving a family and a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely death. How forcibly we are reminded, in the death of Bro. Riley, of our own mortal existence. It will only be a few days until we, too, will have to lay aside the scoop and the pick and enter upon "that bourne from which no traveler returns." Bro. Riley led a true and noble life and did not fear to meet his fate.

His dying message was in regard to the Brotherhood—the theme seemed to fill his soul and depart with it to the other world. "Tell the boys," he said, "to be true to the Brotherhood, for it is their best friend. I have been from Maine to Texas and found friends everywhere." Brothers, these words were uttered by a true brother who loved the Brotherhood while living and did not forget it even at death.

The family of Bro. Riley wish to express their sincere thanks to the members of No. 79 for their kindness to them in the supreme hour of their affliction.

"To meet, to part, to shed the loving tear,
To meet, to part, this is our record here;
To find the rose that no dark blight has riven,
To meet and never more to part, is not of
earth but Heaven."

V. B. GIDDING.

Progress of the Heathens.

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO, March 7, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Our Lodge has been organized about nine months, and I have observed nothing in the columns of the Magazine from 113, so I think I will make my debut as a "jim-crow" reporter.

Bro. S. M. Stevens took a trip of about eighteen hundred miles, through the sagebrush, sand and cactus, to the city of Eagle Rock for the purpose of introducing the principles of B. S. and I. to the benighted heathens who manipulate the scoop, on the Utah and Northern. Our Lodge is progressing slowly but surely. We have seventeen members and four applications. Bro. Hull, the Master, also keeps a sharp eye on the almighty dollar, as is displayed by his accounts as Financier. Bro. Maitland is our quill driver. Bro. Nye uses his extraordinary eloquence in obtaining subscribers for the

Magazine, and in dialating upon the merits of Mogul No. 3. Bro. Dean, our ex-Secretary is the presiding genius at Butte. Bro. Downs despatches the Moguls at Spring Hill. Bro. Owens is at Beaver Canon, doing good work with the helper. At Eagle Rock you will find Bro. Grant taking them over the table with great regularity. Bro. Milligan does the honors at Battle Creek and his "B." looms up like a head light. Bro. Adams gets them in on time with the 41 as regular as the time card. Bro. Burt thinks his engine is the Boss of the road and judging by the way the passenger train comes in he is not far out of the way in his opinion. Bro. Harris thinks water worked expansively is cheaper than steam, taking into account fuel and crown sheets.

Hoping some member of this Lodge, possessing greater ability than I, will be stimulated by this effusion to write a good letter, I beg to remain

Yours in B. S. and I., No. 113.

Good Fellowship at Corning.

CORNING, N. Y., March 14, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

If you will allow me, I would like to speak a word for the boys in Fellowship Lodge, 121. Through their kindness they have placed on file in our rooms the Firemen's Magazine and they come in and look at it and then there are others who come in and read it with interest. I for one am glad they put it in our rooms, not only because it adds to our list of papers, but because it draws the R.R. boys in and we have an opportunity of getting acquainted with them. The Lodge here, although a small one, seems to be in a flourishing condition, from what I hear. I have not taken any pains to get any information concerning it but there seems to be a bond that binds the boys together, which will be lasting. Mr. Rudy, the Chaplain, who is a fireman on the S. G. & C. R.R., is suffering with the sciatic rheumatism. The Financier, Mr. Quick, is the right man in the right place and he knows how to handle the finances to the good of the Lodge.

This is a place that is quite lively on account of the many railroads that run through here and we have in our Association not a few of the employees of these roads. I write these words for the encouragement of the boys and wishing the Lodge here all success imaginable.

Yours very truly.

W. D. S.



A BETTER half fell to the lot of J. W. Crist and W. F. Wright, of 22.

A BRIGHT young son has been added to the family of Bro. M. Lennon, of Jersey City.

JOHN WELLINGTON, of 127, is busy breaking in a new Fireman. The boys say he weighs twelve pounds.

G. W. VAUPELL's promotion is a matter of much pleasure to the members of his Lodge. He is fully deserving his success.

A MEMBER of No. 56 says that Bro. Wm. Browning is deeply interested in the millinery business. How is it, Billy?

THE boy of Bro. Botsford is said to be a "chip of the old block." Billy appreciates the honor of being called papa.

ANY indifference or absence of mind on the part of B. DeHaven, of 122, must be overlooked. He is newly married.

THOMAS C. Grant, Secretary of No. 127, and Geo. Spooner, of same Lodge, who have been on the sick list are both convalescing.

TOM KENDALL, of Mattoon, is now located at Terre Haute, and the members of No. 16 are glad to have him attend their meetings.

AL. KLECKNER, of No. 16, is a new engineer, and is running a road engine on the Logansport Division of the Vandalia.

MRS. J. K. RATHBONE, No. 124's competent Magazine Agent, is going to make a tour of Kansas, on her new traveling card.

No. 127's goat has gone to the closet for repairs. They are getting him in good shape, preparatory for a heavy spring trade.

S. M. MCGAFFEY has left Stansberry, and the members of No. 56 regret to lose him. Sam has the good wishes of all the boys wherever his lot may be cast.

THE Escanaba boys report that Bros. Tom Collins and Geo. Simonson are rejoicing over a couple of young ladies that have recently been added to their respective families.

SINCE the organization of 137 four of her members have been promoted. They are Bros. Phillips, Sheffer, Holsey and Weygandt. This is a good recommendation for a new one.

A. McNABB, of 127, attended a meeting lately, the first one for a long time, as he has been very ill. Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Perley's kind attentions to him during his sickness.

ST. LAWRENCE Lodge, No. 15, reports the promotion of Wm. Ferguson, Hy. Taylor, C. Costigan and T. Dickson, who promise to prove as efficient at the throttle as they were at the scoop.

CUPID's pranks are asserting themselves among the boys of 44. They say that the Master, Bro. Halpin, and the Financier, Bro. Hayes, have yielded, and that Bro. O. Hennel is about to follow.

THE genial John Delaney, of Chicago, honored us with a short call lately, and we were highly pleased to see him. He is one of nature's noblemen, and has a welcome here as often as he chooses to come.

JOE COPPINGER, more familiarly known as "Calamity Joe," is now running an engine on the St. P., M. & M. He is still on the rolls of Hercules Lodge No. 63 and stands among her most prominent members.

WE are very sorry to learn of the resignation of Bro. G. J. Walters, Financier of 120. For want of time, he was obliged to tender his resignation. He served his Lodge well and is an example for his successor to follow.

GEORGE COOK, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, was recently married to a very estimable lady and the young couple will make their residence in Brazil, Ind. The many friends of Bro. Cook extend their congratulations upon the happy event.

C. H. BROWN, of No. 82, had a close call a few days ago. He stepped from a passenger train on to a side track and was struck by a switch engine. He has been laid up since, but will soon be out again. We congratulate him upon his escape.

"BONY Miller now handles the switch engine in the yard, vice L. W. Smith, who goes out on the road. "Bony" has served the W. St. L. & P. long and faithfully, and his promotion is well deserved. The News congratulates him on his success. —*Stansberry News*.

THE two above named are members of No. 56, and we join the *News* in wishing them success.

MARRIED—By the Rev. Roach, of Virginia, on the 6th of March, at Beardstown, Ill., B. DeHaven to Miss Kate Leonard, both of Beardstown. In the happy event above announced the members of No. 122 extend their congratulations to the contracting parties.

WM. McLEOD, of 127, is taking a vacation. He says he believes British Columbia has a finer climate than Manitoba. Who knows what there may be at the bottom of this decision, *hoo nose?*

We have received cards announcing the marriage of Bro. Geo. Hartman, of Rochester Lodge No. 99, to Miss Georgie J. Frauenberger on the 14th of March. Bro. Hartman is a highly honored member of his Lodge, and the boys all join in extending their congratulations upon the event above mentioned.

THE worthy Master of Industrial Lodge No. 21, Bro. Wm. J. Edy, has resigned his position as engineer on the Iron Mountain to engage in the floral business at Kimswich. The boys will all look for a buttonhole-bouquet every time they pass there. They wish him much success in his new departure.

WE are reliably informed that Bro. John Kelly, of No. 50, recently made an investment in an auction sale at Chicago that will amass a fortune for him. The nature of the investment is not generally known yet, but his friends feel justified in saying that it will prove a big bonanza. We await further developments with great anxiety.

THE boys of Calhoun Lodge No. 84 had the impression that Bro. P. Courtney was "laying off" on account of sickness. Their surprise can be imagined when it was announced that he had taken unto himself a better half. G. K. says: "He was so sly about it that the knot was tied long before we had wakened from our dreams."

THE Express Company recently brought us a fine lot of buffalo meat, for which we are indebted to our generous friend Harry Keler, of Big Springs, Texas. If Harry is the recipient of only half as many favors as he confers he is certainly a happy man, for he is always engaged in doing somebody a pleasure. His generous nature makes him the warm friend of all who know him.

JOHN CLAIR, of the L. E. & St. L. and a member of Evening Star Lodge, passed from the scoop to the throttle a little over three months ago; he proved so efficient in the discharge of his duties that quite recently he was made Foreman of the Company's shops at Evansville, Ind., where he will make his future home. The members of No. 112 are proud of Bro. Clair, as they should be, and they unite in wishing that his course may be onward and upward forever.

Firemen's Department.

BURIAL OF WM. STEWART.

The funeral of Wm. Stewart, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, who was killed on his engine at Brazil, Ind., on the night of March 30th, took place on Sunday, April 1st, and was largely attended by the members of the Order. Mr. McKeen, President of the Vandalia Line, kindly furnished the Brotherhood with a special train for the occasion, which was placed in charge of Bro. J. N. VanCleve, as engineer, and Bro. Edward Andrews, as fireman. The train arrived at Brazil at 2 o'clock and was met at the depot by the Brazil Cornet Band and the members, in full regalia, were escorted in line to the residence of the deceased. After taking a last look at the remains of the unfortunate brother, the cortege wended its way to the church and from thence to the cemetery, where the last sad rites were administered, according to the ritual of the Brotherhood. It was the most impressive funeral we ever witnessed. The whole city seemed to be in mourning and expressions of grief and regret were heard upon every hand. Fifty members of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, were in line, showing that they were in full sympathy with the sad occasion. The aged parents are almost distracted with grief, but they have the one consolation, at least, of knowing that their son was loved and respected by all who knew him. We hope that a long time may elapse before we are called upon to witness another such sad scene.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

A Rochester paper publishes the following account of the ball of Rochester Lodge No. 99: "Last evening Rochester Lodge No. 99, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave their first annual ball at Odd Fellows' Temple. It was the largest party held here this season. About 100 couples were in attendance, and all joined in the dancing. Large delegations from Buffalo, Syracuse and Detroit were present as invited guests. Hyland's full orchestra played enlivening music for the dancers until an early hour this morning, when all went home after congratulating the firemen on their success. The following gentlemen composed the committees:

Committee of Arrangements—H. L. Couch, W. E. Clough, J. W. Millman, H. L. Crofut, D. C. Frost, D. Thompson, S. Payne, H. Meink. Reception Committee—F. Webster, George Haatman, J. J. Salley, J. Shannon, J. Keating. Floor Committee—Robert Thompson, W. E. Upton, J. Brewer, A. Sharp, C. W. Beach, W. E. Erhardt, T. Mackey."

CARD FROM BUFFALO LODGE NO. 12.

The order recalling the traveling card of D. E. Barry, of this Lodge, is hereby annulled. He has been thoroughly investigated and is hereby exonerated from all charges, and recommended as a member of the Order in good standing.

B. H. GREGORY,
J. H. SHUFFELT,
C. DUGAN. } Committee.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Harry King, G. A. Sandham, Fred Sexton and Thomas Daley, of No. 83, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge. By so doing they will avoid trouble.

Bro. John Pascoe, of St. Clair Lodge, No. 116, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

James M. Hammill, of Clark-Kimball Lodge, No. 113, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

The Financier of Peace Lodge, No. 108, would like to hear from Bros. Amos McDonald, McSorley and Gibson.

John Curtis, of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

Henry True, of R. R. Centre Lodge, No. 31, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

H. E. Cantlin, A. Kellum, F. Lambka, J. Johnson, B. H. Raynor, J. K. Ross and R. M. Stout, of Summit Lodge, No. 87, are requested to correspond with the Secretary of their Lodge.

H. Young, of No. 56, is requested to correspond with his Lodge at once.

Wm. Maher, of Success Lodge, No. 33, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

P. H. ROWAN.

This man was recently expelled from Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 23, at Mason City, Iowa, on general principles. He managed to sell fifty-nine tickets for the ball lately given by that Lodge, and then pocketed the money and left for other parts in search of new victims. After his departure, which was rather sudden, an abundance of facts were developed that showed him to be a notorious dead beat. He remained at Mason City long enough to deceive everybody that trusted him, and is probably now engaged in the good work elsewhere. We caution everybody against him, for he is utterly unworthy of confidence, and will cheat to the extent that he is trusted. The Magazine has no mercy for these lying, treacherous dead beats, and tears the masks of hypocrisy from their faces as soon as they are known.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

GEO. LARSEN,

of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, died January 19 from injuries received by his engine being thrown from the track. His policy is payable to his legal heirs.

T. E. STONEMAN,

of Forest City Lodge No. 10, was killed in a collision January 27. His policy is payable to Mrs. Hannah Stoneman, of Cleveland, Ohio.

J. BELLAIRE,

of Alpha Lodge No. 26, was disabled February 7 by his engine running over his hands as he was cleaning his ash-pan, resulting in the amputation of his left forearm and his right hand. He will be entitled to the full insurance, as provided in the Constitution.

A. V. MAXFIELD,

of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, died of Congestion of the Brain February 11. His policy is payable to Mrs. J. H. Sibley, his sister, of Pana, Ill.

ASA M. SPROAL,

of Mt. Whitney Lodge No. 139, was killed February 13 by his engine leaving the track. His policy is payable to Mrs. Louisa Sproal, his mother.

N. RUCH,

of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, was killed in a collision February 20. Being in arrears on the January assessment at the time of his death, his claim was rendered null and void.

FRANK GLISSON,

of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, died of Pneumonia February 23. His policy is payable to Mrs. Sarah Glisson, of Philadelphia, Pa.

EDWARD REILLY,

of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, died of Consumption February 24. His policy is payable to Maggie and Mary Reilly.

MACK VICK,

of Vigo Lodge No. 18, died March 8 of a gunshot wound inflicted by himself with suicidal intent. The suicide was doubtless the result of insanity. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. Phoebe Vick.

JOHN S. BREWERTON,

of Clinton Lodge No. 34, died March 19 from injuries sustained by being run over by a train of cars while stepping from his engine on to a side track. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. K. Brewerton.

WM. BURGOYNE,

of Industrial Lodge No. 21, was killed March 19 in a railroad accident at Pilot Knob. His policy is payable to Mrs. Lizzie Burgoyne, of Mineral Point, Wis.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

MINERAL POINT, WIS., March 26, 1883.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: In the great affliction we have passed through, by the loss of our dear son and brother, we may try to, though we never can, express our heartfelt thanks to the members of the Brotherhood and the many kind friends for their loving kindness to him and us. To you all we extend our thanks, and our daily prayer to God will be that He may guard and protect you from a similar fate, or if it be otherwise willed, that you all will be prepared, and have kind friends to do for you what you did for our darling son and brother. Very respectfully,

MRS. LIZZIE BURGOYNE AND DAUGHTERS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 31, 1883.

To the officers and members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received through the hands of Chas. A. Miller, Financier of Chicago Lodge, No. 85, the sum of one thousand dollars, the above amount being due me upon the policy of my son Thomas Normile. Please accept my most sincere thanks for the prompt payment of same.

Hoping that the sun of prosperity may always shine upon your Order, I remain

Respectfully yours,

MRS. MARY NORMILE.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending March 31, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Assess'ts 21 and 22.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Assess'ts 21 and 22.	Total.
1	\$2.00	\$31.00		\$33.00	66		41.00		41.00
2	11.00	105.00		26.00	67	\$8.00	49.00		57.00
3	6.00	106.00		112.00	68		2.00		34.00
4	19.00			23.00	69		19.00		39.00
5	4.00	24.00		28.00	70	4.00	32.00		36.00
6		1.00	\$1.00	2.00	71		77.00		77.00
7	41.00		13.00	65.00	72		2.00		38.00
8	9.00	18.00		27.00	73		10.00		32.00
9	7.00	13.00		20.00	74		38.00		121.00
10	8.00	44.00		52.00	75		12.00		16.00
11		54.00		54.00	76		58.00		63.00
12	56.00	71.00		130.00	77		15.00		45.00
13		67.00		67.00	78		6.00		29.00
14		68.00		68.00	79		38.00		38.00
15	2.00	31.00		33.00	80		11.00		25.00
16	9.00	96.00		105.00	81		58.00		52.00
17	1.00	23.00		24.00	82		3.00		38.00
18	4.00	31.00		35.00	83		38.00		78.00
19			30.00	30.00	84		3.00		38.00
20	7.00	35.00		42.00	85		2.00		44.00
21	30.00	40.00		70.00	86		45.00		16.00
22	3.00	34.00		37.00	87		6.00		41.00
23	12.00	28.00		35.00	88		1.00		40.00
24			35.00	35.00	89		9.00		49.00
25	7.00	23.00		30.00	90		1.00		9.00
26	2.00	40.00		42.00	91		29.00		30.00
27	3.00	63.00		66.00	92		1.00		5.00
28	15.00	42.00		57.00	93		31.00		31.00
29		1.00	37.00	38.00	94		51.00		52.00
30	7.00	18.00		25.00	95		82.00		98.00
31	29.00	50.00		79.00	96		2.00		22.00
32	6.00	39.00		38.00	97		29.00		29.00
33	3.00	47.00	4.00	54.00	98		15.00		38.00
34		32.00		32.00	99		2.00		14.00
35	18.00	17.00		35.00	100		12.00		50.00
36	14.00	45.00		59.00	101		57.00		22.00
37	11.00	52.00		63.00	102		20.00		18.00
38	3.00	57.00		60.00	103		3.00		28.00
39			46.00	46.00	104		21.00		21.00
40		54.00		54.00	105		28.00		28.00
41	13.00		8.00	21.00	106		21.00		27.00
42	1.00	19.00		20.00	107		16.00		21.00
43	4.00	1.00	56.00	61.00	108		21.00		21.00
44		23.00		23.00	109		18.00		21.00
45	17.00	56.00		73.00	110		13.00		13.00
46	4.00	32.00		36.00	111		23.00		39.00
47	1.00	87.00		88.00	112		18.00		18.00
48	17.00	31.00		32.00	113		18.00		27.00
49	14.00	14.00		31.00	114		27.00		27.00
50	9.00	34.00		43.00	115		21.00		21.00
51		36.00		39.00	116		40.00		40.00
52	2.00	44.00	46.00	92.00	117		9.00		20.00
53		23.00		40.00	118		11.00		11.00
54	8.00	64.00		67.00	119		27.00		27.00
55		17.00		17.00	120				
56	12.00	22.00		34.00	121				
57	40.00	105.00		145.00	122				
58	22.00	22.00		44.00	123				
59		80.00		80.00	124				
60	12.00	56.00		68.00	125				
61	1.00	69.00		70.00	126				
62	1.00	27.00	25.00	53.00	127				
63	27.00	31.00		48.00	128				
64	2.00	29.00		31.00	129				
65				31.00	130				

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Assess't 21 and 22.	Total.	Lodge No.	Assess'ts 19 and 20.	Assess'ts 21 and 22.	Total.
131	7.00		7.00	141		\$14.00	\$14.00
132		\$18.00	18.00	142			
133				143			
134				144			
135				145			
136				146			
137		16.00	16.00	147			
138	20.00		20.00	148			
139				149			
140	12.00		12.00	150			

Balance on hand March 1. \$771 50

Received during month. 5,771 00

Total. \$6,542 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 39, 40, 41, 42 and 43. \$5,000 00

Balance on hand April 1. \$1,542 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
49	Geo. Livingstone.	61	Wm. Kelly.
54	Jas. Hyndman.	61	Fred. Almy.
58	F. Sedgley.	71	Dave Rich.
60	A. B. Collum.	82	Ed. E. DePew.
60	G. W. Moore.		

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
10	J. N. Erwin	96
27	W. S. Davis	
32	G. H. Herron	74
47	Thos. McKee	127
52	L. S. Hood	150
53	Homer Davis	63
56	C. A. Cost	14
59	James Payne	108
59	James W. Shay	108
59	Chas. Brennan	108
59	E. A. Hughes	140
72	Samuel Fowler	81
75	T. A. Charmley	3
76	Frank Highter	61
84	Jas. Brownlee	127
85	T. E. Kiehn	130
95	M. Pillou	130
95	James Casey	61
102	W. E. Ennis	
105	T. G. Berry	80
105	Wm. B. Ritter	80
115	Jas. Stanton	147
115	J. J. Culpepper	147
115	T. Kelly	147
115	A. A. Riche	147
115	John Jay	147
115	Jas. Easley	147
115	L. McAniff	147

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
24	L. E. Lester.	95	Jno. Clancy.
82	Matt Cain.	95	Theo. Emerich.
83	J. C. Burns.		

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
8	Thos. A. Charnley	75
28	Chas. O'Brien	58
59	J. Galligan	21
61	Wm. Tracy	61
61	Wm. Roope	38
61	F. Righter	76
80	T. G. Berry	105
80	W. B. Ritter	105
96	J. N. Irwin	10
124	W. J. Cahill	74
132	Frank Parkhurst	25
135	Jas. S. Wheeler	74
135	H. Draper	19
137	J. M. Knox	33
137	Silas Phillips	33
137	John M. Brown	33
137	P. J. Cook	33
139	Ed. Yale	90
150	L. S. Hood	52

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
8	C. M. Hibbard	Expelled.
12	H. Brewer	Non-payment of dues.
22	R. A. Holmes	Non-payment of dues.
28	S. Cunningham	Contempt of Lodge.
28	T. C. Brown	Defrauding Lodge.
28	Chas. Bixby	Defrauding Lodge.
28	James Scott	Non-payment of dues.
29	S. H. Sanford	Non-payment of dues.
29	P. H. Rowan	Defrauding Lodge.
32	W. E. Walsh	General Principles.
46	Rufus Stone	Non-payment of dues.
46	Jno. Ryan	Non-payment of dues.
61	W. J. James	Non-payment of dues.
61	T. McNamara	Non-payment of dues.
68	Wm. Campbell	Non-payment of dues.
69	Geo. Gascolgne	Drunkenness.
71	A. Gardner	Non-payment of dues.
71	J. J. Madden	Non-payment of dues.
71	Dave Rich	Non-payment of dues.
75	Jos. Brown	Non-payment of dues.
81	J. Collins	Non-payment of dues.
82	Leon Ackley	Non-payment of dues.
83	Jas. McGuire	Drunkenness.
90	A. M. Woods	Non-payment of dues.
90	Frank West	Non-payment of dues.
90	J. L. Louis	Non-payment of dues.
96	F. C. Hildebrand	Non-payment of dues.
96	L. Nierison	Non-payment of dues.
96	Jno. R. Burk	Non-payment of dues.
96	M. W. Hayes	Non-payment of dues.
96	M. Foley	Non-payment of dues.
100	Adam Bigleben	Non-payment of dues.
103	Thos. Bates	Non-payment of dues.
107	W. M. Kirk	Non-payment of dues.
107	Phil. Metzger	Non-payment of dues.
113	Wm. Eubanks	Dishonesty.
124	Mike Maloy	Defrauding Lodge.

RESOLUTIONS.

MASON CITY, IOWA, February 24, 1883.

WHEREAS, Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29, B. of L. F., has been presented with a fine large steel engraving entitled "Off Portland" by our highly esteemed townsmen, S. S. Bagley and J. A. Farrell; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to Messrs. Bagley and Farrell our best wishes and sincere thanks for their kindness.

Resolved, That we will ever do our utmost to so live and conduct ourselves as to be worthy of the continued good will and friendship of the esteemed donors.

Resolved, That these resolutions published in the city papers and Firemen's Magazine.

FRANK MCKAY,
GEO. D. TAYLOR, } *Committee.*
S. S. BURROUGHS,

TUCSON, April 23, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been munificently assisted at our ball, held February 7, 1883, by our worthy M. M. W. F. Smith, Esq., and our esteemed Supt., Col. A. A. Bean, the former by showing every favor and granting every request solicited from him, and the latter by running trains so that as many as possible could be in attendance.

WHEREAS, Our esteemed lady friends, Mrs. F. D. Simpson, Mrs. F. P. Sargent, Mrs. R. W. Gray, Mrs. E. Harlow and Mrs. Geo. Aldrich, lent willing hands in assisting in decorating our ball room, and Committees with appropriate rosettes; therefore be it

Resolved, That the thanks of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, be extended to these ladies and gentlemen and that we, by our actions, will try to show our appreciation of their kindness more than we can here express in words.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the minutes of this Lodge, a copy be presented to said W. F. Smith, Esq., and Col. A. A. Bean, under seal of the Lodge, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. W. MCQUEEN,
J. B. BAKER, } *Committee.*
ED. HARLOW,

TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 10, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge No. 16, of the B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Brother Wm. Stewart, of this Lodge, one of its most respected and esteemed members, was killed at Brazil, Ind., on the night of March 30 by his engine being struck by a detached train of cars, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Stewart this Lodge has lost a most worthy member, his family a devoted son and brother and his employers a faithful servant.

Resolved, That the most sincere sympathy of this Lodge be and is hereby extended to the bereaved parents upon whom the affliction falls so heavily, and also to the brotherless sister whose tender affections have been so cruelly lacerated; and we hope they may bravely bear the sacrifice they have been called upon to make in giving up the one object of their devotion and love.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Lodge be extended to Mr. W. R. McKeen, President of the Vandavia Line, for kindly providing a special train for the funeral to Brazil and return for the members of the Order and their families.

O. E. RAIDY,
M. F. LANTZ, } *Committee.*
E. V. DESS.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 4, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. Orrin J. Pierce has enacted the part of the "Good Samaritan" toward Bro. George M. Chatfield, of this Lodge, during his illness, caused by his engine leaving the track and plunging down an embankment, severely injuring him; and

WHEREAS, Bro. Chatfield, being a stranger to the said Mr. Pierce, characterizes the act as a most humane and Christian-like one; and be it

Resolved, That the grateful thanks of this body be tendered to Mr. Pierce; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Pierce, published in the Firemen's Magazine, and entered upon the minutes of this meeting.

J. H. WALSH,
W. S. BARROWS,
A. S. MCALLISTER, } *Committee.*
JOHN J. DELANEY, }

BUFFALO, N. Y., February 23, 1883.

At a special meeting of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite goodness and wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy brother, Nicholas Ruch, who died from injuries received in a collision on the N. Y., L. E. & W. R. R., at Buffalo, on the night of the 20th inst.

WHEREAS, This calls to our mind that when least expected we shall be called to God, and warns us to be at all times prepared; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Ruch Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, in particular, and the B. of L. F. in general, has lost a worthy brother, and his family a most affectionate son and brother.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved family and to all the friends of our departed brother our warmest sympathy in their affliction.

Resolved, That the charter of Buffalo Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days out of respect for the memory of Bro. Ruch, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, and inserted in the minute book, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

DAN. E. HARRY,
GEORGE HOWELL, } *Committee.*
JOHN RAY, }

GALESBURG, ILL., March 31, 1883.

At a special meeting of Progress Lodge, No. 105, B. of L. F., held in their hall, Galesburg, Ill., March 30, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions, expressing sorrow at the death of our late Bro. B. G. Sittler, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved Bro. B. G. Sittler, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Sittler the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member.

Resolved, That we, the members of Progress Lodge, No. 105, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the mother and relatives of our deceased brother in the hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to Mrs. J. Witzell, Quincy, Ill., for kindness shown to our late brother while suffering in his last sickness; also to Mr. Moore, Transportation Master C. B. and Q., Quincy, Ill., and Mr. Colville, Division M. M.

C. B. and Q., Galesburg, Ill., for favors extended to the brothers appointed to pay the last sad respects to the remains.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the mother of our late brother, also to Firemen's Magazine and local journals for publication.

T. E. CREEN,
R. H. LACY,
B. J. BARTELL, } *Committee.*

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, March 9, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from earth by death our most esteemed brother, A. V. Maxfield, to the Grand Lodge on high; and,

WHEREAS, Hawkeye Lodge has lost one of its best members, the Order one of its most earnest supporters, and his sister a dutiful and affectionate brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the sister and friends of our late brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and we commend them to Him who alone can console and heal the wounded spirit, and let us all remember that death is certain to all.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our deceased brother that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, for their brotherly love and care of our dear brother during his sickness; also in making the necessary arrangements in sending the remains to his relatives for interment.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sister of our late brother, and that they be entered on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy be sent to the Magazine for publication.

W. C. BYERS,
C. W. GREEN,
F. H. WALBRAND, } *Committee.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 25, 1883.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, whose wisdom is above our comprehension, we have been deprived by death of the fellowship of our beloved brother, Frank Glisson; therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow submissively to the will of the overruling Providence, and resignedly submit to it. We are deeply conscious of the loss we have sustained in the death of our brother, and realize that our Lodge has lost an honorable member, the sorrowing wife and child a kind husband and father, and society a good and useful member.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved wife and child and to all kindred of our dead brother our sincerest sympathy in their affliction. While feeling that we cannot estimate their sorrow, we trust that they may be enabled to bear it with resignation and fortitude.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days in respect to our late brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of the deceased, spread on the minutes of this meeting, and published in the B. of L. F. Magazine.

JAMES W. BOYLE,
THEO. S. HUNTLEY,
FRANK DUFELL, } *Committee.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 11, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, held February 25, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a beautifully framed motto inscribed "B. of L. F., No. 10—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," the same having been kindly presented to us by Mrs. Mason, wife of our worthy brother, H. H. Mason; therefore be it

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the kindness of Mrs. Mason, and that we shall earnestly endeavor to live true to the motto, as we recognize the fact that it will make us prosperous and happy.

Resolved, That we thank Mrs. Mason sincerely for her gift, and that it will ever be kept in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Mason, and that they be published in the Magazine.

A. H. BUSE,
T. H. SHEPPARD, } *Committee.*
A. R. MACE,

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO., March 26, 1883.

At a special meeting of Industrial Lodge No. 21, B. of L. F., held March 22, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe in His infinite wisdom to remove from this Earthly Lodge below to the Grand Lodge above, our beloved brother, William Burgoyne, who was killed on the night of the 19th of March, while in the discharge of his duties as fireman, in a collision at Pilot Knob, Missouri; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Industrial Lodge No. 21 regard the loss of our departed brother, William Burgoyne, as one of the most earnest workers of our Lodge, and one of the first to help save our charter in time of trouble.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Mr. William Kerrigan, superintendent of the St. L., I. M. & S. R. R., for securing transportation for the remains of our deceased brother, and also a pass for Bro. Moyer, of Carondelet Division B. L. E., No. 42, to the home of our departed brother.

Resolved, That we tender a vote of thanks to Bro. Bauer for a beautiful tribute of flowers in a wreath and cross for the casket; also to Bro. Edy and Mr. North for the Anchor of Hope which was placed on the breast of our departed brother; also to Mrs. Ross for a beautiful floral tribute in the design of a cross to cover the casket.

Resolved, That the charter of the Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days, and also the Master's gavel, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the mother and family of our departed brother, and also a copy to the Magazine for publication, and also that they be spread on the minutes of the meeting.

Resolved, That to his widowed mother and brotherless sisters our warmest sympathies are hereby extended in their bereavement, and they may be assured that they will ever find the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen able and willing to aid them, encourage them, and to lighten their burdens in life.

Death has been here, and borne away

A brother from our side;

Just in the morning of his youth,

As young as we, he died.

We cannot tell who next may fall

Beneath thy chastening rod.

One must go first; oh, may we all

Prepare to meet our God.

W. J. E.,
G. E. B., } *Committee.*
J. D. F.,

STUART, IOWA, February 27, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Stuart Lodge, No. 20, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All Wise Master of the Universe to remove from our midst, after a lingering illness, Bro. William Baker, reminding us of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared for death; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the parents of our departed brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and we assure them that the vacancy made in their family is mourned by the members of this Lodge.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our departed brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of our Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

C. TRAVER,
ALF. EDE,
J. P. WARNER, } *Committee.*

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns Vice Grand Master
1728 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary . . . Centrailla, Ills
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheire, C., St. P. M. & O.
R. R. St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
38th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave. Jersey City, N. J
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 8. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo
W. Will R. Dean, Box 385 Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Creen, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, Box 23 Ravenna, O
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M. and
Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 516 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Wednesday at
8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent

- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER;** Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. . . . Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station . . . Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St. . . . Financier
New York City, N. Y. . . . Mag. Agent
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Mag. Agent
- 4. GREAT EASTERN;** Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. . . . Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. . . . Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . . Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. . . . Mag. Agent
- 5. CHARITY;** St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Utter Mag. Agent
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST;** Desoto, Mo.
Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
- 7. POTOMAC;** Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St, S. E. Mag. Agent
- 8. RED RIVER;** Denison City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
T. H. Morte, Box 336 Secretary
E. Flint, Box 336 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN;** Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY;** Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR;** Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO;** Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Master
W. J. Brumer Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON;** Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA;** Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
E. K. Whitsit, 292 Virginia Ave. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE;** Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdeline St. Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. Secretary
J. Ryan, 211 Burgeols St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO;** Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debb Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST;** Vincennes, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END;** Slater, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE;** Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART;** Stuart, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 898 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL;** South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between Prim and Tesson Sts. Secretary
J. D. Fisher, Carondelet, Mo. Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL;** Urbana, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64 Financier
A. Barr, Box 64 Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX;** Brookfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN;** Parsons, Kan.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK;** Boone, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA;** Baraboo, Wis.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
Geo. Howe Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 660 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE;** Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent

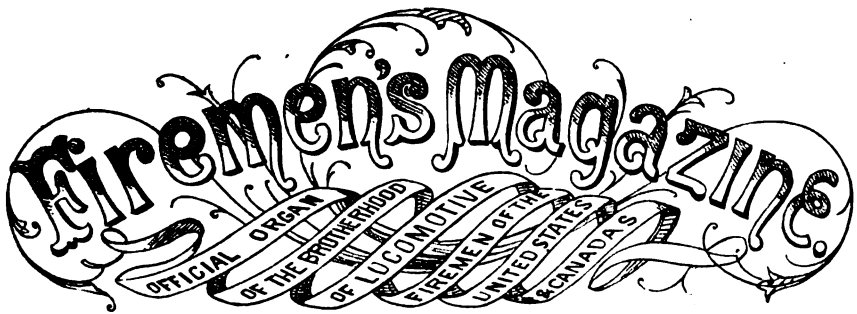
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 418 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, 791 Clay St. Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. E. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
A. Studer, 208 South Liberty St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 248 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. R. Rosler, Box 420 Master
G. W. Balnter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermerhorn Financier
J. E. McCormick, Box 508 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. Brewer, 190 N. 6th St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W. Shops Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
P. F. Morse, Box 29 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 72d W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washing- ton St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
P. J. Reilly Financier
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, Box 1903 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1903 Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
P. Lawless Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 238 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schlimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger, 90 Pine Bluff Depot Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summergill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettlinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 500 Master
F. R. Young, Box 500 Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 500 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 500 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn St., Master
J. J. Delaney, 4954 Dearborn St. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear- born St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3031 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 628 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 628 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 628 Financier
Wm. Neupher Mag. Agent

- 53. EMPORIA**; Emporia, Kan.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Hich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 857 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR**; Moberly, Mo.
Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 687 Master
J. Everett, Box 687 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 687 Financier
M. C. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY**; Memphis, Tenn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER**; Stansberry, Mo.
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 78 Master
P. McDermott Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
J. B. Miller Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON**; Boston, Mass.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands, Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cambridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO**; Rocklin, Cal.
C. C. Brown Master
L. Jeardneau Secretary
A. H. Curtis Financier
C. W. Myers Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE**; South Pueblo, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
A. Wyhe Secretary
L. E. Wade, L. Box N, El Moro,
Col. Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED**; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St.,
81st Ward Master
T. McCann Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2410 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA**; St. Paul, Minn.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley 714 Reaney St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN**; Carbondale, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis Master
O. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES**; Danville, Ills.
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX**; Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Canfield, L. Box 6 Master
L. C. Webb Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY**; Sleepy Eye, Minn.
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 28 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 28 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE**; Belleville, Ont.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
H. Lavoie Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION**; Toronto, Canada.
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE**; Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Stinson Master
A. McKay Secretary
W. L. Botsford, Box 180, Altoona,
Wis. Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona,
Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY**; Brockville, Ont.
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 294 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR**; Longview, Texas.
C. Reltch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Greimm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Greimm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA**; Oneonta, N. Y.
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME**; Camden, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 583 Carman St. Master
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 420 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE**; Worcester, Mass.
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY**; Kansas City, Mo.
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercy, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE**; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA**; Fergus Falls, Minn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson, Box 67 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN**; Denver, Col.
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St, Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE**; Sedalia, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Walters, Box 1091 Master
C. T. Kelk, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent

- 79. J. M. DODGE**; Roodhouse, Illa.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1166 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP**; Aurora, Illa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY**; Brainerd, Minn.
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larson, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN**; Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 18th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanwcom, 612 12th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY**; Forth Worth, Tex.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tierney, Box 459 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN**; Battle Creek, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Highe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO**; Fargo, Dakota.
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS**; Laramie City, Wyoming.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT**; Rawlins, Wyoming.
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton, Box 198 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR**; Evanston, Wyoming.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. LeCain, Box 89 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE**; Carlin, Nev.
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO**; National City, Cal.
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego. Secretary
J. P. Vasque Financier
H. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE**; San Francisco, Cal.
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. W. Harrigan, 1476 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops, Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops. Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE**; Texarkana, Tex.
J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY**; Keokuk, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS**; Tucson, Arizona.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO**; Chicago, Ill.
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton Ave. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA**; Wellsville, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Sheets, Box 395 Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Sheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE**; Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
A. P. Keran, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE**; Terrace, Utah.
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER**; Rochester, N. Y.
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
Geo. Hartman, 122 State St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR**; Bowling Green, Ky.
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE**; Creston, Iowa.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE**; East Des Moines, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
P. Combs Secretary
J. Musgrove Financier
J. Clarey, Box 150 Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY**; Louisville, Ky.
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Secretary
H. Prout Broadway Hotel Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON**; Louisville, Ky.
J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store. Master
J. Fowlers, 1700 7th and Churchill St. Secretary
T. McGuire, 796 Dumesnell St. Financier
G. Buxe, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent

- 105. PROGRESS;** Galesburg, Ills.
T. E. Green, 941 S. Seminary St. . . . Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 . . . Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 . . . Financier
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 . . . Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY;** Dubuque, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1373 . . . Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. . . . Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between
Washington and Elm Sts. . . . Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE;** Gallon, Ohio.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. News . . . Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 233 . . . Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 190 . . . Financier
W. E. Armor, L. Box 33 . . . Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER;** Chama, New Mex.
W. Cline, Alamosa, Col. . . . Master
K. B. Rhelm . . . Secretary
J. C. McCabe . . . Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. . . . Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE;** St. Louis, Mo.
Meets alternate Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. Hackett, 3101 Caroline St. . . . Master
W. J. Pourcelle, 2718 Gamble Ave. . . . Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. . . . Financier
P. Molter, 705 Washington Ave. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD;** Bucyrus, Ohio.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig . . . Master
W. C. Bruce . . . Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 . . . Financier
J. E. Brown . . . Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON;** Mattoon, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 499 . . . Master
E. Sampson . . . Secretary
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 . . . Financier
L. Welsh, Box 295 . . . Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR;** Mt. Vernon, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 . . . Master
C. Joyce . . . Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 598 . . . Financier
A. D. Isom . . . Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL;** Eagle Rock, Idaho.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull . . . Master
G. H. Matland . . . Secretary
Wm. Hull . . . Financier
E. B. Nye . . . Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY;** Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 . . . Master
C. Madison, Box 625 . . . Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 . . . Financier
W. McGuire . . . Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY;** Galveston, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
38th and 37th Sts. . . . Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. . . . Secretary
J. L. Fraime, 218 West Ave. I . . . Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. . . . Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR;** Fort Gratiot, Mich.
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 . . . Master
E. G. Hibbard, Box 154 . . . Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 . . . Financier
F. Minard . . . Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER;** London, Ont.
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 384 South St. . . . Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Matland St. . . . Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road . . . Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST;** Richmond, Quebec.
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P.O. . . . Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P.O. . . . Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL;** River du Loup, Quebec.
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
R. Findley . . . Master
F. Gosselin . . . Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry. . . . Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry., River du
Loup Station . . . Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE;** Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197
Seymour St. . . . Master
F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St. Secretary
G. J. Walters, 146 Butternut St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 53 Otisco
St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP;** Corning, N. Y.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 . . . Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 . . . Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 . . . Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 . . . Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE;** Beardstown, Ill.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline . . . Master
S. A. Mayall . . . Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 . . . Financier
B. DeHaven, Box 190 . . . Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND;** Omaha, Neb.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, 608 13th St. . . . Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. . . . Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. . . . Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT;** Perry, Iowa.
H. A. Draper . . . Master
G. Gregg . . . Secretary
E. G. Fox . . . Financier
M. Maloy . . . Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE;** Marshalltown, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 . . . Master
G. S. Tubbs . . . Secretary
J. Burke . . . Financier
F. W. Snyder . . . Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET;** Austin, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks . . . Master
F. McWhorter . . . Secretary
P. M. Chambers . . . Financier
C. Gillece . . . Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT;** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. . . . Master
T. C. Grant, 206 Logan St. . . . Secretary
T. Gill . . . Financier
H. Lynes . . . Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK;** Glendive, Montana.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Flage, Box 55 . . . Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 . . . Secretary
S. Mangun . . . Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 . . . Mag. Agent

- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens, Box 208 Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
G. W. Parmeter Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 305 Jackson St. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 235 Hanover St. Financier
J. Buckley, 305 Jackson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. Murray Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
E. Murray, Box 83, S. Side Financier
C. H. Eastwood, Box 74, S. Side Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
Jno. Caulfield, Box 80 Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets every Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Mudden Secretary
John Nichols Financier
M. J. Black Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
F. B. Windlate Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry. Master
G. Campbell, Box 273 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry. Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
C. F. Strickland Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine, Wis. Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Braid, Care of Kraft Bros. Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
J. L. Brooks Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford Master
M. J. Ruland Secretary
W. J. Cox Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 81 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
H. Kelley, 115 Broadway St. Master
F. Williver, Cor. Dix and Western Ave. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower Sts. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 829 Wood st. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 491 Master
F. Mathison Secretary
James Norton Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton Master
Wm. Forbes Secretary
Daniel Denton Financier
H. N. Norton Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. D. Young, 196 Washington St. Master
P. Volts, 101 Houston Ave. Secretary
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. Financier
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114 Secretary
J. S. Ramsour Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
O. Gillen, 206 Newark St., Hoboken, N. J. Master
W. J. McCall, 29 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogal Call, 20 1/2 W. 40th St. Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
C. A. Witt, L. Box 142 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 12 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
Wm. Batnes, 40 Magill St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
John Ryeal, Box 94 Master
Don Dunlap, Box 94 Secretary
Don Dunlap, Box 94 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. A. Greenwood Secretary
G. K. Bates Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Reese Master
E. R. Dickson Secretary
Arthur Hill Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent



VOL. VII.

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NO. 6.

The Growth of the United States.

The Century.

Ninety years ago, the words United States designated a federal republic occupying seventeen degrees of latitude along the middle Atlantic coast of North America, and stretching westward to the Mississippi river from that entire ocean front, except that the St. Lawrence river and the Great Lakes formed its limit on the north. The tract thus bounded comprised about 820,000 square miles.

I have said that the republic occupied this vast extent of territory; but, indeed, it was only by its sovereignty that the republic could be said to occupy it entire. The population of 1790 was 3,929,214, being about 4.9 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of that date—about 1.3 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of to-day.

But this population was far from being spread uniformly over the vast surface offered for settlement to the citizens of the new nation. At a varying distance from the coast, a range of mountains, of what may be called the third-class, ran northeast and southwest through nearly the entire length of the country, shedding the waters from their eastern slope into the Atlantic, across plains which, extending from the north temperate to the semi-tropical zone, exhibited almost as wide diversities of character and climate, and of consequent adaptation to the uses of man, for habitation or cultivation, as those which exist between the shores of the Baltic and of the Mediterranean. Irregular as was the course of this mountain-chain, at some points much more closely approaching the coast than at others, it yet divided the then existing territory of the United States into two equal parts.

It was almost wholly on the Atlantic slope of the Appalachian range that the population of 1790 was found by the first census. About 125,000 adventurous pioneers, chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, had crossed the mountains and settled about the Licking, Kentucky, Salt and Green rivers in Kentucky, and in smaller numbers upon the Cumberland in Tennessee.

Of the area of the original thirteen States, only a little more than one-half was settled to an appreciable extent—but about 226,000 square miles being occupied by two or more inhabitants to the square mile, the region outside remaining destitute of all inhabitants or being visited only by the trapper or axman. Adding 14,000, sparsely populated, in the Ohio Valley, we have as the settled area of 1879, 240,000 square miles, with an average density of 16.4 inhabitants. This sum was divided almost equally between three classes: 83,000 had between 2 and 6 inhabitants; 83,000 between 6 and 18 inhabitants; 74,000 between 18 and 45 inhabitants to the square mile. Fifty-seven per cent. of the population resided upon 8 per cent. of the territory of the United States, which was 18 per cent. of the region east of the mountains. The region thus preferred for settlement extended southwestward from Portland, Maine, covering Concord (New Hampshire), Albany, Poughkeepsie, Harrisburgh, Harper's Ferry, Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville and Raleigh.

Outside of this lay an irregular tract of sparse settlement, covering the immediate coast of Maine, along its entire length, extending upward well toward the northern limits of New Hampshire and Vermont; holding close to Lake Champlain and the Hudson, in New York, ex-

cept as it ran out, in a narrow tongue, to include the central lakes of that State; crossing the Delaware almost coincident with the line of denser settlement, but spreading out to cover the southern half of Pennsylvania, then receding to follow in general the course of the Blue Ridge southward to the northeast coast of Georgia, where it ran down parallel to the Savannah river, and only the depth of a single county from it, till it reached the coast below the city of that name, whence it ran south to include four coast counties devoted to the rice culture, leaving all the rest of Georgia to those formidable Indian nations, the Creeks and Cherokees.

Six cities only, having a population of 8,000 or more, were in 1790 embraced within the limits described, comprising but one-thirtieth of the total population of the country, that is, having in the aggregate a population about equal to that of Newark to-day.

The occupations of the people were mainly agriculture and the fisheries, both pertaining to the so-called "extractive" industries. Throughout the northern half of the country the soil was cultivated by the mass of citizens, and the land was held in small tracts. The men who tilled the soil were not a peasantry. I will not say that they belonged to the same class—for there were no class distinctions known to the society of that day—but they were the same sort of men, without distinction, as those who filled the learned professions or held the offices of state. At the South, however, a widely different condition of things existed: the actual cultivators of the soil were slaves, of a subject and degraded race; the land was held in large estates, and a social aristocracy wielded great political power by virtue of wealth, birth and education.

With the surplus produce of agriculture and the fisheries, the United States of 1790 carried on a small foreign trade which supported the six little cities of that day. From Europe they obtained scanty supplies of manufactured goods; from the West Indies and the South American main-land came liberal stores of their characteristic products—coffee, sugar, rum and molasses; while tea, spices and dye-stuffs were brought from the East. Strange enough, among the exports in which these imports were paid, cotton does not figure. But a few thousand pounds of that staple, of which millions of bales now annually go abroad, are noted among the exports of 1790. It was not till three years later that Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin.

Let us move forward thirty years, and contemplate the United States as they were found by the fourth census. A vast accession of territory has taken place. The Mississippi is no longer our western boundary. The Pacific now beats against the shores of the republic for the length of four hundred miles. The acquisition of Louisiana, by Jefferson, has brought under the flag all the country, to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, whose streams empty into the Mississippi from the right, embracing the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, with a portion of Colorado, and the Territories of Wyoming, Dakota and Montana; while, whether as "contiguous unsettled territory" carried by the force of the same treaty, or as territory first explored and occupied by our citizens, the region beyond the Rocky Mountains, embracing the present State of Oregon and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, has been added to the public domain. And, to the south of the "Old Thirteen," Florida has been acquired from the Spaniard by the treaty of 1819, although formal possession has not yet been given, thus carrying the United States four degrees farther south, and bringing the flag almost within the tropics, missing it by but a single degree of latitude.

The area of the United States is now about two millions of square miles, nearly equaling the extent of European Russia. Vast as has been the accession of territory, the increase of population has fully kept pace with it. The inhabitants of the United States now number 9,633,822, of whom more than two millions occupy the region west of the Appalachians. Seven States of the Union send their representatives to Congress across the great Atlantic chain.

The 240,000 square miles of settled territory have grown to 509,000, of which nearly 40 per cent. is found beyond the mountains, or in the far southwest, upon the newly acquired territory. The frontier line now includes Ogdensburg, Buffalo and Erie, Toledo and Detroit, Columbus, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis (whence a narrow tongue of settlement runs out to Jefferson City), Paducah, Chattanooga and Huntsville. From the last point the frontier line bends sharply back to pass around the country of the Cherokees, and curves outward again to compass the eastern half of Georgia.

At the South, powerful Indian tribes—the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Seminoles—still withstand the

progress of settlement; but in the north-west the members of that race who between 1791 and 1814 had defied the growing power of the whites in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, have been crushed into submission or wholly destroyed. For a time, the Miamis, and afterward the Shawnees, dared to stand across the path of the republic. But the victories of Wayne and Harrison broke their strength, and reduced them to dependence and beggary.

The increase of population in the thirty years has been mainly devoted to the occupation of new territory, and the density of settlement within the occupied area is now but 18.9 to the square mile, against 16.4 in 1790. The six cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants at the earlier date have now become thirteen; but their aggregate population is still less than that of Chicago to-day. In 1820, one-twentieth only of the inhabitants of the United States resided in cities of the grade indicated.

The fact that the city population of the country has not increased more rapidly furnishes sufficient evidence, did we require it, that the occupations of the people and their social condition have not greatly changed in the thirty years since 1790. Agriculture still remains the predominant vocation, and is pursued in much the same spirit, and with much the same implements, as a generation before, except that, at the South, a Yankee school-master has invented a piece of apparatus by which millions of his countrymen are, through generations to come, to win their bread. "Cotton is king," crowned by Eli Whitney. Manufactures and foreign trade have had a troubled development; hurt and helped, helped and hurt, in turn, by embargo, non-intercourse, war and peace, till they stand on a most precarious footing.

The 9,500,000 of 1820 are even more homogeneous than the 4,000,000 of 1790, including possibly even a smaller absolute number, and certainly a much smaller proportion, of persons born in foreign lands than at the former date. The increase of population has been almost wholly out of the loins of our own people. No statistics of immigration exist prior to 1820, but it is not supposed that the accessions by foreign arrivals exceeded six or seven thousand a year for the whole of the thirty years' period then ending. An intermixture of foreign blood by the yearly addition of only one part in from five hundred to one thousand parts of the existing population could work no considerable effects.

Meanwhile the native population has

been undergoing processes of consolidation and assimilation, especially in the central States of the Atlantic tier. The mere lapse of time and common experience of life would have done much to weld together the descendants of Puritan and Cavalier, Quaker, Moravian, Huguenot, Dutchman and Swede into something like a distinct national type of physical and intellectual character; but this result has been hastened by increasing facilities of intercommunication, by an intensifying nationality, and by foreign war.

The habits of the people are still simple; wealth is still distributed in the hands of many, except at the South, where the land is held in great estates; luxury and state make a small appearance in the daily life of these still primitive communities. Even many years later, Mr. Webster could say of Massachusetts: "If there be a man in the State who maintains what is called an equipage, has servants in livery, or drives four horses in his coach, I am not acquainted with him."

When the seventh census was taken, in 1850, another vast expansion of territory had just been effected, under inspiration and impulse from the slave power of the South. By the annexation of Texas, in 1845, about 375,000 square miles of Mexican territory had been added to the United States. From this have since been set off extensive tracts, to form parts of New Mexico and Colorado, or to become public lands of the United States. Three years later, viz., in 1848, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 550,000 more square miles were obtained from the same source, as the fruit of successful buccaneering. Out of this acquisition have since been carved the States of California and Nevada, with a part of the State of Colorado, the Territories of Utah and Arizona, and a part of the Territory of New Mexico.

The area of the United States was thus brought nearly up to 3,000,000 square miles. The gains of population through these annexations had been but slight. All the new States and Territories were found, by the census of 1850, to have only about 375,000 inhabitants, of whom no small part had transferred themselves thither since the date of acquisition by the United States: into Texas, in order to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities which its fertile lands offered to slave labor, in comparison with the worn-out cotton fields of the older States; into California, in consequence of the discovery of gold made almost coincident

with the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which that State was at once raised to the rank of the largest gold-producing region of the world.

The population of 1850 was found to be 23,067,262, or about 7.7 to the square mile throughout our entire territory. Only about one-third of the domain of the United States, however, or something less than a million of square miles, contained any appreciable population, making the average density of settlement in the populated region, 23.7. Two-thirds of our then area was roamed over by Indians, or visited only by trappers, prospectors, or occasional mining, lumbering and fishing parties.

But while the Indian still roamed unrestrained over nearly the whole country west of the Missouri and north of Arkansas, the great confederations that so long withstood the settlement of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi had been carried bodily across many degrees of longitude and established in the region known as the Indian Territory, within which perpetual autonomy was guaranteed them by treaty. Scarcely had the trail of the savage been washed away by the first descending rain, when the whole country between the Altamaha and the Mississippi was covered with eager Georgians and Carolinians, who had long been withheld from invasion only by the stern inhibition of the Federal Government.

Of the populated area of 1850, only 36 per cent. lay within the limits of the thirteen original States; 51 per cent. was comprised within the group of States formed of Kentucky and Tennessee on the west, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan on the northwest, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama on the southwest, and Florida on the south; while in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas, the present Territories, and upon the Pacific slope, was found the remaining 13 per cent. of the settled area of this date. In the first section, however, nearly 70 per cent. of the settled area was populated to the extent of eighteen or more inhabitants to the square mile; while, in the second section, the proportion was but 30 per cent. and in the third section but 10.

The frontier line of settlement, toward the west, in 1850, was drawn from Green Bay irregularly across Wisconsin and Iowa to Council Bluffs; thence down the Missouri river to the boundary of the State of that name; thence, southward, the western limit of population was the western boundary of the States of Mis-

souri and Arkansas, till the course of the Red river was reached, whence the line of population ran out two or three degrees to the west, and then turned south and southwest, taking in Austin and San Antonio, emerging on the Gulf at Corpus Christi.

Beyond this frontier were isolated patches of settlement, upon the Great Plains, at Salt Lake City, and in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joachim, then the scene of astonishing activity in the mining of gold.

Perhaps no fact illustrates more strikingly the changes in social and industrial conditions which took place in the thirty years succeeding 1820, than the increase of the city population of the United States. The thirteen cities of 1820 with 8,000 or more inhabitants had, in 1850, become eighty-five, with an aggregate population of nearly 3,000,000. Instead of one-twentieth, one-eighth of the population resided in cities of this grade. For the first time, a city of 500,000 inhabitants appears.

The change in the social conditions of the United States, so strikingly exhibited in the growth of urban populations during the thirty years ending in 1850, is also shown in the statistics of industry and in the statistics of the occupations of the people, the latter class of facts having been, for the first time, collected in the seventh census.

The United States has become a great manufacturing and mining nation. By the force of the remarkable mechanical genius of our population, by virtue of the bounteous stores of raw materials at command, in the way of timber, fibers, ores, cheap food, and with a high degree of natural "protection" through the distance interposed between our markets and foreign nations, we have become, with how much of help or of hindrance from incoherent and often contradictory legislation it is not necessary to discuss here, predominantly an industrial and commercial, as distinguished from an agricultural, people. Less than one-half—only 44 per cent. indeed—of the persons of all ages and both sexes engaged in gainful occupations were in 1850 employed in agriculture—a proportion as small as this country is ever likely to reach. Only one year previously—viz., in 1849—80,000 persons had been suddenly transferred, from vocations of every name and character at the East, to work the newly discovered treasures of the precious metals on the extreme Pacific verge of the continent, while vast popu-

lations were engaged in developing the boundless wealth of coal and iron which underlie the whole extent of the great Appalachian chain.

With manufactures and growing trade, and the concentration of population into large cities, had come great changes in the manners of the American people. The power of fashion was vastly augmented, and the desire of pomp and luxury took a strong hold on the public mind. Increasing facility of communication with Europe accelerated these tendencies, which began to exert a marked influence upon the habits of our people respecting marriage and reproduction.

The access of foreign elements also began to be the occasion not only of social but of political disturbance. The census, for the first time, in 1850 gave exact information on several points respecting the constituents of the population. Then first was ascertained the number of persons residing in the United States who were of foreign birth. That number was found to be 2,225,000, or 9 per cent. of the total population, or 11 per cent. of the total white population—probably constituting, when we take into consideration the excess of males and of adults among immigrants, *not less than 28 per cent. of the adult white males* of that day, or more than one-quarter of the potential voting class. The concentration of the foreign elements in cities and large towns, together with the strong contrast existing as to race-characteristics and religious adherence between the majority of the new-comers and the great mass of the native population, made these elements almost the determining force in both local and national politics, and for a time the United States might, with very little of exaggeration, have been called New Ireland.

The latest thirty years' period of the history of the United States has witnessed no acquisition of territory which enters very importantly into an account of the national development. In 1853, Mexico ceded the country south of the River Gila, in New Mexico and Arizona, embracing a computed area of 45,000 square miles. This tract, which is known as the Gadsden Purchase, embraces the site of Tucson, and contains, besides the inhabitants of that frontier town, a few hundreds of prospectors and graziers.

In 1868, the United States purchased from Russia her possessions in North America, lying north of British America and extending to the Arctic ocean. This vast region, comprising a rudely computed area of 577,000 square miles, has not as

yet been given a political character of any sort. It remains in reality the Province, in name the District, of Alaska: its consul, the collector of customs at Sitka; its army and navy, a solitary revenue-cutter; its law, heaven knows what; its real masters and governors, a commercial company, having its offices at San Francisco. Its population is not, by the census law, made an integral part of that of the United States for any political purpose, although a very remarkable reconnaissance of the district has been made during the past two years by Mr. Ivan Petroff, a special agent of the census office, whose report, it is confidently expected, will constitute a magazine of valuable information respecting the social and industrial condition of the natives of Alaska, and respecting the geographical features and material resources of the country.

The period between 1850 and 1880 has been marked by the astonishingly rapid spread of population over the vast region brought under the flag of the United States by the purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, and the cessions from Mexico. The 980,000 square miles of territory occupied by settlements in 1850 have become 1,570,000. Of these, 384,820 have between 2 and 6 inhabitants to the square mile; 373,890 have between 6 and 18; 554,300 between 18 and 45; 232,010 between 45 and 90; while 24,550 have in excess of 90 inhabitants to the square mile. The population of the United States is now 50,155,783. The frontier line of settlement is, in general, the one hundredth degree of longitude as far north as the forty-second parallel of latitude, and, thence northward, the ninety-ninth and afterward the ninety-eighth degree.

The distribution of the population according to dominant topographical features may be thus stated: On the immediate Atlantic coast, north, 2,616,892; middle, 4,375,184; south, 875,387; on the Gulf coast, 1,055,851; in the hilly and mountainous region of the northeast, 1,669,226; in the mountainous region of the central Atlantic slope, 2,344,223; in the immediate region of the Lakes, 3,049,470; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 5,716,326; in the south central mountainous region, 3,695,085; in the Ohio Valley, 2,442,792; on the south interior table-lands and plateaus, 3,627,478; in the Mississippi belt, south, 710,268; north, 1,991,362; in the southwest central region, 2,932,807; in the central region, 5,401,246; in the prairie region, 5,722,485; in the Missouri river belt, 835,456; on the western plains, 323,819;

in the heavily timber region of the north-west, 1,122,337; in the Cordilleran region, 932,311; on the Pacific coast, 715,789.

Although the territory of the United States extends to the forty-ninth parallel, only one-tenth of the population is found north of the forty-third. But so dense is the settlement below this line that, by the time the forty-first parallel is reached, about one-third of the population has been covered; the next single degree extends the proportion nearly to one-half, while more than two-thirds lie north of the thirty-eighth parallel. Between the forty-third and the thirty-eighth dwell 29,500,000 of our people. In 1870, 52.8 per cent. of the population was east of the eighty-fourth meridian. In 1880, only 49.4 per cent. was so placed. Eighty-four per cent. of the population is found east of the ninety-first meridian; 97 per cent. east of the ninety-seventh meridian.

The compactness and evenness with which our people are arranged longitudinally cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that, from the seventy-fifth meridian to the ninety-ninth, the gain of population, during the last decade, on the territory between any two meridians, has been, in six cases, between 250,000 and 300,000; in seven cases, between 300,000 and 400,000; in seven cases, between 400,000 and 500,000; and in four cases between 500,000 and 600,000.

Of the population of the United States in 1880, 9,152,296 lived less than 100 feet above sea level; 10,776,284 at altitudes from 100 to 500 feet; a number almost equal to both the previous classes—viz., 19,024,320—between 1,000 and 1,500 feet; 1,878,715 between 1,500 and 2,000 feet, leaving but 1,500,000 on all the higher altitudes. Of the latter, nearly 100,000 live more than 7,000 feet above the sea. The gain since 1870 has been pretty uniformly distributed as between the lowest three hypsometric groups, while the population at the higher altitudes has been disproportionately increased.

The influence of temperature on the distribution of population is both direct and indirect: direct as it affects human propagation and the duration of life; indirect as it affects vegetation and the consequent possibilities of agriculture. About three-quarters of a million of the population was found, in 1880, in localities having a mean annual temperature either below 40° or above 70°. Between these extremes the population was ranged as follows:

Between 50° and 45°	3,488,226
Between 45° and 50°	15,022,030

Between 50° and 55°	15,783,958
Between 55° and 60°	6,649,287
Between 60° and 65°	5,180,823
Between 65° and 70°	3,283,261

It appears that the 46,000,000 of people living between 45° and 70°, mean annual temperature, are divided into three nearly equal groups: one-third living between 45° and 50°; one-third between 50° and 55°; and one-third between 55° and 70°.

The position of the United States, with reference to rainfall, may be expressed broadly as follows: 8,000,000 live where the annual precipitation is less than 35 inches; 34,000,000 where the precipitation is between 35 and 50 inches; 8,000,000 where it is in excess of 50 inches. The 34,000,000 spoken of are almost equally divided between the three hygro-metric groups, having severally 35 to 40, 40 to 45 and 45 to 50 inches of rain and melted snow per annum.

The foreign elements of our population have varied widely since 1850. At that time foreigners constituted 9.5 per cent. of the total population; they now constitute 13.3 per cent. Of the foreign residents of 1850, 43.5 per cent. were Irish; 26.4, Germans; 13.9, English and Welsh; 6.7, British Americans; while the Scandinavians formed less than 1 per cent. Since that time, the proportion of Irish to the other foreign elements has steadily declined. Of the arrivals in the ten years ending in 1850, the Germans were but 25 per cent.; of those in the ten years ending in 1860, they were 37 per cent. Between 1860 and 1870, other foreign elements began to assume importance through the fast increasing immigration of Swedes and Norwegians across the ocean, and of Canadians across our northern border. We have seen that the Irish of 1850 constituted 43.5 per cent. of the total foreign population. In 1860, this proportion had fallen to 38.9, and in 1870, still further, to 33.3. Although the statistics of nationality at the census of 1880 are not yet published, it is not probable that the Irish to-day constitute more than 27 per cent. of the foreign population of the country.

To-day, the number of foreigners living among us is a little over 6,500,000, while the members of the colored race reach almost the same number. Speaking roundly, then, the following is the table of our population:

Whole number	50,000,000
Foreigners	6,500,000
Total native-born	43,500,000
Colored	6,500,000

Total native-born whites 37,000,000

The location of the colored and the

foreign elements of our population, as shown by the census, is, in a high degree, complimentary. In general, where the one element is largely found, the other is absent. Within each two successive parallels, from the forty-ninth degree of latitude down to the forty-second, the foreign element comprises between 21 and 40 per cent. of the total population, while the colored element is practically wanting. On the other hand, from the thirty-seventh down to the thirty-first, the colored element comprises between 26 and 50 per cent. of the total population between each two successive parallels, while the foreign element never reaches 2 per cent. South of the thirtieth parallel, however, a phenomenon of a contradictory character appears, foreigners and negroes both becoming important constituents of the population within the same belt. This is due to the peculiar conditions of the settlement of Texas, a former slave State, yet the subject of a large ante-bellum German immigration, and, since the war, a favorite objective point for intending settlers.

Owing to the fact that, while the sixty-seventh degree of longitude touches the eastern border of the United States, none of the former slave States extend further to the east than the seventy-fifth degree, the proportion of the colored element does not become considerable until that meridian is reached, although from the very north-east corner of the country the foreign element makes a conspicuous appearance. Beginning with the seventy-sixth degree, however, the longitudinal layers of the colored population are remarkable for regularity. For the sixteen degrees westward from this meridian, comprising, in all, ten-elevenths of the colored population, the number of that race between any two successive degrees never sinks below 242,000, or rises above 469,000. In two cases the number is below 300,000; in nine, between 300,000 and 350,000; in two, between 350,000 and 400,000; in three, above 400,000.

The longitudinal arrangement of the foreign population is much less regular. Thirty-six per cent. of all the foreigners in the country are found in a solid body, below the seventy-first and seventy-sixth meridians. Eastward of the former and westward of the latter line, the foreign population is spread out more widely than the colored, reaching further toward "the setting sun," the occurrence of large bodies being somewhat eccentric.

Having reference to the dominant topographical features of the country, we find

that 93 per cent. of the colored population resides within the following regions: Middle Atlantic coast, 517,207; south Atlantic coast, 485,439; Gulf coast, 448,090; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 722,129; in the mountainous regions of the south central district, 432,318; on the southern interior table-lands and plateaus, 1,973,073; in the South Mississippi river belt, 458,004; in the south-west central region, 637,816; in the central district, 410,880.

On the other hand, we find the foreign population much more liberally distributed, being represented fully in all the topographical divisions which were mentioned in connection with the aggregate population, except in the South.

For moisture in the atmosphere, the colored population show an abnormal apathy. We have seen that but 16 per cent. of the aggregate population is placed where the rainfall exceeds 50 inches a year. Of the colored race, however, not less than 55 per cent. occupy these regions. Scarcely more than 2 per cent. of the foreigners are found there. Ninety per cent. of the foreigners live in districts having between 30 and 50 inches of rain and melted snow, annually.

The aptitude of the colored race for the lower elevations is very strikingly shown by a comparison with the foreign element of the population in this respect, it being borne in mind that the actual numbers of the two elements differ only by 100,000.

Feet above sea level.	Colored.	Foreign.
0 to 100	1,466,233	1,891,247
100 to 500	2,858,884	942,196
500 to 1000	1,704,158	2,469,816
1000 to 1500	354,013	934,178
Above 1500	97,525	442,506

The normal proportion of the sexes, by which females should be very slightly in excess, has been greatly disturbed within the United States, as a whole, by immigration from Europe and Asia, males largely preponderating among the arrivals from the former continent, and forming substantially the whole of the Asiatic element received at the Pacific ports; while, as between the States, the normal proportions, both of the two sexes and of the various ages of life, have been even more largely disturbed by the westward migration of the native population, in which those who are best fitted to bear the hardships and privations of frontier life go forward to build up new States, leaving women and children behind.

Throughout all the States of the Atlantic coast, and in Alabama and Louisiana among the Gulf States, females are

in excess. Everywhere else males exceed females; in the newer States in a large degree—which becomes extravagant when we reach the mining and grazing States and Territories, in some of which the males form two-thirds and more of the population. The total number of males is 25,518,820; of females, 24,636,963.

The growth of the urban population during the last of the thirty-year periods of our history under the Constitution has been most remarkable. The 85 cities with 8,000 or more inhabitants of 1850 have become 285, with an aggregate population of 11,308,726, which is not less than 22.5 per cent. of the total population of the country.

Of these cities, 109 contain between 8,000 and 12,000; 76 between 12,000 and 20,000; 55 between 20,000 and 40,000; 21 between 40,000 and 75,000; 9 between 75,000 and 125,000; 7 between 125,000 and 250,000; 4 between 250,000 and 500,000; while 4 exceed 500,000, one rising nearly to 1,250,000. Were the enumeration to be carried down to bodies of population exceeding 4,000, irrespective of municipal organization, the number of cities of this grade would reach 578, and the aggregate urban population would approach 13,000,000, being more than one-fourth the inhabitants of the United States.

It is not necessary to descant here upon the significance of this rapid growth of urban population. The social and industrial developments of the last thirty years have been all in the directions which are pointed out when writing of the population of 1850, but the new forces have now attained something like a uniform and calculable rate of working. The most marked single features have been the reduction of the marrying class; the procrastination of marriage within that class, and the close restraint put upon reproduction within the married state among the native population of the north-eastern part of the country, and in the cities of the West. It is only among the foreigners of the East, among the residents of the prairies of the West, and among the Southern people generally, that the old-fashioned birth-rate is maintained.

One other social and industrial change is at once so important and so highly susceptible of statistical proof that it deserves to be mentioned here. This is the influence of the abolition of slavery, and impoverishment of the old land-holding class at the South, as the result of the war of secession.

The following table shows the number of farms in each of eight late slave States,

in comparison with the corresponding numbers in 1850, 1860, and 1870:

No. of farms.	1850.	1870.	1860.	1850.
Alabama	135,864	67,382	55,128	41,984
Arkansas	94,483	49,424	39,004	17,758
Florida	23,488	10,241	6,568	4,304
Georgia	138,628	60,956	62,003	51,759
Louisiana	40,292	28,481	17,328	13,422
Mississippi	101,772	68,023	48,240	33,960
N. Carolina	157,069	93,505	75,203	50,963
S. Carolina	93,864	51,889	33,171	29,967

The industrial, social, and, it is fair to say, also, political consequences of this subdivision of landed property at the South cannot fail to reach far and profoundly affect the future of this section, and, indeed, of the republic.

On Duty.

Church and Home.

I was in the W. N. and R. R. R. office on a little matter of business, when a man came in and asked for a situation as engineer. His papers were satisfactory; he was a good-looking man, and the clerk might, perhaps, have given him some encouragement had not the superintendent been present. He looked up from his conversation with me, and asked pleasantly:—

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink?"

"Not on duty, sir."

"Do you play cards?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"On duty?"

"I have done such a thing, but not often. It is not my habit."

"You won't do for the W. N. R. I am sorry," he said, as the man's face clouded with disappointment, "but I am trying to ennoble the calling of a locomotive engineer by having only good, reliable, safe men in the business; men to whom we may trust our property, our lives, and our loved ones with impunity. I like your looks, my man, and will give you a job when you can say honestly that you belong to that class."

"You are quite right, sir, said the man, touching his cap as he went out, "but you will find it easier to bring up your new men in the right way than to reform your old ones."

"I feel deeply upon this subject," said the superintendent, turning again to me; "all the more deeply for the reason that I once was a locomotive engineer myself, and fully realize all the pressure they are under which tempts them to fall into the smoking, drinking, card-playing habits that are too often the primary causes of the dreadful accidents that so often shock

the community. I was a poor orphan boy, only a child, indeed, when I began helping old 'Pat,' the watchman, about wiping the freight engines up at the Woolwich terminus. I was a natural machinist, and the railroad men all amused themselves by teaching me the principles of mechanics, which I caught at so quickly, and grew so self-sufficient over, that I soon received the nick-name of the 'Old Man,' as the master mechanic on nearly every railroad is dubbed by the help. As soon as I was strong enough I was given a situation as fireman, and not very long afterwards the company, for some reason, running short of engineers, I was sent out with a local freight. I did so well that they kept me right along on that train for some months, changing me then to an express freight, with a new first-class engine. I was delighted at my promotion, and supposed I was just as good an engineer as there was in the business, not realizing that I lacked judgment, or that I had no idea of the responsibility of my position, and fully enjoying the reputation which I soon earned of being the most reckless engineer on the road. It was my great delight to cut all sorts of capers to raise a laugh. I talked to my engine as if it was a horse, and the boys used to say, 'The Star knows Fred, and does whatever he tells her, whether he touches the lever or not.' At a certain point on our road there was a long, heavy grade, over which we were obliged to labor along at a pace that was a great trial to me, until I took up the plan of calling the train men into the cab, and playing euchre to while away the time. One day we had been drinking considerable before we started out, and I had been boasting of my power over the 'Star.' We were loaded unusually heavy with pig iron, and as I put the steam on I said:

"This, with a little encouragement in the way of coal from Jake, the fireman, will carry us to the top of the hill, and when we pitch over the summit I shall not have to shut off. I have trained her so now she will obey my voice without raising a puff of objection. 'It is your deal, Tommy,' I went on to my conductor, who was my partner; 'play your best now;' and I talked to him and encouraged the Star, in an absurd way, that kept the men in a continual roar of laughter.

"We stood about the cab, holding our cards slipped between our fingers, as I have only seen railroad men hold them, and instead of playing by throwing them upon a flat surface, we reached up and

tucked the edges under a spring bracket that was screwed to the side of the cab to hold the running cord, thus preventing any probability of their being jostled out of place. Jake, the fireman, had the counters tucked under the band of his greasy felt hat, and not being in the game kept tally for both sides. Playing euchre under difficulties, you will say, but all the difficulties only increase the excitement of the game. I was playing a lone hand when we reached the top of the grade. The men were all engaged in the game, and none of us realized where we were until the last card was played. Then after a shout of merriment over my pretended discomfiture at being euchered, we came to a realizing sense that the momentum of the train had considerably increased.

"We are over the summit," shouted the conductor.

"And one of the brakemen cried:

"Speak to the Star, Fred; just sing out to her and she will slow up."

"And I was just reckless enough to keep up the fun, by striking an attitude and shouting, 'Whoa! whoa!' in a way that made the men, for the moment helpless with laughter. It was only for a moment, however, and then they all took in the situation. Fun was forgotten, and they rushed to their places like true men, as they were in reality, only having got in the way of thinking that all the fun and merriment they could crowd into each trip was clear gain, they went beyond bounds sometimes.

"The grade that we had just started upon was a very heavy one; we never used any steam in going down it, and had to hold the train by the brakes.

"As the conductor seized the forward brake I saw that it was broken. Not until I had whistled for brakes, shut off the steam, and satisfied myself that every brake was set, did I admit even to myself that the train was out from under my control. It was a long grade, but it seemed to me now that it was endless. The rate of speed at which we were going was simply frightful, and increasing every moment. I looked back at the men and saw them lying flat on top of the cars, clinging to the running board for safety.

"I am going to jump," shouted my fireman in my ear, and looking into his face, I saw it as white as a dead man's through the grim.

"Stick to the ship," I shouted back; and although he was twice my size, seized him by the shoulders and set him down upon his box. He said afterwards there

was such a look in my eyes he dared not move.

"I pulled open the whistle, fastened it back, and on we plunged through forests, over bridges, the engine whistling like a mad creature. The iron with which the platform cars were loaded was hurled in every direction.

"Once or twice as we rounded the curves, the velocity with which we were running was such that the great locomotive ran upon one rail for some distance, and it seemed that it must lose its equilibrium; but it righted itself again, and went howling on.

"It appeared to me that I lived hours in those few minutes. The responsibility of my course as an engineer, came up to me with overwhelming force. In imagination I looked back at the brakemen and saw them crushed, mangled, and dead. I saw their weeping wives and children, and felt that I was alone to blame for their misery. I saw that life was something besides the burlesque I made of it, and for the first time realized that I made my own position in it.

"We were going into the Roaring River Junction ahead of time. I knew we made a close connection there, and it was ten chances to one if we found the main track clear and the switches all right. But they heard us coming quite a long distance off. It was one of those days when the density of the atmosphere is such that every sound can be heard much further than usual.

"The yard men at once divined the situation. They said afterwards that my alarm whistle sounded like a cry of despair, and the roar of the car wheels was like the noise made by a buzz saw. We flew through the yard past the station, and out upon the straight track, right side up, after having faced death fair and square for seven miles.

"I never expect to see a whiter-faced group of men than came forward into the cab when we reached the terminus, which was six miles further on. I did not wait to be discharged, but went directly to the office, told my story, and asked for what money was due me.

"'No one was to blame but me,' I said, 'and this would not have happened but for the cards, and,' I paused a moment, 'we should not have been playing euchre on duty had we not been drinking first;' and I remember now we were about to fill and light our pipes all around when some one noticed that we were over the hill. So I see, tobacco comes to mind before duty; and I will never drink nor

smoke, nor play at cards again, nor run another locomotive until I have the stability of character that makes me fit for it.

"I went out of the shop, and getting into a mail stage that stood by the depot, rode away off to the hills, where I hired out to a farmer.

"The natural love for machinery kept my mind employed, and I soon got up a cut-off, which I had patented. In riding to see how it worked I got to running again. The patent brought me some money, and in time I was promoted to be assistant master mechanic, then to master mechanic, where I took my old title of 'Old Man,' by good right; and now I am general superintendent. I keep my eye upon my men, especially upon the engineers. We have very few accidents, and I attribute the fact mainly to the steady, reliable men that we have upon the foot-boards."

The Character of True Eloquence.

Daniel Webster.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It must exist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, natural force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. These words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object, this is eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action.

A FIREMAN'S FAITH.

Y'er don't believe in Providence or notions
o' that kind?
No more did I a month ago, but now I go it
blind.

Y'er see, I seen that sermon then, I seen it
acted out—
That proves He watches o'er His own beyond
a single doubt.

Ye know I ran the engine that day Jim
Brown's great soul
Broke through the rough outside o' his'n, all
grim with dirt and coal.
We wound along the mountain curve, and
looked along the line;
The track seemed clear, we whizzed along,
the engine working fine.

When suddenly Jim shouted, with sterrin'
eyes so wild,
"Good God! the brakes! reverse! reverse!
We'er running down a child!"
One look outside, "I'll not forget until my
dyin' day!"
There sat upon them iron rails a little kid at
play!

With hands stretched up above her head she
looked, Bob, I declare,
As if her soul was talking like with God!
they call it prayer.
I threw the lever over, but Bob, my heart
stood still
While nerve and muscle did the work with a
right hearty will.

So, with one look to heaven, he sprang atween
the child and death!
The engine struck him—passed—slacked up;
I gasped to get a breath,
I backed her to the spot ag'in, Bob, it's the
truth I tell—
There knelt Jim Brown aside the child, and
both alive and well.

I sprung 'long side, he clutched my arm and
pulled me to the sod,
His voice was husky, but 'twas firm, "*Bill
'twas the hand of God!*"
And since that day I cry "down-brakes" on
every sin, and see
God in all goodness that sticks out in frail
humanity.

Before I Die.

Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Mary Cadwell Fisher, the wife of
Judge Fisher, of New York, left that
town on Saturday, July 4, 1863, for Get-
tysburg, to succor the wounded, of whom
20,000 had been left within sight of
Round Top. After nearly twenty years
have passed Mrs. Fisher recalls a scene
that was deeply impressed upon her
mind during the week spent among the
sufferers of Gettysburg.

One beautiful evening, after a long
day's hard work, one of my boys came to
me and said: "There is a 'little chap'
out there who heard there was a woman
from his home, and he wants to see you."
I found him at the furthest extremity of
the hospital, with a half dozen other

hopeless cases. He was a lovely boy,
scarcely more than a child, who had run
away from his home in Providence, R. I.,
to join the "drum corps." He was a
brave boy and a great pet among the sol-
diers, who nursed him as tenderly as
possible, but could poorly supply a
mother's loving care. How he longed
for one more look at her dear face, and
once again to hear her sweet words of
love! He was so frail and slight it was
a marvel how he could have endured the
fatigue and privation so long. He was
not disfigured by wounds, but constant
marches, insufficient food and often
sleepless nights had exhausted his
strength, and he had not vitality to resist
the sharp attack of fever. He was per-
fectly conscious, but too weak to say
much.

I asked the poor child what I could do
for him. "Oh, I want my mother!" I
sat down on the ground, and taking him
in my arms, tried to comfort him. He
turned his face to me, saying, "I am so
tired," laid his head against me and ap-
peared to sleep. The last rays of the sun
touched the lovely features of the dying
boy. The long-drawn shadows vanished
in the gathering darkness. Silence, un-
broken save by the plaintive moan of
some poor victim, succeeded the hum of
the busy day. The pitying dew shed a
balm upon his brow. Fainter and fainter
grew the breath, and more feeble the
clasp of the little hand, when suddenly
rousing he opened his eyes, glazed in
death, and looking long and earnestly in
my face, said: "Kiss me, lady, before I
die!" Clinging still closer to the stran-
ger, who could faintly represent the fond
mother's tenderness he so eagerly craved,
he dropped his heavy lids and slept away
his brief life as peacefully as a child goes
to sleep in its mother's arms. I gently
laid the lifeless form on the hard earth,
and left him to a soldier's burial and a
nameless grave. Poor fellow, what an
atom he seemed to be in all that mass of
wretched, suffering, dying humanity!
Yet he was all the world to the heart of
that mother who wept and prayed for her
darling's safe return to the distant home
that never again would echo his boyish
step or ringing laugh.

"WHAT is the first thing to be done in
case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns.
"Sue the insurance company," promptly
answered the boy at the foot of the class,
whose father had been burned out once
or twice.

Girls Who Wear Bangs.

Kansas City Times.

Bangs on a girl give her an unruly look, like a cow with a board over her face. You take the gentlest cow in the world and put a board over her face, and turn her out in a pasture and she gets the reputation of being unruly, and you would swear she would jump fences and raise merry Hades, and you wouldn't give so much for her by \$10 only for feed. It is so with a girl. If she wears her hair high on her forehead, or brushed back, or even has frizzes, and has a good look, you will go your bottom dollar on her, and feel that she is as good as gold, and that when she tells her young man that she loves him there is no discount on it, and no giggling back; but take the same girl, with her front hair banged, and when she looks at you you feel just as though she would hook, and you can't trust her. She has a fence-jumping look that makes a young man feel as though he wouldn't feel safe unless she was tied hand and foot, so she couldn't get out of the pasture.

A girl with bangs may try to be good and true, but it's awful hard work. When she looks at herself in the glass and sees the quarter of an inch of forehead, she says to herself: "I am dangerous; they want to look out for me." She thinks she is all right, but she is constantly doing that which a girl who wears her hair brushed back would not think of doing. The bang girl may belong to church, and may try to put on a pious look while the hymn is being read, but she will look out from behind these bangs sidewise at some meek and lowly young Christian who is trying to get his mind fixed on the hymn, and he will get his mind fixed on her, and it will break him all up, and he won't know whether he is singing "A Charge to Keep I Have" or "She's a Daisy." The bang girl may place her bangs down on the back of the pew ahead of her during the morning prayer, and try to be good, but her corset will be too tight, and as she hitches around to escape the pain one eye will rise like the morning sun over the back of the pew, and that eye will catch the eye of a young man two seats to the right, who is trying to cover his face with one hand while he tries to keep the flies off the pomade on his hair with the other, and his interest in the prayer is knocked into a cocked hat.

The banging of a girl's hair changes the whole nature of the little wretch, and she becomes as a gun that is loaded. You

take a picture of Evangeline and bang her hair, and she would look as though she would "run at" people. How would Mrs. Van Cott, the alleged female preacher, look with her hair banged. It is just the same with boys. You take a nice, pious Sunday-school boy who can repeat 300 verses of the New Testament, and cut his hair with a clipper, and he looks like Tug Wilson.

About Marriage.

Louise Chandler Moulton published her fourth and last essay on Marriage in the Continent of last week. One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, silly girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to please of her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when, at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning! "We have just so much money to spend this summer. How shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride, not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling proved nothing to be despised, though hitherto she had fed upon roses, and lain among the lilies of life." I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—where Venus has wedded Vulcan, because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifice for the general good. Try her, young man, and you will see.

AN exchange contains an article on "Women who Die Early." Those who light the fire with kerosene in the morning are apt to die early.



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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
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The Model Railroad President.

We hear much about great men. It is gratifying to know there are some such in the country. They cannot hide their virtues, so the state necessarily reaps some of their benefits. But all called great are not so. They tell us this or that man is great, and we accept the popular opinion, but how often have we been disappointed upon a close approach to him. He does not fill our ideal. He is essentially lacking in something. In reality there is not so much difference in men as many people imagine. The same incentives, accidents and opportunities, missing one and bearing another forward, often separate men of equal capacity, making one great in the estimation of the world and leaving the other in obscurity. But such fortuity never affects real greatness. That is fixed in the man. It may have been born in him, or he may have acquired it. It is something all must approve and none can condemn. That is genuine human greatness. It is without disguises. It is truth in a material form.

Justice is the crowning virtue of all greatness. We hold it above every other thing. It renders the State noble, society pure, the citizen a perfect man. Injustice shakes the earth with revolution, tears the social fabric into shreds, and makes

mankind despicable. Our Brotherhood is deeply interested in this question. Our vocation is one of constant responsibility and never ending peril. It depends upon the thorough organization and a wise administration of a great system. Its parts must all be kept in order. The mind that sets it in motion and keeps it in action, should be discerning, temperate and just. Such are our notions of the needed qualities in the character of a model railroad President. We have one here among us. He is an honor to the State—a noble example of power utilized in behalf of humanity. We want our readers to have an accurate knowledge of some of the leading points of his history and character.

William R. McKeen was born in Vigo County, Indiana, October 12, 1829. This makes him nearly fifty-four years of age. His father was one of the pioneers of the State. His mother's maiden name was Paddock. She was a marked woman—modest, kind and just. The subject of our sketch drew largely from his mother, as all our best men do. Mr. McKeen was once a student in Asbury University—though he did not take his degree. For a while, in 1846, he was an assistant in the County Clerk's office of Vigo County, and in 1848 accepted a place as book-keeper in the State Bank of Indiana. He soon became its cashier, but in 1855, with Ralph Tousey, he opened a private banking house. "McKeen's Bank" is still one of the institutions of Terre Haute. Its integrity has never been questioned. In 1867 he was elected President of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad Company, a position he has filled ever since. During his control the line has been extended to St. Louis. It is one of the completest railroads in the country—and in every sense the most popular.

We know of no railroad management anywhere just like it. It is first-class, harmonious and complete in all its parts. Mr. McKeen is absolutely adored by his men. No General ever rode in front of

his columns with a more enthusiastic and loyal following. The reason is clear—he is a just man and his employees all know it. He listens with patience and attention to all their grievances. The humblest among them is heard with the same courtesy, the same kindness and consideration that he bestows upon those of the highest official standing. In his presence all men stand truly equal—whether they be rich or poor, high or low in rank or position, they are sure to receive justice at his hands.

Sometimes this Railroad Company has found it necessary to reduce salaries. It has been done without a murmur. The men have said it was necessary, or it would not have been done. Without demand or notice the old salaries have been restored again. Thus the prosperity of the men has been kept abreast with the success of the road. Such a policy as that will forever prevent discontent.

Old Time Prejudice.

When our railroad system was in its infancy, it was exceedingly loose-jointed in many ways. The very best minds in the management were often vexed and bewildered beyond measure. Railroads at first were chiefly built on local subsidies. Extravagant promises were made to counties and individuals to secure stock subscriptions, and when obtained the builders generally finished with money negotiated by Trust Companies and secured by bonds. Then came default in payment of interest, foreclosure, sale and purchase by parties who knew little and cared less for local interests. In this way the friendship of the people was changed to bitterest prejudice. The law-making power was evoked to hamper railroad property in every conceivable way. Railroad Commissioners were created and every method of hounding the railroads fully inaugurated. And so railroad investments, especially all local investments, were regarded with suspicion. It brought on a war between capitalists and organ-

ized counties, and in some instances whole States became involved. Such were some of the embarrassments in our early railroad development. In addition to these, the operation of the roads themselves, even after their construction, was but poorly understood. It was a long time before a complete accounting system could be provided. There seemed, at first, to be no way to stop the leaks. The smaller roads, one after another, soon perished, and consolidations followed. This unsettled state of things pervaded every department. The train men, engineers and firemen, among others, did pretty much as they pleased. There was no such thing, in many instances, as telegraphic orders, so the movement of trains was governed almost entirely by the arbitrary rules furnished in the time tables. Once behind, they must wait for time. There were none to tell them how they could make it up when lost. Accidents were multiplied, and the destruction of property was very great. General Superintendents and their men were constantly at war with each other. The whole system seemed to rest on bad faith and insubordination took the place of authority. This state of things held sway many years. After numerous experiments, and as many failures, the management of the most competent men in the country was brought into requisition. At first these movements were cautious and slow, but always forward. Organization soon began to take the place of anarchy. Comptrollers were put into position and auditing departments organized. This enabled the management every day to see just where they stood. Superintendents took heart, the men began to feel the force of discipline, and railroads generally reared their structures on stable foundations.

Prosperity once inaugurated, the managers began to contrive for larger profits and more extended power. No one of the roads could accomplish this thing alone—competition was in the way of it.

Associations were accordingly formed and pools established. The excuse assigned was self-protection. This all seemed well enough. There was no law against it, and being inside its limits the legal justification of their conduct was freely conceded. But some of these managers wanted the thing to stop here. They desired to make a monopoly of self-protection. They now had control of rates, the next thing was to govern the labor element in operating expenses. The wisest among them soon regarded the attempt impracticable and abandoned it. The illiberal and foolish persisted. The employees, imitating the operators, formed organizations. They, too, did it for self-protection. They entered into the bonds of organized co-operation. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, among others, was instituted. There were many reasons for it. Locomotive Firemen are chiefly young men, away from the endearments of home, and need care and sympathy. The courts had held, quite generally, that employes could not recover against corporations for personal injuries. The risk of their work was great, and accidents were certain. The Brotherhood provided for this. Nothing could have been more humane. The organization guarded them against the arbitrary sway of greed. Its members well understood they were a necessary part of the railroad system, and that the value of their labor should go hand in hand with the prosperity of their employers. That was right, and based upon the soundest principles of political economy.

Strikes have sometimes taken place, and there is still a fossilized class of railroad managers who say they are the certain adjuncts of Brotherhood. Some of them will not employ our members. This is very short-sighted. Our Brotherhood prevents strikes. It inculcates sobriety and obedience. No railroad management can stand on any other foundation. A sober, just man is not likely to strike, if justice is meted out to him. All strikes

are easily explained, and as easily adjusted. Let common justice be done all along the line and strikes will be unknown.

The Approaching Elections.

It will soon be time to elect our Lodge Officers and Delegates to the National Convention. This is essentially important to us all. The Master of the Lodge is a great factor in our success. He should be chosen with sole reference to his capabilities to fill the place. All personal partiality should be wholly ignored in his selection. Let us choose our wisest man in every Lodge. He should be conscientious, impartial and fearless. Then every Lodge will be safely and profitably administered. The Financier and MAGAZINE Agent are next to the Master in importance. Too much solicitude cannot be felt in their choice. Elect men fit for the place. The Financier should not only be honest, but vigilant. His books neatly and accurately kept, should always be ready for inspection. That will ward off the suspicion, so often the source of discord. The MAGAZINE Agent should be intelligent and zealous. He should be a man with a reason, always at command, for the fraternal support of our literature. The Delegate to the National Convention should be selected with careful regard to his fitness, intellectually and morally, to cope with the best talent in our Brotherhood. The Lodges generally will send their ablest men to the National Convention. Electioneering should be discouraged in these selections. Every brother in each of the Lodges knows who his best men are for these positions, and he should be left free to vote for them.

A SECRET.

Youth's Companion.

"Kiss me, papa! she always cried
As she let me out or in,
"You know the place where the kisses hide—
Under my dimple chin!"

"Your little p'ace, papa, only yours,
And nobody else's too!
If they t'les to get it, I wun out doors
And keep it just for you."

Contributors' Column

Written for *Firemen's Magazine*.

The Recent Flood and Its Lessons.

BY HENRY C. LORD.

II.

This paper is written some days after my former one, and in which I invited my readers to go with me to the city of Cincinnati.

As one, however, could only go in skiffs, or upon rafts, or by a wearying tramp over the hills, I concluded to postpone the trip, especially as my main object is to detect a lesson and illustrate it for a purpose.

In this paper I propose to refer briefly to the effects of a swollen river upon the business and personal comfort of a great city and that city itself and some of its conceited and wayward tendencies. Reproof deserved is much better than praise not earned, especially when self-praise.

I am glad to write for your journal, for it is read all over the country by a class of laboring men, most of whom have never seen Cincinnati, but have read and heard much about it through the medium of the press. Cincinnati has always been a peculiar admirer of herself, and like a handsome girl, or even a homely one, is always going to the mirror to see her reflected image.

My object is certainly not to disparage the city or any dweller therein, but to illustrate certain principles hinted at in a former letter, and fortify my argument by occasional references to the now subsiding flood and its natural effect in developing not only individual but corporate and social character and the tendencies of this age. Therefore, the writer simply takes the flood and his adopted city as his text, and then will wander at his own caprice away from it, just as modern preachers do in their sermons and often without much reference to connected argument. I shall indulge in slight narrative, stating some facts and drawing conclusions therefrom, which my readers will accept or discard according to their individual knowledge, the want of it or their conceit and vanity.

To begin, Cincinnati is the home of a great bundle of incongruities, and thus in a measure resembles New York, Boston and Chicago, but not so much self-

trained Baltimore, whose population and methods have always been more homogeneous, and, therefore, consistent. New York has always been designated as the metropolis of the country, and properly so, because of her being the treasury of vast national, inter-national and individual wealth, the starting as well as the delivering point of a mighty commerce, inland, overland and upon and over every sea. Her great and beautiful harbor would afford anchorage for the vast fleet of the Carthage of antiquity, which could both transport and convoy at short warning an army of over two hundred thousand men across the sea which separates Africa from Europe. Again, New York is the bank of deposit for the whole country, and that whether it be of money, exchange, bullion, the cereals and everything consumed by the appetite, the greed, the fashion and all the varied necessities, as well as caprices of a world. Nearly every railway bond in the country, coupons on state, county, municipal and even those attached to what are known as graveyard securities are payable there. Thus it is, allegorically speaking, a vast cemetery of disappointed speculation and personal ambition, as well as the abode of great energy accumulating wealth, an infinite variety of luxuries and often disordered brains and extravagance. But it is a wonderful center of capital and its distribution. She may come to her crisis by and by, but no matter now about this question. History has a way, however, of repeating the same story over and over again, and human nature is as it was when, according to the assumed facts of Scripture or the dreams of former races, the great cities of Egypt and the whole Orient were shorn of their beauty and are lost, just as truly as the twelve tribes of Israel, once a compact and universal power, now a people without a country, a race without a nation or any prospect of one. They cannot buy one and they cannot find a new one. Nations may be conquered by courage and steel, but they are not bought with gold, shekels or promises to pay. "They are scattered." That is the whole story. A race once dispersed never aggregates and concentrates a second time, or all history is a lie, the story of Babel a fiction, as well as the instructions afforded by a study of human nature in all its manifestations.

Now a few words about Baltimore. She is called monumental, and deservedly so, but I am not so much referring to her actual productions of art, sculpture

and mechanism as to her self-made stature and enforced recognition as a great mart of commerce, interchanges of every branch and products of industry. It is a city of perfect financial credit, with a system of railway management, so far as its great trunk line is concerned, and its corresponding and connected lines of international commerce, supported and pushed forward for the benefit of owners, and not officers, gamblers and speculators. It is one of the achievements of capital and integrity walking arm in arm with skill and labor. Hence she is monumental and wears the laurels she has won modestly, but firmly, and they cannot be stolen or torn from her.

Now the writer is on his way to his adopted city of Cincinnati, but he will stop at Boston and Chicago. He does not care to delay at Philadelphia. Its simplicity does not agree with his tastes. It is too monotonous; the streets are alike, the houses the same way, the buildings and steeples of a similar height and the same broad-brimmed hat seems to cover both the city and the citizen. Uniformity in shape or color is not beauty, but a burlesque upon it. What would any artist think of a rainbow of purely a drab color, with no other in its creation, or a sculptor's casting or model of but one shade or line. Hence it is called the "Quaker City," prosperous, thrifty, plain, but somewhat addicted to running too largely into debt and disturbing the public tranquility on election days. Philadelphia is, however, fortunate in one particular; in being so far from tide water that she is in no danger from a tidal wave or a flood in the river which connects her with the opposite shore. In this respect Cincinnati has the advantage, for she has a river which flows nearly five hundred miles from the Northeast and an equal distance South by West to the great highway of the Mississippi. Let the city of Philadelphia compare the tonnage of her boasted railroad highway with that borne upon and down and up the Ohio river. I am not writing about passenger, express or mail carriage, but that of coal, iron and all the material necessities of national, corporate or individual life. The writer is to-day giving a loose rein to his thoughts. It will do his readers no harm to let their own run at random any more than it does a child or a colt to take exercise, helter, skelter, during recess or after school hours.

But Boston! "Athens of America." Now, while accepting the expression, for who could help doing so from reading or

listening to the everlasting use of its self-appropriated title, if you wish to so call it. The writer wants to get at its real significance and to do simple justice to it and his own city, recently substantially under water and undergoing the process and receiving the benefits of a third or fourth baptism.

"Athens of America!" Now, there have been but two cities of that name, one a reality, the second a fiction and conceit and an "alias." Let me ask some questions just here, for they will at least be suggestive and invite thought. I wish to write both in sincerity and kindness and with some possible instruction to your readers over a formerly vast territory, but now represented by thirty-eight sovereign States, each one independent in its own rights, but all parties to a federal union, made by them and not for them, except as by the original contract and under a constitution accepted and a bargain agreed to by all.

"Athens of America! Again! Will some modern Athenian from that city tell your readers upon what streets are located her Parthenon, her Acropolis, her temple of Thesus, or her temple of some Boston Jove, and where can a stranger find any of the works of her Phidias and that wonderful school of artists of which he was both the master, the instructor and the type. Who is her Pericles, her Thucydides, her Aristides, her Lycurgus, her Socrates, her Leonidas? Who is her Pindar, what is the name of her Homer, who is her Solon, and upon what stage does her *Æschylus* recite his plays? But I will not indulge in a catalogue of names of great and noble men representing the highest order of intellect, the ever present though absent teachers of the young of the civilized world. I could do so if I were to follow out my current of thought, but it is not worth while and cannot be done in the short space of an ordinary article. So good-bye to the "Athens of America," with its "Cradle of Liberty;" its Bunker Hill monument, which should have been located on Breed's Hills, where the great first battle was fought between democracy and royalty; its Faneuil Hall, now a market place; its old South Church with its religious associations; and all the remnants of its by-gone dress, except the signature of John Hancock, which is immortal. Just now, however, and before the last farewell, I will take the liberty, according to a prevailing fashion, especially among ladies, to follow my departing guest to the door, simply to say a few words and ask a question or two. The

occur to me from an incident which now flits across my memory. Some few years ago I was walking along one of the avenues which make the old Boston Common so beautiful and attractive, especially to weary laborers seeking rest, recreation and pure air. Noticing the grand old trees which line its passenger thoroughfares, I found most all of them disfigured by metallic plates giving the name of each tree, not in English, but in Latin or Greek. My curiosity was excited, and I wondered whether those plates and inscriptions were placed where they were for the instruction of the students of Harvard College, which was located near by, the benefit of the Legislature sitting in the Capital building, which overlooks the Common, or the great mass of the rural population, which flocks to the city to do its shopping and feast its eyes upon this Athenian landscape. Noticing an intelligent looking farmer looking through his glasses at one of these classical inscriptions, I stepped up to his side, when he turned to me, asking what those two words were. I replied that they were the name of the tree. Said he, "What is it?" Said I, "It is an 'Albus Quercus.'" Looking at me he responded, "Young man, out in the country where I live that tree is nothing but a *white oak*." Resuming my walk, the old farmer accompanied me; when we came to another tree, also bearing its classical name, and in answer to his question, I told him that it was an "Eruthros Phagus." He at once reminded me that out in the country the farmers all called it a "red beech." I could not but feel for the old gentleman in his ignorance of classical terms. But we continued our walk and our talk until we came to another noble tree, great and graceful in its proportions, but also labelled, for the benefit of students and rural visitors, with the word "Ulmus," which my friend rejected, saying that it was an ordinary elm tree. It will be observed that the farmer all the while employed good old Saxon words. Finally, upon our parting, the good man, with a sly twinkle in his clear eye, asked: "Ar'n't you one of those students that they talk about?" I replied in the affirmative. "Well, said he, "I kinder thought so. Now, I have a boy very fond of reading and study and learning, and his mother rather wants us to send him to one of these colleges, but after this talk with you, I have made up my mind to keep him at home." I was beaten and rejoiced in my defeat, for the old man was exactly right, and I anticipated his

conclusion. He illustrated the popular American common sense, which can always understand what a white oak tree is, while so many of our young scholars cannot tell the difference between an oak and a butternut.

My readers will understand my wandering course of thought or dreaming if they see fit, so to style it, but in due time the writer will come to his moral; not, however, until he has had something to say about the cities of Chicago and Cincinnati, about the latter of which he proposes to write with much precision and emphasis. It is his home, and the receding flood marks are in his sight and still suggesting lessons to him. There are other waves and waters besides those distilled from the clouds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

George D. Prentice.

'Twas but a bubble—yet it was bright,
And gaily danced along the stream
Of life's wild torrents in the light
Of sunbeams sparkling—like a dream
Of Heaven's own bliss for loveliness—
For fleetness like passing thought;
And ever of such dreams of thee
The tissue of my life is wrought.
For I have dreamed of pleasures when
The sun of young existence smiled
Upon my wayward path and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled;
But when I came those sweets to sip
They turn to gall upon my lip.

And I have dreamed of friendship, too;
For friendship thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade
And glad him in the light, and so,
I fondly thought to find a friend
Whose mind with mine would sweetly
blend,
And as two placid streams unite,
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to eternity;
But he betrayed me, and with pain
I woke—to sleep and dream again.

And then I dreamed of love and all
The clustered visions of the past
Seemed airy nothings to that last
Bright dream. It threw a magical
Enchantment o'er existence—cast
A glory on my path so bright
I seemed to breathe and feel its light;
But now that blissful dream is o'er,
And I have waked to dream no more.

Beyond the farthest glimmering star
That twinkles in the arch above,
There is a world of truth and love
Which earth's vile passions never mar,
Oh, could I snatch the eagle's plumes
And soar to that bright world away,
Which God's own holy light illumines
With glories of eternal day!
How gladly every lingering tie
That binds me down to earth I'd sever,
And leave for that blest home on high,
This hollow-hearted world forever.

Miscellaneous.

His Excellency's Subscription.

The name of His Excellency, C. A. Arthur, President of the United States, is now enrolled among the subscribers of our Magazine, having been secured through Charles A. Wilson, of Washington Lodge, No. 13, Jersey City, N. J., who is one of the most energetic workers in our Order. He succeeds in everything he undertakes, and when he started out to secure the subscription of His Excellency, he did not return until he had it, accompanied with a brand new dollar, for the year's books.

Livermore Stylographic Pens.

The value of an article is almost always indicated by its price, and for years the people were content to pay \$3 for a genuine Livermore Stylographic Pen, and the same pens are yet doing good service. The success of these pens led unscrupulous persons to get up inferior imitations, which they offered at such low prices that many persons, not understanding the difference, were induced to buy them. The Livermore Company, therefore, cut down the price of their short plain Pens to \$2 and short gold-mounted to \$2.50 each, to give everybody a chance to have the best article of the kind. You can buy them for that money by remitting the amount to Louis E. Dunlap, Manager Stylographic Pen Co., 290 Washington street, Boston; the pen, together with a package of superior ink, will be sent by return mail, and the money will be at once refunded if they do not prove to be perfect and satisfactory in every respect. The Stylographic Pen Co., who manufacture the Livermore Pen, is the largest concern of the kind in the world, with branches at New York, Chicago and London, England. The Livermore Stylographic Pen is a pencil which writes ink, never needs sharpening and never wears out, and has been adopted by over 500,000 knights of the quill in this country and abroad. The Stylographic Pen Co. have recently been making great improvements in their famous pen. Full particulars can be obtained by sending for circular.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE OLD INDIAN CHIEF.

BY A. C. W.

High on the Rocky's lofty peak an aged Indian stands;
With lowering brow, and earnest eye, he views Columbia's lands:
As motionless he firmly stood, with arms crossed on his breast;
He looks like the figure, carved in rock, of a warrior gone to rest.

A timid squaw is near his side, yet utters not a word;
But patiently follows, with her eye, the glances of her lord.
She has seen him thus, full many a time, ere his foes he went to meet,
But his tomahawk lies buried now, his gun lies at his feet.

At length he starts, with head erect, his heart heaves forth a sigh.
His ear detects a sound afar, like a savage animal's cry;
He sees the white man's railway, winding its sinuous course
O'er the prairie plain and the mountain dell; he sees the iron horse.

His thoughts go back, to years gone by, as he listens to that sound;
He thinks how Sioux and Blackfeet fought for this their hunting ground.
He remembers when these rolling plains, and the herds that o'er them roam,
Knew as king but the Indian chief; for the plain was the Indian's home.

But the rule of the Indian chief is broke, his wigwam swept away;
He hears not now the whoop of braves, but the shriek of the railway;
And scattered o'er the prairie and over his hunting lands,
Now many a corn and hay stack and many a homestead stands.

The squaw, she too had caught the sound, and wondered what it could be,
And laid her hand upon her chief, and broke his reverie.
With wondering gaze, and startled look, she saw a moving mass,
Of snake-like form, but thundering on, across the mountain pass.

The chief he saw that wond'ring look, those eyes that seem to quail;
Fear not, he said, the course you see is the white man's iron trail,
Beginning at the rising sun, far, far out in the East,
And ending where the sun does set; far, far out in the West.

And bounding o'er that trail you see, that snake-like form so dire,
Is the white man's mighty iron horse, that the pale face feeds with fire;
And beside the trail, on the tamarac poles, are the wondrous electric bands,
Thro' which the pale face speaks, and holds the lightning in his hand.

As he thus spoke he strode away, exclaiming as he went:
No more will I chase the buffalo, no more my bow be bent;
For the wigwam cannot rear its head, near the white man's innovation,
Nor all the force of the red skin stay the march of civilization.

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine.

Work for Woman.

BY IDA A. HARPER.

There are no men and women in the world so thoroughly independent as those who have health and the ability to make a comfortable living. This has always been conceded in the case of men, but, as it relates to women, the idea is comparatively recent. Until within the last quarter of a century it was never considered advisable that women should be independent. It has always been desirable that she should be healthy, but to be independent was to be "strong-minded," "masculine," "out of her sphere," and if she felt any such thoughts springing up in her breast she nipped them in the bud. Such sentiments, if known, would frighten away the beaux, and for a girl not to marry was to confess that her life was a failure. Branded with the name of "old maid" she spent the rest of her existence sewing, nursing, taking care of her relatives' children, without thanks and without recompense, atoning, so to speak, for the unpardonable sin of not marrying. Then, a woman married at sixteen, had a family of children at twenty-five, was old and worn at forty, and at fifty was assigned a place in the chimney corner, at least so far as society was concerned.

What a change has been wrought by the last twenty years. Here was a vast throng of able-bodied, intelligent women dependent upon overburdened fathers or hurried into matrimony in the first blush of girlhood, feeling like a "bound boy," who gives all his time and all his strength simply for his food and clothes. They were competent to earn fair wages, and longed to do it, but were held back by the powerful restraint of precedent and custom.

How or when these helpless and repressed creatures first found courage and opportunity to step out into the world and demand their share of the work to be done and the money to be earned, can never be accurately told. Who were the pioneers in this movement to render women self-supporting cannot be definitely settled, but, as the first finding of gold in California was followed by the

rush of thousands of men, over mountains and plains, eager for part of the glittering treasure, so the discovery that the rewards of labor might belong to women, broke down the barriers of prejudice, and the eager crowd poured forth to claim their portion of the profits.

And now every department of work has its representatives among that sex which, for centuries, was supposed to have but one legitimate occupation—that of housekeeping. All this has come about so quietly, and yet so perseveringly, that we cannot tell whence it started or where it will end. Having given woman the spelling book, you will have to grant her the whole course of education; having permitted her to earn the first dollar, you cannot limit her ambition for making money.

There is nothing so galling to a man or a woman as unwilling dependence. The brave, contented, independent man is he who is able to take care of himself, and does not have to humbly ask favors from another. If such a man cannot understand why a woman should feel just as he does, in this regard, let him recall his boyhood days when he had to go to his father for every cent and explain for what he wanted it, and let him reflect how he used to beg his mother to be his envoy, because she was accustomed to asking for alms.

So much has this experiment of woman's work found favor with the public that they are beginning to demand what at first was only tolerated. Since all kinds of employment are permitted to her, we look almost with contempt upon the daughter of poor parents who does not support herself, and we censure her very severely if she does not engage in some employment which will bring her wages. Indeed, so great has been the change in popular sentiment that we can scarcely excuse idleness even in a very wealthy girl. It has become quite common among the rich for the ladies to give lessons in painting, embroidery and other accomplishments to earn a little extra pin money. No woman can really appreciate the value of money or learn to spend it judiciously unless she has actually worked for it, and when she has once experienced this pleasure she is never quite satisfied to accept, as a gift, what she is capable of earning for herself.

There is only one thing that can be said on the opposite side of this question,—that it will unfit women for housekeeping and deter them from marrying. You would have to change the whole

nature of a woman before you could destroy her inclination to marry. All the difference will be that, if she is engaged in some remunerative employment, she will make marriage a matter of love and not of necessity; she will marry from motives of respect and affection, and not because she is compelled to do it to obtain the necessities of life. It is natural for women to love home and children above everything else in the world, and, after they are bound by these sweet ties, they will never forsake them for outside work unless compelled to do so by reasons for which the husband is responsible. Educate girls to be self-sustaining, and if they never marry they will be much happier for being independent; while, if they do marry, the skill, the strength and the judgment which they need in their specific work, whatever it may have been, will only tend to adapt them more perfectly to the duties of wifehood and motherhood.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 20, 1883.

Womanly Faithfulness.

DENVER, COL., April 24, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I read a sweet story the other day, and thinking it might prove of interest to your readers, I send it.

In the northwestern part of Wurtemberg, about thirty miles from Stuttgart, stood the castle and tower of Weinsberg. An old chronicle affirms it one of the Roman castles built by the Emperor Probus on German ground, and recent discoveries in the castle confirm this statement. About the year 1129 the castle was transferred to Gottfried, of Caled. He gave it as a marriage gift with his daughter Uta to Duke Welf VI., who regarded it as a part of the allodial estate of his wife, and refused to deliver it to Konrad III. when this emperor claimed it as a reversionary fee. An intense hatred existed between the Hohenstaufens and Welfs. It began in the time of the unfortunate Emperor Henry IV. The death of Henry, in 1139, brought new complications and feuds, and Konrad welcomed any event that might make the Welf feel his power. He accordingly appeared before the castle of Weinsberg with a large army, and the attack was begun. After a determined struggle, Welf fell wounded, and the surrender seemed inevitable. "Without grace or mercy" were the words of the emperor, and the town was to share the fate of the castle. The greatest terror prevailed. Then the

high-born duchesses and wives of the town officers held a council and determined to go to the emperor and implore him to let them escape, and also allow them to carry with them their most precious possessions. The emperor received them kindly, gave them permission to leave the besieged town, and to take with them all they could carry on their shoulders. At an early hour in the morning Konrad's army was drawn up in file, the gates were opened at command of the emperor, when Duke Frederic, the emperor's brother, turning, espied a long line of women carrying on their backs, not clothing, jewels and silver, but each her husband; and behold Uta, the stately duchess of the castle, leads the procession, the wounded Duke of Welf upon her back. When Duke Frederic beheld this sight he cried out angrily to the emperor: "That was not in the compact;" but the emperor, whose face plainly showed he was not displeased by this exhibition of womanly faithfulness, answered: "A king's word is not to be broken." And while the emperor and his army looked on in mute surprise, the strange procession wended its way patiently and silently down the steep hillside out into the country road, leaving the castle and town to the troops. The emperor generously ordered that all the treasures of the women should at once be collected and carried out to them.

To perpetuate this instance of womanly fidelity, the ruins have ever since borne the name of "Weibertreue" (woman's faithfulness). In a well preserved part of the ruins there hangs an oil painting which was presented in 1659 to the old Weinsberg church. Above the picture is the inscription: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil."—Proverbs, 31, 11.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Balm Spring Time.

WELLSVILLE, O., April 22, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As spring poetry is the order of the day, I should, probably, write a flowery discourse on "Spring, Gentle Spring," "The Balm Springtime;" or, as house-cleaning follows closely in its wake, I should, no doubt, go over the old story of how many thousand men got as many thousand carpet tacks run in their feet through the carelessness of their housewives; but I will give a clear field to the "Oscar Wilde" lyric, who has, no doubt,

already donned his composing ulster, and go my way quietly and unobtrusively. I remarked, in one of my previous contributions, that I could write "no news of the Order" from this point, as we had no Lodge. However, this time I am differently situated, and if I can write a few personals now and again without giving offence or having them rebound (like the famed "Boomerang" of old) with redoubled force upon my own head, I shall be only too happy to do so. Hence these echoes.

Mr. James Workman (formerly fireman) is now an employe of the paint shop.

Mr. John Chishorm, one of the original charter boys, never before having been able to strike this point on Lodge day, was duly initiated last Sabbath.

Mr. W. Davidson and mate are making themselves a nest. We will speak of its cosiness hereafter.

Mr. Byron Grafton, after a flying visit West, is home again.

Mr. Abner A. Stillwell, after a serious and protracted siege of typhoid fever, is slowly convalescing.

I was quite pleased, not long since, to notice a nice letter from this place signed "Rose Ray," and each new contribution in the ladies' column goes to show that the "grand cause" is finding a place in the homes and is not confined strictly to the Lodge room. That is just where we want it. That gives the incentive. What man, if he is afraid to mention Lodge at home, for fear of receiving a good nagging (pardon the word, but it is very expressive), is going to work and try to advance the interest like one that if he comes home and tells his family of some new plan on foot for its advancement is received with words of encouragement and probably some new and better ideas added to his own; and to let him know you do take an interest, there are a thousand different ways of showing it. Encourage him to talk of his affairs at home. Write a letter for the Magazine occasionally. When Lodge time comes around help him fix up, that he may present a good appearance; get him a good dinner or supper, and an early one, that he may be in good time; if he carries any books, hunt them up for him, and leave him at the door with smiles, instead of saying, as so many women do, with frowns on their faces, "Oh, that poky old Lodge; I believe you'd rather go to that than stay at home with me." Any woman is liable to fall into just this same error unless she examines into and makes herself ac-

quainted with the cause. It is not for his own interest alone that he goes (although he derives great benefits from its ennobling qualities, for what could be grander than the motto it sails under, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry"), but that when adversity comes that his loved ones may be provided for.

Well, there, I was afraid I'd overstep the bounds I had set for myself, and for fear of taking up any more space, I will close abruptly.

ALEXIA.

The Noble Brotherhood.

BUCYRUS, OHIO, April 27, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As my husband is a member of your noble Order, I wish to say a few words in favor of it. I think it a grand and noble work, and every member should strive to live up to its grand teachings. No. 110 is yet in its infancy, but composed as it is of only the best of men, its future prosperity is a certainty. Long may your Order and Magazine reign, is the wish of

MRS. E. A. W.

Trial Effort.

CLINTON, ILL., April 28, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In reading the Magazine for April I find that a number of women have been braver than I, in that they have done what I have long felt like doing, but could not find the courage to accomplish, viz: send a few lines to the Magazine. I doubt my ability to say anything that will be of benefit to any one, but, being a woman, I am desirous of "having my say." I am much interested in what each and all of your lady correspondents have to say, but I agree so entirely with the lady in Terre Haute, who wrote March 1, 1883, that I can't resist the impulse to thank her for her very sensible communication.

My husband has been deprived of the privilege of attending Lodge for a long time, but hopes to have one organized in our place soon. I shall always encourage, instead of hinder his attendance. I am willing to run the risk of him "deceiving" me. If he has ever done so, I am ignorant of it, and "ignorance is bliss" in some instances. Though he has been an engineer for several years, he takes the same interest in the B. of L. F. that he ever did, and will do all in his power to make our prospective Lodge an

honor to the society. If I find that this, my first effort, has met with your approval, I may be tempted to write again, when I hope to have something of interest to contribute to your worthy agent in the cause of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, the Firemen's Magazine.

MRS. T. HINCHCLIFF.

Sister Ellen's First Letter.

CANTON, MINN., April 13, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

If you will please allow me space, I will write a little contribution for your Magazine. I have been an interested reader of its columns for the past six months, and always look for it with the greatest pleasure. The Brotherhood it represents is a noble organization, and should meet with universal encouragement and support. I believe I am the first lady to say something for Key City Lodge, which is prospering nicely.

Now, that I have taken it upon myself to "break the ice," will not some of the sisters or wives, more accomplished than myself, write something real beneficial for the cause? God knows how trying the duties of engineers and firemen are, and how hard they have to work in all kinds of weather; day and night, Sabbath not excepted. I have a brother, who has lately been promoted. For a long time he handled the heavy scoop, and I am sure he will prove true to his present responsibilities. I sincerely hope he will be loyal to the firemen, as good-hearted Harry Keler, of Texas, has proven himself to be.

As a conclusion to my preamble, I wish to inform Rose Ray that I consider her receipts quite an addition to my scrap-book. If you give my weak little contribution space in your excellent Magazine, I may be encouraged to write something better in the future.

SISTER ELLEN.

A Widow's Cheer.

BARABOO, WIS., April 13, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

My son, who is a member of Lodge No. 26, has been taking your Magazine the past year and we all wait its coming with joy and gladness.

I am a widow, have seven children, and we all have learned that railroad men are not to be despised, just the reverse. We are all very anxious for all who have near and dear ones on the road. We are

dependent on this son, a fireman, and feel that he is risking his life for his dear friends' comfort. Oh, how thankful I am when he returns and I can administer to his wants and comfort. He has had some narrow escapes, but God, in His kind providence, has spared him. I feel that this Brotherhood is a grand and noble institution; how many there would be left destitute with large families and nothing to take care of them; it will not save life; but is a great help to those that are left. God bless this Brotherhood and help it prosper. How many mothers' and wives' hearts go out in most heartfelt sympathy and prayer when the news comes of an accident. The brave railroad boys stand next to the brave soldiers. What mother or wife would not feel like putting her shoulder to the wheel and help to encourage these brothers.

Thinking I have taken too much space in your column, I will close, wishing the Brotherhood prosperity in the future, and that all may be linked together in brotherly love in that Heaven of rest beyond the tomb.

MRS. B. E. B.

A Plea for Temperance.

UNION MILLS, IND., March 4, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have thought many times since reading the Magazine to write to it, if to say nothing more than God bless the B. of L. F. in its good work of elevating labor and making men truer and better.

The one thing that pleases me more than any other in the Magazine is the telling blows it gives for temperance. I do think that railroad men, of all others, should be total abstinents on account of the responsibility that rests upon them, and I am glad they realize what an enemy the man-trap is to them, stealing from them, name, honor, position, and brains, and giving nothing in return but a ruined manhood. Men of the Brotherhood, shun the saloon and liquor drinking as you would a deadly serpent! That the Brotherhood may increase more and more its work of doing good and that every fireman may become a true and reliable engineer is the wish of two Brotherhood boys' sister.

CARRIE WAINIDTE.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

Correspondence

Our School Days.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., April 22, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Boys, stop and think just a minute! Think of your early school days, several years ago. How many miles distant does it bring you from where you are now standing? When we used to trudge along with our lunch and school books, dreading our day's work, and wishing we had been a little bit "sicker," so that ma would have let us stay home that day. And then, you know, we wouldn't know where the lesson was the next. Did you think then, boys, that you would be where you are now? No more school-boy troubles! We have arrived at the age we used to think and talk so much about—the age the same free, light-hearted school-boy of to-day still wishes for and looks forward to. And yet we are not doing what we thought we would do. Why is it? Something else on our mind? We can't wait now, boys, till father has gone to his daily toil and mother saves breakfast for us. And where are they now? Some of us know and some of us can only hope. Ten years from to-day we will not be able to do what we now think we will do. It is true, boys, we have chosen a rough calling. We are called to work at any hour the bitterest night old winter can afford. We can only work and be honest, and then the same light heart and free conscience will still reign as it did in the once happy days—the days when we used to hide away and go to the old mill-pond and fish. The castles we use to build in the air. They might have been built in the air, but they were built strong, because we still remember them. We were always wishing in those good old days—wishing for everything imaginable; even for the last day of school; and then how long was it till we wished for the first day of the next fall term. That part of our life has never changed. We still wish for things we know can never come; we are only a little more cunning and selfish now; we keep them to ourselves. Our dear old school-mates. We often think of them, but only know where a very few of them are. Let our minds wander back to the most pleasant days of our childhood. To the only place where

we were ever care-free and happy. Where we used to look across the room to catch that sly glance that did us more good than a holiday. Did we know then we would think of them in after years? We are scattered everywhere now. Our gay union has fallen into other hands. They cherish it as we did. The same pranks are played there now that we used to play. The old school room still has its bright faces and sweet smiles to cheer up its solemn walls; and as we whirl along past the village school-house, with its merry throng on the play ground, the "past rises before us like a dream," but never, never will those good old days come back to us again.

RETROSPECT.

Union Meeting.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The last Sunday in the month of April was a day that will be long remembered by the men who drive the iron horses on the lines centering into the capitol city of the Hoosier State. On that day Division No. 11, of the B. of L. E., and Eureka Lodge, No. 14, B. of L. F., met in joint session, and I doubt if there ever occurred a similar gathering that was more harmonious, or in which the manifestation of brotherly love was more impressive.

The meeting was called to order by William Revel, of Division No. 11, B. of L. E. Mr. George Tyer, the veteran Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was then chosen permanent chairman, and presided throughout the meeting.

His remarks, upon taking the chair, were full of logic and common sense. In addressing the firemen, he called their attention to the fact that they would soon be called upon to take the places of the old veterans of the footboard, who were fast passing away. He admonished them to be diligent, faithful and attentive to their duties, so that when the door of promotion was opened to them they would be competent to assume the responsibilities imposed upon them.

William Hugo, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, responded to the sentiments of Mr. Tyer in an able and earnest effort, giving his unqualified assurance, in behalf of the firemen, that they were in thorough sympathy with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and that they would at all times endeavor to preserve the utmost harmony of feeling and action between

the two organizations. He stated that the firemen craved the friendship of an organization that had done as much as had the B. of L. E. to advance their interests. The firemen had a full appreciation of the many favors received from the engineers, and they would endeavor to conduct themselves in a manner that would strongly indicate their gratitude.

Instructor S. M. Stevens, of the B. of L. E., then spoke earnestly upon the subject of Brotherhood, showing the absolute necessity of a harmonious co-operation with the B. of L. E. in order to bring about the best results.

Others followed, making brief speeches, all advancing the idea of the identity of the two Brotherhoods.

Prominent among the engineers present were George Tyer, William Blithe, Charles Ferguson, Fred Cline, foreman of the Wabash shops, William Revel, chief of Division 11, A. M. Cole, of the C., H. & D., and Cornelius Bowen, formerly foreman of the I., B. & W.

All present were so much pleased with the meeting, that it was decided to hold another at an early day.

We hope it may meet with the same success, for this commingling of thoughts and sympathies will surely result in mutual benefit to all.

Yours in the cause, WARWICK.

Some Practical Suggestions.

MASON CITY, IOWA, April 19, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It has been the intention of the writer for some months past to say a few words for No. 29 through the medium of our excellent little book, but could not find the necessary time until now. The honor which has been recently forced upon some of our members makes unusual exertion imperative.

Among the recent promotions to the position of engineer we have to report that of Bros. William McAvinney, Frank McKay, T. Comfort, J. Dunn, A. H. Tucker, F. J. Mayo, J. J. Nihill, W. N. Harter and George Sharick. Bro. Taylor is on construction, and Bro. Evans is on the road.

Our Lodge now numbers fourteen engineers on its rolls. We do not wish it understood, however, that we estimate the importance of a Lodge by the number of engineers she can boast of, for one fireman who pays his dues promptly and attends meetings regularly is worth more to the Order than any number of engineers who do not, but who conduct

themselves as though they thought the honor of having their names on the roll of membership was about all that ought to be expected of them; and it is gratifying to be able to state, truthfully, that none of our firemen have graduated to that class of engineers.

We have had pleasant and profitable visits during the month from Bro. Rossback, of No. 47, and Bro. Nevans, of No. 48. Both brothers show themselves proficient in the work, which reflects great credit on both themselves and their respective Lodges.

Before bringing this already too long letter to a close, one or two thoughts present themselves of which, with the reader's kind indulgence, I wish to speak.

Nearly three-fourths of the year following our ninth annual convention has passed, and we must now begin to think seriously of selecting delegates to the tenth, and it behooves us as men and brothers to select them with the greatest care and consideration. Let them be men who have been present in the Lodge room during the meetings of the past year. Let them be men of earnest and careful thought. And, above all, let them go untrammelled by any other pledge or promise than those they made on the eve of their initiation. Few, simple and clearly defined laws are the laws best adapted to the wants of our Brotherhood. And it has been only when existing laws have been purposely or ignorantly disregarded that our Brotherhood has suffered most. Non-payment of dues seems to be the greatest evil with which we have had to contend. We might send our representatives to the convention instructed to enact a law that "hanging" should be the penalty for non-payment of dues, but unless every Master provided himself with a gallows, and commenced forthwith to "string up" delinquents, I think we should experience no change in the financial affairs of our Order. A firm and impartial discharge of the duty of every Master, as the law now defines it, and as he as Master has obligated himself to do, is the only remedy needed to eradicate the evil. With one more caution, I will close. I hope that those who go as delegates to our next convention will be men who will listen with due allowance to the lobbying or confidential disclosure of pet schemes by persons who have not the privilege or the manhood to present them in open council where they can be met by fair, square argument, and their merit tested. Yours sincerely,

16x24.

New Lodge at Port Hope.

PORT HOPE, April 6, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

As J. Scott Lodge is, as you are aware, only in her infancy, none of her members have had anything to say in the Magazine. However, we will make our first attempt, hoping that our sister Lodges (the younger ones especially) will follow suit. J. Scott Lodge was organized at Port Hope, Ontario, on January 13, with twenty charter members, to which one has since been added, with some good stuff to work on yet. The Magazine is going to do well here after it is a little better established. We have a nice hall rented and well furnished; all paid for. The engineers meet in our hall. They rent it from us. Our members take a good interest in the work of the Order. They are, without exception, well pleased. So far the meetings are well attended, considering how hard our boys are worked on account of so much snow. Our company are getting a lot of new engines this spring. The boys are looking anxiously for their turn at the throttle. We trust they will not be disappointed.

Fraternally yours, No. 138.

Greeting of a New Member.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, April 2, 1883.

For Firemen's Magazine.

The following is a letter to our Lodge from a member quite recently admitted. It was read at one of our meetings and so much appreciated by the members that they ordered it published in the Magazine:

I regard it as a high honor to be with you to-night and my object in writing these lines is to impress you with my ideas of our noble Order. I joined it for a purpose and I hope that that purpose is not a selfish one. So, in joining hands with you in this work I want you to know that you may expect of me a full compliance with all the laws and usages of the Order. The scripture says that "Man born of few days and full of trouble." Now that I am only flesh and blood, with an evil nature, prone to weakness, as we all are, I shall say to you brothers, one and all, that with my own feeble efforts to do right I hope for the assistance and divine influence of the One above to guide and direct me in the course I ought to pursue. I shall endeavor to do my duty as a member and promise you, above all other things, that my name shall never be found among those who have been expelled for violating their sacred word of honor. The

cause is noble enough to enlist our warmest sympathy, our most ardent support. Let us, then, unite our endeavors in the good work and elevate it to the highest possible standard. The motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, ought to be engraven upon the heart of every member. If adhered to, we are sure to become better members and better men. In order to obtain the best results in Subordinate Lodges it is necessary for our members to attend meetings with promptness and regularity. We cannot be interested in what is being done at the Lodge unless we take part in it. It is often the case that members complain about others "running the Lodge" when the truth is that they are only doing the work because they have got to do it. Those who are dissatisfied never go near the Lodge room, while those who "run the Lodge" attend every meeting and perform the work of the whole Lodge. All these difficulties can be overcome if all will do their part. In that event the burden will not fall heavily upon the shoulders of any member and all will be satisfied with the management of affairs. We cannot afford to be selfish or unjust. To be true to the Brotherhood we must be true to ourselves and true to each other and then only can we hope to reach the goal of our ambition.

Let me hope, in conclusion, that the Lodge I have had the honor to join, Trinity No. 83, may be prosperous and successful for all time.

Yours fraternally.

J. W. DOBBINS.

Eaglet on Temperance.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., April 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

Since my last writing I have been very busy, so much so, indeed, that this has been my first opportunity to make another attempt at a communication. Alexia's kind remembrance in calling the attention of her namesake, No. 96, to my article in No. 12 of Vol. 6, has had its influence in bringing about this writing, as also has Dr. Kane's remark on "Duties of members." How much I wish that every member of our Order and every member of society, would take a determined stand for himself, to eschew the vicious and momentary pleasures, if thus they can be called, of the saloon, the gaming table and the brothel; all of these, with their depraving influences, are a sure road to sorrow and degradation; they are a means of certain moral death and if long enough pursued, of a physical

death. No man who uses liquor is safe; from the moderate use thereof, the habit may grow on him so gradually, that he becomes an habitual drinker, almost involuntary. Every man should have enough self-denial to abstain altogether. No matter how good may be the morals of a man, or how lofty his aspirations, a continued indulgence in the use of liquor will gradually rob him of these few redeeming qualities and leave him an object of disgust. No more can a man afford to drink than he can afford to associate with people of loose morals. No one has ever derived any benefit from low associates, but on the other hand may have, by association, been dragged into the filth with them. Let us, when a man enters our Brotherhood, give him to understand that he must be a man in deed as well as in intention. If we would protect the widows and orphans we must keep our bulwarks strong. We hear from every side the murmurs and complaints of the laboring classes, of the injustice heaped upon them by corporate capital. There is but one way to remedy this injustice and that is to make ourselves its equal. Arouse yourselves from sluggishness and self-indulgence; educate yourselves to a higher standard; think and reason for yourselves; put aside all petty jealousies and be men; put on the armor of self-denial and a determination to succeed and you certainly will not fail. Unless you educate yourselves and work in unison and harmony, just so long will you be chained to the chariot wheels of corporate capital. Which will you choose?

EAGLET.

The Boys at Moberly.

MOBERLY, Mo., May 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Although No. 54 is neither dead nor sleeping, I notice that letters from her are scarcer than white black birds; it is not because the boys are not interested in the Magazine; they all read it. In order to break the silence, and to let our absent members know that we are still above ground, I will put in a few words in behalf of No. 54.

To begin, our Lodge has a membership of about ninety, all of whom are in good financial standing. We have a fine set of regalia, which we purchased about three months ago. We always hold one meeting a week; expulsions rarely occur, and when one takes place, it is usually for non-payment of dues.

The Order can count on No. 54 for sober

men, and her record shows that the members live up to the motto. Our worthy Organizer, Bro. Stevens, was here a few weeks ago, just in time to assist us in paying our respects to Bro. Price and his bride. George Zang is our worthy Master, and he is a rustler; he keeps the boys to the chalk line. Frank Nebergall is our Financier, and everybody has a kind word and a shiny dollar for him.

M. Cavanaugh was never known to be wanting when there was a literary citizen on hand. He is the Magazine Agent, and does credit to the position.

The boys on the W. St. L. & P. R.R. have paved their way to wealth. Some time ago a committee waited on the Wash management, and secured a raise of wages for firemen and hostlers. Bros. Zang and Nebergall represented Moberly.

This being my first attempt at writing, and as the coal oil is getting low, I shall finish with best wishes to our noble Order and every member therein.

RENICK CHUNKS.

News From the Hub.

BOSTON, Mass., April 22, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having a little leisure, I can think of no more profitable way of using it than by sending you this communication, for the purpose of giving you some information concerning Brotherhood affairs at the Hub. Well knowing the deep interest we feel, one for the other, I herein shall briefly sum up the state of affairs of the Banner Lodge, No. 57, of Boston. First of all I desire to say that she has 154 members in good standing, and some fifteen or eighteen more applicants for membership, and if there is a Lodge in the United States or Canada, that can boast of more members than No. 57, I shall have to take back what I said about 57 being the Banner Lodge.

Our worthy Master, Bro. A. W. Spurr, was recently promoted to the right hand side. Our Financier, Bro. J. C. Edwards, last year delegate to the convention, and our Secretary, Bro. R. P. S. Jones, are hard and earnest workers in the cause and, with the assistance of Jumbo Jenks and the "Salem War Horse," No. 57 is well taken care of, under the present administration. Our other officers are equally efficient in the discharge of their duties, and really I can't see the slightest cause for complaint.

Fully one-third of our members at the present time pull the throttle, and those recently promoted are Bros. Spurr and

Green on the B. & P., and Bro. G. H. Allen on the B. & A. Certainly, this speaks of prosperity and I am proud to know I have the honor to be a member of such a Lodge. There is at the present time such an interest manifested in Boston that I think before the next convention meets No. 57 will number fully 200 members in good standing. There is one road running out of Boston we have never been able to secure any members from but are expecting to in the near future, and as the Brotherhood generally succeeds in every thing that is right, so it will in this.

A few more words and I am done. Thinking some who may read this may consider me boastful I will, in a measure, apologize by saying, "I can't help it; I am so proud of our Lodge." May the glorious B. of L. F. have a long life, and I hope that Boston Lodge, No. 57, will not be found wanting in the good work of alleviating suffering humanity.

Yours fraternally.

SWEET.

St. Thomas, Ontario.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., April 4, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It has been some time since any mention of No. 5 has been made, and I have been ordered to keep you posted a little better or the brothers will hire some one in my place.

Bros. Cottrell and Barry are promoted, and running switch engines at Fort Erie. Bros. Slowey and Little are making up trains in the Windsor yards. Bro. Brown is at Amherstburg, and Bros. O'Shea, McBain, Ryan and Harris are running switch engines here. Bros. Vail, McAndrew and Westfall are running on the main line. Bro. Barker is running the "plug" run between Essex Centre and Amherstburg.

By this you can see the B. of L. F. boys are getting along nicely.

Bro. McPherson was promoted, but has taken his time, on account of a collision at Essex Centre, and has gone to Manitoba.

Bro. Baird is firing "Jumbo," (No. 100) the new express engine, and says she is the darling.

The Secretary of No. 5 is going North, to Manitoba, the first week in May. Look out for him, anyway.

Bro. McAndrew is on the main line now, and so attends to his business as Financier again. Yours,

No. 5.

Notes From Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 16, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Bros. Martin and Walters, members of the Syracuse Lodge, and the acknowledged cupids of the salt city, created quite a furor at the recent reception of Rochester Lodge, No. 99.

Bros. Mackie and Hulburt are the latest additions to the engineers' list of No. 99.

Our Magazine Agent, Mr. George Hartman, has gone and done it. Congratulation, George, but you should not have been so quiet about it. May your journey through life be *red(oil)ant* with success and happiness.

Bro. McCarthy, who fires the famous 110, made one of the fastest trips on record on the occasion of Mr. Vanderbilt's recent trip from New York to Chicago. They ran 152 miles in 178 minutes, including three stops of three minutes each.

Brother Hulburt, of Newark, N. J., paid us a visit last week. Before leaving, he was made the recipient of a nice present which, we have no doubt, he will cherish.

Bros. Gould and McCarthy are cultivating and receiving instruction in the manly art, and we have no doubt but that the scalps of Sullivan and the Maori will soon adorn the wigwams of the above named gentlemen.

Engineer Cap. Sheedy enjoys dancing, but does not approve of moonlight quadrilles. They are too rich for his blood.

J. R. S.

McKeen Lodge.

OTTAWA, KAN., April 18, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Now that we know for certain that the McKeen Lodge really does exist, our next object is to let our sister Lodges know that we are alive, and if all are as fortunate in their selection of Magazine Agents as we are, we know of no better way of advertising ourselves than through the columns of the Magazine.

Bro. Frisby is a worker, and "tackles" everybody he meets, without regard to age, sex or religion, and seldom lets them go until they subscribe for the Magazine.

Bro. Drum, who handles the switch engine at Cherryvale, isn't doing very bad either. He got off his engine one day last week and went up town to get some tobacco, taking a copy of the Magazine with him. He did not go to sell the Magazine, for it was not a good day to

sell, and besides he only had a few moments time, but he managed to get nine subscribers while there, "all the same," and we think that pretty good under the circumstances.

Our Master, Bro. Reese, is doing splendid, and we all feel much encouraged by the good attendance, but it seems pretty hard to keep Bro. Platt away from his girl every Sunday afternoon.

Our Financier, Bro. Arthur Hill, says he finds there is more responsibility in the position he occupies than he imagined, and that the "notches" in his books don't seem to go right, but I guess Bro. Hill will get along all right.

Several of the boys are anxious to join, and are only awaiting a good opportunity. Altogether we think we are getting along first rate, and I "spicion" that some of those who imagined we had "bit off more than we could swallow," will find that we are pretty good on the chaw and swallow business. Railroad men generally are.

"ONE OF UM."

Death of Harlow Smith.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 12, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

For the first time since its organization Fortune Lodge, No. 120, has been called to mourn the death of one of its members.

Bro. Harlow A. Smith, of East Syracuse, was called from earth on the afternoon of April 9. He leaves a loving wife to mourn his early death. He was a young, energetic man, of whom no more need be said than that he was an *honest* man. The members of the Lodge did all in their power to lighten the grief of the mourning relatives. They expressed their sympathy for the living and respect for the dead by attending the funeral in a body and presenting a pillow of flowers with the letters B. L. F. thereon. The bearers were Bros. Ackerman, Cummins, Walters, Vrooman, Vickers and Flanagan.

After a prayer at the house, the remains were conveyed on the train to Kirkville, where an able sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Fisk, of this city, from the first chapter and eighth verse of Revelation.

The burial services were conducted according to the rites of the Brotherhood; after which all the members of the Order and the minister were invited to the home of Mrs. Smith's parents, who reside in that place; here they were served with

a bounteous repast, previous to their return to their homes. Each knew by these hospitalities and the thanks tendered them that their efforts were greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Smith requested that the flowers be brought back to the city, that she might have them photographed.

May the sudden death of the brother, sad though it be, serve as a warning to all who have anyone dependent upon them to provide for them in time, as did Bro. Smith. Let those who already belong to the Order be watchful of its interests, and be earnest workers for the good of the cause.

No. 120.

Perry's Imposter.

PERRY, IOWA, April 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Although No. 124 is a new Lodge, the boys work like old members. Every one feels that he has his share of the work to perform, and each one assumes his responsibilities like a man. Our meetings are well attended, and at each meeting we do good work. We were a little unfortunate in the beginning by having taken into our ranks one Mike Maloy, who defrauded us. If any of the boys chance to meet him, treat him as all frauds and dead beats deserve to be treated. Although we were a little weakened by his robbery, it was no death blow to us, and by banding together like men we soon rallied again. Trusting that this will find space in the columns of the Magazine, I am

Fraternally yours,

G. G.

Personals from El Paso.

EL PASO, TEXAS, March 6, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Hoping you will publish these few items in our valuable Magazine, it is with feelings of pleasure I announce the success of New Year Lodge, No. 135, which was organized in this city, January 2, 1883, by Bro. F. P. Sargent, assisted by Bros. Spahr, Diety, Kingsley, Brown and Messenger, of No. 94, also Bro. Draper, of No. 19, with nine Charter members; since then, we have come to the front with rapid strides, our membership now numbering thirty, with several applications for admittance. We meet the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 7:30 p. m., at Odd Fellows' Hall, and any Bro. who happens this way will be gladly welcomed.

Bro. Luff, our noble Master, is running switch engine in the S. P. yard, with Bro. Messenger at right. Bro. Grupe is doing likewise at El Paso Del Norte, Mexico, in service of Mexican Central. Bro. Windiate is handling the throttle on switch engine at Toyah, for the Texas and Pacific. The only thing that troubles him is he cannot attend meetings. Bro. Burrough is hostlering at S. P. Round House with Bro. Redmond, with plenty of grief at nights. Our Financier, Bro. Mast, says, boys, remember the first of the month is bound to come and I will be among you. For what? why, monthly dues, of course.

We heard Bro. Coghlin inquiring after an easy method for cleaning brass, as he has a splendid new Roger on passenger on the M. C. Can any Bro. favor him? Where are Bros. Matthews and Kingsley. Bros. Shannon and Draper say they don't see why an engine wants to break down and keep them away from meeting.

Bros. Cooke, Blaine, Cochran, Caskey and Boyers are playing with bango on the M. C. Bro. W. Smith says the 100 is a "daisy" but he don't like Trinad coal. Our Magazine agent is pondering over the loss of his girl. Never mind, Bro. Matthews. We go *East* next time.

Am sorry to see Bros. Wheeler, Smith, Scott, Gadley and Berger depart from among us. Remember, brothers, your Lodge and our grand, good motto of B., S. and I. and you will always prosper.

Hoping other brothers will encourage the correspondence of our noble Magazine, I am

Yours fraternally. WONDER.

Among the Boys at El Paso.

EL PASO, TEXAS, March 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

This being an off day with me, I know of no better way to employ my leisure time than by letting you know how New Year Lodge, No. 135 is progressing in the work of the Brotherhood. You would be surprised if you were here to see how much interest the members take in the welfare of the Lodge. Applications for membership are coming in at every meeting and new members are being added to the rolls with astonishing rapidity. We are very careful, however, to admit only good men, and in a short time we hope to have a Lodge that will compare, with strength and quality, with the best in the Southwest. We consider that we have one of the best men in the State for a leader and an equally good one for Financier. We

have with us Bro. Wheeler, of No. 74. He is not very big but stirs the boys up in the duties of membership. Bro. Messenger may also be mentioned among our active men—he is familiarly known as the "Night-hawk" and is now breaking draw-heads in the yard with the "48," but he is also getting in good work for the Lodge.

R. D. Smith is forwarding coal for the Air Line and Fred Beaumont, of No. 45, is Baggage Smasher General for El P. Bro. Shannon claims to have the best engine running into El Paso and for the present we will allow him to enjoy that distinction. Bro. Draper, of No. 19, will soon be one of us. He is one of the S. P.'s trusty engineers and a great friend to all the boys.

Billy Smith wants to know what to do in case an engine slips a valve-stem. Will some of your readers please inform him? Mr. J. Bonner, the M. M. of the S. P. at this point, is a general favorite among all the boys. He is strict in the enforcement of the company's rules, but impartial and just in the treatment of his men. We like him, and hope we may always have the good fortune to serve under his administration. I am, as ever,
GUESS.

A Voice From the Gulf City.

GULF CITY, TEX., April 8, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Instructor Stevens paid us a welcome visit on February 20th and we called a special meeting, at which he acted as presiding officer. We had two candidates and the initiatory ceremony was performed with the ease that Sam alone can do it. After transacting all the business, he addressed us in very encouraging words and told us how the Order was progressing and that he was glad to say that 115 was doing her share; he encourages only good workers; the drones and laggards he cuts and condemns as a burden on the Order, and we like him all the better for it. He left here for Temple and organized a Lodge at that point. We lose some of our boys by that move, though we are sorry to lose them, we are glad to have a sister Lodge on the line of our road where we can visit and have a social chat.

There is now a chance for all the boys to attend meetings and all can be active workers. Jim Stanton will wield the Master's rod in a satisfactory manner. We wish the boys of "Midland" success. We are not orators here in Texas, neither are we gifted with the powers of elo-

quence, but we are thinking men, and we give our thoughts to the Magazine. We have carefully examined the columns of the Magazine, month after month, seeking that which we did not find, viz: addresses from our Grand Master and Vice Grand Master. It seems to us that the burthen of the Order is thrown on the Grand Organizer and Instructor. All Subordinate Lodges look to the Grand officers for encouragement. Not alone should our Grand Master and Vice Grand Master write an address every 3 or 4 months, but they ought to contribute something to the Magazine every month that will be instructive and encouraging.

Bros., put on your thinking caps and wield the pen. We can make our Order second to none on this great continent, if we only

"Act well our part
There all the honor lies."

MAC.

A Conductor's Greeting.

CENTERVILLE, IOWA, March 29, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Thinking perhaps a line from this section might be of interest, we will venture to give you our little piece. The Magazine is an ever welcome visitor in our household, and gladly do we herald its coming. Glad are we to see the "Knights of the Scoop" taking "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" for their watchword, realizing that in unity there is strength. Though not a member of the Order, we are ever ready to assist them in any undertaking they may deem beneficial to the society.

Acting as we now are in the capacity of conductor, we feel highly honored when an engineer or fireman brings to us a man, and says: "Here is a brother engineer or fireman who is a member of Lodge No. . . ." Warmly do we grasp his hand, and feel pleased that circumstances permit us to form the acquaintance of such a one and enjoy his society while passing over the division, for well enough does every railroad man know what such an introduction means.

During the past winter business has been exceedingly good on our division (the M. I. & N. division of the W. St. L. & P.), and most of our old firemen have been promoted to the right side, a well earned and well deserved position; though I must say the boys will find they have many more responsibilities than when acting chief manager of the "pick and shovel." They are all doing well, however, and promise to become noble

and true "Knights of the Throttle." Go ahead, boys, and may success ever attend you.

Hoping you will not become disgusted with this, our first effort, we will proceed to wind up our communication, for the "call boy" loometh up in near proximity to our front gate.

ZACHARIAS OF OLD.

United We Stand!

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 11, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I am so elated over the present condition of No. 60 that I not refrain from giving you a few notes for publication. I am proud to say that No. 60 is growing so rapidly that at our last meeting we had not enough regalia to go around. We took in four new members, and with six applications waiting, we are doing a rushing business. With another year as prosperous as the past has been, we will have reached the point that we have so long looked forward to. What members we have are of the right material, and such as will make a Lodge a permanent addition to any Order.

We greatly appreciate the Magazine, and our Magazine agent, Bro. Shepherd, faithfully does his work in adding to the list of its subscribers. Another word for "Shep." When he goes out collecting, he takes an oil can and lubricates the boys' pockets to make the money come out easily. This may give some of the other Financiers an idea.

Besides "Shep," there are others who deserve great praise for the assistance they give in the work.

Wishing the B. of L. F. a long and prosperous voyage. I am,

Fraternally yours, O. C.

Brainerd Personals.

BRAINERD, MINN., April 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Kindly allow me the pleasure of giving Brotherhood news from the Northwest. Pine City Lodge, No. 81, blooms forth like the coming Spring, with her half hundred members and we are enabled to say that we can hold as nice a meeting twice each month, with equally as many members present as any of her sister Lodges. A great many of her members having been promoted within the last few months, shows very plainly that the B. of L. F. still retains her princely rank.

We were greatly pleased with a short visit of a few days from our gentlemanly

Bro. H. Curray, who has been running switch engine in St. Paul, but will probably take the main line on his return from a visit among his friends and relatives. Our Financier, Bro. Waltham, and wife, have lately returned from an extended visit among friends and relatives in Pennsylvania. Our esteemed Master, Bro. Boedecker, also Bros. Benton and G. W. Vanfell, have been visiting friends and relatives in a warmer clime but have now all returned to their respective positions on the Northern Pacific. We are also pleased to note the very recent promotions of one of our good members, Bro. A. D. Smith having been the favored one, is now running on the Dakota Division of this road. There are to be a great many more promotions in the course of a very few months. We congratulate them with all our heart, trusting that the honor conferred upon them has and will be worthily bestowed. Bro. Frank Andrews, I am told, is contemplating something besides a "Mogul engine. If such be the case, Bro. Frank, we congratulate you. We remain, very respectfully yours.

L.

Our Guiding Star.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., April 28, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Our Lodge, Guiding Star, No. 130, has been organized since November 19, 1882, and not one member has had either time or "sand" to write to the Magazine and let our sister Lodges know how we are getting along. At the last meeting, however, it was resolved to elect some member to write, and if these lines do not come to grief in the editor's waste-basket, the members of 130 can have the supreme pleasure of reading about themselves and their doings.

Our Lodge numbers twenty members and we have ten applications on file. No. 130 is proud of two of her members who have laid down the scoop and taken hold of the throttle; Bro. Warren Search, on the C. & N. W. R.R., and Bro. Frank Search, on the C. M. & St. P. R.R. Both will make good engineers.

Our worthy Master, Bro. Buckley, is hostler for the C. & N. W. R.R., at this place. He makes a good Master. Bro. Grant had a close call the other day, being on an engine which tried to pass a train on the main track. Bro. Buckley says he would not have "collared" the knob if the Jew had not charged so much for the desk, but he says he would not

have taken it at all if he had only known how the "boys" were going to "jump" on him for it.

We all take great pride in the Magazine and we all look for its coming each month. It is the loss of them all, and no mistake. May it always be as fine, and long live its editors, who have worked so hard to make it what it is.

This is going to be a short letter, but as there is nothing of any importance to write about it cannot very well be otherwise. We have fine meetings and the boys all attend if they possibly can. If anything else is going on they choose the Lodge room in preference, which goes to show what an interest they take in the B. of L. F.

Yours in B. S. & I.

PEDRO.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., April 18, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As a reader of our Magazine and a member of No. 84, I find that my Lodge has not had a communication in since the opening of the new year; if you will grant me a little space I will write a short communication.

Our Lodge is in excellent condition and numbers about fifty members. We have no trouble in keeping our members in good standing, for when our Financier, Bro. Kelley makes his rounds the boys know that he is in earnest and the cash must come. I regret very much that I am so situated that I cannot attend meetings, but my heart is in the work, and laboring under the disadvantages I do, I shall do what little I can to promote the interest of the Order.

The B. of L. F. boys have three engines on the Kalamazoo Division of the L. S. and M. S. R.R. This Division has four freight, four passenger, one work train and two yard engines. Our freight engines are all Hinkley's make. Although we make good time on this road we have been very much annoyed this past winter with snow. The north bound trains carry coal and merchandise; the south bound carry mostly lumber. Our shops are located at Elkhart, Ind. Mr. Geo. Stephens, our M. M., also resides at Elkhart.

Before closing I desire to say that our Magazine Agent, Bro. J. Randolph, has done excellent work this year and never lets an opportunity of selling a book go by unnoticed.

Wishing much for the good of our Brotherhood, I am

KIT.

From New Year Lodge.

EL PASO, TEX., March 18, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I notice a great deal of news in the Magazine, and, if acceptable, would like to say a few words for No. 135. There are four roads running into this point, so we have no difficulty in selecting good material.

On New Year's day we started out in the work of the Order with nine charter members. For a long time we were troubled about securing a hall, but now that we have a meeting place, we are going to the front in fine style.

We now have twenty-seven members, and more coming in at every meeting. Good judgment was displayed in the selection of our officers, as they are all faithful to their duties. C. Luff, as Master, is the right man for his place, and makes all the boys toe the mark. A. C. Mast receives our money, and takes good care of it. F. B. Windiati, called "Windy" for short, is our Secretary, and does up the work of his office in good style. J. B. Matthews, our Magazine Agent, is a terror on the question of the Magazine. The merchants here subscribe willingly, for they know that there is no alternative for them.

Among our promotions are Bros. Grupe and Windiati, very small men, but of good material. "Windy" tried to bribe the carpenter to raise his seat-box eight inches, so that he could look out of the front window.

Bro. Coughlin has laid aside the banjo, and gone to hostling.

Bro. Draper, of No. 19, Bro. Wheeler, of No. 74, and Bro. Messenger, of No. 94, are good workers, and we are proud to enroll them under our banner.

You may expect some good reports from this locality in the near future.

Yours in B., S. & I.,

BANJO PLAYER.

Death of Wm. Burgoyne.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 26, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I make it my duty to write this communication in behalf of our late Bro. Wm. Burgoyne, who was killed while in the discharge of his duty in the St. L., I. M. and S. R.R., on March 20, 1883, at Pilot Knob, Mo. He was one of the finest boys that belonged to our Lodge and there wasn't a hardier fireman on the road. He was a man of the purest morals, had never tasted liquor in any form, nor had never used tobacco. One of those

noble souls, he left not an enemy but a host of mourning friends. While No. 21 misses him sorely, she is proud to have once had his name upon her rolls. He being a young man of about twenty-two years of age, the circumstances of his death are particularly distressing. His engineer, Bro. L. Lacy, wept like an infant when he found that Bro. Burgoyne was dead. This sad affair brought tears to the eyes of many and the entire community seemed to mourn his death. Bro. Burgoyne leaves a mother and three sisters, who depended upon him for support. To these, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. It may be of some consolation to know that we will always hold Bro. Burgoyne in kindest remembrance.

A FRIEND.

Benefits of Insurance.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., May 5, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Perhaps there is nothing that as easily escapes the mind as does the matter of insurance escape the minds of our Brothers. The insurance ought to be almost a primary consideration of every member of the Order, if he desire to fulfill his duties as a brother, son and husband. We are not attending to our duties when we put aside our assessment notice and leave the Financier to await our convenience to pay the dollar we owe. We may think to pay it after the next trip, but let us remember that we may never make the next trip. This trip may be our last. Let us, therefore, give the matter our immediate attention, thereby relieving the Financier, and at the same time doing the greatest deed of charity for our families. Even though we *do* make the next trip, and the next, we must pay our assessments promptly so as to keep our treasury replenished for the widow and orphans of some less fortunate Brother. When we delay paying this, we are depriving some Brother's widow of the use of it. When we become members we obligate ourselves to meet all demands upon us promptly, and we must, therefore, be as good as our promises.

Our families feel secure in the knowledge that come what may they shall be protected by the B. of L. F. Let us see to it that they are protected.

Think of this, Brother, and when you are called away let it not be said that you were in bad standing and not entitled to benefits. Pay promptly, and help the noble cause; instead of being a drag to the Order, do the work of an honest man.

Fraternally yours,

No. 84.



R. VAN HARTEN, of No. 20, is on the right side.

FRED. WINDIATE is pulling throttle in El Paso, Texas.

ELI DRAKE, of No. 20, is studying law at Iowa University.

C. D. STEVENS is one of the wide-awake men of the Northwest.

GEO. SHUSTER is now among the right-hand members of No. 63.

ED. FISK, of No. 25, is the happy father of an eighteen pound boy.

IN the race for the largest membership No. 57 is leading her sister Lodges a stern chase.

BROS. HOLMES and Sharp, of No. 20, are about to leave Stuart and try their luck in Dakota.

J. GLEASON, of Beacon Lodge, is among the right hand men now, and a good one he is, too.

THE members of No. 20 are in a new hall and their thoughts are now turning toward regalia.

H. E. MOORE, Financier of No. 97, is enjoying the reward of merit on the right side of his engine.

THE boys of No. 25 wish Bro. Wm. Parkhouse every success in his new field of labor, at Huron, Dakota.

THE man who holds the gavel of Rose City Lodge No. 45 has not only a long name, but a long head as well.

THE boys of 127 say that Tom Arthur must hurry back. It seems that Tom went East on a visit and forgot about the beans.

THE members of H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122 are progressing finely. Several promotions have been made, with good prospects for others.

THE members of No. 83 return many thanks to the members of Northern Light, No. 127, for their kindness to Bro. H. King, of their Lodge.

ORANGE GROVE Lodge No. 97 is under the leadership of a careful, sound-minded man, who is awake to the demands of the hour. Elton is his name.

ALEX. SUTTON, the genial Master of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, is foreman of the Wabash Round House at Decatur, and is popular with everybody.

AMONG the many officials of the C. M. & St. P. none is more respected than Mr. Williams, Master Mechanic, at Wells, Minnesota.

IT is said that Bro. McDermitt, of No. 56, has become a very able detective; any one requiring such service will do well to call on him.

THOS. DAVEY, of 127, has collared a new Rhode Islander (124) and orders have been given him to go west. We shall miss him very much.

WM. DONNELLY, Financier of No. 79, is a regular stalwart. Standing just six feet in his stockings, the delinquents have a holy horror of him.

R. S. PIKE, of Boone, Iowa, has an addition to his family in the shape of a son-in-law. The happy pair went to Maquoketa, Iowa, on a wedding tour.

THE households of Bros. Marsh, Champagne and Armstrong have each been blessed with a boy, lately arrived. Mutual congratulations are in order.

J. D. SHARRAH, of No. 82, was lately married to Miss Mary E. Deisth, of Minneapolis. The boys say that Bro. Sharrah fully realizes his new responsibilities.

ILLINOIS has more miles of railroad than any other State in the Union. She also leads in the number of Lodges of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

IF any one meets Bro. Chas. Morgan, of No. 88, and wonders why he holds his head so high, we would say—"it is a boy and weighs twelve pounds—sixteen oz. to the pound.

HOMER BALDWIN, of Hercules Lodge, was recently married to Miss Margaret Stephenson at the residence of the bride's parents. May happiness always be with them.

THE Magazine is indebted to C. A. Cripps, of Vincennes, for a fine mess of snipe recently received. They were fully appreciated and many thanks are returned for the favor.

W. C. VAWTER, of Evening Star Lodge, recently passed through Terre Haute and paid us a short visit. The first look at him will convince you that he is a genuine Brotherhood man.

CHARLES E. BARKMAN, of No. 1, was quietly married on the 7th of April to Miss Mary E. Cassidy. The facts came to light when his policy was transferred. Out of consideration for Charley's shyness we will not let it go further.

Few Lodges in the Order are honored with more worthy officers than those who preside over Clinton Lodge No. 34.

No. 16 has adopted the business-like plan of making its members pay as they go, both in and out of the Lodge. As a result of this measure old Vigo is free from rotten branches.

On March 26 Bro. James Muhard took unto himself a partner for life, in the person of Miss Kitty Goodwin, one of the most esteemed young ladies of Evanston. May happiness and prosperity always be theirs.

As a wedding gift, the members of No. 44 presented Bro. Thos. Halpin, worthy Master of their Lodge, with a magnificent Alhambra clock, for which Bro. Halpin and lady desire, through the Magazine, to return thanks.

The members of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27 have a warm friend in Mr. Angos Sinclair, foreman of the Round House at Cedar Rapids. Mr. Sinclair is a gentleman who has investigated our Order and endorses its principles.

Bro. John Hill, of No. 59, has an engine with one and three-quarter legs, almost too lame to be any good, but then everybody knows John and a good many know that Barnum has offered a big reward for him, sane or insane.

We are very glad to learn that Fred Mingay, of Avon Lodge, No. 38, is up and around again. He desires to express thanks to Bros. J. Scott, W. Davis and others of Dominion Lodge, No. 67, for their kindness to him while at Toronto.

Our Brotherhood has many warm friends among the members of Division 5, B. of L. E., at Los Angeles, Cal. We are glad to know that such men as Doc. Bear, James Hanley and Martin Wetzel are in sympathy with us. It gives us courage.

MR. ALEX. MCKENZIE, a member of Division 125, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, lately deceased, was one of the few fortunate members of his dangerous calling. He spent over a third of a century on the foot-board without an injury or a serious mishap.

JOE WHEELER, of New Year Lodge, is pushing the circulation of the Magazine into the land of Montezuma. When last heard from he was heading for the City of Mexico, presumably for the purpose of checkmating Bro. Wilson, of No. 13, who lately worked our President (Arthur) for a subscription.

W. J. RUMSEY, G. H. Russell, A. S. Morse, C. A. Theborge, R. Brigham and W. M. Fife, of No. 134, look exceedingly well on the right side. They have wound up their career as left handers.

No. 77 does not wish to mention any names at present but if certain members from the C. C. R. R. do not attend meetings when they come to Denver for that purpose, they and their company will be made known.

BEN. MAYO, of the Challenge Lodge, has deserted his brother bachelors and entered the married state. Mrs. Mayo, nee Miss Spry, is a sister of Bro. Charles Spry of same Lodge, and is a welcome guest to the Brotherhood.

No. 38 has been plentifully blessed. A fifteen pound boy came to the house of Bro. Bradshaw, where he was received and taken in. James Henderson is also harboring a little intruder. James Sparks ditto. Bro. Telford's is a daughter.

Bro. Hall, of 77, has returned from a visit to Canada. He speaks highly of the Canadian members, and the interest they take in the welfare of the Brotherhood. He says they are already making preparations for their visit to Denver next September.

BRO. LYNES, Magazine Agent of 127, had an audience with "Little Bear" Indian Chief, at "Pile of Bones Station," N. W. T., where he tried to convince him of the advisability of taking the Magazine. Little Bear could not see the point. If you persevere, Harry, you may win him over.

The contributions to our Ladies' Department, of Mrs. Sigourney, are becoming more and more interesting. We have the pleasure of publishing another in this issue, which will meet with the usual appreciation. Mrs. Sigourney has a host of admirers among the readers of our Magazine.

BRO. Wm. E. Mott, of No. 21, is the father of the new Lodge at Palestine, Texas. Under his excellent management the Lodge starts out under propitious circumstances. Bro. Mott takes an active part in the Brotherhood and we are glad that he is located where there is so large a field for his good work.

CHAS. A. CRIPPS, of Vincennes, returns thanks to H. C. Fox, engineer, and Albert Vogt, fireman, of the L. & N., for favors shown him on his recent trip to Carmi, in the matter of the settlement of the claim of the late Bro. Hills. Bro. Cripps speaks in high terms of the treatment bestowed upon him by these gentlemen.

WE had the pleasure of meeting Frank B. Alley, recently, ex-Grand Master of the Brotherhood, who is now running an engine on the C. I. St. L. & C., and is very popular among the men. He is an active member of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, and takes a deep interest in the work of the Order.

THE many friends of Bro. J. M. Dodge, who have known him as fireman and engineer, have cause to be proud of his success as a politician, for he is now filling the position of Clerk of San Diego, county, California—a county that is larger than any of the New England States, except Maine.

ONE of No. 88's members writes us as follows:

"Cupid has again been on the warpath amongst our members. This time he succeeded in fastening his golden arrow in the heart of Bro. Nat. Gorman. We had always hoped to retain jolly, good-natured Nat. in our circle of 'Bachelors of the Shovel,' but he has left us forever. But we console ourselves with the hope that what is our loss will be another's gain. Bro. Gorman and his bride certainly have the best wishes of all the members of No. 88."

MUCH earnestness was displayed by the members of Franklin Lodge, No. 9, at their recent meeting, attended by Instructor Stevens. Charles H. Mason, John J. Lauer and Wm. Zimmerman were appointed as a special committee to increase the circulation of the Magazine and to advance the interests of the Lodge generally. They are full of enterprise and their labor will not be without good results.

ST. JOSEPH Lodge No. 43 has just purchased a beautiful silk banner. It is a magnificent piece of workmanship. On one side it bears the motto of the Order and on the other the official badge and the name, number and location of the Lodge. The members of this excellent Lodge may well feel proud of their enterprise, for they are the first to fling to the breeze a full-fledged banner of the Brotherhood.

THE recent trip of W. H. Price, of 54, to Macon City, was for a good purpose. He returned with a blooming bride. Miss Lizzie Kearns, and was given a pleasant surprise by the members of his Lodge. About a dozen of them, marshaled by Instructor Stevens, who happened to be in the city, called on him and presented him with some very substantial tokens of their esteem. Bro. Price and wife have the best wishes of all for their future happiness.

WHEN the "18," of New Mexico, arrives at Seneca Canon, on her homeward trip, and throws the glare of her headlight upon Tucson, 25 miles away, Mrs. Sargent begins to prepare supper for one of the best Financiers in the Brotherhood.

JAS. H. CASE, of No. 59, recently took a trip to Minneapolis, where he is now employed and desires to extend through the columns of the Magazine his most hearty thanks to the following gentlemen for many favors received while on his journey: W. H. Fuller, of No. 25, engineers Charles Smith and Charles Ell and their firemen and all of the U. P. R.R. boys:

FRANK NEBERGALL, the energetic Financier of 54, was under the weather some time ago, and his doctor recommended a change of climate. Frank took the advice and rusticated awhile at Missouri City, and we are glad to learn that he has thoroughly recovered. Since getting back from there the boys insist that Missouri City has a "Dale" of other attraction for Frank, besides the climate.

BRO. Mike Phelan, of 119, looked as if he was highly pleased with himself last Thursday. When asked if he had come in for anything good, his usually grave and sedate countenance beamed all over with smiles as he replied, *you bet*. It is a big boy, and for size he takes the cake round here. The boys all wish Bro. Phalen and wife great joy, and hope the new arrival may grow up to be a blessing to his parents, and to be like his father, a credit to the Order.

THEY have an engine on the D. & R. G. R.R. with two stacks, two fire boxes and four fire doors, eight drivers and four cylinders, built after the Farlie pattern in England some eight years ago. The above company have always been at a great expense to run this engine, as it is almost impossible to find one American born who can run the "blasted thing, you know," and have usually had a man imported from the old country, but the chief difficulty was in getting a cross-eyed man who could see both stacks at the same time. The trouble, however, is now done away with, as the company have secured the services of Micheal Lilles, who now manipulates the two "plugs" with the ease of a veteran. Bro. Lilles' many friends will be sorry to learn that he is nearly cross-eyed in consequence, and will surely be red headed (or grey) before another week. This will be sad news to No. 21, but still worse to his wife and children.

Firemen's Department.

A PRESENTATION.

The popular Financier of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, Bro. Wm. Hugo, was made the recipient of a magnificent gold badge and emblem of the Order, by the members of his Lodge. The presentation was made at a regular meeting of the Lodge, Bro. A. Eusey making the presentation speech. The remarks of Bro. Eusey were as follows:

"In behalf of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, I have the pleasure of presenting you with this testimonial of their esteem. You have proven yourself, through two terms of office, to be loyal to the interests of your Lodge and the Brotherhood at large. You have been faithful in the discharge of every duty of your position, and we, as members of the Lodge you have served so well, are not ungrateful of the services you have rendered us. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that I perform this duty of bestowing upon you this well-deserved testimonial. The badge is emblematical of the Brotherhood and we know that none could wear it with a better claim to our respect and esteem than you."

Brother Hugo manifested the utmost appreciation and responded in the following well-chosen words:

"I know how useless it is to attempt to convey to you my appreciation of the high honor just conferred upon me. I can only assure you that you have my thanks and my gratitude for this generous token of your esteem. During my term of office I sought to do my duty; and to serve the best interests of the Lodge; and to know that my humble efforts have been so warmly appreciated, is an honor of which any man might well feel proud. I thank you again and again for your generosity, and pledge myself anew to the noble cause in which each and all of us are engaged."

AMUSEMENTS.

LARAMIE, WYOMING.

Boomerang.

That happy band of jolly fellows, whose coat of arms is a pick and shovel, and who belong to Black Hills Lodge No. 86, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave their fourth annual ball at Holliday's Opera House last night. The vast dancing hall was filled with a merry throng, who kept time with flying feet to the inspiring strains of the Cheyenne orchestra until an early hour this morning. The affair was in every way a success, which was, in a great measure, due to the following committees, who performed their duties faithfully and well:

Floor Managers—N. Z. Wood, James Carroll, H. L. Bickford, W. E. Chrisman, Frank Pickard.

Reception Committee—George Haskins, Thomas Lynch, E. Mansell.

Door Committee—Frank McDermott, Andrew Cloughly.

About 350 guests were present, which insures a profit on the affair for the firemen.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

W. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48 gave their first annual ball at Rouse's Opera House March 29. The ball was a success, both financially

and socially, and will long be remembered by all who participated. The efforts of the boys who temporarily laid down the pick and shovel were ably seconded by the numerous visitors in attendance, and all were determined for a good time. Our expectations were more than realized. A more orderly and respectable set of dancers and merry makers never assembled in Rouse's Hall. The first thing that greeted the eye of the visitor on entering the hall was the beautiful manner in which the decorations were displayed, the stage being particularly attractive, being almost covered with evergreens that had been arranged by the boys who were lucky enough to be in town. Suspended across the stage were the letters, "B. of L. F.," which, indeed, looked beautiful; among our hall decorations were our charter and a well executed photo of a locomotive, covered with evergreens. The Brotherhood here wishes to return thanks for the many favors shown them, particularly to the Peoria Turners, and also to the ladies who so kindly assisted us. I must add right here that we were very glad to welcome Bros. Stewart and Dunn, of Garden City Lodge No. 50, from Chicago, and several other visiting brothers from Central Lodge No. 22, from Urbana, Ill., under the guidance of Bros. Bush, Martin and others. We hope they succeeded in having a good time.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

The first annual ball and reception of Rochester Lodge, No. 99, B. of L. F., was held at Odd Fellows Temple, Wednesday evening, March 28, 1883, and was a grand success. The hall in Odd Fellows Temple was a marvel of taste and ingenuity. Flags of all nations, festoons and streamers, tastefully arranged, formed a pleasing spectacle. Immediately in front of the orchestra platform was a miniature locomotive, which was kindly loaned for the occasion, by Mr. Hetzel. It attracted the admiration of all present. Over 250 couples were present, who enjoyed themselves to an early hour, tripping the light fantastic. About midnight the guests sat down to a magnificent supper, prepared by mine host Tibbetts, of New National Hotel, who not only surprised himself, but also the guests. Delegations were present from Buffalo, Syracuse and Dewitt. The reception was in charge of the following committees, to whom the success of the affair is largely due:

H. L. Crouch, H. L. Crofut, S. Payne, W. E. Clough, D. C. Frost, J. Millman, D. Thomson, H. Meink, Committee of Arrangements.

F. Webster, J. Salley, J. Shannon, M. Hulbert, J. Keating, Reception Committee.

R. Thomson, T. Mackey, W. E. Upton, C. W. Beach, A. Sharp, J. Brewer, Floor Committee.

The Brotherhood have reason to congratulate themselves on this, their first reception. This Lodge is in a flourishing condition. Though not quite two years old, it has over 75 members, of whom over 25 have been promoted to the right side and are all doing themselves credit in their new positions. There are many other members, who were not on the committee, that deserve thanks, but we extend to them and all others who contributed to the success of the reception our heartfelt thanks and assure them that their kindness will not be forgotten.

EVANSTON, WYOMING.

The Sweetwater Gazette publishes the following elaborate account of the ball recently given by Morning Star Lodge, No. 88. It was one of the most brilliant affairs ever given in that locality:

"On last Friday evening, the 16th inst., Evanston, Uinta county, was the scene of one of the most brilliant gatherings that has ever been held in the Rocky mountains. For some time the citizens of Evanston, previous to the dance, were flushed with excitement, and the event was looked forward to with no small degree of interest by a large circle of people outside of the capital of Uinta county. During the day the Fireman's Ball was the whole theme of conversation, and the question, "Are you going to the dance to-night," received almost a unanimous response in the affirmative. At 8 o'clock, as the last sound of the clock died away, the doors of the Mountain Trout House were promptly thrown open and the gay couples began to arrive. Before half an hour had elapsed the seats were occupied by the fairest of the fair, the mother and maiden sitting side by side, bent on hearty enjoyment. The gentlemen present represented every kind of business, and the spirit was universal on their part to add to the general harmony. The ball was opened with the grand march, which was uniquely performed in the shape of a heart. At its conclusion the regular programme was taken up, and quadrille, waltz and polka followed each other in quick succession. Mirth and fun flowed fast and furious, and at the call of every dance by the managers the floor was readily occupied. Fourteen sets were on the floor at each quadrille, still there was no crowding and all danced with a vim. The floor managers, Messrs. F. Gunnell, N. Gorman, J. J. LeCain and J. S. Hand, were assiduous in their efforts to do justice on every occasion, and the care they took in the proper introduction of strangers was particularly noticeable. About 12 o'clock supper for 20 couples only was announced, and the management of this part of the proceeding by J. J. LeCain was highly commendable. On the point of each fork was fastened a button-hole bouquet, which were highly prized by the ladies. These bouquets were the gifts of Mr. P. Peterson, the Master of the Lodge, who is held in high esteem by all his brother members. When Fireman Quigg was killed in the accident near Almy switch last January, Mr. Peterson took a lay off from work to attend personally to the proper burial of his deceased brother and the members of the Lodge, appreciating his services, presented him with an order on the treasurer for a small amount as an expression of their respect to him for the noble way in which he performed his duty. Mr. Peterson consented to accept the order, but his inner manly feelings forbade the use of the money for his own benefit, and he forwarded the money to Chicago with an order for button-hole bouquets to the full amount. The viands were served up in recherche style by attentive and neatly attired waitresses, and the guests did full justice to the many delicacies placed before them. The tables were set five times and the last were prepared with as much care and taste as the first.

The committee of reception consisted of Messrs. L. Blackam, Jr., Joe Stevenson, Jos. Mahand and D. Hamilton, and to them a special vote of thanks is accorded for their courtesy in the cloak room. Mr. P. Peterson acted as doorkeeper, and his gentlemanly deportment was favorably commented on by both friends and strangers.

Conspicuous among those who attended the ball were General Superintendent E. Dickson and wife, Division Superintendent C. E. Wurtell, Chief Despatcher Andy Leggett, Agent Frank Foote and wife, Sheriff Le Cain and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Riepen,

Justice Castle, Judge Parks, etc., etc. Green River was represented by Mr. S. K. Jackson, foreman of the car shops, Engineer Dick Behmer and wife, ex-Sheriff P. H. McPhee and wife, and Mr. Tarbell. Mr. J. K. Graff, from Almy, and Mr. Carleton, from Hilland, were also present.

Special mention is due Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, of the Mountain Trout House, for their indefatigable efforts in making the evening one of pleasure and relaxation. And thus the first annual ball of the bold and daring firemen has passed away, but the interest it has created will live in delightful anticipation of those that are yet to come in after years.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Bro. H. C. Brown, of 119, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge, W. Carmichael, 1. C. R. Station, River du Loup, Quebec.

D. H. Dill, T. W. Bailey and Thomas Burns, of Inter-State Lodge No. 92, are requested to correspond with John Kline, Texarkana, Arkansas.

Bros. James O'Leary, Ed. Maloy, John Ruby, Alex. Burt and James Hughey, of No. 59, will please correspond with the Financier of their Lodge and save trouble. Address L. E. Wade, L. Box N., El Moro, Col.

John Tipping and James C. Hall, of Pride of the West Lodge No. 6, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

Bros. Jno. T. Gladstone, E. E. Neer and J. F. McQuade, of No. 133, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

G. W. Andrews, H. Adair, Wm. Enos, J. J. Guyton, W. J. Hagerty, M. Kennedy, J. Leaf and F. LaMountain will please correspond with the Financier of Lodge No. 77.

O. Dalley and G. C. Fisher, of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

E. H. Thomas and Frank Cooper, of Pilot Lodge No. 124, are hereby directed to communicate with their Financier.

J. Fleming, Wm. Smith, L. L. Baker and T. C. Boag, of No. 97, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MICHAEL MALOY.

We are authorized by Pilot Lodge, No. 124, to publish the following card:

"We desire to caution you against a first-class fraud and dead beat in the person of Michael Maloy, formerly a member of Pilot Lodge, No. 124. While holding the position of Magazine Agent, he absconded with the funds of the Lodge, to the amount of \$27. He is a smooth talker and may find others to impose on. This is the reason that we publish this card."

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

B. G. SITTLER, of Progress Lodge, No. 105, died of Typhoid Fever, March 19. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Sittler.

WM. STEWART, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, was killed March 30 by a detached train of cars running into his engine. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. C. W. Stewart.

HARLOW A. SMITH,
of Fortune Lodge, No. 120, died of general
Peritonitis, April 9. His policy is payable to
his wife, Mrs. Harlow A. Smith.

H. A. SPRAGUE,
of Onward Lodge, No. 41, died of Bright's
Disease, Jan. 24. Being under suspension at
the time of his death, for non-payment of
the December assessment, his policy was ren-
dered null and void.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 1, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Chicago Lodge,
No. 95, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I return you, one and all, my
most heartfelt thanks for your kind remem-
brance of me in presenting me with a copy
of resolutions in a frame, which, I can assure
you, I will always look upon as one of the
greatest gifts of my life, coming as it does,
from so grand and noble an Order as you rep-
resent. Hoping that every fireman through-
out the land, who has the interest or welfare
of himself or those depending upon him, at
heart, will soon fall into your ranks and be-
come good and faithful members of the
Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, I re-
main

Yours, MINNIE B. KINNIE.

SLEEPY EYE, March 25, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood
of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received of
W. W. Williams, Agent of Insurance of Di-
vision 65, the sum of one thousand dollars
(\$1,000), in full, as payment of insurance on
my late son's life, for which please accept my
sincere thanks.

Very respectfully,

MRS. P. A. STOFFORD.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 23, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood
of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: Please accept my thanks
for the draft this day received from T. H.
Sheppard, Financier of Forest City Lodge,
No. 10, for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), on ac-
count of the death, in June last, of my son
Thomas E. Stoneman. I also wish to express
my appreciation of the personal acts of kind-
ness of the Brotherhood immediately follow-
ing the death of my son. May the Associ-
ation ever prosper and continue to be a bless-
ing to firemen and their families in the
prayer of

Yours respectfully,

MRS. H. STONEMAN.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., April 17, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood
of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have received, through Mr.
W. L. McClure, Financier of your Lodge, a
draft for one thousand dollars, the amount
due me by the death of my brother, J. Muse,
of your Lodge. I feel very much in debt to
your Order for the kindness shown me, and
hope to have your sympathy. I shall ever
remember you as long as time stays between
me and eternity. I am glad to know that
my brother left friends and not enemies. I
am pleased to know that if his mother and
sister could not be with him in the hour of
death, that his Brother Firemen were.

Respectfully yours, MARY DUNCAN.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., May 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending April 30, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 21 and 22	Assess'ts 23 and 24	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 21 and 22	Assess'ts 23 and 24	Total.
1	\$2 00	\$30 00		\$32 00	66	1 00	42 00		43 00
2	11 00	18 00		29 00	67	13 00	54 00		67 00
3	10 00	11 00		21 00	68	2 00	20 00		22 00
4	6 00	22 00		28 00	69	4 00	32 00		36 00
5	7 00	32 00		39 00	70	13 00	22 00		35 00
6		1 00	\$1 00	2 00	71	12 00	29 00		41 00
7					72	1 00	77 00		78 00
8	11 00	20 00		31 00	73	2 00	31 00		33 00
9	3 00	10 00		13 00	74	7 00	34 00		41 00
10	4 00	42 00		46 00	75	23 00	76 00		99 00
11		58 00		58 00	76	20 00	23 00		43 00
12	43 00	75 00		118 00	77	34 00	54 00		88 00
13	1 00	68 00		69 00	78		51 00		51 00
14	5 00	77 00		82 00	79	5 00	30 00		35 00
15	7 00	37 00		44 00	80		39 00		39 00
16	17 00	100 00		117 00	81	12 00	16 00		28 00
17	27 00	32 00		59 00	82	23 00	53 00		76 00
18	3 00	30 00		33 00	83				
19			32 00	32 00	84		38 00		38 00
20	2 00	34 00		36 00	85	32 00	15 00	1 00	88 00
21	7 00	52 00		59 00	86	12 00	48 00		60 00
22	6 00	34 00		40 00	87	9 00	15 00		24 00
23	2 00	23 00		25 00	88				
24			37 00	37 00	89				
25	16 00	21 00		37 00	90	2 00		9 00	11 00
26	5 00	40 00		45 00	91		31 00		31 00
27	2 00	63 00		65 00	92	17 00	5 00		22 00
28	8 00	42 00		50 00	93			30 00	30 00
29					94	2 00		51 00	53 00
30	7 00	18 00		25 00	95	61 00	78 00		139 00
31	18 00	55 00		73 00	96			28 00	28 00
32	8 00	28 00		36 00	97	8 00	54 00		62 00
33	2 00	41 00		43 00	98		29 00		29 00
34		21 00		21 00	99	11 00	40 06		51 00
35	6 00	25 00		31 00	100	4 00	1 00		5 00
36	22 00	53 00		75 00	101	2 00		63 00	65 00
37		56 00		56 00	102			22 00	22 00
38	4 00	61 00		65 00	103		1 00		1 00
39			48 00	48 00	104	4 00		8 00	7 00
40	9 00	53 00	58 00	120 00	105	2 00	29 00		31 00
41	4 00		5 00	9 00	106		21 00		21 00
42		19 00		19 00	107	6 00	25 00		31 00
43			50 00	50 00	108		20 00		20 00
44		23 00		23 00	109	7 00		27 00	34 00
45	5 00	50 00		55 00	110	2 00	16 00		18 00
46	10 00	27 00		37 00	111	6 00	20 00		26 00
47	1 00	91 00		92 00	112		37 00		37 00
48		34 00		34 00	113		12 00		12 00
49	19 00	17 00		36 00	114		18 00		18 00
50	25 00	38 00		63 00	115		21 00		21 00
51	1 00	40 00		41 00	116		21 00		21 00
52					117		41 00		41 00
53			28 00	28 00	118	8 00	8 00		16 00
54	7 00	67 00		74 00	119			13 00	13 00
55	7 00	24 00		31 00	120		23 00		23 00
56	2 00	18 00		20 00	121		17 00		17 00
57	20 00	109 00		129 00	122			80 00	80 00
58		23 00		23 00	123			36 00	36 00
59	2 00	84 00		86 00	124				
60	6 00	57 00		63 00	125				
61	49 00	79 00		128 00	126			26 00	26 00
62	2 00		26 00	28 00	127		22 00	38 00	60 00
63	8 00	37 00		45 00	128	1 00	9 00		10 00
64					129				
65	4 00	33 00		37 00	130				

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 21 and 22.	Assess'ts 23 and 24.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 21 and 22.	Assess'ts 23 and 24.	Total.
181		\$10 00		\$10 00	141			\$15 00	\$15 00
182	\$1 00		\$14 00	15 00	142				
183	2 00	21 00		23 00	143				
184					144				
185	1 00		19 00	20 00	145				
186					146				
187					147		\$6 00		6 00
188			20 00	20 00	148				
189			19 00	19 00	149				
190					150				
191		13 00		13 00					

Balance on hand April 1 \$1,542 50

Received during month 5,378 00

Total \$6,920 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48 \$5,000 00

Balance on hand May 1 \$1,920 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
12	F. E. Maynard	130
12	F. J. Mersereau	128
28	E. J. McQuirk	
38	J. P. Bender	
38	Robert J. Turnbull	47
38	J. H. James	
47	M. Gepper	124
66	Wm. Moxam	47
68	C. F. Smith	
68	Geo. Phillips	
85	Chas. Eastwood	131
85	Benj. Carter	81
91	D. Calderwood	143
91	G. Vogeley	143
91	S. Lyons	143
91	J. Garvey	143
91	G. W. Snook	143
117	Wm. Newcomb	151

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
13	Richard Griffith.	50	D. Holland.
27	Geo. Fitzgerald.	85	James Burke.
30	Frank Cosley.	86	Martin Peterson.
34	Geo. Howell.	92	J. J. Bartholomew
35	Isaac Farris.	131	H. A. Brooks.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
10	J. C. Sadler.	61	O. Chase.
22	R. A. Holmes.	75	S. W. Booz.
31	Dennis Geross.		

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
34	J. M. Clark	34
48	P. J. Smith	48
61	C. F. Smith	68
68	Geo. Phillips	68
74	W. D. Schellinger	93
102	W. E. Ennis	68
103	A. M. Cronin	55
127	J. Brownlee	84
128	F. J. Mersereau	12
130	T. E. Klehm	95
130	F. E. Maynard	12

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
5	Wm. Little	Non-payment of dues.
5	Joe Grant	Non-payment of dues.
8	Leroy Craig	Contempt of Lodge.
9	Ed. Gimbey	Non-payment of dues.
9	Wm. Gibbons	Non-payment of dues.
9	A. H. Crawford	Non-payment of dues.
12	H. Adams	Non-payment of dues.
12	Jno. Broderick	Non-payment of dues.
16	W. H. Achey	Non-payment of dues.
21	A. Atkins	Non-payment of dues.
21	B. Bowen	Non-payment of dues.
21	L. Fisher	Non-payment of dues.
21	H. Obenhouse	Non-payment of dues.
21	W. Woods	Non-payment of dues.
25	L. Kennedy	Non-payment of dues.
28	Jno. Harding	Non-payment of dues.
36	Wm. Beemer	Defrauding Lodge.
37	C. W. Knecht	Non-payment of dues.
37	W. E. Lillard	Non-payment of dues.
44	Jno. Higgins	Non-payment of dues.
47	P. H. Kane	Non-payment of dues.
47	T. Mulherron	Non-payment of dues.
47	C. A. Millspaugh	Non-payment of dues.
47	Ed. Shonegan	Non-payment of dues.
49	Jno. Ivers	Non-payment of dues.
49	Jno. Barnett	Non-payment of dues.
50	Albert Vye	Non-payment of dues.
54	C. E. Frampton	Non-payment of dues.
54	J. J. McIver	Non-payment of dues.
54	J. P. Gardner	Non-payment of dues.
54	J. Neely	Non-payment of dues.
54	J. W. Moore	Non-payment of dues.
54	R. R. Wray	Non-payment of dues.
55	Jno. Larkin	Defrauding Lodge.
60	J. Harrity	Non-payment of dues.
61	M. F. Cannon	Non-payment of dues.
61	R. G. Silcox	Non-payment of dues.
61	James Kyle	Non-payment of dues.
67	Wm. Morrow	Non-payment of dues.
68	Walter Kendall	
77	J. Glenson	Non-payment of dues.
77	J. Leaf	Non-payment of dues.
83	J. Shepherd	Non-payment of dues.
85	D. G. Coulson	Non-payment of dues.
85	M. N. Geiser	Non-payment of dues.
85	W. B. Norton	Non-payment of dues.
85	Jno. Bowrie	Non-payment of dues.
85	H. H. Whitney	Non-payment of dues.
99	Frank Jacobs	Non-payment of dues.
109	Wm. McLorley	Non-payment of dues.
111	John Rodgers	Non-payment of dues.
111	Chas. Wills	Non-payment of dues.
111	Mike Kennedy	Non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 1, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge No. 96, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be gratefully tendered to the beloved mother of our once highly esteemed brother, Thomas Normile, now deceased, for her kind remembrance in presenting us with a fine large portrait of our departed brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Lodge and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication and also a copy to the donor.

JOHN HAYES,
J. F. SWEENEY,
WILLIAM MCFEE, } *Committee.*

CLINTON, IOWA, April 2, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 34, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. J. S. Brewerton our Lodge has lost an honored and most worthy member, his mother a kind and dutiful son; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing mother and sister of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Clinton papers and Firemen's Magazine for publication and also to Mrs. Brewerton, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

THOMAS HOWE,
F. KINCH,
C. KEITH, } *Committee.*

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., April 26, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, B. of L. F., held April 22, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful motto inscribed, "Thy Will be Done," by Mrs. C. J. Rogers; therefore be it

Resolved, That it shall be our highest aim to so live and conduct ourselves as to be worthy of the continued good will and friendship of the esteemed donor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the donor, also recorded, and sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

A. KIRKENDALL,
O. KEDNEY,
J. HOAGLAND, } *Committee.*

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., April 14, 1883.

At a special meeting of Lodge No. 84, B. of L. F., held Thursday, April 12, 1883, at Engineers' Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to Division No. 33, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for the beautiful hall laid open for their use.

Resolved, That we most fully appreciate the interest manifested by these brothers in our behalf, and that we shall endeavor to so conduct ourselves as to be worthy of their continued esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the papers of this city and Firemen's Magazine.

COMMITTEE.

ROODHOUSE, ILL., March 16, 1883.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of J. M. Dodge Lodge, No. 79:

Be it resolved, That this Lodge extends its most sincere sympathy to Mr. Patrick Riley and his family in the sad bereavement they have sustained by the loss of their son, Edward Riley, who died February 24.

By the death of Bro. Riley this Lodge loses a true and worthy brother, and as a mark of respect for the deceased, be it further

Resolved, That we drape our engines in mourning for the space of fifteen days.

V. B. GIDDINGS,
H. ADAMS,
W. E. DONNELLY,
F. CUYKENDALL,
E. H. BECRAFT, } *Committee.*

ROODHOUSE, ILL., May 1, 1883.

The following poetry and resolutions were adopted by J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, B. of L. F.:

[Written for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in memory of Alfred B. Smith, who was killed April 19, 1883.]

Life is a mystery,
Its essence unknown;
Its source and its destiny
To God both belong.

High aims and high purposes,
Impelled by its force,
Lead oft' to brave action
And dangerous course.

But no life is so selfish
As to say, "All is mine;"
The heart's warm affections
About others entwine.

And to make others happy,
To help bear their care,
Makes up a large portion
Of manly life here.

And when, in our journey,
Such a brother we meet,
We honor his purposes,
And with warm friendship greet.

And when the casket is broken.
And the jewel is gone,
We cherish the memory
Of what it has done.

In Alfred B. Smith,
Our brother now gone,
These aims and these virtues
With bright lustre shone.

For mother and friends,
In such sorrow and pain,
We pray God's compassion
And grace to sustain.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Alfred B. Smith, who met his death in a collision between engines 90 and 8 of the C. & A. R. Co., on the night of April 19, 1883, near Straut Station, on the St. Louis division; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, extend to the bereaved family of Brother Smith our most heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement in their loss. While they have lost a devoted son we have lost an honored member of the Order of Locomotive Firemen, whose memory will

long be cherished by the members of No. 79. Be it further

Resolved, That we extend our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy to Miss Alice Martin, whose bright prospects in life were blighted by the relentless hand of death. Miss Martin was to have been united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Brother Smith in a few days. Her loss none but God can console. Be it further

Resolved, That our Charter and Lodge room be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days. Be it further

Resolved, We extend our most sincere thanks to Mr. T. M. Bates, Superintendent of the C. & A. R. R.; also to E. S. Needles, Chief Train Despatcher of the C. & A. R. R.; also to W. A. Cuykendall, M. M., C. & A. R. R., for favors shown the Lodge; also to Mayor Armstrong, of the City of Roodhouse, for closing places of business during our funeral service and march to the grave; also to Mrs. Sinclair for favors shown visiting brothers; also to West End Lodge No. 18 for particular favors; also to the Misses Milton and Miss Jennie Mitchell for favors shown in assisting us to drape our Charter and hall.

V. B. GEDDINGS,
H. ADAMS, } Committee.
W. E. DONNALLY, }

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 10, 1883.

At a special meeting of Fortune Lodge No 120, B. of L. F., held at their Lodge rooms in Syracuse, N. Y., April 10, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased our heavenly Father to remove from this world of care to that home on high our beloved brother, Harlow A. Smith, thus reminding us of the uncertainties of life and the certainties of death, and that we are but mortal and must sooner or later return to the dust from which we came; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Harlow A. Smith the Brotherhood has lost a firm supporter of its rights, every member of our Lodge a brother, the widow a kind and loving husband.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the relatives and friends of the deceased, and especially to the desolate widow we offer our sincere consolation in this sad hour of bereavement, and mourn with them their tear for tear, assuring them that he was honored as a man and brother by his fellow firemen.

Resolved, That we extend to Rev. Richmond Fisk and to all who in any way assisted in doing honor to the memory of our departed brother the sincere thanks of Fortune Lodge.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter and that the members wear the proper badge of mourning for thirty days; that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Lodge, printed in the Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved widow.

A. CUMMINGS,
H. WILSON, } Committee.
W. MARTIN,
S. MANGAN,
F. H. LIVINGSTON, }

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns, Vice Grand Master
1726 Indiana Ave, Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary Centraalia, Ills
L. C. Hill, Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn, Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes, Denver, Col
D. Ross, Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheldre, C. St. P. M. & O.
R. R. St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
38th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave. Jersey City, N. J
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. St. Joseph, Mo
Will R. Dean, Box 305 Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, Box 23 Ravenna, O
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Wednesday at
8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. Mag. Agent
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Favonia Ave. . . . Master
E. Ely, Favonia Station Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Favonia Ave, Mag. Agent
- GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. Mag. Agent
- CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Utter Mag. Agent
- PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
- POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. S. E. . . Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. . . . Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. . . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St.
S. E. Mag. Agent
- RED RIVER**; Denison City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
J. T. Edwards Secretary
J. M. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent

9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Master
W. J. Bruman, 386 Swan St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 485 Swan St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
P. D. Mead, 240½ Van Horn St. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
E. K. Whitall, 292 Virginia Ave. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. Secretary
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 206 N. Eleventh St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbay, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
20. **STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 308 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**; South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between
Primm and Tesson Sts. Secretary
J. D. Fisher, Carondelet, Mo. Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between
Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL**; Urbana, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 61 Financier
G. C. Pittenger Mag. Agent
23. **PHENIX**; Brookfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN**; Parsons, Kan.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK**; Boone, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
26. **ALPHA**; Baraboo, Wis.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
Geo. Howe Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 680 Mag. Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**; Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
28. **ELKHORN**; North Platte, Neb.
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
29. **CERRO GORDO**; Mason City, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 107 Master
C. M. Doncott Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**; Waterloo, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, 791 Clay St., Dubuque,
Iowa Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
31. **E. R. CENTRE**; Atchison, Kan.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
F. Johnson, bet 9th and 10th Sts.,
near A. T. & S. F. Round House. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
32. **BORDER**; Ellis, Kan.
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
33. **SUCCESS**; Trenton, Mo.
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
34. **CLINTON**; Clinton, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent

- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff Master
G. W. Balnter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermerhorn Financier
J. E. McCormic, Box 508 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. Brewer, 190 N. 6th St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W. Shops Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. G. Welden, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
P. Lawless Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpenninck, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger, Pine Bluff Depot Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summerville, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 815 1st St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 500 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 500 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn St., Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave., Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Gelster, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Financier
Wm. Neupher Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 857 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 667 Master
J. Everitt, Box 667 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Financier
M. C. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
P. McDermott Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
J. B. Miller Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House, Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cambridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St., Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St., Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. C. Brown Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
A. H. Curtis Financier
G. W. Myers Mag. Agent

- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
A. Wyhe Secretary
L. E. Wade, L. Box N, El Moro, Col. Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St., 31st Ward Master
T. McCann Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley 714 Keaneey St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
A. J. Goodrich, Box 724 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
H. Lavole Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Stinson Master
A. McKay Secretary
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona, Wis. Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 294 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LOVE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 593 Carman St. Master
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 420 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. RAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson, Box 67 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Walters, Box 1091 Master
F. M. Sprague, L. Box 579 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ills.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1166 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. B. Larson, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 612 12th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tierney, Box 459 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1064 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1064 Mag. Agent

- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton, Box 198 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. McCain, Box 80 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego, Secretary
J. P. Vasque, C. S. R. R. Box, San Diego, Cal. Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego, Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. W. Harrigan, 1476 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops, Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops, Financier
G. Perrin, W. Oakland, Cal. Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.**
J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kilne Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palsan St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 240 Fulton St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton Ave. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Sheets, Box 305 Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Sheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
A. P. Keran, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 182 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
Geo. Hartman, 122 State St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 18 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
P. Combs Secretary
J. C. Musgrove, 206 Hillside Ave. Financier
J. Clarey, Box 150 Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
J. Flowers, 1800 7th and Church-hill Sts. Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON; Louisville, Ky.**
J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store. Master
F. Hounaker, 939 E. Green St. Secretary
F. Hounaker, 939 E. Green St. Financier
G. Buxie, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
T. E. Green, 941 S. Seminary St. Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1373 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 186 Financier
W. E. Armor, L. Box 33 Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
W. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Master
K. B. Rheim Secretary
J. S. McCabe Financier
C. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. Hackett, 3101 Caroline St. Master
W. J. Pourcellie, 2718 Gamble Ave. Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
Peter Molter, 705 Washington Ave. Mag. Agent

- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland Secretary
E. Simpson, Box 927 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 296 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. J. Randall, L. Box 128 Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 608 Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull Master
G. H. Maitland Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madison, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
38th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Pralme, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, be-
tween 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
E. G. Hibbard, Box 154 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 364 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 78 Hamilton Road Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P.O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P.O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
E. Findley Master
W. J. Gorham Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry., River du
Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197
Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Secretary
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 810 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. Krebs, Box 810 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 103 Financier
J. E. Hurley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
H. A. Draper Master
G. Gregg Secretary
E. G. Fox Financier
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
G. S. Tubbs Secretary
J. Burke Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
F. McWhorter Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillette Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Roas St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. Gill Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Flage, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens, Box 208 Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
G. W. Parmeter Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. Murray Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
E. Murray, Box 88, S. Side Financier
C. H. Eastwood, Box 74, S. Side. Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
Jno. Causfield, Box 90 Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets every Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Madden Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
M. J. Black Mag. Agent

- 184. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 185. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
F. B. Windlate Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 186. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry Master
G. Campbell, Box 278 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 187. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 188. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine, Wis Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Brald, Care of Kraft Bros Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 189. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
J. L. Brooks Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford Master
M. J. Ruland Secretary
W. J. Cox Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 84 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
H. Kelley, 115 Broadway St. Master
F. Williver, Cor. Dix and Western Ave. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower Sts. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood St. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
F. Mathison, Box 448 Secretary
James Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton Master
Wm. Forbes Secretary
J. C. Litten Financier
M. N. Norton Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. D. Young, 196 Washington St. Master
P. Volts, 101 Houston Ave. Secretary
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. Financier
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114 Secretary
J. S. Ramsour Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
O. Gillen, 206 Newark St., Hoboken, N. J. Master
W. J. McColi, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogal Call, 209 1/2 W. 40th St. Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
C. A. Witt, L. Box 142 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 12 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
John Ryel, Box 94 Master
Don Dunlap, Box 94 Secretary
Don Dunlap, Box 94 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. A. Greenwood Secretary
G. K. Bates Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Reese Master
E. R. Dickson Secretary
Arthur Hill Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Price, Box 74 Master
W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Secretary
W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Financier
J. D. Mercer, Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. E. Mott, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
F. M. Ward, Box 256 Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Malin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
James Smith Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Hamlin, 521 Forte St., E. Detroit Master
D. O'Connor, 616 Sixth St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St., E. Detroit Financier
Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St., E. Detroit Mag. Agent

Firemen's Magazine

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VOL. VII.

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NO. 7.

The Engineer's Story.

Ballou's Monthly.

Business had brought me to the little town of D—, among the New Hampshire hills, and here, much against my will, I was detained for several days, while waiting for instructions from my employers. The nearest periodical store was twelve miles away, and, without books or papers, time hung heavy on my hands.

The only break in my monotonous life was the arrival of the trains twice a day, and in the dead calm of my existence this little ripple of excitement became as much to me as the opera under more favorable circumstances. It was while lounging upon the platform that I became acquainted with George Seaforth, engineer on the B. C. & M. R.R. He was a man about thirty-five years of age. Not what would be called an educated man, but sensible and clear-headed. His home was in Concord, where he had a wife and two children. He ran from Concord to D—, and for two hours, while waiting for the "down train," he was in D—.

The acquaintance, at first began to while away an idle hour, on my part, at least, grew to a strong liking, and to-day there is no one among my acquaintances for whom I feel a greater respect and esteem than for George Seaforth.

He had been on the cars since he was sixteen, first as train-boy, then as brakeman, fireman, and for the last ten years as engineer.

"You must have had some strange adventures in that time," I said one day, as we sat upon the platform of the little station, waiting for the train.

"Strange adventures!" he repeated, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking meditatively across the green fields. "Strange adventures! You may well say

that, sir. We train men are always having adventures."

"Suppose you tell me some of them," I suggested.

"Well," looking at his watch, "as there's plenty of time, I don't mind telling you of one queer one I had six years ago, come fall, though I don't often speak of it; for you see when a man's been face to face with death, he can't talk of it very well."

I settled myself on the rough bench that did duty as a chair, as comfortably as I could, took a fresh cigar, and he began:

"It happened in this way. I was running the old Lion from Lee to Fairtown. If you know anything about New England, you know that September's a great month for fairs, and this particular September was no exception to the general rule. We had lots of extra work to do, but, as we had extra pay, there was no grumbling. It was toward the last of the month that the fair at M— came off. Two or three extras were put on, timed so as to run between the regular trains. Jim Turner fired for me then. Jim was as good a fellow as ever lived, with but one fault—he would go off on 'a time' once in a while. He didn't do it very often, and as he'd do more work than any other man on the road, the company kept him. But Jim had been pretty sober lately. I believe he hadn't drunk anything for as much as six months; so I kind of got out of the habit of watching him, and he went and came pretty much as he chose.

"Well, we got along all right this time, till almost night we stoped at D— for wood and water. While we were waiting, March, the depot-master, came along, and says he: 'Seaforth, I want you to do me a favor.'

"What is it?" says I, for March and I were pretty good friends.

"Well," says he, 'there's a young woman here who wants to go to Fairtown, and she hasn't a cent of money. She came here to get work, and she's lost her pocket-book, and hasn't any way to get back home. I don't feel at liberty to pass her over the road, (they'd been making a row about free passes), and she a'n't the kind that you'd feel like offering money to. So I thought may be you'd let her ride on the engine.'

"Well, I didn't like to refuse March, for, as I said before, he and I were good friends, and he had done me many a good turn; but I must say the idea of having a woman in the cab all the way to Fairtown wa'n't very pleasant, and I said so to March, but he was bound to have her go, and said so much that I finally told him to bring her along. She came out upon the platform, a little, pale-faced thing, who looked at me with great, frightened eyes, as though she thought I was a bear, and would eat her up as soon as we left the station. March introduced her as Miss Lord, and seemed to expect me to say something to make her feel at home, but I was all out of sorts, and I only nodded in a surly sort of way. I saw the tears come into her eyes, and you better believe I felt kind of mean, but didn't say anything, and March helped her on the engine.

I saw her put out a little white hand, not much bigger'n a child's, and lay it on his arm, as she said:

"God bless you, Mr. March."

"And then I went off to look for Jim, who was late.

"I found him the other side of the depot, with a two-gallon can of kerosene in his hand.

"You see," he said, I asked rather sharply where he'd been, 'I c'n git this a good deal cheaper here than at Fairtown, an' my wife thinks it's a sight better, too.'

"Well, come along," I said, 'for we're two minutes behind time now.'

"When we got back to the engine March had gone, and Miss Lord sat there alone.

Jim stared, but I said:

"This young woman's going to ride on the engine to Fairtown. She is a friend of Mr. March.' So he put down his kerosene, and took his place on the cab.

"I heard the conductor's 'All aboard,' and then we were off.

"I was busy with levers and valves, for a man who drives a train holds the lives of hundreds in his hand, and one careless motion may send them all into eternity. So you see I hadn't much time to think

of anything but my machine, but I noticed that Jim was pretty talkative. At first I thought it was because we had a woman aboard, but by and by I began to suspect it was something worse than that. His voice grew thick and his movements uncertain, and at last I could no longer hide from myself the fact that he had been drinking. Still I anticipated no trouble. We were already more than half way to Fairtown, and I thought he would keep up till we got there.

"At A—the station-master handed the conductor a telegram. He read it, and then handed it to me. It ordered us to go on to N—to meet the special. I had expected to stop at the next station, and N—was ten miles beyond, but orders are orders and must be obeyed. So I told Jim to pile on the wood, and I put on all the steam I dared, and we went spinning over the road at a rate that must have astonished the passengers.

"We had gone a little more than half way, and I was beginning to think we might make the distance without much trouble, when Jim sat right down on the floor of the cab, and began to whimper.

"Get up, you fool, and go to work," I cried.

"I can't," he whimpered. 'I'm tired, an' mus' go ter sleep.'

"Get up, you rascal!" I shouted. 'Don't you know we've got to get to N—in ten minutes, or meet the special train?'

"I can't help it, let ther ol' train come. I tell ye I'm tired. Now, look here, Seaforth, nodding his head with drunken gravity. 'You're workin' too hard. Why, man, you won't live out half your days, if you don't take some rest. I tell ye what 't is you'd better take things easy. I'm goin' to, anyway.'

"And he laid down on the floor of the cab, and shut his eyes, muttering: 'Take it easy, easy, Jim'll take it easy.'

"I suppose I must have acted like a wild man, for I knew that before I could let the conductor know the fix that we were in, and get help, it would be too late to save the train, and I'm afraid I used some pretty strong words, as a man is apt to when he gets in a tight place. Not that the words help him out of it. I suppose they only let off some of the extra steam, and make him think quicker. So I stormed away there, all the time trying to do my work and Jim's, and knowing ever moment that we were losing ground. The steam was going down, and the engine slowing up, spite of all I could do.

"I tell you," and he passed his hand

over his forehead, "it makes the sweat start on me now, when I think of that run. It seems to me that I lived a lifetime in those few minutes. It's an awful thing to have so many lives depending on you. In the cars behind me were hundreds more, and only a step between them and eternity. All this time, the girl March had put on the engine had been sitting perfectly still, watching everything that went on, and now, when everything seemed lost, she threw off her shawl, and stepped into Jim's place, saying quietly: "I'll take that man's place, Mr. Seaforth."

"You?" and I looked at the slight, almost girlish figure, in astonishment.

"Yes," she said. "I am stronger than I look, and I've been watching the man, so I know I can do his work."

"It was a forlorn hope, but our only one, and, after one brief moment of hesitation, I said:

"Very well, you can but try, and if you fail"—

"I did not finish the sentence, for, at the thought of failure, the terrible picture of mangled, bleeding bodies, crushed out of all semblance of humanity, rose before me, and I turned away with a groan. A slight shudder passed over the girl, and she seemed to grow paler, but, without a word, she took her place, throwing on the wood as I directed, and doing so well, that, spite of my anxiety, I could not but notice the dexterity with which she handled heavy sticks. The strength of a half-a-dozen men seemed concentrated in her slender arms, but, spite of her efforts, we hardly seemed to gain ground.

"I looked at my watch, and fairly groaned aloud as I saw that it wanted ten minutes of six, and at six we were expected to pass the extra at N—. There was no time to put back, and no chance to stop till we reached N—. There was nothing for us to do but to go straight on, though I felt that we were going to destruction. As the hands of the watch crept around, telling off the minutes, I watched them with a sort of fascination, feeling as though I were turning a stone. Well, if you'll believe me, that girl, instead of making a row, as most women would have done, never said a single word, though she seemed to know just how things were going, but, after one look at my face—and I suppose I must have looked pretty bad—almost by inspiration it seemed to me. She did one of those things a man would never have thought of. Right behind her was the oil can Jim had got at D—. With a

steady hand she lifted the heavy can, and poured half its contents on the wood, then she threw the wood upon the fire, and it blazed up with a quick, fierce heat, that sent the engine flying over the rails at a rate that fairly made one dizzy. Still she piled on the oiled wood, and still we went on faster, and faster. The train rocked from side to side, and the engine seemed hardly to touch the rails. I looked at my watch, and then anxiously in the direction of N—. It wanted three minutes of six. Oh, if there might be some delay, something to make the other train even one minute late. But no, away in the distance I could see a faint line of smoke coming nearer and nearer. The girl saw it too, and reached for the oil-can.

"It's of no use," I said. "We can't get there, and we've all the steam we can safely carry now."

"Are you sure it won't bear any more?" she asked, anxiously.

"I shook my head.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"But it is possible it may?" she asked again.

"Yes, possible, but not probable," I answered.

"She asked the question in a calm, even voice, and I think I answered in much the same tone, for now that the danger I had feared was really upon us, I seemed to have lost all fear, and I watched the line of smoke nearing us so fast with a sort of vague wonder as to what the engineer of the other train would do when he saw us coming, too late to save his train. I was roused from this sort of stupor into which I seemed in danger of falling, by seeing the girl again reach for the oil-can. I shook my head.

"It won't do," I said. "It may be death."

"But," she said, "it is death if I don't."

"I nodded, and, without a word, she poured the remainder of the oil upon the wood, and threw it into the fire. We were close to the station now, and I could see people running across the platform, and hear the women scream as they saw our danger; for right in front of us was the extra, so near that it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save us. I looked at Miss Lord. With that last effort her strength seemed to leave her, and she sank upon the seat, covering her face with her hand, waiting for the death that seemed so near.

"There was a moment of awful suspense, and then we were safe upon the side track, just as the extra train went

thundering by, so near that scarcely an inch separated the engine from the hindmost car. The brakes were put on, and the long line of cars came to a stand-still just beyond the station, and then slowly ran back to where the crowd of alarmed and curious men stood watching us. At the shrill sound of the escaping steam, Miss Lord raised her head, and looked anxiously around, then, seeming to realize that we were safe, she tried to say something, and the words died away in a murmur, and the next moment she fell on the floor of the cab like a dead woman. But before I could call any one to help her, for I was pretty well shaken myself, one of the directors, who was on the train, came along in a fearful passion. He wanted to know what I meant by running the risk that I had done.

"Haven't you any brains? and don't you care any more for human life than a donkey?" he blustered.

"I handed him the telegram I had received at A—, and which, fortunately for myself, I had put into my pocket, and then I pointed to the floor of the cab, where Jim lay in a drunken sleep, and Miss Lord in a dead faint, and I told the story as well as I could. I tell you there was pretty lively times there for a few minutes. The passengers found out that something was the matter, and they came pouring out of the cars, and crowded round the engine, and I had to tell my story over and over to them. Well, some of the men carried Jim off to the station, and dumped him down on the floor, and Miss Lord was taken into one of the drawing-room cars, and fussed over as though she was one of the greatest ladies in the land; and, before she came to herself enough to sit up, there was a purse made up for her, of more dollars than she ever had in her life, and that wa'n't all, for Runals—the director that was aboard the train—found that she knew something of telegraphy, and put her in the office at C—for awhile, and in a few months gave her a steady job. So, you see it wa'n't a bad ride for her, after all."

"But what became of her!" I asked. "Is she still in the office?"

"Oh, bless you, no, sir. She did what most all women do, sooner or later—get married."

"Well," said I, "such a woman deserved a good husband; I hope she got one."

"Well, I don't know; pretty middling, I guess," and then he nodded, with a laugh: "She seems to be satisfied, so I suppose there's no occasion for any one else to find fault."

Just then there was a whistle, and the down train came into view, and, putting his pipe in his pocket, the engineer made ready for his homeward trip, saying, with a sly smile, as he sprang on the engine and said good-by:

"If ever you come to Concord I shall be glad to see you, and you can ask my wife what she thinks of the husband Miss Ford got."

Discipline.

Cassell's Magazine.

A few days since, when reading a tale entitled "Let Nobody Pass," the incidents there related brought forcibly to my mind three different anecdotes of real life illustrating the same motto, and which, though they are not of a "thrilling" nature, may still be interesting to some readers from the mere fact of their being true.

One of these occurred in 1864 (I think) when Lord Lawrence was governor-general of India. His excellency had just returned from England to assume his onerous duties, and was spending a short time at (what might be called his country seat) the government house at Barrackpore.

Any one who knew Lord Lawrence will remember his utter disregard of personal appearance. Excepting on public occasions he paid so little attention to his dress as to appear almost shabby, which seems strange in a man who so well understood the character of the natives, and who could not have lived so many years in India without knowing how much importance they attach to pomp and show; and who, moreover, as representatives of the queen-empress, and governor of such a vast territory, was expected to appear with suitable ceremony.

The day after his arrival a Barrickpore he took a walk, with some of his staff, in the beautiful park; and on their return to the government house they were refused admittance by the sentry, a Punjabi soldier, who had not seen them go out. In vain the staff officers explained, reasoned and insisted. The sentry would not listen to them. His orders were peremptory. No one must pass but those who had particular business with his excellency, and could give a satisfactory account of themselves. And he wound up with what appeared to him an unanswerable argument.

"The Lord Sahib would not wear such shabby clother, so it's no use to try to deceive me."

It was not until some official, known to

the sentry, came out of the government house and assured him of his mistake, that the poor man, who had only wished to do his duty, realized what he had done. He was so terrified at having refused admittance to the "Lord Sahib" himself, that he fell down in a fit, and was carried away to the hospital. I believe he recovered, and, no doubt, his convalescence was hastened by Lord Lawrence's pardon, and the assurance of his excellency's satisfaction at his having so faithfully carried out his orders.

The second incident is of a totally different nature, though it, too, was consequent on the advent of a new governor-general.

I think it was on the occasion of Lord Dalhousie's arrival that the troops in Calcutta were assembled to do him honor, lining the whole length of road from the landing-place to the government house. One part of this road leads directly to the cathedral, the graceful spire of which is a conspicuous object for some distance round. The orders had been issued that the road was to be kept perfectly clear, no conveyance of any kind but the cortège of his excellency being allowed to pass. All were in readiness, and full of expectation, for the guns from the fort had fired their salute, announcing that the governor-general had set foot on Indian soil, when suddenly a closed carriage appeared on the piece of road mentioned above, the driver having very cleverly contrived to slip in from a by-way.

The young officer in charge of that particular spot immediately gave chase, but the coachman was driving fast, and he had to ride some distance before he overtook him. Shouting to him to stop, he repeated the order, and told him to turn his horses head at once.

The man, a native, chattered and gesticulated as only a native can, but the officer was inexorable. The road must be kept clear, and already clouds of dust in the distance showed that his excellency's cavalcade was fast approaching. At this critical moment a lady's tremulous voice was heard from within the conveyance, the blinds of which had hitherto been closely drawn, so that the occupants could not be seen.

"Oh! pray let us pass on. I am going to the cathedral to be married, and if we are obliged to go the long way round I shall be too late!"

Here was a dilemma! The bridegroom awaiting the bride, while she, poor lady, was letting "the war down be," through

from quite a different motive to that of Jock o' Hazeldean's betrothed. Her evident distress moved the young officer to pity, and though he dared not himself disobey his orders, he did the best he could by representing the case to his commandant, who gallantly taking for his motto *Place aux Dames*, and considering that if all things are fair in war they are equally so in love, gave the required permission, having, no doubt, made a mental calculation as to the length of time that might elapse before that cloud of dust should develop itself into something more definite.

Let us hope that the lady, being married, "lived happily ever after" (as the story books say), and that she never had reason to repent the hour when her tears were even more powerful than the stern sense of duty and discipline over the heart of a soldier.

The third illustration of "Let nobody pass" occurred during a certain cold season in India, when a considerable force was collected at one of our large stations for a camp of exercise. The camp was pitched just outside the cantonments, from which it was separated by a road, and surrounded by a ditch, communication being afforded by temporary bridges which were guarded at either end by a sentry.

One evening the colonel commanding one of the regiments (who was better known for his kindly disposition than for any special military qualities) had been dining with a friend in the station, and returning rather late, he made his way to the bridge nearest his own tent. Unfortunately, he did not know either the "parole" or "countersign," but he trusted to the sentries knowing him (although they were not his own men) and allowing him to pass.

He was so far right that the first man, having recognized him, was satisfied with the answer "Friend" to his challenge, and let him go on the bridge; but the second sentry was more particular and demanded the countersign. Of course the colonel could not give it, and though he explained the situation and stated who he was, the sentry stood firm. Seeing no other alternative, the crest-fallen field officer determined to beat a retreat and return to the cantonments for the night.

But here a fresh difficulty arose, for the sentry, who had previously allowed him to pass, had by this time awakened to a sense of his position, and—thinking, no doubt, with his companion at the other

end of the bridge, that this opportunity of keeping guard over a superior officer was too good to be lost, and a chance that might never occur to him again—refused to let him return without his giving the "parole."

The position was a dreadful one. Imagine an elderly field-officer of irreproachable character, and in command of a regiment, being thus kept under guard by two sentries at an hour of the night when all respectable people should be in bed! But there was no help for it, and for some little time the gallant colonel had to submit to his fate. And he might have remained there until the small hours of the morning had he not been rescued by the fortunate arrival of a friend, who was also returning to the camp from the cantonments, and who, giving him the information he required, freed him from arrest.

Moral—A word in the mouth is worth two in the order-book.

Personality of Men.

Chicago News.

Men starting on a long journey, and during its progress, are sure to show some individuality. Railroad men are exceedingly observant, and can tell almost at a glance whether a man is used to being away from home. "Peanuts" hardly ever approaches a person whom his practised glance "sizes up" as a "commercial tourist" or man accustomed to travel. Old conductors have a large fund of information and anecdote, and it would astonish people to learn how critically they watch each individual passenger, and how well they can describe the traveling habits and idiosyncrasies of prominent people. One of these has given some of his recollections in a talk to a Philadelphia Press reporter. He commenced by comparing Grant, Conkling and Blaine, saying: "Roscoe Conkling generally gets one seat in a drawing room, and he gets all the newspapers he can buy, reads them, and throws them all over the drawing room in a mass, besides he always has a portmanteau full of law papers, which he strews all over every seat in the drawing room. Conkling is a very vain traveler, and wants everybody in the car to look at him. Now, there's Blaine; he's just the opposite. He always buys the whole drawing room and shuts himself up, and is a very modest, retiring traveler. But Grant is a queer old fellow. When he was president of the United States he nearly always traveled in a special car, but now

since he has become a private citizen, he travels just about the same as ordinary folks. You can always find Grant in the rear end of the car in the smoking department with a cigar in his mouth, and there he sits with a hand on either arm of his chair and smokes and smokes, thoroughly oblivious of everybody in the car. He never looks at anyone. Sometimes he will look out of the windows for hours. When he's not doing that he's glancing over a newspaper. He's indifferent to everything that's going on. Why, if the train he is in stops on the road in the open country for some minutes he never moves, never inquires what is the matter, but sits and smokes stolidly until the train starts, while all the other passengers put their heads out of the windows or get off to see what's gone wrong.

"I remember," continued the veteran conductor, "a trip to Chicago Grant made in my car some time ago. His seat was directly behind a lady who was traveling alone—and who by-the-by knew very little about traveling. She had her window up for some time, and it was pretty chilly, besides the black smoke poured into the car. I watched Grant a little while and I saw he was annoyed, as the smoke and the chilly breeze blew right over him. Presently he got up, and leaning over the lady's shoulder, put his hand on the catch and let the window sash down. The little woman gave an involuntary start and turned around fiercely, but Grant never noticed her, and dropped back into his chair. After a little while the little lady hoisted the window again, and some of the passengers, who had seen the affair, smiled at one another. Then the little woman beckoned to me and said: 'Conductor, who is that hog back of me?'"

"That's General Grant!" said I.

"Oh!" said the little woman, and she dropped the window immediately. Grant heard the question, but never let on, and went on reading his paper as if nothing had happened.

"Herbert Spencer was the most restless traveler I ever saw, and Bob Ingersoll is the best. When Ingersoll enters a car to go on a journey, the first thing he does is to hang up his big slouch hat, then he commences to make himself comfortable, and by the time the train starts he just acts as though he were home in his study. If there's no one on the train he knows, it don't take him long to strike up an acquaintance, and everybody seems glad to know him. He's a very

jolly and a very liberal traveler—smokes nearly all the time on the cars and always carries a bundle of choice cigars with him. I remember one night there was a freight wreck, and our train had to lay up for three or four hours. It was a terrible night; the wind blew a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents. Colonel Ingersoll was one of the passengers. Everybody got tired. Nobody could get anybody to talk with. At last a little Scotchman, who was traveling through America sight-seeing, learned who Ingersoll was, and he tackled him then and there. Ingersoll was just in humor, and in less than ten minutes everybody in the car crowded around him and listened to him for over two hours, and the passengers seemed so pleased and entertained that they forgot all about the night and the accident.

"But Oscar Wilde took the cake. Oscar Wilde was more bother than all the women who ever rode on a railroad car. He had an idea that he was the greatest man that America had ever seen, and he put on more airs than if he had been the Czar of Russia, the Prince of Spain, and the Emperor of Germany, all in one. Would you believe it, he paid the porter of the sleeping-car to tell people at the stations along the line wherever the train stopped that Oscar Wilde was in the car. He was the vainest, most conceited mule I ever saw. He wouldn't drink water out of the glass at the cooler, but sipped it out of a silver and gold mug he carried with him, and he'd sit with the tips of his fingers pressed together and look up at the roof of the car as if he was about to offer up a prayer."

Out of the Boarding House.

Jennie June in Demorest's Monthly.

"I have been in six boarding houses," said a young wife the other day, "and they were all equally good and equally bad. It was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Nothing would tempt me to go back into one of them. They are so inexpressibly dreary; there is nothing home-like about them. You must separate yourself from other occupants to avoid the gossip and scandal, and then you are isolated, and treated spitefully and with suspicion. But Sunday mornings and Christmas mornings, and other holidays, were the worst part of it to me, for at home on such mornings there was an air of preparation and of festivity. But if anything ever goes very wrong in a boarding house, it is sure to be at a

time when you want it to be particularly right and nice. So I determined to give up boarding and persuade my husband to take a flat, and I assure you it has done him, as well as me, an immense amount of good already. Why, you know how fastidious he is; nothing would ever induce him to carry the smallest parcel, and the other day he actually came home with a clock under his arm—he did, indeed—a lovely little clock for the mantel in our room; and instead of going to the club he goes tinkering about, putting up brackets and shelves with portieres. Oh, I assure you he has developed quite a genius in that direction—a genius I never should have suspected if we had remained in a boarding house."

Railroad Reminiscence.

Express-Gazette.

While talking with a number of train men at one of the railroad depots yesterday, a city reporter found an interested audience in relating the following reminiscence of primitive railroading, which he had acquired in an interview some time ago with the inventor of the present system of signaling between the engineer and train officials:

In the early days of the railroad in this country the locomotive engineer was the master of the train. He ran it according to his judgment, and the conductor had very little voice in the matter. Collecting fares, superintending the loading and unloading of freight, and shouting "all aboard!" were all that the conductor was expected to do. The Erie railway in the north was then the New York & Erie railroad. One of the pioneer conductors of this line was Captain Ayres. He ran the only train then called for between the terminal points. It was made up of freight and passenger cars. The idea of the engineer, without any knowledge of what was going on back of the locomotive, having his way as to how the train was to be run, did not strike the captain as being according to the propriety of things. He frequently encountered a fractious passenger who insisted on riding without paying his fare. As there was no way of signaling to the engineer, and the passenger could not be thrown from the train while it was in motion, the conductor, in such cases, had no choice but to let him ride until a regular stop was made. Captain Ayres finally determined to institute a new system in the running of trains. He procured a stout twine, sufficiently long to reach

from the locomotive to the rear car. To to end of this string, next the engineer, he fastened a stick of wood. He ran this cord back over the cars to the last one.

He informed the engineer, who was a German, named Abe Hammil, that if he desired to have the train stopped he would pull the string and raise the stick, and would expect the signal to be obeyed. Hammil looked upon the innovation as a direct blow at his authority, and when the train left the station he cut the stick loose, and told Captain Ayres that he proposed to run the train himself, without interference from any conductor. The next day the captain rigged up his string and stick of wood again. "Abe," said he, "this thing's got to be settled one way or the other to-day. If that stick of wood is not on the end of this cord when we get to Turner's, you've got to lick me, or I'll lick you." The stick was not on the string when the train reached Turner's. The captain pulled off his coat, and told Hammil to get off his engine. Hammil declined to get off. Captain Ayres climbed to the engineer's place. Hammil started to jump off on the opposite side. The conductor hit him under the ear and saved him the trouble of jumping. That settled forever the question of authority on railroad trains. Hammil abdicated as autocrat of the pioneer Erie train, and the twine and stick of wood, manipulated by the conductor, controlled its management. That was the origin of the bell rope, now one of the most important attachments of railroad trains. The idea was quickly adopted by the few roads then in operation, and the bell or gong in time took the place of the stick of wood to signal the engineer. Captain Ayres continued a conductor on this road under its different managers until he was superannuated and retired on a pension.

An Engineer at a Concert.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineer running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a slick looking Dutchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the small keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges, and wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to

know how much steam he was carrying and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line, just as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old "36" pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a "special." The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixed to tell him to shut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and, Jerusalem, jumpers! how he did run. I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was "pounding" on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of corn-stalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble bee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft pug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the "special." In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the Dutch professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face, and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be 1,000 years old, I'll never forget the ride that Dutchman gave me on a piano," and Jim and the boys walked around the corner and took something.

A battle picture of the action at Tel-el-Kebir is to be painted for the British government by Henry de Verville, the French artist. He will receive \$25,000 for the work.

A TEST.

Traveler's Magazine.

"What would you do," asked the fireman black,
Of the grimy engineer,
"If suddenly upon the track
A woman should appear?
And suppose you were running a little behind,
With your guage cock up to 'L,'
And the woman was deaf and dumb and blind,
And couldn't hear whistle or bell?"

"Do!" cried the grimy engineer,
With a look of cold disdain,
"I'd get out there, and leave you here
To take your chance with the train!
I'd straighten out on that pilot plate,
And that woman I would snatch,
Before she knew whether we were freight,
Express, wild or despatch!"

"That," said the fireman, "I call game!"
And he shoveled in the coal,
And wondered if he'd do the same
In a similar kind of a hole.
And the headlight cast a long, thin stream,
Through the night of dismal black,
When suddenly there came the scream
Of a woman on the track.

"Jump!" shrieked the fireman. "There she goes!"

But the engineer sat still,
And a woman's sorrows, joys, and woes
Were taken like a pill.
"Why didn't you go out on the pilot plate?
That was the place for you!
Why didn't you try to avert her fate,
As you boasted you would do?"

"My friend," said the grimy engineer,
With apologetic cough,
"That woman knew but trouble here,
And now she's better off.
Besides, by grinding her to hash,
A good fat thing I draw.
The road will pay five thousand cash,
And she was—my mother-in-law!"

Is it a Weakness?

Professor Tuttle.

To some it may seem a weakness. I refer to one habit practiced by me occasionally. An important railway runs through our campus, and there are times when there comes to me an irrepressible desire to pray God to bless those "who run the trains." It rises above the wants of one road and takes in all. I have traveled many thousands of miles on the railway. Contrasted with the stage coach and Connestoga wagon of fifty years ago, how grand a train on the iron-rails. And it is said that the average of safety is greatly in favor of the latter. The railway as a physical force, or collection of forces, is tremendous. The steam is harnessed to drag trains over high bridges, and along dangerous heights. What a dizzy height is the train traversing around Cape Horn on the Central Pacific—two thousand feet, they say! A broken con-

necting rod, wheel, or rail, puts all that train with its contents in peril. And trains have gone over either this, or some other dizzy height. It was in the most brilliant moonlight we "doubled the cape" just referred to. The light was enough to give a dim and magnifying look at what seemed unfathomable depths.

We sit with careless ease in the sumptuous parlor-car, or sleep with restful quiet at night in the Pullman. And yet our train moves along in places that thrill us when looked at from the rear platform. One never quite gets hardened to the Cheat mountain scenery on the Baltimore & Ohio, or the Delaware scenery on the Erie, or the Horse Shoe and Connemaugh scenery on the Pennsylvania. Think of trains dashing on such a down grade forty miles or faster, and you with them!

It may seem weak, but I have sometimes asked God—my Father in heaven—to keep safely those two men on the locomotive—the man at the throttle and the man at the furnace. They need nerve and they have it. What brave men they are! They need the Father's care. And I doubt not they have that, too, at least we may suppose so. Our safety depends so much on the nerve and skill of those two men.

I was on a splendid train on the Marietta and Cincinnati road one day. We were running swiftly. Suddenly the train was checked as if by a hand mightier than human. Approaching a siding, we felt the train stopped, not instantly, but suddenly. Too suddenly for comfort. A freight was on the siding, its engine facing us. The right side of our engine was torn off, and also the right side of the freight engine that was facing us. That was all. Not one of the hundred passengers was hurt. Our engineer, with quick sight, saw the switch was partly turned—enough to make not a full but only a partial collision—and with wonderful nerve and promptness he sounded the alarm, reversed his engine, applied the brakes, and leaped for his life. The fireman also leaped for life. It was a terrible peril. Now, I suppose these grand men have many as great perils that we never hear of. Often these men ride "the iron horse" headed toward death. I wonder they do not reach the black goal at the first ride. We ride quietly in the well cushioned car, but these men ride ahead of us, mediators between us and death. Is it a weakness in me that I sometimes say to my God, "Bless the brave engineer?" A misplaced switch, a broken rail, a spike maliciously drawn, a bridge

undermined by water, how little a thing is needed to kill our bold friend with his hand at throttle, and us also! And it is said there are on this continent seventy thousand engineers, each with a fireman, who stand daily between those who travel and death.

The last winter has been peculiar for ice on the paths of footmen and the roads of engines and horses. The western States for several days were an immense skating park. It was hazardous to step unless on skates or with steel-shod heels. The ice fought the locomotives, and in many cases lifted them from the track. Just now I am thinking not of the footmen on our streets, or the engineers on our engines, but of the brakemen on our freights. The so-called brakemen on our passenger trains usually have about as easy a time as we who ride. They look very nice and happy in their neat uniforms, and seated composedly reading the newspaper or the book loaned of the good-natured news-boy.

"But these brakemen on the freights "cannot indulge in any foolishness," at any time. They climb up and down cars in motion, when a misstep is likely to kill. Their lot is perilous and hard enough at any time; but in the night when clouds and storms are hiding the stars, to be climbing over trains is at the constant peril of life. But when the falling mist or rain freezes over all the cars and glazes each round in every ladder, it put the brakemen in the most terrible peril. It makes one shudder to think of the poor fellows. Each step, each move is on the slippery path toward death. Every once in a while one steps and falls, either to become a cripple for life, or to die a horrible death.

And like the men on the engine, they have nerves of steel. They meet the dangers of their calling with wonderful courage. They are not cowards. If they were, they would not be there.

When a boy, seated in the old First Church, in the city of Newark, I used to hear in the autumn one "request for prayers" that impressed me very much. There were men in Newark who did business at the south. The ships usually sailed on Saturday. The next day—to give an actual case—the pastor would read such a request as this: "Mr. William Camp having sailed for Savannah, asks the prayers of this church for his safety!"

I have spoken of the perils of men "who do business on our railways. A great road runs through our campus. At

all times of day and night, and in all sorts of weather, the trains are to be heard. It may be a weakness—call it so if you will—but I often in my heart, and even sometimes in the college chapel, I ask God to take care of these brave but greatly endangered men who run the engines and twist the brakes on our railway trains.

A Sweet Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a wife than a sweet temper. Home cannot be made happy without it. It is like flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how sweet is a word dictated by a sweet disposition. It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of his life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of the whole family. When it is in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles and kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwellings there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper.

Advice to Women Traveling.

It is just as easy for a woman to travel comfortably in a day coach or a sleeping car, as it is for her to be comfortable at home, if she will go to work properly. First, she should remember that the train will get along as well and as rapidly if she doesn't worry about it, as if she keeps up a constant fretting and fussing. Secondly, her station is properly classified on the timeschedule, and her train stops there if the schedule says so. On general principles she will arrive on time, and no amount of nagging at the brakeman will effect any earlier arrival. The conductor is in no way general manager of the road, and any attempt to interest him in an absolute necessity of doing an impossibility will prove futile.

The trouble with most lady passengers is that they regard the train manipulators as automats, ignorant of their duties, and hired only to purvey misinformation. They are satisfied that everything is going wrong from the start to the finish, and in their anxiety to help things along, they make the whole trip miserable for themselves and all around them.

Select your seat in the centre of the car, or as near the centre as you can get. In summer take the shady side, and in

winter take the side to windward, that is, against which the wind is blowing. The smoke goes to leeward, and thus you have an unobstructed view. Once seated, give yourself no further uneasiness about the trip. The people who sold you your ticket have contracted to look after the details and relieve you from any responsibility. Provide yourself with a time table before starting, and rely on it. It is never wrong.

Just before arriving at a meal station get in readiness to alight, but don't hurry or fuss. There is plenty of time, and worry is quicker than a dinner to destroy the appetite. Don't lumber yourself with your wraps and light luggage in going to a meal. Leave them in the car. They are safer there than under your charge in the restaurant, where you are apt to leave them in the hurry of leaving for the train.

Twenty minutes are allowed for "refreshments," and they mean twenty minutes. Eat your meal deliberately. There is no need of haste, and you will be surprised to find how much time you have if you don't use it up in fretting. A good way is to watch the conductor, and though you may be surprised at first to see that he has time to joke with his neighbor, you will see that he gets as much to eat as anybody, and sometimes more.

Tales of a Telegrapher.

Cincinnati News.

"Come inside," and the gate of the railing was swung open and for the time being the reporter became the privileged guest of the telegraph operator in his little office, in violation of a placard which said: "No admission."

"Your profession must be the recipients of many secrets and curious facts that the inquisitive would give a world to know. Do not business secrets frequently find publicity through unemployed operators who may be in hearing of the instrument?" asked the reporter.

"Possibly; but most social and business messages are written in such a manner that no one save the parties interested can understand them. When a business dispatch is not written in cipher, it is usually in an equally unintelligible form, like this: 'Offer accepted,' or similar words. The same may be said of social messages. But much news that is not really secret finds its way to the public by the method you mention.

"An office boy, standing outside of a closed office, caught the news of Tilden's nomination as it sped on its way from St.

Louis to Washington City, and unintentionally gave a sporting man an opportunity to place a number of bets that won. Many years ago, before reading by sound was as universal as now, a messenger boy in the Western Union office in Chillicothe startled the operator and several prominent gentlemen present by exclaiming: "The Neil House is burning." For that offense he was promptly dismissed, but his quick ear could not be dispensed with, and he was reinstated, and now occupies an official position in a rival company."

"Are there many errors made in the transmission or receiving of dispatches?"

"Not many, considering the number of dispatches that are sent. More errors are made in receiving than transmitting, and more by old operators than by beginners. The latter are extra cautious and seldom make a mistake. A messenger boy was sitting in the office while the operator was at supper. The office was called and he answered that the operator was away. 'Who are you?' the answer came back. 'The office boy.' 'Can you take a message?' 'I am afraid to try it; I never did.' 'Try it,' and the message came slowly and distinctly on an important matter pertaining to the road, and was signed by the Superintendent. The boy repeated it as he had taken it, and the response came back, 'Bully.' A calamity was averted, and a month later the boy had a night office on the road, and is now an expert operator in the northern part of the State."

"Give me some incident which you happen to remember, taken as it passed over the line."

"It is difficult to recall them at will, but one incident made such an impression on me at the time that I have never forgotten it. I was the night operator at a little station on one of the roads leading into Cincinnati. There was little business to be done except reporting trains, and on that evening there was nothing to break the monotony. The Cincinnati operator had announced the departure of 'No. 5,' and for three hours all I had heard was the regular report as the train passed reporting stations. Then there was a press dispatch giving the state of the river at one or two points, when my attention was attracted by a call from an office which is usually closed earlier in the evening. To my surprise, the call was answered, and a message was announced for a little town some distance from the telegraph office, with instructions to deliver at once, regardless of cost. The message was brief and in these words:

'Mamie is dying; come at once;' signed with a single name. Who Mamie was I had no idea, but I pictured her in my mind as a little girl, and the message as from her mother to her father. I found myself watching for a return dispatch, and as the night wore away I became anxious. The train by which the father could reach his dying child would soon pass that station. Would the operator remain in the office to send the answer which I knew would be expected? About four o'clock in the morning I called his office and received no answer. I knew then that the operator had gone home. As the hour approached for my relief I became more anxious, and asked the day operator to watch for the return dispatch. I went to the office earlier than usual that evening, and was given the dispatch for which I had been waiting. It announced the inability of the father to start before that night, and asked for news. I then knew instinctively that he would be too late, and would never see his child alive again. But I watched the wires, and was rewarded early in the evening with the expected intelligence that Mamie was dead. That was all I ever knew of the circumstances, but it made a lasting impression on my mind. I am not much on sentiment, and would not have related this incident if you had not asked for something, and I could remember nothing else.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Yu kant help an improvident person only temporarily. They are like an empty bag: they will stand up, if they are held.

Talk with every man you meet, learn something from him, notiss every thing you see; learning iz in books, but wisdom iz everywhere.

The man who has never been tempted may be very strong, but he kant prove it.

Yung man, if you expect to amount to enny thing in this life, you hav got to make yurself necessary. If yu run into yure hole and expect to be dug out, yu will find ten thousand people who are redly to stop up the mouth ov the hole and smother yu, to one who will undertake to dig yu out.

When it iz impossible to decide between two opinions, do az the backwoodsman duz when he iz lost; makes up hiz mind which iz positively the right way, and then takes directly the opposite one.

Indolence iz a disceaze ov the mind; lazyness, of the body.

I have never met an Infidel yet who

ever seemed to be satisfied with his belief, unless he was trying to prove it.

It aint allwuss safe to judge a man by hiz ackshuns, for sum times they are the result of aksident, and at others ov the meanest kind of motives.

The man who doubts may be more honest than the one who beleaves too mutch.

The individuality ov a man, or thing, iz whare their greatest strength lies.

He who iz impudent will be a tyrant when the opportunity offers.

Second thoughts are generally the most polite, but seldom the most charitable.

A good way to git at the lower strata ov a man's character iz to give him a balky mule to drive, and then watch the proceedings.

Teach Your Boys.

Cottage Hearth.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade is worth a dozen professions.

Teach them that "honesty is the best policy"—that it is better to be poor, than rich on the profits of crooked whisky.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, that they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not to become the husbands of pure girls.

A Division of Labor.

Texas Siftings.

Two colored porters are about to wrestle with the trunk of a newly-arrived legislator, which has to be carried up into the third story of an Austin hotel.

"Dis heah trunk weighs twenty pounds moah den 300 pounds, and I can't lift moah den 300 pounds."

"Nebber mind, Sam," replied the other porter; "jess catch on, and tote 300 pounds ob dis trunk up stairs, and I'll be 'sponsible for de rest ob hit."

SOLITUDE.

Ella Wheeler.
 Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
 Weep, and you weep alone,
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
 But has trouble enough of its own.
 Sing, and the hills will answer ;
 Sigh, it is lost on the air.
 The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
 But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
 Grieve, and they turn and go.
 They want full measure of all your pleasure,
 But they do not heed your woe.
 Be glad, and your friends are many ;
 Be sad and you lose them all.
 There are none to decline your nectared wine,
 But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
 Fast, and the world goes by.
 Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
 But no man can help you die.
 There is room in the halls of pleasure
 For a large and lordly train,
 But one by one we must all file on
 Through the narrow aisles of pain.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the
 earth
 Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath
 birth ?
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness shall
 heave,
 And the poor and wretched shall "ask and
 receive ?"
 Is there no place on earth where a knock
 from the poor
 Will bring a kind angel to open the door ?
 Ah ! search the wide world wherever you can,
 There is no open door for a moneyless man !

Go, look in yon hall, where the chandelier's
 light
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness of
 night !
 Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy
 fold,
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming
 of gold
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
 In long lighted vistas, the wildering view—
 Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
 A welcoming smile for the moneyless man !

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching
 spire,
 Which gives back to the sun his same look
 of red fire,
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous
 within,
 And the walls seem as pure as a soul without
 sin ;
 Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the
 great
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly
 estate—
 Walk down in your patches, and find if you
 can,
 Who opens a pew to a moneyless man !

Go, look to yon Judge in his dark flowing
 gown,
 With the scales wherein law weigheth equity
 down,
 Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on
 the strong,
 And judges right while he fastidiously wrongs !

Where jurors their lips on the Bible have
 laid,
 To render a verdict they've already made ;
 Go there, in the court room, and find, if you
 can
 Any law for the cause of a moneyless man !

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has
 told
 His hundreds and thousands of silver and
 gold ;
 Where, safe from the hands of the starving
 poor,
 Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore ;
 Walk up to the counter—ah ! there you may
 stay
 Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns
 gray,
 And you'll find at the banks no one of the
 clan
 With money to lend to a moneyless man !

Then, go to your hovel ; no raven has fed
 The wife who has suffered too long for her
 bread ;
 Kneel down by the pallet and kiss the death
 frost
 From the lips of the angel your poverty lost ;
 Then turn in your agony upward to God,
 And bless while it smite you, the chastening
 rod ;
 And you'll find at the end of your little life's
 span
 There's a welcome nowhere for a moneyless
 man !

Little Graves.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and
 kindred meditations are the little graves
 in the cemeteries. They are the deposi-
 tories of the mother's sweetest joy—half
 unfolded buds of innocence and purity
 nipped by the first frost of time, ere a
 canker worm had nestled among their
 embryo petals.

Callous indeed must be the heart which
 can stand by a little graveside and not
 have the holiest emotions of the soul
 awakened to thoughts of the purity and
 joy which belong to God and Heaven,
 for the mute preacher at his feet tells of
 life begun and ended without a stain, and
 surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality,
 how much purer and holier must be the
 spiritual land enlightened by the light of
 infinite goodness whence emanated the
 soul of that brief sojourner.

How swells the heart of the parent
 with a purified joy while standing by the
 earth bed of a lost little one chastened
 because a great treasure has been taken
 away ; joyful because that precious jewel
 glitters in the diadem which God is hold-
 ing out as a crown of invitation to those
 especially who have little children in
 heaven.

Baltimore News: A blush is modesty's
 headlight; but a good many trains are
 run without headlights.

Courting Under Difficulties.

Oswego Palladium.

He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and striding softly into the parlor, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the program. "By Jove," he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity of the sofa, "By Jove, I thought I was never going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house nowadays; does she, Minnie?" "Well not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. Minnie is away so much of the time now I have to stay in." In the old hickory at the end of the house the moping owl complained to the moon much in its usual style, the katydids never sang more clearly, and the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will filled the night with poetry, but he didn't hear any of it, all the same. "And by George," he said to a friend, 15 minutes later, "if I didn't leave my hat on the piano, and my cane in the hall, I'm a goat. Think of 'em? Forgot 'em. Strike me blind if I knew I had any clothes on at all. What I wanted was fresh air; and I wanted about 30 acres of it, and that mighty quick, too."

Caught in a Bear Trap.

Detroit Free Press.

About a week ago a resident of Antoine street who has a fine wood-pile at the back of his lot discovered that some person was helping himself in the most liberal manner. Instead of loading a stick with powder, or of posting himself to watch, he set a large bear trap where he thought it would do the most good. Nothing came of it the first night, but soon after midnight of the second a great noise was heard at the wood-pile, and the citizen roused out of bed to find that he had a victim. It was a colored man about 40 years old, and he was taking on in the most energetic manner. Nothing was said until the jaws of the trap were sprung back and his leg pulled out. Then he sat down on a log and coolly observed:

"I reckon you is kinder curus to know how I cum to be kitched in dat trap?"

"Well, yes."

"Has you bin missin' any wood?"

"About half a cord."

"Well, dat wood was token by my nex' doah naybur, an' it went again his conscience so much dat he axed me to bring back what he hadn't burned. I toted it ober heah on de sled, an' was

pilin' it back when dat b'ar-trap jumped fur me an gin me sich a shock dat I specks to tremble for a hull week.

"Well, you can go, but next time you come you may find a spring gun defendin' the wood-pile."

"Dar won't be no nex' time sah."

"I think you'll find it cheaper to buy your wood."

"Looks dat way, sah—looks 'zactly dat way, though I tink I'll hole on till I know whether you has de only b'ar-trap in dis ward, or whether dar am a sort o' placque-craze an' ebery family am stockin up to catch a nigger!"

The Brave Drummer Boy.

In the war with France, previous to the Revolution, an English drummerboy, not more than fifteen years of age, having wandered from his camp to near the enemy's lines, was seized and brought before the French Commander. On being asked who he was by the General, he answered: "A drummer in the English service."

This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he accordingly did. The Frenchman's suspicions being, however, not quite removed, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat.

"A retreat, sir," said the youthful Briton, "I don't know what that is."

This answer so pleased the French officer that he dismissed the drummer and wrote to his General commending this spirited behavior.

The Iron Bar.

A bar of iron worth five dollars, worked into horse shoes, is worth ten dollars and fifty cents; made into needles, it is worth three hundred and fifty-five dollars; made into penknife blades it is worth three thousand two hundred and eighty-five dollars; made into balance springs of watches, it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that; but hammered, and beaten and pounded, and rolled and polished, how was its value increased! It might well have quivered and complained under the hard knocks it got, but were they not all necessary to draw out its fine qualities and fit it for higher offices? And so, children, all the drilling and training which you are subject to in youth, and which often seems so hard to you serve to bring out your noble qualities, and fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness.

The Ague.

Drake's Magazine.

"Speaking of chills," said the gentleman from Arkansas, borrowing a match from the train boy, "I had one at home once that was away up in G. Stopped a train, that chill did."

They crowded around to hear the particulars.

"You see, they turned me out of the town and run me off the turnpike, so I took to the railroad, and I shook it up so that the through express had to wait until I got over it."

"Right smart of a chill, that," assented a gentleman from Louisiana. "Had 'em myself; but I only delayed a train a little while."

The gentleman from Arkansas eyed him, but declined to ask any questions.

"Tell us!" shouted the chorus.

"Well," said the gentleman from Louisiana, with a glance at the gentleman from Arkansas, "they ran up to where I was shaking, and found they couldn't get past."

"What did they do?"

"All hands turned out and tunneled right through it," replied the Louisiana man, "and in the spring the icicles hung down from the roof of that chill so thick and so strong that they had to blast them out before they could transact any bus—!"

But the Arkansas man was climbing over the tender toward the cab, and even the chorus lost interest in the rest of the details.

A Family Trait.

Texas Siftings.

Colonel Bill McCracken enjoys the reputation of pouring out more whisky for one drink than any other man in Austin, newly elected members of the legislature excepted. The colonel was taking a drink at the Gently Dreaming saloon, when the barkeeper remarked:

"I say, colonel, I waited on a man awhile ago who pours out a bigger drink of whisky than you do."

"He was probably a member of the legislature. He don't count. I can't compete with old professionals."

"No, he isn't a member of the legislature. He is a very intelligent-looking young man, a stranger to me. He is in the other room playing billiards."

Colonel McCracken looked into the billiard saloon, and exclaimed:

"Why, that's my son, Tom. He had just come home from a military school in Kentucky."

JIM HAYES' BADGE!

G. H. Jennings, in Railroaders.

Mournfully toll the engine bell.

Toll for the brave, whose spirit has fled!

Have you heard the news the people tell?

Hayes, the Engineer is dead.

Toll the bell of the old machine,

Of old five hundred and sixty nine,

For the mind that governed her iron soul

Has passed in another sphere to shine.

Drape her form in solemn black,

For things have come to the very worst,

They carried him by a little ago,

Carried a hero by feet first.

Now these are the facts I fain would tell,

'Mid the solemn clang of the tolling bell,

How a common man for love of man,

Faced death as only a hero can.

The "Southern Express" came bowling along,

Hackensack meadow a little aback,

A "through freight" puffing, with wild ding-

dong.

Came thundering up on the other track,

While a man who staggered between the two

Seemed doomed to a horrid death alone,

When Hayes, who was brave from skin to

core,

Saved the stranger's life but gave his own.

What'd he amount to, this Jim Hayes?

"Did he amount to much," perhaps you say,

Well no! not much, as the big world goes,

At least not much in a money way.

But he knew every throb of an engine's

heart,

Was faithful, honest, he knew no fear

And had served the Pennsylvania road

As man and boy, high twenty year.

Now he's got a job on another line

Where the road bed's gravelled with gems

untold,

And his new five hundred and sixty nine

Is ablaze with diamonds set in gold.

And he with a very different set

From Railway Kings of earthly heaven;

The badge he won was a shining cross,

And they passed him free on the road to

Heaven.

Oldest Tree in the World.

The oldest tree in the world, says Knowledge, so far as anyone knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amara-poor, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B. C. and is therefore now 2,170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A. D., 223 A. D., and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "Kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall. The King oak in Windsor Forest England, is 1,000 years old.

DE TRAIN ON THE GOLDEN RAIL.

Griffin, Ga., News.

Dis nigger's hair am turnin' white like de cotton on de stalk,
His limbs am growin' feeble, an' it's hard for me ter walk;
But wid all uv dis I se happy, an' when the gospel train rolls by
Uncle Remus will be runnin', an' will stop for me an' Si.

I'll be standin' at de stashun, wid de through ticket in my han'.
An' doan' kalkulate ter git off der train dis side de promise lan';
We'll fire de newsbutch from de kar, his ples will not be sold,
Kase we se gwine ter take our own grub ef we has ter take it cold.

De cross-ties will be uv marble, and de spikes uv silver white,
Fer de gospel train on de golden rail will leave de sinner frum sight;
Wid Uncle Remus' han' on de throttle, an' Old Si in de baggage car,
We'll lan' on time in de sweet byn' bye, wid de beautiful gates ajar.

Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.

Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross. In the year seventeen of the Emperor Tiberius Caesar, and the 27th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem—Annas and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God—Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting in the presidential chair of the praetory, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross, between two thieves, the great and notorious evidence of the people saying:

1. Jesus is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is an enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quilius Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbids any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus Christ.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus are:

1. DANIEL ROBANI, a Pharisee.
2. JOANNUS ROBANI.
3. RAPHAEL ROBANI.
4. CAPET, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the Gate of Struenus.

A Great Actress Handicapped.

Bradford Mail.

"Sad thing that about Fanny Davenport," remarked a gentleman in a Bradford hotel, as he laid down the paper that he had been reading.

"Why, how is that?" queried half a dozen men, as they leaned forward expectantly; "what's happened to Fannie?"

"Why, the doctor has forbade her ever again playing 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

"No! Why?" again asked the crowd.

"Simply because she can't play it. She is getting so fat she can't stoop."

Women Who Have No Homes.

Ida A. Harper.

Men are not tyrants. Considering how many thousands of years they have held absolute control they are quite as generous and yielding as women would be under the same circumstances, but the world is progressing and the ancient order of things is passing away. The tendency of the past century has been to equalize men; that of the coming century to equalize men and women.

It is utterly absurd for sentimentalists to insist that woman shall cling to her hearthstone, her husband and children, reign queen over her household, devote her talents to raising sons, and be content to shine by the reflected lights of her husband's glory. There are in the United States 3,000,000 women entirely dependent upon themselves for support. Now when you urge women to stick to their homes what are you going to do with these 3,000,000 women who have no homes only as they earn one by their own labor?

"WHAT have you to say for yourself?" inquired the police judge of a vag.

"A good deal, yer honor. I niver sold rotten oranges on the streets iv Chicago six for tin cents, fifteen for a quarter."

"Prisoner discharged!" thundered the judge with a Jove like voice.—*Cheek.*

A BUFFALO man had a dream the other night in which he witnessed a fire-drill in a public school of that city. When the alarm rang out every teacher and pupil was instantly in the proper place. Just as the signal "go!" was given a bad boy—Buffalo claims to have one or two bad boys—shouted: "My, what a rat!" With a yell that would make a band of Indians white with envy, every teacher was on the benches, followed by every girl in school. Tableau!

Firemen's Magazine.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of Locomotive Enginemen.

TERMS: One Dollar per year, in advance.

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

JULY, 1883.

The Objects of Our Order.

"The world is our home, and to do good our creed." Our objects embrace the highest motives known to humanity, the greatest aims of civilization and the main purpose of existence. Our mission is broad and comprehensive. The field of our existence is wide. There is no measure to our responsibility, no limit to our Order in the accomplishment of the grandest results. We lay hold of the greatest things. Whatsoever is noble, whatsoever is grand, whatsoever is just, good and desirable for the interests of human nature, there do the interests of our Order find their home. The fruits of our labor are confined to no locality, to no people, time or place, but bless and adorn the dearest interests of life everywhere and all the time, and will redound to our honor forever. Our system of organized benevolence holds within itself the seeds of eternal good; sown on the field of humanity, the brotherhood of man will find a rich harvest of blessings.

"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" form the groundwork of our success and proclaim our mission to the world. Let us marshal our forces on the field of action, and under this glorious banner we shall achieve greater victories than have ever been known to fields of carnage and

blood. Nothing can be more noble than to comfort the widow and the fatherless, nothing more rational than to remain sober, nothing more wise than to be industrious. These principles were born in heaven—they are the home of all virtues. Contemplate for a moment the feelings of gratitude and thankfulness of the widow when the God-given hand of benevolence comes to her in the darkest hour of calamity, when she is overwhelmed with grief and stricken with sorrow. Her blinding tears thank a thousand fold the hand that gives. One such deed makes a heaven of earth. Our cause is of the most noble known to humanity. We advance with civilization, and shall see it become universal. The eternal code of right is the law of our existence. Our object is the attainment of infinite good, and no Order ever had a more noble object.

Our Canadian Brothers.

We have had a good opportunity at our National Conventions to make the acquaintance of a large number of our brethren in Canada. There is something in their character worthy of reflection. They seem to be an educated class—very generally so. Their delegates are uniformly a dignified, noble set of men. If they have any bad habits they leave them at home—we have never discovered them. They understand the object of representation, and they make the most of it. In the United States the expression of every right and every grievance is made through representation, and yet our delegates do not make as much of it in our Conventions as our neighbors across the St. Lawrence. This has been a matter of much remark. It may be that the shield of law in Canada being more arbitrary, gives them better personal protection than ours does. Something is at the bottom of it.

That they are Brotherhood men, in the best sense of that term, is generally conceded. Their Lodges, without exception, are energetic, prosperous and progressive. They are managed in an efficient and

business-like manner, each officer being just the man for his position. Their Masters are men of dignity, intelligence and sober judgment; their Financiers are thorough accountants and seem to be as proficient with the pen as they are with the scoop.

It is but simple justice to them to admit that the Grand Lodge has no trouble with them. They understand the law and they live up to it. Another noticeable feature among them is that of prompt payment on the part of the members. They seem to have no dead-heads among them. Their returns are almost uniformly as complete as they are accurate. Each man toes the mark squarely, and the result is that there are less non-paying members among them than any like number of Lodges in the States.

We are proud of our Canadian Lodges, for they are an honor to us. They rank highest among the Lodges in the Brotherhood.

Backbiting a Calamity.

There is nothing more baleful in our Order than personal unfriendliness. A vicious rumor flies like the winds—the truth is rarely able to overtake it. There is nothing more to be dreaded than the forked tongue of slander—slander spoken and slander published. He who retails a deliberate slander, knowing it to be such, at once becomes as vicious as its author. What is life without a good name? It costs years of sober, steady care. Slander cannot destroy it, but it may place burdens upon it. It is so much better to help than discourage mankind. Life is a great struggle—a hard struggle. It is all up-hill. The slanderer on the way, is more to be dreaded than the robber. The robber seeks our money, the slanderer would crush every precious hope. Slander sometimes creeps into the sacred precincts of our Brotherhood. There can be no excuse for it. If any brother has been aggrieved, our laws give him a rational remedy. Every injury can thus be entirely repaired. Ours is not

only a tribunal of justice, but of affection. If any man is unworthy of a seat in our Order, and the fact is made manifest in the plain way provided, he is summarily sent away to return no more. Misapprehension is an ever present source of mischief. Inquiry, moderation and forbearance will go far beyond the reach of slander in the redress of personal grievances.

HAVE CHARITY.

If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
Held by gentle blessing there,
Would we turn away, all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewey grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy fitting past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain
Would our manhood dare to doom it
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life is many a tangled crossing.
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,—
And the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature.
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father! judge us
As we judged our fellow-men."

WHAT MEN ARE LIKE.

Detroit Free Press.

Men are like houses. They are flats,
They, too, have bricks—within their hats.
They are mortgaged, hammered, nailed and
floored,
And have room-attics and their board.
Houses have tenants, and, we guess,
A man has ten ants more or less.
Both have top stories, empty quite,
And each doth take carpenter right.
Houses and men of ancient dates
Have scanty locks and broken galls.
Houses on corners stand, with stairs;
Men do the same. Both need repairs.
Houses are lathed with plaster. Men
Are plastered all with lather when
They shavings have. They're shingled, too,
Upon their man's hard roof so true.
A house well built will settle some;
A man well billed will settle—grum.
Scaffolds on houses hang; but men
Hang on a scaffold oft again.
Unlike a man a house of wood
Foundation has for stories good,
Both have "bay-windows" full of pains
Of glasses where delight soon wanes.
Both fire insurance need below
For mansions burning much we know.

Contributor's Column

Written for Firemen's Magazine.

The Recent Flood and Its Lessons.

BY HENRY C. LORD.

III.

The writer will not stop long in Chicago. It is a great, a wonderful city, and probably more representative of American energy and enterprise and that comparative indifference to reverses of every description, whether by fire, the humors of her great lakes, the caprices of the market or her own follies, readily admitted but never quite forsaken, than any other. She repents often for a short time, but is never wholly converted. There is no city in the world which has ever shown such a capacity of quick recovery from disaster, with good nature while undergoing the flood of misfortune or the hot baptism of fire. It has been said, and is probably true, that the vast property concentrated there is heavily mortgaged, but in her case all the money wanted is at once tendered by, perhaps, the most watchful and jealous capital of the country. It proves the confidence of the latter in the security, its rapid growth and the final outcome. The writer is not a believer in credit as against cash, but the hasty sketch of the city he is writing about is a sort of disturbing element in his calculations, but in no wise changing his convictions as to final results. The richest and proudest city of former days passed away in flames to absolute ruin, and finally its very site was furrowed by Roman ploughs, and has left neither an authentic record or a manuscript. Great cities built upon credit are after all like massive warehouses erected on piles, safe enough for a while, but bound to weaken and decay in years. Great, real or fancied wealth tends to undue luxury and extravagance, which are the forerunners of enervation, listlessness and the end of material growth. Wise, honest and self-possessed capital, like a good swimmer, selects the tide on its flow, not its ebb. It rarely trusts its strength beyond its depth on a receding current. The moment it exchanges prudent investments for speculative ones it is among the breakers. A wise merchant will never leave his counting-room for a faro bank

or to indulge in the luxury of poker. Chicago, a sort of magical creation, will have many years of successful life, with her great lakes of water in front and her vast seas of land west and north, as fruitful of wealth as the richest provinces of the Orient once were, and her future is dazzling to the eye and the imagination, but nevertheless history always tells the same story and repeats the same warnings. It was a flood of water, according to Scripture, which drowned the primitive world, on accounts of its sins; it was one of luxury, waste and tyranny which put an end to Athens, Rome and all the eastern cities of antiquity, tradition, or merely legendary; and it is the raging flood of both individual and national corruption and miserable extravagance which now threatens our own people and institutions. Intricate and extensive as is the railway system of Chicago, as well as of other cities, its securities do not represent a cash cost of the property, but credit. Hence competition and its perils. It is likely in the future, as in the past, to be called to a sudden halt, and away go the fictitious profits of years. The process of "watering," which created so much of their stock, is just as and even more likely to sweep them away. However that won't so much harm Chicago as her creditors abroad. The city will most likely take the event as an ordinary and a good joke and "call another deal." But before my present farewell to this city, whose lightning-like growth and power of renewing her life is very impressive, I wish to remind her of a very mean, unjust and cruel habit so many of her merchants have gotten into of late years. The habit is in fact, if not in law, a criminal one, cruel upon labor in every branch of industry and unworthy of all honest and charitable persons. She does not possess by any means a monopoly of the practice, for other cities share it, but not to an extent so seriously affecting the poor and working classes. I refer to the almost daily habit of making so-called "corners" on the necessities of life, corn, wheat and provisions of all grades, often causing large and unwarranted advances in market prices and that of a loaf of bread or a pound of meat to labor which it cannot stand and will not in the long run submit to. In time it finds out its power and then becomes like a runaway horse with the bit held firmly between his teeth. It won't do in this country, and especially with the ballot-box holding guard, for one set of speculators, gamblers in fact, to run up the price of

bread and provisions by the "cornering" process, and for another, or most often the same crew, to get up a panic on stocks or rates of transportation, forcing them down to the point of loss and then delay the payment or reduce the wages of the workingman upon the shallow pretense and *lie* that their business is unprofitable. This is the meanest stealing in the world; precisely that which led our Savior to improvise a whip of cords and clear the sacred temple of the brokers and produce dealers gathered there. The writer does not care so much about the Bulls and Bears of Wall street. Let them snarl and bite and tear themselves to atoms. They are simply creatures "*feræ naturæ*," and it is their nature to scratch and fight. Wrangling and confusion constitute their nature and methods of life, and they die off rapidly and are not mourned in their death or their graves. There is a wonderful difference between one gambler making a corner on his antagonist and capital employing credit as its assistant, making war on labor and regulating the price of the food necessary to support its life.

So good-bye Chicago, great as you are and worthy of a supplementary notice in the next edition of the "Arabian Nights." Good-bye to the winds and gases which have given the title to your city, and let me come back to Cincinnati and her raiments, just now so badly soiled that it is estimated it will cost in money or credit an extra million of dollars to do her laundry work, with five of her most respectable citizens at the wash-tub, their names as the *best laundry men*, as the case now stands in attempted legislation, to be determined by a popular vote. Now, the writer is confining himself to the flood and its lessons, as well as those of some others in the experience of life and the freaks and forces of nature and her laws. The writer, a firm believer in an original cause and in the founder of the Christian religion, is not a believer in what are so spoken and misspoken of as special Providence. He does not credit the pulpit when it treats of them. I never believed in the old Sunday School stories about boys who were drowned while bathing on Sunday for purposes of cleanliness or even recreation, because they did so on the first day of the week. Neither do I believe in the foolish notion of so many shepherds of the flock, who just now see divine wrath visited upon the poor on the bottom lands while it spares the capitalist on the high ground of his conceit and wealth. There is neither religion, logic

or charity in such reasoning. It is purely Pharisaical and would be rebuked as such by the *Master*. Cincinnati will serve as a useful illustration of my theory, and I have a right to use her as a text, not only as such, but a *fact* in the municipal history of the State and country. She calls herself the "*Paris of America*," in sympathy or perhaps rivalry with her twin sister city, the "*Athens of the country*." The former may be said to represent, in self-conceit, the old Grecian capital, while the latter, from her name, to represent Rome in the best days of her Republic, when Cincinnatus was a consul and twice a dictator, a wonderfully wise man, the personification of honesty and patriotism, and twice may be said to have saved his country as its dictator. Like Washington he was called from his farm to defeat its enemies, and like Israel Putnam, of our own revolutionary heroes, he was found at his plough. He lived and died a poor, noble, honest man, but not until he had attained the golden age of eighty years. In many respects Abraham Lincoln, both in character and in methods of life and thought, resembled him. One of the highest honors ever paid to Washington was the establishment by his comrades of the society of "Cincinnatus," which will live as long as the memory of those two noble creations of divinity and the necessities of humanity. Therefore, the city of which I write may be proud of her name and should follow the lessons of the life of him who may in the way of allegory be said to be its founder. It is very far from the writer's purpose to disparage the city of Cincinnati, and he wishes to give her justly earned credit, but at the same time to rebuke some of her conceits and mistakes both in material and social life. This he has a right to do, for she is a municipal city and he a citizen. It is a serious question and one worthy of much thought from the standpoint of cause and effect, sequence and consequence. His main object is to develop a principle, applicable alike to so many of our cities and communities, even small country villages in which the fable of the frog and the ox is repeated. I shall be understood by critical readers. *Æsop* was a very wise old fellow, and in many respects the peer of Solomon, and could not only have given him good advice, but in some respects set him a good example. Cincinnati has made the same mistake in striving to excel her sister cities of more rapidly growing population, credit and wealth that the working girl makes when she takes the savings of her labor to buy

a costly piano or attach two feet more of trail to her evening dress; or the young boy makes when he uses his father's credit instead of his own muscle, whether it be of the brain or the limbs and for mere fancied pleasure. As Boston was the type and successor of the dead Athens, so Cincinnati wants to be the second edition of the living Paris. So the flood and ambition of conceit came upon her, more destructive than that of any tide or swollen river. The damage caused by the latter is temporary and quickly forgotten, while that of the former is permanent and never forgotten. The writer will fully explain himself, for he has in no wise lost sight of his text or its lessons. Anyhow it won't do his readers any more harm to read them than it does him to write them out according to his own experience and theories. I come to facts nearly as true of other cities or centers of trade as of my own, and then they can criticize me. I have before said that Cincinnati was a city of incongruities or inconsistencies. Allow me to more fully explain my meaning, for I honestly wish to draw the proper line between a safe and genuine career of prosperity and a fictitious one, alternating or partially so between the two, but founded upon credit. Thirty years ago the city was comparatively free from debt and her bonds were like strangers in the market. Her credit was in no wise at a discount and the rates of taxation upon her citizens easily borne. She was assured of a steady, if not a rapid, growth by a judicious business life and total abstinence from all unnecessary credit obligations. How is it to-day? and the writer intends to put his question fairly, admitting at once her relative freedom from individual mortgage liabilities and her development in many branches of mechanical ingenuity and invention. He admits with equal frankness the great beauty of her "Music Hall," the gift of private beneficence and honorable to all its grantors; also her "School of Design," founded by the noble, but equally modest, generosity of its most distinguished benefactor. He gladly refers, or would refer, to other individual benefactions of appreciative and unambitious men, whose charities are bestowed in their life-time and not in their last wills and testaments, when bank accounts must be closed and executors and administrators take possession of estates which cannot be consigned to another, or any other, world. Such men as Astor, Cooper, Peabody, Longworth, Sinton, Rose and others, here and there lived and some still live to see their

charities known and read of humanity and witness the sweet smile of its love and gratitude. Such men are rare, but they always leave a noble record for both study and example to the young. I would like also in this connection to refer briefly to other attractions of the city. Among others her "Public Library," containing more than a hundred thousand volumes and a free resort for all citizens, rich and poor alike, and which it is to be hoped will be continued and increased, from time to time, for the instruction and benefit of all. A public free library, however small, affords the germ of a tree of knowledge which is bound to grow with the years, from both public and private contributions, and will lead many a youthful mind to that love of study and reflection so necessary not only to mental development but to self-moral training. It also gives me pleasure to mention the "Mercantile Library," ever inviting both teachers and pupils to its rooms. Again, to what is known as the "Public School System," which, although defective in some respects, is a great honor to the city and in its development has fully equalled if not distanced that of the "Athens of America." The writer used the word defective for two reasons, which have often occurred to him; one is the too large and, therefore, unwieldy "Board of Education," wholly unnecessary and apt to make the public good subordinate to individual or political preference. It is a terrible mistake to inject into any system of public education any mere partisan or political poison. My second objection is that a purely arbitrary system or curriculum of studies is too much enforced, which is just as bad in a school house, a machine shop, or a large family circle of children. Children are too often compelled to study subjects or branches for which they have neither the slightest taste or natural fitness or aptitude, and thus at least a portion of their time is thrown away. Said a bright boy to me the other day, in answer to a question, "I study mathematics and mechanics, as well as Latin, from pure love of the three; each one helps me in all the others." But the boy went on to say, "The rule compels me to study botany during so many months of the year, and I care nothing about it and know nothing about it at the end of the term; I prefer to cull my flowers in a workshop rather than in a garden or a grove." The boy was right, and his intelligent replies to my questions prove not only the truth of my theory but its proper application to both the school sys-

tem of Cincinnati and that of the country at large. The plea that this system is necessary for self-training and mental discipline is ridiculous, and there is no logic in it. You might as well argue that a girl without any ear for music or care for it should be compelled to offend the ears of everybody in the house with her never ending practice upon the piano, in order to fit her for the duties of house-keeping, the care of children, or the study of astronomy.

For Firemen's Magazine.

The Engineman at Home.

BY CARL WITTIG.

From childhood up I have had a peculiar delight in looking at the trains as they arrive and depart. In my walks about the city I often go a square or two out of my way, when it is train time, to witness the bustle and excitement connected with railroads. The other day I was at the depot looking at the incoming and outgoing passenger trains discharging a part of their human freight and taking a fresh supply from here, attaching a new, shining iron horse to the coaches and leading the tired one to the round house. I noticed the engineer and fireman, strong, healthy men, as they left the depot, probably to go home to rest for a short time before starting again upon their hazardous journey; and thought after thought crowded upon me in connection with these hard-worked men. Had they a home? and, if they had, were they really glad to go to it? Would a loving wife, would bright, rosy children receive them with cheerful faces? I did not know, but hoped they were the husbands and fathers of happy families. Such thoughts induced me to write these few lines for the Magazine. I am a great friend of children. I delight to see them happy, cheerful and playful. For their benefit, I will give the readers of the Magazine a short outline of my idea as to how the engineman ought to stand in relation to his children when he is at home. You are away from home most of your time, and the care of your children is left almost entirely to your wife—you see them so little that it seems as if you hardly get acquainted with them; and still, in the short intervals you are at home, it is your duty, as father of your children, to occupy yourself with them in such a way as to leave the impression of yourself upon them for all time.

You are a hard working man, you are

tired and exhausted when you go home, and you want rest. You think sometimes you cannot stand it there, for the children may be noisy and troublesome; you go up town to meet your comrades and have a quiet chat or a social time with them. Maybe you go to the Lodge to visit the brethren and interest yourself in the welfare of the Brotherhood. This is all right and fair, and no one can blame you for it, but do not spend all your spare time there—devote a portion of it to your family at home.

The family is the stronghold of your welfare, the keystone of society, the foundation of a civilized country. Your family must be your first thought, toward them you have a sacred duty to perform, and if you neglect them this neglect will fall back upon you in the future through the wanting love and esteem of your grown up children. We are so apt to forget that it is not the mother only who ought to have the care of the children; that the father has not done his duty when he imagines that by providing for the bodily wants of his family, by giving them shelter and raiment and money to spend, he has fulfilled his obligation to them. There is a greater duty resting upon him. He must be in reality father and guardian to his children, must show them in more than one way that he thinks of them, whether at home or away, so that they are glad when father comes home that his presence among them becomes an event to which they look forward with pleasure.

How to do this I shall attempt to show, even in an imperfect way, with the hope that the few hints I can give may develop thoughts about your children in some of you who may be young and inexperienced in the training of children. Never create fear in your children in such a manner that they will be glad when you leave home. Even as a kind and indulgent father you have that in yourself which controls them without resorting to harsh measures, except in rare cases. From their earliest childhood impress upon them that they must be obedient to you, that your will is law; but at the same time do not consider it beneath your dignity to reason with them, to explain to them why you cannot yield to their wishes, why they must obey your commands. If you follow this mode of training for awhile, you will soon see the salutary effect upon them. Even small children will after awhile comprehend you, and, however reluctantly at first, in course of time cheerfully follow your words. When

your children come to you always have a kind word for them, and especially when you enter your home after an absence of more or less duration show them a sunny face. They will crowd around you and may trouble you a little, but do not repel them; on the contrary, listen kindly to their prattle and their talk and enter into their little joys and sorrows. One will tell you about his playthings, another about his school, his friends and his way of spending his time while you were away from home. Hear them patiently and interest yourself in their young life. If it is possible, arrange it so that your children can count for certain upon a day or part of a day which you can devote to them entirely, which will be theirs, when you can play with them, read to them and let them read to you; they will look forward to that time with an expectation full of pleasure, and this very time will become a source of happiness to you and form a strong bond between yourself and your children.

In winter time provide innocent games for them, such as checkers, dominoes, bird-plays, etc., and be a partner in their games. You have no idea how glad they will be if you play with them and come down to their level; how proud they will be if father takes a hand in their games. In summer time take part in their out of door plays. If you are so fortunate as to have a lot, however small, around your residence, teach them how to cultivate it, plant flowers and shrubs and fruits with them and for them, and make them acquainted with nature's beauties; this will be a great enjoyment to them and you will not be the worse for it. By and by you can give each child a small piece of ground of its own to sow or plant on it what it pleases; this will encourage a liking for gardening, for the study of nature's gifts and lead them to ask questions.

If anything unusual comes off in town, be it a procession, a Fourth of July celebration, a show, etc., and you can manage it without conflicting with your duties or their school hours, go with them yourself. It will be a greater treat to them, if you go with them, than if they go alone. Always encourage, never discourage, them to ask questions, be they ever so hard to answer. A child must learn and an inquisitive mind will ask. If you cannot answer their questions correctly at once, bid them wait, and inform yourself so that you can give them a satisfactory explanation. By thus teaching your children you will improve your own mind.

It is a false idea that children must be

without tools. The first occupation of small children is to play, the playthings are the tools with which they work, and by which ideas and conceptions are formed. It is not necessary that these toys ought to be costly, the cheap ones are just as dear to them as the costly. When Christmas or their birthday comes, do not forget the children, think of them on that day, buy them their little presents, so they have them as well as the children of your neighbor. By neglecting this you might work an injury to their young minds, the neglect might create envy in their souls and engender unkind thoughts towards the parent.

Give your children all the schooling you can afford, and as it does not cost anything in this free country to send your children to school, except the few books they use, give them the chance to get all the instruction and learning possible. Do not take them away from school too soon, in order to have them make money by going to work. As long as they go to school they will learn, but after they leave, their opportunities for cultivation of the mind will be rare, unless they went sufficiently long to have an ambition to improve themselves afterwards.

A good education will be a boon to them for the rest of their lives and will be useful to them in every occupation that they may follow; it will be more valuable to them than any amount of riches you can leave them.

Keep your children at home and off the street at night; be with them at home and render your home so attractive to them that they will have no inclination to go out after dark, unless it be with your consent and properly guarded. Many a boy, many a girl has been lost by the carelessness of their father and mother in allowing them to go out after dark, not knowing what company they kept. You can provide more comforts, more enjoyments at home for your children, than they can find elsewhere, if you will interest yourself in their welfare. No home, however humble, but can be made a place of perfect happiness for the children. Always be cheerful when you go home; leave your troubles behind and let them not be a burden upon your wife and children. Believe one who speaks from experience; try to be cheerful at home, show a sunny face to your family; doing this, you lighten your own burden and imperceptibly you will feel brighter and happier yourself, the kindness shown to your family will react upon your own mind and ease it.

The impression you make upon your children, when they are young, will last them for all time; every kind word spoken to them, every little present given them will be stored as a treasure in their minds, a remembrance not to be effaced from their memory. It will not be long until they will look upon you as their best friend, obey you without compulsion, trust in you without doubts, and when you are called away from them to "that bourne whence no traveler returns," your kindness to them, your love for them will be in their memory a greater monument than could be reached at any cost. Think thus of your children, do by them as a father ought to do, and your wife will find in you the helpmate that you promised to be, the sorrows and troubles of life will become lighter, and however poor you may be in worldly goods, you are, in your happy family life, far richer than many a millionaire who lives in a marble palace.

If what I have written has touched a chord in your soul that will become a piece of happy music to your children, I did not write in vain.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 1, 1883.

For Firemen's Magazine.

Right and Wrong.

BY MALCOLM MEREDITH.

I.

Whenever mankind agree to a certain form of government and a system of laws, they form what is termed society. In becoming a member of society, the individual, either expressly or impliedly, agrees to part with a certain amount of natural freedom which he previously possessed, and to obey all laws which are not contrary to the constitution or solemn agreement which sets forth the objects for which the society was organized and the fundamental rights to be protected. There are two very strong considerations for this contract of union, viz: an inherent desire for companionship, and for the better security of the principal "inherent and unalienable rights," such as life, liberty, and the possession and enjoyment of property. Without some form of government and system of law, society could not exist. If men were to attempt to live together without laws or necessary rules defining what must be the conduct of individuals toward each other, and of the whole body, and then enforce those rules, a most deplorable state of affairs would be the result; the strong would

oppress the weak; there would be no security for life or property, and all the crimes known would be perpetrated with more barbarity and far greater frequency. Men would be more cruel and debased than the most ferocious animals. The world would be one vast battle field, and the deliberations of men like those in pandemonium. While such a state would continue—imagining it possible—the generations of men would gradually lose the higher attributes of manhood, and become fiends. "The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked above all things" in many respects; and there must be, for man's welfare, where he attempts to dwell with his brother, some external force to repress the disposition to do wrong, or to depart from that which is right. Law—which, whether human or divine, is simply a rule to guide us in the right—when it is properly enforced, tends to repress that disposition to do wrong; and in so doing draws us toward the right. It causes the tiger that lies dormant in many a nature to slumber on, where otherwise it would rouse itself to fearful activity, giving rise to scenes like the Indian ambush or the merciless guerrilla warfare. It does not always repress, but in many cases does so; and its tendency is in that direction. Fear of punishment has a very salutary effect on those who have no disposition to do right for right's sake; and if there was a certainty of the law being enforced in every case of wrong doing, there would not be one crime committed, where there are ten, when there is the possibility of escape from its penalties. The worst class of men in the world, when they unite together for the purpose of preying upon others, adopt and rigidly enforce a system of laws. These men, who attempt to defy the laws of society, recognize the absolute necessity of them in their union. Their very existence depends, even for any length of time, upon the members obeying them. The most successful and long-lived organization of outlaws have been those who have had a form of government and a system of laws which was most perfectly adapted to their condition and most rigidly enforced. In the early history of the territories of the United States, there drifted into them men who had no regard for the laws of God or man. They banded themselves together for the purpose of highway robbery and murder in particular, and every other kind of devilry in general which their evil inclinations prompted them to do. The law of the land was defied and held

in contempt by them. But there was another class of men, peaceable, orderly and law-abiding, many of whom had sought the new section for the purpose of establishing homes, with all their sacred, clustering ties. The necessity of protecting their rights, and preventing the wrongs, which were of almost daily occurrence, most forcibly presented itself to them. With that determination in their hearts, which finds expression more in deeds than words, they formed what was called "vigilant committees." "The law must and shall be enforced" was their motto. "Ever the right comes uppermost" when men persevere in a just cause; and the weight of it on the evil doers when it did come uppermost crushed them out of existence. So effectually was the work done, that the moral atmosphere of the communities was much purer thereafter. It is deplorable that such a state of affairs ever exist; but the law of self-preservation has, at times, justified such a course on the part of honest men. The suppression of lawlessness often requires that peculiar and heroic measures be pursued. Such measures were necessary with the organization of which Jesse James was the leader, and especially so in the leader's case. For doing what he did to suppress that organization, Governor Crittenden deserves the highest praise. The law-abiding citizens of all sections, and Missouri in particular, owe him a debt of gratitude for being bold enough to put into execution measures which wiped out of existence a human scourge that had been a blighting curse so long. To do what he did required a high order of moral courage and an originality of procedure which challenges comparison. No one, perhaps, recognized better than he the foolish tirade of mistaken sentimentalists that would be directed against him; but in view of it he had the courage to carry out his convictions of what, under the circumstances, he felt to be necessary and right. Jesse James and his followers defied law. They were guilty of conduct toward their fellow men just as merciless as was that of the Fords toward Jesse James. No matter how innocent or useful a life was, if it stood in the way of their purposes, it went down before the deadly shot of the revolver or the terrible knife thrust. It is nonsense to contend that "the end did not justify the means." Society would have been justified in going to even greater extremes to put a quietus upon him. In the conduct of the Fords there is not one palliating

circumstance apparent. Their act was that of cold blooded, wilful, deliberate and long premeditated murder, the object of which was gain. Their motive made them murderers. The motive of Governor Crittenden justified him, because it was for the protection of the most sacred human rights. He found that the Fords could be made the agents to do that which the vital interests of society demanded should be done, but which the most skilled detectives and the mighty power of great commonwealths had been unable to accomplish. He did it; and in so doing did right. The fate of these outlaws is a warning to those who would imitate them that "it is safe to do right, but dangerous to do wrong," and that sooner or later punishment is very apt to overtake the wrong-doer. When we know of thousands and thousands of cases happening each year, where punishment overtakes the wrong-doer, it seems as though it ought to impress us with the truth of the old maxim. "Honesty is the best policy;" and that it were better to be poor and humble all our lives than to risk to lose liberty and character in wrong-doing trying to better our temporal condition.

The necessity for the reign of law has been so appropriately expressed, that its repetition here will more fitly convey the idea:

"Trust me, each state must have its policies;
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline;
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer."

As members of society, we stand in well defined relations to each other as individuals and collectively. The former we term private relations; the latter, public. Of the former there are four divisions, which are called the four great relations, and are those of husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, and guardian and ward. Of the public relations there are many, such as magistrates and people, etc.

Growing out of these relations are rights and duties. Where there is a right belonging to one person standing in a given relation, there is a duty due from the other. They are mutual—both having rights as well as duties. For example, take any of the private relations—say that of parent and child. Until the child arrives at a certain age, it is the duty of the parent to support, educate and protect it. These are some of the

rights belonging to the child, which the law considers the parent is duty bound to observe. Upon the other hand, there are rights belonging to the parent, which are duties due toward him from the child, among which are, during minority, obedience, assistance; and in helplessness and old age, support, comfort, etc. All wise and just human law is simply an expression of our highest conceptions of right, and whenever we refuse to obey these laws we do wrong. We are bound to perform the duties growing out of these relations. Whenever we neglect to perform a duty growing out of our private relations, we are guilty of what is termed a private wrong, of which there are many kinds, and for which the law gives a remedy. Private wrongs, generally, affect individuals only, but there are some wrongs which, while they only affect the individual directly, yet their evil example indirectly affects society in general; hence they become both private and public wrongs, and the wrong-doer is held answerable, both to the individual and to society. Public wrongs are such as, while they generally directly affect individuals, they are detrimental to and in violation of the rights of society, and are called crimes; of which there are felonies, misdemeanors, and minor offenses. A wrong may be either purely public or private. An example of a wrong purely public is where a public official or other person steals public money or does any act which is a wrong affecting society at large directly and the individual indirectly. An example of a private wrong is a refusal to perform any of the duties growing out of the four great relations. One of a purely private wrong is where one party to a contract neglects or refuses to perform his part of it. An example of a wrong which is both public and private is where one person, without lawful excuse or justification, beats another so that he injures him. In this case the person injured has a right to bring a suit against the wrong-doer for the injury sustained; in addition to which the penalties for the public wrong may be visited upon him.

Blackstone's definition of municipal law, "A rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power of a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong," with a slight modification, is correct, and is a plain statement of the object of human law, viz: to lay down a rule of human conduct to guide us in the right in our social relations. The law not only attempts, or the individuals who represent society attempt to

define what is right in the different relations and commands obedience to it, but seeks to enforce those commands by penalties or punishments in case of disobedience. With the idea of law we invariably associate the idea of penalty. Without a penalty attached to a law, it would be worthless. A great many would conduct themselves as if there were no laws, and consequently it would be a waste of time to enact them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Firemen's Magazine.

Rhine Rafts.

BY CHAS. M. TURNER.

Every traveler on the Rhine should have his attention called to the vast floating islands of timber which he will constantly meet with on that river. They are the produce of the forests which cover the remote hills and mountains traversed by the Rhine and its tributaries, the Mecker, the Murg, the Main, the Mosel, etc. They are first hurled down in single logs from the almost inaccessible heights where they have grown and have been felled, and are committed to some rushing mountain rivulet whenever its waters, swelled by rain or melting snow, suffice to float them. If the tree escape unshattered from the rocks, against which it is dashed by the stream, it is caught, bound together with other logs, and again set afloat, till it is conveyed by the tributary rivulet into the recipient river and reaches other stations on its banks, where it is again enlarged and entrusted to the care of boatmen to navigate; until on reaching the lower Rhine it is carefully built into one prodigious fabric, which is there navigated to Dortrecht, the great depot for timber, and sold. The constructions have the appearance of a floating village, composed of eight or ten little wooden huts on a large platform of oak and deal timber. The rowers and workmen sometimes amount to 400 or 500, superintended by pilots and a proprietor, whose habitation is superior in size and elegance to the rest. The captain places himself upon a raised platform or stage, from which he can survey the float from end to end, and direct by words and signs its movements. It is steered and impelled by a quadruple row of rowers, fore and aft, under whose sturdy strokes the vast fabric bends and twists like a snake, especially when passing near dangerous eddies and narrow straits, such as are met with in the Rhine

under the Lurley Berg and the Binger Loch. The raft is composed of several layers of trees, placed one on the other and strongly fastened together by chains and rivets, planked over with rough deals, so as to form a deck, which is sunk nearly to the level of the water. Several smaller rafts are attached to it by way of protection, besides a string of boats loaded with anchors and cables, and used for the purpose of sounding the river and going on shore. The boatmen are often accompanied by their wives and families; poultry, pigs and other animals are to be found on board, and several butchers are attached to the suite. A well supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the workmen run from all quarters to receive their messes. The consumption of provisions in the voyage to Holland is almost incredible; sometimes amounting to 20,000 or 30,000 pounds of bread, 10,000 or 12,000 pounds of fresh, besides a quantity of salted meat, butter, vegetables, etc., in proportion. The expenses are so great that a large capital is necessary to undertake a raft. Their navigation is a matter of considerable skill, owing to the abrupt windings, the rocks and shallows of the river; and some years ago the secret was thought to be monopolized by a boatman of Rudesheim and his sons. At present the rafts are no longer of so vast a size as formerly; instead of 900 feet in length, they are now commonly not more than 600 to 700; they never exceed more than 250 in breadth, and are subjected to be measured at Caut to ascertain that they do not exceed this width; otherwise they would not be able to pass through the narrow channel between the rocks at Oberwesel. They do not draw more than two or three feet of water. The smaller rafts, which still require 400 men to navigate them, are both more easily managed, and can also set out from a higher point up the river than the larger floats. Even these reduced rafts greatly exceed in size those which are brought down the St. Lawrence and other great American rivers. A single float is commonly the property of a great number of shareholders. The timber is sold at the end of the voyage, and sometimes produces from 300,000 to 400,000 florins, or \$125,000 to \$150,000. The voyage from Bingen to Dort may be performed, under favorable circumstances, in eight days, but it sometimes takes up six weeks.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 25, 1883.

Special Correspondence

Benevolence.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., June 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In looking at the bottom of the front cover of our excellent Magazine we find a shield with the words "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry thereon; those three words are the motto of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood; they are the three "Grand Pillars" upon which the Order is founded and held up to the broad light of day. It has occurred to me to write a few thoughts on those significant words and present them to the members of the Order through the medium of our Magazine. In asking for a few moments attention, I do so, fully conscious of the fact that abler pens than mine would do greater justice to the subject I have chosen.

With permission of the editors, I propose to present my feeble efforts, in the form of three separate papers, to appear in three consecutive numbers of the Magazine. I will, then, as a matter of course, commence with "Benevolence." Benevolence means a disposition to do good; it consists of *tenderness, kindness, love, and goodwill*. Happy is he who finds pleasure in doing good to his fellow creatures. The large and warm-hearted person is ever ready to succor the needy and destitute, as far as his means will allow. The truly benevolent man feels as though he would like to take the destitute of the wide, wide world and place them beneath his vest and shelter them next his heart. The man who is devoid of benevolence is an enemy to himself and is not a desirable member of society; the husbandless and fatherless appeal to him in vain for temporary relief. He heeds not the widows' wail and his ears are deaf to the piteous cry of orphaned children, who appeal to him for ever so little of the necessities of life.

The truly benevolent man is scarcely ever found within the ranks of the criminal classes, because his prevailing disposition to do good rarely permits him to do that which is bad; while the man who is devoid of benevolence can often be found the occupant of the cold blooded murderer's cell.

It has been said that "Charity"—which is held to be identical with benevolence

covereth a multitude of sins; true enough, in many cases, but the tree is known by its fruit, and a man is known by his deeds, and his actions can be seen through. Those who are benevolent for the sake of popularity are falsely so and are easily recognized as such, and yet, benevolence, even for the sake of popularity, has done, and is doing a vast amount of good for the sick and the maimed, the needy and the destitute. The cold and stony-hearted uncharitableness of the miserly niggard will not allow even popularity to make him benevolent, and his uncharitableness is a sin often more than equivalent to the multitude. Benevolence is a physician to the sick, a surgeon to the maimed, a provider to the needy, a comforter to the distressed, and a guardian to the widows and orphans. Benevolence is the first great pillar in the Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas; it is the principal object of the Brotherhood's existence, and in the dangerous calling of its members, it is almost daily brought into requisition by the husbandless and fatherless, whose bread winners have run their last run, and right nobly the B. of L. F. responds to those requisitions. It is doubtless true, that some have become members, not prompted by benevolent feelings toward their fellow-creatures, but purely out of selfishness; well, even so, the moment they were initiated they became units of the whole and so became factors for doing good to others besides themselves and those dependent on them, and so long as they remain members in good standing they are obliged to practice benevolence, and in doing so, they become better sons to their parents, better husbands to their wives, better fathers to their children, and better members of society.

Mutual benevolence, as practiced by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and all kindred societies, is capable of, and is doing a vast deal more good than it is possible for philanthropy in a state of individuality to do. "Why? because the one has got the whole length and breadth of the land as a field for operation, while the other have only isolated districts, as it were, for the same purpose, as in other words, the first is daily cognizant of distress, and is battling with it in quarters where the second never hear of.

Many of those who have become members of our organization purely for self-interest soon go back on their sacred obligation and become false to their trust;

each one forgets that it may be his turn next to be laid beneath the sod and that his poor old widowed mother, perhaps, or it may be his own wife and little ones are thereby deprived of that aid which mutual benevolence provided for, if he remained true to his trust. It is safe to say, that were it not for those kind of members our list of expulsions would be reduced to a minimum.

Brothers, none of us fully understand the true import of that grand word, and many practice it less. It is benevolence, "God's benevolence," which rewardeth the toil of the husbandman with a bounteous harvest. His benevolence has clothed the hills and the valleys in a mantle of green and causeth nature to rejoice. The cattle of the plains and valleys, and the sheep of the hills, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the rivers, lakes and oceans are there only by His benevolence to mankind. His benevolence in untold ages back, caused those vast stores of heat in the form of coal to be stored up in the bowels of the earth for safe keeping, as it were, until He saw fit to place them in the hands of man and cause those vast treasures to play such a mighty part in the march of civilization, for after all, coal has played a mightier part in civilizing the world, than the steam engine, the telegraph and *all* the inventions of man.

It is God's benevolence, rather than man's inventive genius, which gave us the busy steam engine to run our cotton, our woolen, our lumber and our iron mills. The electric telegraph, whereby the distant people of the earth are brought within speaking distance of each other, the telephone and the electric light, and those grand specimens of engineering skill and novel architecture whereby we are enabled to visit all quarters of the globe and exchange our products and gold for those of inhabitants of those parts, the locomotive which enables us to travel with most astonishing rapidity from ocean to ocean, working up the mountain sides, darting through their very bowels, as it were, to emerge on the other side, shooting down into the valleys, leaping from precipice to precipice, from chasm to chasm on its way, bounding across the tiny rivulet as well as the mighty and majestic river, all this we have through His benevolence.

Benevolence is one of the grandest virtues that a mortal can be endowed with; indeed, true benevolence consists of all the cardinal virtues to a very great extent, and would in itself alone, form a grander

and a more sublime religion than many religions which may be mentioned.

Man, "The Lord of creation," can often receive excellent lessons in benevolence from poor dumb animals; there are hundreds of instances recorded of animals—even of antagonistic species practicing the virtue of benevolence toward each other, and there are scores of instances recorded where man himself has been the recipient of benevolent deeds and actions from many of the brute creation, and well we may blush, when we call to mind and remember how often our poor dumb brute friends have been ill treated at our hands. How often have they been rewarded for their affection, not with love, tenderness, and kindness, but with a cuff, a kick, and a curse?

Be benevolent, if it is only to the extent of kind words and smiles. A kind word of sympathy and encouragement and a benevolent smile has lightened the burdens of thousands of poor weary travelers through this vale of tears, of sorrow and woe, and they have passed on, all the happier for it. Miss Florence Nightingale knew well the value of a few words of kindness and sympathy. Scores of Great Britain's brave and noble sons at the Crimea breathed their last all the easier for her kind and soothing words, while scores rallied from the grim usages of war's inhumane treatment, all the sooner for her well chosen magical words, to say nothing of her tenderness and kindness as a nurse. The "Baroness Burdett Coutts, whose purse is always ready to relieve the destitute, has hundreds of times been gratified at the salutary effects of her kind words; hundreds of sick and maimed, in the hospitals and infirmaries of the city of London, and hundreds of the needy and destitute, have borne their pains, their sufferings, and their burdens all the easier for her tender words of sympathy. Even a simple nod of the head and a smile of recognition will cause a poor worthy fellow-being to pass on with a lighter heart.

Brothers, some of you may be firing for engineers that are very hard to get along with; do not make yourselves disagreeable in return, but remember this beautiful motto of ours—"Benevolence"—and treat them with kindness, and give them your good will. Again, there are some of you who have gone over to the right-hand side of the cab, and may have a very disagreeable mate at the scoop, to you, also, I say remember the word "Benevolence." Again, some of you sometimes, fall out with your firemen, not

through any fault of theirs, but owing to your own tempers, you forget the time when you were firemen yourselves! I know there are instances where engineers—members of our Brotherhood, too—have quarrelsome dispositions and have fallen out with their firemen and then gone to the "Old Man," and told a long yarn which has caused their mates to be taken off until they were placed with other engineers who could never see any great fault or cause to complain, but reckoned them first-class men in every respect as firemen, and glad to have them on their engine until they—the engineers—spoke to the "Old Man," and got them "set up." It is just as easy to speak a good word for our fellow-beings as it is to speak ill of, and treat them with harshness, and there is far more pleasure in it.

Then, let us all strive to become more thoroughly acquainted with the grandeur of "Benevolence." Let us be benevolent in all things, in word and in deed, to our enemies as well as to our friends; a kind word for our enemies will often convert them into our friend.

Often times a bitter enemy

May be made a true friend,

If we would only study

The way unto that end.

If his friendship we would win,

Do him all the good we can,

Remember he's a heart within

And treat him as a man.

Scatter little grains of kindness,

Each little seed we sow

Will bring a return of gladness,

As through the world we go.

Drop little grains of comfort

To the poor along the way,

The cost is but the effort

Their joy will us repay.

Next month I will present a few thoughts composing my paper on Sobriety.

Yours fraternally. A. H. GREEN.

A TENDER MEETING.

Freund's Daily.

No word was spoken when they met,

By either—sad or gay,

And yet one badly smitten was,

As was remarked next day.

They met by chance this autumn eve,

With neither glance or bow,

They often came together so—

A freight train and a cow.

"THE Pendleton civil service bill has passed," remarked Mr. Wigglesworth, from the interior of his paper. "Well, I'm glad of that," said his wife, "and now I hope our hired girl will have a little more manners.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

Miscellaneous.

To Correspondents.

We are under the necessity of requesting our correspondents to be as brief as possible in writing for the Magazine. We have more correspondence than we can possibly publish, and for this reason every correspondent should be brief and to the point. All matter for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.

The Railroader.

The Railroader is forwarded to its many friends, this month, in an improved shape and enclosed in a handsome cover. It contains much more reading matter than any previous number, while the correspondence show a healthy increase, embracing the leading roads in all sections of the North American Continent. We are satisfied that this improvement will be duly appreciated by our many friends in the railway service, and we promise our patrons that improvement will continue to be the watchword.

Locomotive Firemen.

Greenville (Tex.) Herald.

The engineers and firemen on the East Line have organized in this city a Lodge of the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen," to be known as the "Texas Belle" Lodge No. 155. Its motto is, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The objects of the Order are to make sober and reliable engineers and firemen and provide for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members; for this purpose it has an insurance system connected with it that pays the heirs of deceased members \$1,000, or to the member himself in case of total disability. The following gentlemen compose the officers of the Greenville Lodge, which already numbers about twenty members: J. M. Brice, Master; H. K. Cherry, Vice-Master; W. B. Maydwell, Financial Secretary, James Minter, Conductor; J. W. Corn, Guard; Ed. Sims, J. D. Mercer and J. H. Selby, Trustees. The above information, with a copy of their Constitution and By-Laws, have been furnished the Herald by the Lodge, through Mr. J. H. Selby, for which they have our thanks and our endorsement of their worthy Order.

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine:

Happy People.

BY IDA A. HARPER.

What a mistake it is to suppose that anybody is really and truly happy for a very long time. When I was a young girl, I used to look at persons who, apparently, had everything heart could desire, and almost envy them what I imagined was perfect happiness. I never do so now. When we have lived a score and a half of years we learn that all happiness is merely comparative, some have more of it, some have less, but no one is completely happy.

Not long ago, while walking down a fashionable street, lined on either side with handsome houses, I was thinking intently upon this subject and, happening to know the history of nearly every family, I was surprised at the "skeletons" which no pride or sensitiveness could hide away in the closets. Carriages stood at the doors; between the curtains of costly lace, bright firespoke of warmth and luxury; seal skin and diamonds gave an air of elegance to the men and women who came down the steps; but there were just as many lines upon their faces, just as many shadows in their eyes as you find among those who work hard for daily bread. This house with bay windows and conservatory and carved doors is also adorned with a mortgage, which can never be lifted, and the owner counts the days till it will be wrested from his possession. In this beautiful mansion they have just lost their only child, and the house is to them but a tomb. Here they mourn a son who is a hopeless drunkard, and there they grieve for a daughter gone astray. In this home, fit for a queen, dwell a husband and wife forever estranged; he seeks forgetfulness in the distraction of business and she sits in her gilded cage, with a broken heart. In that cottage, lovely as Paradise, is a bride who is slowly learning that the card table presents attractions greater than her own. Some are struggling for social position, others languish from incurable disease, all have their trials and sorrows. The history of this street is only the history of others. As we go up or down the scale of life we

ever find something to detract from happiness.

And yet there are periods in the lives of all when they experience moments of almost perfect bliss. Most people number these fleeting hours among the days of their courtship. Love is impartial. To the poor and lowly, as freely as to the high born and wealthy, comes that season of beatitude when sorrow and toil and hardships roll away like a great cloud, and the sun shines down in glorious splendor upon the little world of the lovers. Those who have lived through this golden summer time know that "earth hath naught like it." We, who are old and worldly-wise and cynical, should be very tolerant of these lovers, for before they have learned to count the happy hours the clouds begin to flit across the sun, shadows fall upon the path, and the world is never again so bright and beautiful.

A happiness purer, sweeter and more lasting is that of a mother with her babe. Every cunning dimple, every graceful gesture, every musical murmur fills her heart with gladness. Her only prayer is that they may not be separated. But no sooner does the baby voice begin to prattle and the little feet to patter about the house than the alloy creeps into the pure gold of her joy. She sees traits of character that cause her apprehension, she thinks of the temptations awaiting her child, and henceforth she is happy and anxious, glad and sorrowful, by turns.

Happiness makes us selfish. We are light-hearted, thoughtless, indifferent to all except those who contribute to our enjoyment. Sorrow makes us sympathetic. It softens our heart and broadens our nature. When we are in trouble we do not go to those whose lives are full of sunshine, but we turn to those who, like ourselves, have suffered. They who have known only happiness are not fully developed. While we can never wish that our loved ones have other than a happy existence, yet we know that, if the soul be great, the sorrows of life will sweeten, refine and ennoble.

In many respects our happiness depends upon ourselves. Willfulness and obstinacy in youth bring many a premature gray hair. Violation of physical laws results in ruined health. Disregard of the moral principles is atoned for by years of remorse. Mistaken judgment in selecting a husband or wife is followed by a life-time of misery. Ill temper, discontent, irregular habits engrave countless wrinkles upon the face. Much of the

unhappiness of age is but the certain penalty which awaits transgression, the mortgage which time never fails to foreclose. But there are many troubles which we cannot avoid. Those whom we love are torn from our hearts by cruel death; they who promised to be true prove unfaithful to our trust; the ones upon whom we leaned, desert and leave us alone. Unhappiness which we did not cause and cannot avert, we must bear, according to our strength.

And thus, as we grow old and the radiant visions of youth materialize into sober facts, we accept the truth that we cannot be perfectly happy. To the pure, honest, conscientious soul there comes something better than happiness, the gift of mature years, peace and contentment. These are the outgrowth of joy and sorrow, of hope and disappointment, the calm and serene benediction of age, the haven where our tired ship rests after its weary struggle with the storm-tossed waves.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 15, 1883

Rocklin, Cal.

ROCKLIN, CAL., June 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been a reader of your valuable publication only since January, 1883, but through the correspondence of so many friendly and able writers, I feel an interest in every letter and writer, and I think it makes a union of hearts outside the "Brotherhood," which might with propriety be termed a Sisterhood; for do we not work and watch and wait for their coming? praying unceasingly for the safe return of the loved ones from their dangerous duties?

I will not claim space for a letter, only to say "May God bless each member of this great, grand Brotherhood, which already extends across this vast continent." May your efforts be crowned with the success you so much deserve, is the wish of
ERNESTINE.

A FRENCH widow was very indignant because the railroad company did not pay her any more than they paid the widow of another man who had also been killed by a railroad train. The railroad officials said the two men came to their death under similar circumstances. "O, that's all very well as matter of talk," said the widow, "but as a matter of fact my husband was killed by the lightning express, while her man was run over by a freight train."

Correspondence

From the Pacific Coast.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It seems that there are not many members in Orange Grove Lodge who are inclined to be communicative through the columns of the Magazine, or we would surely have seen something from one of them relative to our new Lodge room, which is probably one of the finest in the United States. It is 40x21, with cloak and ante-rooms nicely furnished; carpets on all the floors, with furniture to correspond; costing in all about \$300. The engineers and firemen together fitted up these apartments for the meetings of both Lodges at this point, and I am happy to say that we agree splendidly together in all things. The engineers have only the kindest feelings toward us and ask us to join them in everything they undertake, which is highly gratifying to us. Bro. Moore has crossed the deck, and the boys say it is hard telling of which he thinks the most—the new girl or the new engine.

Fraternally, SEMI-TROPIC.

The Golden Northwest.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have looked in vain for a few lines from No. 82, for several months; but although we have lots of "good stuff" in 82, we seem to be minus literary talent. Allow me first to pass a compliment on the Magazine, as I think it is a most noble advocate of our good principles. Its articles are full of good, sensible matter, which is always encouraging to the members. There is a bit of good humor pervades its pages, and on the whole, I think it is as good a journal as there is printed. I was pleased to read Bro. Vaughn's letter, after returning from abroad, and can fully bear him out in all he said, as several in No. 82 have been there themselves. Well, Mr. Editor, we are not so busy as we were a few weeks ago, and I am sorry to say a few of our members have again had to step from the right side to the left, but we hope as the Summer advances to again have a rushing trade and the boys take their places where they belong. No. 82 is coming well up to the front, there being two or three applications every

meeting, and we have now close on 90 members. We all agreed at our last meeting to get a little more high-toned, and so we are going to have regalias. I hope the time will soon come when we shall not occupy so much space in the journal, with a long list of expulsions, the majority of which are for non-payment of dues. But any member who will not pay his dues is far better out of the Brotherhood than in it. We have had some very cold weather out here last winter, but it will be a cold day when there are no warm hearts in No. 82 for the Brotherhood.

Hoping this letter will cause some more able writer than myself to take up his pen, as this is my first attempt, I remain

Yours fraternally,

H. ABBOTT.

Officers and their Duties.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 31, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The time is near at hand for the election of our Lodge officers, and I trust each Lodge will elect their wisest man as Master of their Lodge. The duties of the Master of a Lodge are various and important; they involve the superintendence and management of the brothers during their meetings, and here the brothers look for instruction, not only in what is called the work of the Order, but in their relative duties. The situation of the Master of a Lodge is most important; if he fails in the discharge of his duties he inflicts a fatal blow not only on the Lodge, which will be the first victim of an ill-placed confidence, but on our Brotherhood itself, which will suffer in public estimation should its principal officer prove incompetent to the high office he has undertaken, or should he fail through inattention, neglect or incapacity to improve the brethren in the work and aim of our Order. It sometimes happens that disputes and divisions arise amongst the brethren, which, if not checked in time, lead to unhappy consequences and seriously impair that harmony which should ever prevail among the members of our Order, and which is so strongly and frequently inculcated. This is a point in the management of a Lodge, "Which requires not only great tact, but true firmness of mind in the Master and his officers. In such cases the Master should act promptly and decisively; nor must he under any circumstances shrink from the performance of a positive duty; for the surest method of obtaining the approba-

tion of the brethren and his own conscience is to discharge his duty punctually, faithfully and impartially." I hope these remarks will be impressed upon the mind of every Master of every Lodge.

The Master should use his influence and authority to convince his brethren of the necessity, so far as regards the interest of the members in general, of the welfare of the Lodge; the peace and happiness of the brethren, and of preserving the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. In all cases it is more honorable to unite in the principle conceding points of minor importance than foment disputes that may involve consequences it is impossible to foresee, and frequently impracticable to remedy. He ought to possess sufficient knowledge of human nature to prevail on the members to be unanimous in their conclusions, however their opinion may vary in detail; for it is safest, wisest and the best policy to submit cheerfully and implicitly to the decisions of the majority in the assured belief that such a decision has the greatest chance to be correct. In all cases of differences among brethren a portion of the responsibility of reconciling them rests upon other officers of the Lodge, who are the official assistants of the Master in the government of the Lodge. If they conscientiously perform their allotted task, the Master will not only be assisted and encouraged, but in a measure compelled to execute his office creditably, if not beneficially. He will escape censure if he does not merit praise. Prompted by the equal measures of the one and the integrity of the other, he may be induced to govern his Lodge on the principles of morality and justice, even should higher incentives be absent from his bosom; even though the love of the Order should have waxed cold and he should have coveted this high office to enjoy its honors and powers. If the Master's chair is filled with ability and talent, respect and approbation are insured, the words of sound doctrine fall like the dew of heaven from the lips of such an instructor, and are eagerly imbibed by the gratified hearers. Fraternally yours, J. S.

Speedy Growth of a New Lodge.

BRANDON, MANITOBA, March 26, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

As a regular subscriber to your valuable Magazine, I watch with great interest the progress our Brotherhood is making throughout Canada and the States. I am also greatly interested in reading the

communications from sister Lodges, and I therefore thought that perhaps there may be some of your readers who would like to know how our Lodge (one of the latest formed) is progressing. I will, therefore, give them the information.

We started at Winnipeg about three months ago with seven charter members. We now number between seventy and eighty members, all good and true, and we are continuing to enroll an average of six or seven new members every week. We have just made a slight change in officers, and our Lodge, with its present efficient staff, promises to be one of the strongest Lodges in the Brotherhood, and if this should meet the eye of any young man who proposes to come to Manitoba to work on the road, we shall be pleased to give him a welcome into our Lodge.

Yours fraternally, R. CRAWFORD.

New Era Lodge.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., May 2, 1883.

Thinking you might want to hear from the Golden Northwest, I thought I would try and write something concerning it, and more especially of New Era Lodge, No. 76. Our Lodge is in a very flourishing condition. Last meeting we initiated four members, and we have several applications under consideration. The Lodge meets regularly and any member that does not show up, that is in town, may expect to catch—when he meets Bro. Lenaban, who is one of the hardest workers of the whole Order. When he meets a man, he never lets him go until he has his name for the Magazine. We have several good visiting members, who get the works from our worthy Master. Among them we might mention Bro. Sebastian of 82 and Bro. Cuddy of 68, and several others. We are in a fine working condition. The boys feel proud of their Financier, Bro. Roberts, who looks after the dust of the Lodge. The boys are not making much time, as the traffic is light. There are plenty of extra firemen here, idle, but not many Brotherhood men, which speaks well for our Order. We have a membership of 32, all good, steady men, and they possess the qualities of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Our Secretary, Bro. Dickenson, comes to the front and discharges his duties in good shape. Well, I will close, hoping some more able writer will take courage at this attempt, and write something for the Magazine.

J. M. C.

Creston Short Stops.

CRESTON, IOWA, April 14, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Advance Lodge, No. 101, is still moving forward in the good work of the Order. Bro. Cherrington still holds the gavel and does his duty like a man.

Business on the road is very good but the boys don't forget when Monday evening comes around. We missed Bro. Dane from his engine (the 327) and supposed he had left us but suddenly he materialized, a married man. Give us your hand, Bro. D.! Miss Edith Bryan was the happy young lady and from all accounts the contracting parties are equally worthy of each other. One of the boys in congratulating Bro. Dane said: "May both of you live forever and one day more."

Ike Ellison is now enrolled among the engineers but he is still a warm friend to the boys of the scoop. He has just departed for Hot Springs, in company with Tom Foxwerth, for a few weeks of recreation and rest.

Wishing the Brotherhood continued success, I remain Yours as ever.

TOP.

*For Firemen's Magazine.***OUR BABY.**

(Dedicated to the memory of Melvina Baker, infant daughter of Melvin and Sarah Baker, who died December 8, 1882.)

BY MRS. S. S. BAKER.

We knelt beside our baby's bed,
Just at the break of day,
And saw the sunshine of Life
Forever fade away.

We watched the blighting boon of Death
Fall o'er our baby's brow;
And prayed in bitterness of heart,
God spare our darling now.

Just as the first faint glow of day
Flamed up the Eastern sky,
We felt the spectre's presence near,
And knew that she must die.

I strained my baby to my breast,
And kissed her pallid lips;
Oh, bitter pain, to see her sink
Into death's dark eclipse.

She opened wide her tender eyes,
And looked into my own;
And then I knew how dear to me
My little one had grown.

She put her hand upon my brow,
As with a mute caress;
Then laid her little tired head
Upon my aching breast.

Her blue eyes closed in Death's long sleep,
God bore her soul away;
And with the break of morn it passed
Into a perfect day.

*For Firemen's Magazine.***IN MEMORIAM.**

Dedicated to the memory of Johnnie Howard, who was burned to death May 11, 1883, in a collision of engines 165 and 226 of the D. & R. G. R. R.

Brave heart! thou didst thy duty well,
In every scene of life,
At duty's post, thy last farewell,
Most fitly crowned thy strife.
Enwrapped in seething tongues of flame,
Scorched by the steam's hot breath;
You won a hero's mead of fame
By your untimely death.

What thoughts were thine, when to thy ear,
Came the appalling scream?
Of grim destruction drawing near,
To end thy young life's dream?
Perhaps there passed in quick review,
Thy childhood's home afar—
A mother's love, forever true,
And steadfast as a star.

With many a tender gleam and sweet,
Of sweethearts fair and kind;
Of moments, when at love's fond beat
All cares were left behind.
Thought flies on pinions of the wind,
When dangers swift advance,
And all the records of the mind
Are read at one swift glance.

And so from mem'ries of the past
Methinks, thine eyes didst turn,
And loving lingered at the last
Where bright thy fire didst burn.
What tender care and muscled hands
The polished grates did show,
And well the engine's gleaming bands,
Reflected back its glow.

An instant's time—and then the shock!
Then mingled steam and flame,
And one brave spirit hurried back
To that from whence it came.
Oh, heart of gold—freed from thy clay,
To walk where Angels tread,
Forgive these tears, whilst sorrows sway
The living for the dead.

D. H. DAVIS.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., May 25, 1883.

Fort Scott, Kansas.

FORT SCOTT, KAS., June 12, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I thought I would let you know how we are prospering. Although our Lodge is small, our prospects are good.

Bro. L. Lester occupies the Master's chair, and fills it with credit to himself and his Lodge. He is a thorough Brotherhood man, and we are bound to prosper under him. G. K. Bates is our Financier, and up to the work. Bro. W. Greenwood, as Secretary, is ever at hand. Our Magazine Agent, C. Williams, has done well for the time he has had to canvass. He has been the cause of putting the Magazine in a great many families. The next time you hear from us we expect to have a larger membership.

Yours,

W.



A. ARMSTRONG, of No. 151, is promoted.

ZEPH. HADSCOM, L. ATKINSON and D. SHARA, of No. 82, are genuine B. of L. F. boys.

W. H. BLAKE, the Magazine Agent of No. 129, knows how to conduct the affairs of his office.

GEORGE PHILLIPS, of 116, is entitled to congratulations, having been promoted to "t'other side.

A FINE, new daughter in the family of H. E. MOTT, Master of No. 156, is the latest acquisition to Nehes.

BRO. HARRY KELER, the enterprising, have established a new Division of the B. of L. E. at Big Springs, Tex.

BROS. WILSON, EVANS and DAVID GORGAS of No. 11, have been placed on the best side of their respective engines.

BRO. TABOR, of No. 59, is running a yard engine in Pueblo yard. He takes his new honors with becoming grace.

BROS. BROWN and CORMICH, of Centralia, has been on the sick list, but we are pleased to see them on duty again.

GEO. E. GOTHAM and JOS. McNEIL, of 53, fully realize the responsibilities they assumed when they became husbands.

Two little daughters—twins—came to the household of Bro. W. T. Pourcellie, of No. 109. That is the kase why of all those smiles.

THE remarkable dog of Bro. Winwood, of Chicago, is a subject of much comment among the boys that have witnessed his marvelous feats.

E. B. MAYO says that John Carr, of No. 59, who was recently married, is looking for a light engine "to pull the small Carrs with."

BRO. KINNEY, of No. 59, lately wanted his fireman to "extinguish the nocturnal illuminator." The fireman blew out the head light, at a rough guess.

HENRY LOTT, Magazine Agent of No. 11, has been promoted. His record as a fireman is a recommendation of what his career as an engineer will be.

JOE. LEMINGER and ARTHUR KERKENDALL, of No. 11, were married on the sly. The boys found it out on them, anyway, and are on hand with kind wishes.

EUREKA Lodge No. 14 is determined to keep up with the times. She has just purchased a beautiful set of regalias of M. C. Davis & Co. for street parade.

BRO. P. FLANNERY, of No. 84, recently presided over a meeting held by 66, he having been the first Master of 66, was thus honored while paying them a visit.

CACTUS Lodge No. 94 was lately presented with an elegant pair of ivory, silver-mounted gavels. Bro. McQueen, an active member of the Lodge, was the donor.

FRED. KRAUEL, the active Magazine Agent of Hercules Lodge No. 63, is foreman of the C. & E. I. engine house at Danville, Ill., and is well liked by all who know him.

W. R. ROBERTS, Past Master of United Lodge, now Financier of New Era Lodge No. 76, is running an engine on the Manitoba Line and doing good work for the Brotherhood.

WE learn from Harry Keler that Capt. O'Mallry, of No. 83, is about to take an extended trip for the benefit of his health. The boys wish him a pleasant time and a safe return.

BRO. JOHNSON, of No. 80, has rented a cottage and the boys smell orange blossoms in the breeze. Bro. Johnson is a jewel and will make a model husband for somebody.

TO MISS JOHNSON, of Council Bluffs, sister of Bro. W. L. Johnson, the members of Pilot Lodge, No. 124, desire to return thanks for a beautiful motto presented them by her.

NOR a member of No. 53 but sadly missed Bro. Thos. Shaub. He has become a farmer and consequently withdrawn from the Order. May he always reap golden harvests.

FOR promptness and accuracy, Texas Belle, No. 155, although a new Lodge, has made a record that would be a fitting example for many of her older and more experienced sisters to follow.

GEO. DEATS, of Old Post Lodge, No. 17, has returned to Big Springs, Texas, taking his family with him. George is one of the favorites in that locality and his return will be hailed with delight.

THE Financier of 77 wishes to have it known that members of his Lodge need not be afraid of paying too much by sending one dollar every month for assessments. Their distance from the Lodge is no excuse.

MR. LON BURKER, has the sympathy of all of the members of his Lodge, No. 157, on account of the loss of his little son.

RAILROAD CENTRE Lodge is surrounded by circumstances very favorable to her prosperity and success, the result of a strict compliance with the law. Others would do well to follow her example.

F. M. JAMES returns many thanks to Lodges 44 and 50 for courtesies extended him while among them. He was present at a meeting of each Lodge and says that they are well up in the work of the Order.

THE members of No. 73 return thanks to the members of No. 2 for the kind attention shown them while attending their ball at Providence, May 18th, and wish them success in all like undertakings.

GEORGE ZANG, Master of Anchor Lodge No. 54, is working hard with the members at Moberly, and in his efforts to teach them their duty he is zealously supported by Frank Nebergall, the gentlemanly Financier.

INSTEAD of heading off Bro. Wilson, Joe. Wheeler got headed off by Joe's band of Apaches in Mexico and did not stop running till he reached Minneapolis. He is going to get Sitting Bull to exterminate Joe's gang.

THE officers of Anchor Lodge No. 54 have come to the conclusion that one good paying member is worth a regiment of drones. The law, administered in heroic doses, is sure to bring the Moberly boys to the front.

THE members of Central Lodge No. 22 are scattered all over the country, but there are a few good ones still left at Urbana. Among them can be found Garrett, Bennett, Stillwell and—well, there is a host of them.

THE Magazine returns many thanks to Bro. John N. Smith, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, for a beautiful collection of ores and precious stones from the mines of Colorado, where Bro. Smith is now located and running an engine.

J. H. CASEY returns thanks to the members of Lodges 39, 41, 47, 48, 50, 61, 63, 68, 81 and 85 for favors shown him on his recent southern trip. He expresses special obligations to Bro. Hannahan, Delaney and McAllister, of No. 50.

CHAS. MYERS, Vice Master of Sacramento Lodge No. 58, gave the boys a fine reception on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Ella Fuller. Refreshments were dealt out with a liberal hand. The boys are watching eagerly for the next one.

The report of our Grand Lodge, just issued, shows that on June 1st the Brotherhood had 161 Lodges, 7,213 members and 13,800 subscribers to the Magazine. The increase in membership during the quarter was 858. This looks like prosperity.

ANY information, regarding the whereabouts of A. B. Crandall will be thankfully received by T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Avenue, Cleveland, O. When last heard from he was in Rocklin, Cal., and a fireman in the Central Pacific R.R.

UNDER the careful management of Bro. A. J. Randall, Evening Star Lodge No. 112 is making a good record. Not an expulsion is reported since the organization of the Lodge, nearly a year ago, and yet there is not a delinquent member on her rolls.

MR. S. L. BEAN, Master Mechanic of the Yellowstone Division of the N. P. R. R., is one of the many railway officials in the Northwest who endorse the principles of our organization. The members of Landmark Lodge No. 128 are not unmindful of his many kindnesses to them.

T. COLLINS, Jos. O'Brien, Jos. McCourt, L. R. Blake, Geo. Penrod, J. H. Cotterill, Gus. Hestler, Geo. Simonson, W. Norton, David Robinson, M. Sparks and W. H. Blake are among the late promotions of Mineral King Lodge, No. 129. The right hand side talent is looming up among the Escanaba boys.

J. EUGENE STOUT has recently been added to the family of our old friend Jep Stout, of Little Rock. A basket of beautiful flowers, including some rare magnolias, accompanied the announcement of the happy event. Jep has our congratulations and our wishes that Eugene may prove "a chip of the old block."

H. Y. CHAMBERLAIN, a most energetic worker of No. 54, was married to Miss Lena Smith, at the residence of the bride's father, at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 17th of April. A number of very elegant presents were received by the young couple from their many friends. Peoria, Chicago, and Jacksonville were visited by them while on their bridal tour.

INSTRUCTOR S. M. STEVENS, returns thanks to Guide Lodge, No. 125, for securing an annual pass over the Iowa Central R.R. for him, which was kindly granted by D. N. Pickering, Superintendent of the line. A committee, consisting of Bros. S. C. Cook and John Burke, was appointed by the Lodge to solicit the favor, which was readily granted and is fully appreciated by the Grand Lodge.

Firemen's Department

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

St. Louis, Mo., June 4, 1883.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ANDERSON, MOTHER OF
BRO. JOHN ANDERSON, OF INDUSTRIAL
LODGE NO. 21, B. L. F.

All is sad, within our dwelling,
Lonely are our hearts to-day.
For the one we loved so dearly
Has forever passed away!

JOHN ANDERSON.

TO SECRETARIES AND FINANCIERS.

The attention of Secretaries and Financiers is called to the fact that in reporting the admission of members, by card or otherwise, their withdrawal, expulsion, rejection or suspension, the date thereof must be given in each and every instance, as the Grand Lodge is required to keep a record of all such dates. But few of our officers heed this requirement, although we have called their attention to it, again and again. We hope this notice may have the desired effect in the matter.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE NOTICE.

Subordinate Lodges are hereby notified that the quarterly report of the G. S. & T. for the quarter ending May 31, and also the semi-annual and quarterly pass-words, taking effect July 1st, have been sent to all Lodges. Any Lodge having failed to receive the quarterly report or the pass-words will at once notify the Secretary of the Grand Lodge. Notice is also given that there will be no beneficiary assessment for July, there being a sufficient surplus in the treasury to pay all outstanding claims.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

J. C. CRANE.

The above subject has been expelled from Summit Lodge No. 87, for defrauding his Lodge and its members. It is the express wish of his Lodge that he be properly advertised, so as to prevent his further fraud and imposition in the future. He was Financier of his Lodge, and according to his idea of financiering, an officer owed it to himself to deposit the funds of the Lodge in his pocket and keep them there. He received all monies that were paid to him, but somehow, forgot to credit them on his books. In short he is what is commonly called a thief, and we caution others to beware of him.

AMUSEMENTS.

CRESTON, IOWA.

A Creston paper gives the following account of the ball of Advance Lodge, No. 101:

The ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, given at Pine-street opera house, Friday night, was very largely attended; in fact, there were too many present to render dancing very comfortable. Nevertheless the jolly crowd completely and thoroughly entered into the spirit of the occasion, and notwithstanding the jam, enjoyed themselves

until 2:30 o'clock a. m. The gentlemen of the Lodge had secured the Northwestern band of Des Moines, whose music was attraction of itself. The arrangements of the party were perfect, and the firemen were assiduous in providing for the comfort of their guests. Quite a number of people from other cities were present, among whom the reporter noted Messrs. Bartlett and Garrett, of the C. B. & Q. Pay-car, Chas. Foster and wife, of Glenwood, H. W. Johnson, of Aurora Lodge, No. 80, Miss Addie, Titus of Ottumwa, Miss Dain, of Chariton, and several others. The order of dances was admirably arranged, and the programme bore on the first page a tasteful design of a landscape with a locomotive and train as the central figure.

The hall was very handsomely decorated with bunting, flags, evergreen, flowers, pictures, bird-cages, etc., under the able direction of Mrs. Walter Towne, Mrs. Homer Wright, Miss Hilda Leens, Miss Effie Vickers and others, and was very creditable to their taste and skill. The initials of the Order, B. of L. F., were nicely worked in evergreen, and hung over the stage, and just behind the footlights was a huge lump of coal, across which lay in repose the firemen's companions, the shovel and pick. Swung from the stage to the posts in the center of the hall, were pretty festoons of evergreens, etc., from which were suspended thirteen cages of canaries and red-birds kindly loaned the Order by Mrs. J. H. Patt, Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, Mrs. N. B. Morrison, Mrs. John Munce, Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. O. E. Bennett, Mrs. White, Mrs. Homer Wright, Mrs. Eugene Martin, Mrs. L. H. Adams, Miss Effie Yancey, D. A. Porter and Walter Locke. At times the birds would sing, producing a very pretty effect with the strains of music from the band. The greenhouse of Mr. Henry Bauer had generously contributed a profusion of flowering and foliage plants, which helped much in giving the room a pleasing appearance. There were about 150 couples present, and every individual was unsparing in praise of the handsome, lavish and entertaining manner in which Advance Lodge, B. of L. F. managed the affair.

BRainerd, MINN.

The second annual ball and banquet of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of Pine City Lodge, No. 81, was a success that the boys may be proud of. Bro. H. A. Boadecker was Master of Ceremonies. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens. Two headlights were arranged, one on the inside and the other on the outside; the one on the inside being placed upon the stage and decorated with evergreens, making it appear as though an engine was just entering the hall. The one on the outside was placed just out of one of the second story windows—lighting up the street, and bearing No. 81 on the sides. There were blue, green and red lights tastefully arranged around the ceiling, giving the hall a most beautiful appearance. The B. of L. F. boys adopted a new mode of dress, which was both novel and attractive, each one wearing a suit of over clothes, the jackets being made of blue plaid and the overalls of blue drilling. The crowd was large and a more quiet collection of people was never seen before in Brainerd. The elite of the city were there.

The floor managers were models of their kind and deserve great credit and the thanks of the B. of L. F. Everything passed off pleasantly and every body had a good old time. Owing to the amount of business on the N. P. The committee desire us to thank the many ladies for their kindness in contributing to make their ball such an excellent success.

R.R. at the time of the ball, the boys that are at different places along the line could not all be present.

It was said by the people of Brainerd that the hall looked the finest they had ever seen. The hall looked very nice on the occasion of the last ball that the B. of L. F. gave, but the second eclipsed it. The people of Brainerd give great credit to the boys, and say long live the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

A. B. SMITH,

of J. M. Dodge Lodge, No. 79, was killed in a collision on the St. Louis Division of the C. & A. R.R., April 19. He leaves his policy payable to Mrs. Martenia Smith.

J. F. SULLIVAN,

of Rochester Lodge, No. 90, died of Pulmonary Phthisis, April 21. His policy is payable to his sister, Julia Sullivan.

WM. D. NAYLOR,

of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, died of consumption, May 8. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Naylor.

D. D. HARRINGTON,

of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, died May 21, from injuries sustained in a wreck on the I. & St. L. R.R. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Margaret Harrington. W. H. of Indianapolis, gives the following account of the death and burial:

"A sad accident occurred Friday night, May 18, on the I. & St. L. R.R., in which Eureka Lodge, No. 14, lost one of its most faithful members. Bro. Harrington was firing the engine on the night express coming east, when leaving Hillsboro, Ills., after making a stop, they encountered one of those terrible cyclones, which has devastated some of our States with such terrible effect. It seems the cyclone was a little in advance of the train, and a short distance beyond the station is an iron bridge, which the cyclone hurled into the stream below. The ill-fated train came along a little later and dashed into the chasm, killing instantly the engineer, P. Welsh, and fatally scalding Bro. Harrington, who, after suffering until Monday Morning at 3 a. m., the 21st, was relieved by death. His body was placed in a handsome casket and shipped to Indianapolis for burial, where it was met by a delegation of members and escorted to his home, where all necessary preparations were made for the funeral, which took place the next day at 2 p. m. At one o'clock our members assembled at the hall, with a number of brothers from Beacon Lodge, No. 111, who kindly assisted in the hour of trouble. The Master appointed the marshal and pallbearers. Everything being in readiness, we marched, headed by the city band, to the residence of our deceased brother, where we were joined by a literary society from Mattoon, of which the deceased was a member. The procession being formed, we marched to St. John's Catholic church, where a splendid sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Bessoniers. We then proceeded to the Catholic cemetery, where the last sad rites of the Brotherhood were administered by our worthy Master, Bro. Farrell, and our Chaplain, Bro. Barnhill.

In the death of Bro. Harrington we have lost a good and faithful member. This is a terrible warning for us to be prepared, for who knows who shall be next to fall by the wayside."

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:
SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending May 31, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 23 and 24.	Assess'ts 25 and 26.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 23 and 24.	Assess'ts 25 and 26.	Total.
1	\$2 00	\$30 00	...	\$32 00	66	...	\$41 00	...	\$41 00
2	6 00	18 00	...	24 00	67	\$6 00	50 00	...	56 00
3	1 00	118 00	...	119 00	68	8 00	23 00	...	31 00
4	5 00	21 00	...	26 00	69	3 00	32 00	...	35 00
5	...	29 00	...	29 00	70	4 00	20 00	...	24 00
6	29 00	5 00	\$2 00	36 00	71	14 00	36 00	...	50 00
7	7 00	13 00	14 00	34 00	72	...	75 00	...	75 00
8	9 00	19 00	...	28 00	73	3 00	33 00	...	36 00
9	7 00	12 00	...	19 00	74	...	35 00	...	35 00
10	11 00	45 00	...	56 00	75	42 00	93 00	...	135 00
11	...	65 00	...	65 00	76	17 00	25 00	\$1 00	43 00
12	31 00	75 00	...	106 00	77	23 00	53 00	...	76 00
13	...	70 00	...	70 00	78	...	56 00	...	56 00
14	...	79 00	...	79 00	79	4 00	31 00	...	35 00
15	1 00	33 00	...	34 00	80	1 00	40 00	41 00	82 00
16	7 00	102 00	...	109 00	81	12 00	10 00	...	22 00
17	5 00	27 00	...	32 00	82	19 00	51 00	...	70 00
18	3 00	31 00	...	34 00	83	2 00	40 00	...	42 00
19	...	1 00	32 00	33 00	84	...	42 00	...	42 00
20	4 00	36 00	...	40 00	85	15 00	7 00	1 00	23 00
21	9 00	54 00	...	63 00	86	12 00	52 00	...	64 00
22	6 00	32 00	...	38 00	87	27 00	20 00	...	47 00
23	...	21 00	...	21 00	88	...	40 00	...	40 00
24	37 00	37 00	89	...	48 00	...	48 00
25	16 00	25 00	...	41 00	90	2 00	...	10 00	12 00
26	8 00	46 00	...	54 00	91	1 00	28 00	...	29 00
27	...	68 00	...	68 00	92	21 00	6 00	...	27 00
28	8 00	42 00	...	50 00	93	31 00	31 00
29	1 00	33 00	...	34 00	94
30	9 00	22 00	...	31 00	95	31 00	79 00	...	110 00
31	22 00	52 00	...	74 00	96	...	28 00	...	28 00
32	7 00	30 00	...	37 00	97	...	47 00	...	47 00
33	5 00	44 00	...	49 00	98	2 00	29 00	...	31 00
34	...	34 00	...	34 00	99	16 00	42 00	...	58 00
35	2 00	23 00	...	25 00	100
36	26 00	57 00	...	83 00	101	1 00	1 00	64 00	66 00
37	...	55 00	55 00	110 00	102	...	24 00	24 00	...
38	5 00	64 00	...	69 00	103	1 00	19 00	26 00	46 00
39	10 00	...	51 00	61 00	104
40	105	1 00	29 00	...	30 00
41	106	...	20 00	21 00	41 00
42	...	21 00	...	21 00	107	5 00	25 00	...	30 00
43	58 00	58 00	108	2 00	21 00	...	23 00
44	...	24 00	...	24 00	109
45	25 00	60 00	...	85 00	110	2 00	16 00	...	18 00
46	11 00	33 00	...	44 00	111	6 00	21 00	...	27 00
47	...	91 00	...	91 00	112	...	37 00	...	37 00
48	...	34 00	...	34 00	113	...	14 00	...	14 00
49	27 00	23 00	...	50 00	114	...	18 00	...	18 00
50	15 00	41 00	...	56 00	115	...	23 00	...	23 00
51	...	42 00	...	42 00	116	...	28 00	...	28 00
52	2 00	51 00	...	53 00	117	...	42 00	...	42 00
53	2 00	...	30 00	82 00	118	8 00	13 00	...	21 00
54	4 00	69 00	...	73 00	119	...	14 00	...	14 00
55	2 00	23 00	...	25 00	120	4 00	28 00	...	32 00
56	11 00	23 00	...	34 00	121	...	20 00	...	20 00
57	88 00	123 00	...	161 00	122	81 00	31 00
58	...	28 00	...	28 00	123	86 00	36 00
59	...	87 00	...	87 00	124	12 00	11 00	17 00	40 00
60	8 00	62 00	...	70 00	125	14 00	5 00	...	19 00
61	19 00	65 00	...	83 00	126	26 00	26 00
62	3 00	...	29 00	82 00	127	2 00	39 00
63	12 00	34 00	...	46 00	128	...	10 00	...	10 00
64	129	17 00	24 00	...	41 00
65	5 00	35 00	32 00	72 00	130	2 00	19 00	...	21 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 23 and 24.	Assess't 25 and 26.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 21 and 22.	Assess'ts 23 and 24.	Total.
131		\$13 00		\$13 00	141		\$19 00		\$19 00
132	\$8 00	2 00	\$19 00	24 00	142				21 00
133		15 00		15 00	143		\$21 00		
134		20 00		20 00	144				
135	2 00		26 00	28 00	145				
136		21 00		21 00	146				
137		21 00	21 00	42 00	147	\$1 00	8 00		9 00
138			17 00	17 00	148			15 00	15 00
139					149			14 00	14 00
140		14 00		14 00	150			17 00	17 00

Balance on hand May 1 \$1,920 50
 Received during month 5,970 00
 Total \$7,890 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 49, 50, 51, 52 and 53 \$6,000 00
 Balance on hand June 1 \$1,890 50
 Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

LONDON, ONT., March 20, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Beaver Lodge No. 117, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from M. J. W. Cox, Financier of Beaver Lodge a draft for one thousand dollars, the full amount of insurance on the policy of my late husband, W. J. Strongman, for which I return my sincere thanks, also for their kind sympathy at the burial of my late husband, for which I hope and pray the B. of L. F. may ever prosper and be a blessing to the fatherless and widows.

ANNA W. STRONGMAN.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO., June 4, 1883.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS: I wish to tender my sincere thanks to Mr. Geo. Goodell, of Carondalet Div. B. of L. E. and also to Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, of Carondalet, for favors shown me during my affliction in the loss of my beloved mother, who died May 3d, while visiting me at Carondalet.

Yours in B. S. & I. JOHN ANDERSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 21, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received of F. Dupell, Financier of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, a draft for one thousand dollars, due me on policy of insurance, held by my late husband, Frank Glisson. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same. May the Brotherhood continue to prosper in the future as in the past, is the wish of

Your friend, MRS. SARAH GLISSON.

MINERAL POINT, WIS., May 22, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day, from Mr. John Fisher, Financier of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, B. of L. F. a draft for one thousand dollars, as payment in full of the policy of my late son, William Burgoyne. In return, allow me to tender my sincere thanks

for the prompt payment of the same. May prosperity always attend the Brotherhood, is the sincere wish of

Yours immutably,

MRS. LIZZIE BURGOYNE.

COVINGTON, IND., May 14, 1883.

Mr. Wm. Donnelly:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of May 3d, came duly to hand, and were truly glad to hear from you. The draft for \$1,000 came direct to us, for which receive thanks. For the Brotherhood we have none but the kindest feelings, and shall always wear the memory of their kind deeds next our hearts and shall ever pray for their welfare and prosperity. An association of such men, banded together in so noble a cause, deserve only the best love and gratitude of the whole people, especially the brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers, who have received such marks of generosity as did our family during the sickness and at the death of our dear son and brother Ed. Please accept my life-long love and esteem and believe me, as ever, your friend until death us do part.

PATRICK RILEY.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

S. B. Cado is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of No. 115. Address J. L. Pralme, 216 W. Ave. I, Galveston, Texas.

Isaac M. Dean, of No. 83, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

B. F. Estes, of Railroad Centre Lodge, No. 81, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

J. E. Bannerman is hereby requested to correspond with K. C. Donehue, 715½ Lafayette street, St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. Glynn, of No. 81, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

H. N. Childs, of Guiding Star Lodge, No. 130, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge	Name.	From No.
8	George Swartz	76
8	J. Browell	54
16	J. D. White	38
26	Fred. Keeler	66
46	Douglass McGee	37
49	W. Strickland	46
53	Ed. Leat	54
54	Wm. Waterhouse	46
61	J. F. Casey	96
68	Jno. H. James	38
77	W. S. Weamer	88
81	Ben. Carter	85
84	Jacob P. Bender	38
108	Jas. W. Shea	59
108	Chas. Brennan	59
108	James Fahey	69
110	Dennis Milan	38
124	M. Gepper	47
127	Chas. Pope	67
127	Thos. McKee	47
131	C. H. Eastwood	85
138	G. H. Pfell	65
140	Richard Griffith	13
142	C. R. Whipple	10
151	Wm. Newcomb	117
155	J. H. Selby	8
155	J. W. Price	17
157	Chas. R. Hughes	157
159	M. A. Clark	115

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
8	Ed. Bouchard . .	Non-payment of dues.
8	A. E. Hayes . .	Non-payment of dues.
8	Arthur Delamore .	Non-payment of dues.
10	Wm. Kulow . . .	Non-payment of dues.
10	C. S. Parkinson .	Drunkenness.
18	Jeff. Powers . .	Drunkenness.
26	B. J. Davey . . .	Non-payment of dues.
28	G. W. Babbitt . .	Non-payment of dues.
28	Jas. McGuire . .	Non-payment of dues.
28	J. Harding . . .	Non-payment of dues.
34	Edgar Thrall . .	Non-payment of dues.
37	W. D. Geary . . .	Non-payment of dues.
39	C. A. Daniel . .	Non-payment of dues.
43	D. Donenue . . .	Drunkenness.
45	Joseph W. Adams .	Non-payment of dues.
45	J. McNally . . .	Non-payment of dues.
45	E. H. Martin . . .	Non-payment of dues.
45	Jno. McLain . . .	Non-payment of dues.
49	W. E. Knight . .	Non-payment of dues.
50	D. Holland . . .	Non-payment of dues.
59	J. O'Leary . . .	Non-payment of dues.
59	Jno. Ruby . . .	Non-payment of dues.
59	M. G. Wilson . .	Non-payment of dues.
59	Ed. Maloy . . .	Non-payment of dues.
59	Jas. Hughey . . .	Non-payment of dues.
59	Jno. McLaughlin .	Non-payment of dues.
64	Thos. Young . . .	Non-payment of dues.
64	W. G. Nichols . .	Defrauding Brothers.
65	Clark Stevens . .	General principles.
65	Jno. Regan . . .	Non-payment of dues.
67	Wm. Curry . . .	Unbecoming conduct.
68	C. S. King . . .	Non-payment of dues.
68	P. Bresman . . .	Non-payment of dues.
68	Frank Gunn . . .	Non-payment of dues.
68	Jos. Harrington .	Non-payment of dues.
68	J. Campbell . . .	Non-payment of dues.
68	J. Lynch . . .	Non-payment of dues.
68	H. Schultz . . .	Non-payment of dues.
72	Theo. Foulkes . .	Non-payment of dues.
72	Jos. Bickley . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Howard Kritzer . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Harry White . . .	Non-payment of dues.
76	J. B. Gaston . . .	Non-payment of dues.
78	Frank Wager . . .	Non-payment of dues.
87	J. C. Crane . . .	Defrauding Lodge.
88	Jas. D. Stone . . .	Non-payment of dues.
88	H. W. Scott . . .	Non-payment of dues.
89	Geo. Egan . . .	Non-payment of dues.
99	August Luttinger .	Non-payment of dues.
99	Geo. Hartman . .	Selling liquor.
105	Henry Wood . . .	Non-payment of dues.
110	Chas. Johnson . .	Non-payment of dues.
116	Jno. Pascoe . . .	Non-payment of dues.
124	David Gordon . .	Non-payment of dues.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
54	W. H. Achey . .	65	P. Wheeler.
16	J. Neely . . .	73	Jno. Curran.
61	M. F. Cannon . .	82	P. T. Mixer.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
12	T. S. Ellis . . .	53	Thos. Shaub.
26	J. H. Stadler . .	71	E. E. Barnes.
36	Jos. M. Campbell .	81	Ed. Huntington.
36	Smith Carrott . .	82	A. W. Dean.
43	Jos. Coffey . . .	133	A. A. Hughes.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
6	C. B. Scanlan . . .	—
8	J. H. Selby . . .	155
8	W. P. Danforth . .	106
10	C. R. Whipple . .	142
18	Henry Siegfried . .	11
13	Richard Griffith . .	140
14	Chas. R. Hughes . .	157
17	J. W. Price . . .	155
19	L. E. Enos . . .	143
21	Aaron Platt . . .	6
26	J. P. McMahon . .	—
33	T. K. Holmes . . .	39
36	Dennis Milan . . .	110
36	James White . . .	16
37	D. McGee . . .	46
46	W. Waterhouse . .	54
46	W. Strickland . .	49
52	Thos. C. McCullough	9
54	J. Browell . . .	8
54	E. Leat . . .	53
55	A. M. Cronin . . .	103
59	Sol. Richardson . .	153
65	Peter Wheeler . .	94
65	G. H. Pfell . . .	138
68	Geo. Sutherland . .	127
68	Fred. Keeler . . .	26
67	Chas. Pope . . .	127
70	W. Nance . . .	—
78	T. W. Swartz . . .	8
76	Thos. Bardsley . .	—
78	S. McIntosh . . .	—
77	A. McMonagle . . .	128
83	W. S. Weamer . .	77
92	W. C. Coleman . .	—
94	James Donahue . .	59
101	Fred. Dewey . . .	80
115	M. A. Clark . . .	—
150	Jno. Mains . . .	67

RESOLUTIONS.

BROCKVILLE, ONT., June 10, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Island City Lodge, No. 69, the following resolutions were adopted: WHEREAS, We have been the recipients of a beautiful framed motto, entitled "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," with cross shovels and pick, worked by Miss Minnie Flanigan, sister of our worthy brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the fair donor, and hope its teachings may guide us in all our deliberations and debates.

ROBT. J. TURNBULL,
W. WOODWARD,
ARMS SCOTT, } *Committee.*

LONGVIEW, TEXAS, May 30, 1883.

At a special meeting of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, B. of L. F., held in their Lodge room, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been granted the use of a room free of charge during the past year by Bro. J. A. Gremm and his estimable lady, thereby saving us many dollars, thereby enabling us to free ourselves from debt; therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be extended to Bro. Gremm and his lady.

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the deep interest manifested toward us by these kind people and that we shall endeavor to so conduct ourselves as to merit their continued esteem.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, that a copy be sent to Mrs. Harry Gremm and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

W. C. SAMPLE, }
T. CORDELL, } Committee.
C. HIGBY, }

DETROIT, MICH., May 27, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Standard Lodge, No. 158, held on May 13th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been kindly favored by the B. of L. E. Div. No. 1, by helping to organize a Lodge of the B. of L. F., therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby extended to the B. of L. E. for their kindness.

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the interest manifested by the B. of L. E. in the welfare of our Lodge and that we shall try to so conduct ourselves as to be worthy of their continued esteem and friendship.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the B. of L. E. Div. No. 1, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. WOOD, }
JAMES HAMLIN, } Committee.
JOHN EVANS, }

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 17th, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, are under many obligations to Eureka Lodge, No. 14, for their kindness in loaning us their new and beautiful regalia, on the occasion of the burial of our late Bro. Wm. D. Naylor, therefore be it

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to Eureka Lodge for their kind favor and that we will reciprocate at any time, hoping that it may be for a more pleasant occasion; and also that our thanks be extended to Bros. Farrell and Elms, of Eureka Lodge, for their kindly assistance in the burial of our late brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Eureka Lodge, and that they be spread on the minutes of this Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. BENNETT, }
RALPH NICHOLSON, } Committee.
WM. BARR, }

PERRY, IOWA, May 20, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Pilot Lodge, No. 124, B. of L. F., held Sunday, May 20, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our late Bro. W. H. Seymour, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his sorrowing wife in her sad affliction, and furthermore be it

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Mr. Geo. Gillroy and Mr. A. Ammermon for their kind assistance during our late brother's illness and death, and furthermore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. Owens, Draper, Fox, Sanbron, and many friends for their kind assistance to the family during their affliction, and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine and to the Perry papers for publication.

GEO. GREGG, }
HARVEY GOBLE, } Committee.
WM. L. JOHNSON, }

MATTOON, ILLS., June 18, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Beacon Lodge, No. 111, B. of L. F., held at their hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of Beacon Lodge, No. 111, are hereby extended to the officers and members of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, for kindness shown them while attending the funeral of the late Bro. Harrington.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, as a mark of respect for Bro. Harrington.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of this Lodge and a copy be sent to Eureka Lodge, No. 14, and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. GLEASON, }
R. DAEPFL, } Committee.
S. STRICKLAND, }

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 29, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, held in their hall, May 29th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our much beloved Bro. Daniel D. Harrington, who died at Litchfield, Ills., May 21, 1883, from being scalded in a wreck while in the discharge of his duties on the I. & St. L. R.R., therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death Bro. Harrington our Lodge has lost a worthy member and his family a true and loving son and brother.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy in their affliction, and we commend them to look to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased brother's family and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. HUGO, }
WM. FLETCHER, } Committee.
M. BEEN, }

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 19, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, whose wisdom is beyond our comprehension, we have been deprived of our beloved Bro. Wm. D. Naylor, who after a lingering illness of nearly five months fell a victim to that dread destroyer, consumption, and

WHEREAS, Vigo Lodge has lost one of its best members, the Order one of its most earnest supporters and his mother a dutiful and affectionate son, therefore be it

Resolved, That we most heartily sympathize with the family of our late brother in their great bereavement, feeling that their loss is our loss; and we commend them to Him who alone can console and heal the wounded spirit; and let us all remember that death is certain to come to us all.

Resolved, That the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, as a token of respect to the memory of Bro. Naylor, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother, and spread on the minutes of this Lodge and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. A. BENNETT, }
RALPH NICHOLSON, } Committee.
WM. BARR, }

BOONE, IOWA, May 9, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Connecting Link Lodge, No. 25, B. of L. F., held on Monday evening, May 7, 1883, after the regular business was disposed of, the members were agreeably surprised by the presentation of a very beautiful and neatly worked motto, inscribed "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." It is beautiful in design and finish, and framed in an elegant gilt frame. It was the work of Mrs. R. S. Pike, wife of our esteemed brother, for which we tender the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Mrs. R. S. Pike for so kindly remembering us.

Resolved, That we shall earnestly strive to prove ourselves worthy of this estimable lady's friendship, which so much encourages us to do our duty towards the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Pike, and also be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. A. WHEELER,
ROBERT HUGHES,
TOM. W. SMITH, } Committee.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns Vice Grand Master
1726 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary . . . Centalla, Ills
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheire, C., St. P. M. & O. . . .
R. R. St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave. Jersey City, N. J
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. . . . Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. . . . St. Joseph, Mo
W. Will R. Dean, Box 365 Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, Box 22 Ravenna, O
O. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1287 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Wednesday at
8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. . . Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent

3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave . . . Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St. . .
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . . Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. R. . . . Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Utter Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. S. E. . . Master
M. Hurley, 1006 6th St. S. W. . . . Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. . . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. . . .
S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 96 Master
J. T. Edward, L. Box 293 Secretary
J. M. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144 1/2 N. High St. . . Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Kestler, 214 S. High St. . . . Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. . . . Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . Master
W. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. . . Financier
I. H. Crossman, 495 Swan St. . . . Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
F. D. Mead, 246 1/2 Van Horn St. . . Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. . . . Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. . . . Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
E. K. Whitsit, 292 Virginia Ave, Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops, Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. . . . Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. . . . Secretary
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. . . . Mag. Agent

- 16 VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1828 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
J. H. Clark, 8d St., between
Primm and Tesson Sts. Secretary
J. D. Fisher, Carondelet, Mo. Financier
M. Fuller, 2d St., between
Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64 Financier
G. C. Pittenger Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
J. Kelly Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 387 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
Geo. Howe Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 660 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doncott Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, 791 Clay St., Dubuque,
Iowa Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 106 Robert St. Master
F. Johnson, bet 9th and 10th Sts.,
near A. T. & S. F. Round House, Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 106 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, L. Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Suggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff Master
G. W. Balnter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermerhorn Financier
J. E. McCormick, Box 508 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. Brewer, 190 N. 6th St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W.
Shops Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. G. Weiden, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nureay, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingsay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Daven-
port, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, 603 N. Allen St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washing-
ton St. Mag. Agent

- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
A. C. Wirtz Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
T. Rust Financier
E. E. Gould Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. . . . Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 . . . Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 8th St. Master
P. Lawless, 1514 11th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 202 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 238 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. BOSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpfennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. . . . Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. . . . Financier
H. H. Lindenberger, Pine Bluff Depot Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summerhill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, 2501 S. Adams St. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 500 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3931 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Financier
Wm. Neupher Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 957 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 667 Master
J. Everitt, Box 667 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Financier
M. C. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nawce, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
P. McDermott, Box 92 Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
J. B. Miller Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House, Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cambridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St., Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St., Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. C. Brown Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
A. H. Curtis Financier
C. W. Myers Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
A. Wyhe Secretary
L. E. Wade, L. Box N, El Moro, Col. Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St., 31st Ward Master
T. McCann Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley, 1045 Farquher St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. W. Ellis Master
W. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 238 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 238 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
A. J. Goodrich, Box 724 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 64 Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent

- 66. CHALLENGE**; Belleville, Ont.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
H. Lavole Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION**; Toronto, Canada.
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vannaley St. Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE**; Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Stinson Master
A. McKay Secretary
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona, Wis. Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY**; Brockville, Ont.
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 294 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR**; Longview, Texas.
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA**; Oneonta, N. Y.
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME**; Camden, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 583 Carman St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 426 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE**; Worcester, Mass.
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY**; Kansas City, Mo.
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE**; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
A. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA**; Fergus Falls, Minn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson, Box 67 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN**; Denver, Col.
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE**; Sedalia, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Walters, Box 1091 Master
F. M. Sprague, L. Box 579 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE**; Roodhouse, Ills.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP**; Aurora, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY**; Brainerd, Minn.
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. E. Larson, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN**; Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1003 10th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY**; Fort Worth, Tex.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 408 Master
J. H. Smith, L. Box 408 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 408 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN**; Battle Creek, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Ifighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO**; Fargo, Dakota.
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS**; Laramie City, Wyoming.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Koffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT**; Rawlins, Wyoming.
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton, Box 188 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR**; Evanston, Wyoming.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. LeCain, Box 89 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE**; Carlin, Nev.
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO**; National City, Cal.
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
J. P. Vasque, C. S. R. R. Box, San Diego, Cal. Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE**; San Francisco, Cal.
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. W. Harrigan, 1476 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops, Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops, Financier
G. Perrin, W. Oakland, Cal. Mag. Agent

92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.

J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent

93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 718 Polean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent

94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent

95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.

Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 240 Fulton St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent

96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Sheets, Box 395 Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent

97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.

Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
J. Fruit Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent

98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.

Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent

99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.

Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
Geo. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent

100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.

Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
A. H. Green, Box 115 Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent

101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.

Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent

102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
P. Combs Secretary
J. C. Musgrove, 209 Hillside Ave. Financier
J. Clarey, Box 159 Mag. Agent

103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.

Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
J. Flowers, 1600 7th and Church-hill Sts. Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent

105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.

T. E. Green, 941 S. Seminary St. Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1187 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1187 Mag. Agent

106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1873 Master
E. Adams, 187 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 187 High St. Mag. Agent

107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.

Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 198 Financier
W. E. Armor, L. Box 33 Mag. Agent

108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.

W. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Master
K. B. Rhelm Secretary
J. C. McCabe, Box 20 Financier
T. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent

109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Hackett, 617 Ewing Ave. Master
W. J. Pourcelle, 2718 Gamble Ave. Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
Peter Molter, 705 Washington Ave. Mag. Agent

110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent

111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland Secretary
E. Sampson, Box 972 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 295 Mag. Agent

112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. J. Randall, L. Box 128 Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 598 Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent

113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.

Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull Master
G. H. Maitland Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent

114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madson, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire Mag. Agent

115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Paine, 216 West Ave. I. Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent

116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
E. G. Hibbard, Box 154 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent

- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 364 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P. O. Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P. O. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P. O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P. O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Master
W. J. Gorham Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry, River du Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Secretary
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. E. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
J. E. Hurley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
H. A. Draper Master
G. Gregg Secretary
E. G. Fox Financier
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
G. S. Tubbs Secretary
J. Burke Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
F. McWhorter Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. S. Gill, C. P. Shops Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Flage, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens, Box 296 Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
W. H. Blake Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. Murray Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
E. Murray, Box 88, S. Side Financier
J. Brown Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
Jno. Caulfield, Box 90 Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Madden Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
M. J. Black Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
F. B. Windate Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry Master
G. Campbell, Box 273 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine, Wis. Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Braid, Care of Kraft Bros. Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
J. L. Brooks Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
M. J. Ruland, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 84 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent

- 142. C. E. WHIPPLE;** Toledo, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. and 2d
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Kelley, 115 Broadway St. . . . Master
F. Welliver, 275 Wallbridge Ave. . . Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 186 Broadway . . . Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower
Sts Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS;** West Oakland, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1780 Taylor St. . . . Secretary
F. S. Small, 829 Wood st Financier
G. H. Vogetley, 1760 Taylor St. . . Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF;** Campbellton, New Brun-
swick.
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
F. Mathison, Box 448 Secretary
James Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. . . Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT;** San Antonio, Texas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
Wm. Forbes, Box 429 Secretary
J. Lytten, Box 429 Financier
M. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY;** Houston, Texas.
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. . . Master
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. . . . Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
G. P. Brown, 19 Young Ave. . . Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND;** Temple, Texas.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH;** Tyler, Texas.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114. . . Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME;** New York, N. Y.
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Sat-
urday at 8 P. M.
O. Gillen, 206 Newark St., Hoboken,
N. J. Master
W. J. McColl, 326 Ninth Ave. . . . Secretary
Mogal Call, 209 1/2 W. 40th St. . . Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. . . Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS;** Marquette, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
C. A. Witt, L. Box 142 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF;** Hamilton, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East . . . Master
T. McHattie, 12 Mill St Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St Financier
Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP;** Wells, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
John Ryel, Box 94 Master
Don Dunlap, Box 94 Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD;** Fort Scott, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. A. Greenwood Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN;** Ottawa, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Reese Master
E. R. Dickson Secretary
Arthur Hill Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE;** Greenville Texas.
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Price, Box 74 Master
W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Secretary
W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Financier
J. D. Mercer, Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES;** Palestine, Texas.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. E. Mott, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
F. M. Ward, Box 256 Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO;** Peru, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Malin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
James Smith Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD;** Detroit, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Hamlin, 621 Forte St., E. De-
troit Master
D. O'Connor, 616 Sixth St. . . . Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St., E.
Detroit Financier
Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St.,
E. Detroit Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS;** Nashville, Tenn.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d, E. Nashville,
Tenn. Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E.
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
S. R. Hackney, 317 Foster St., E.
Nashville, Tenn. Financier
J. C. Cunningham, L. & N.
Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. . . Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN;** Evansville, Ind.
Jno. K. Taylor, 210 Heidelberg Ave. . Master
Will J. Torrance, 413 William St. . Secretary
Jno. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive
St. Financier
Chas. C. Brewer, 1000 Walnut St. . Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD;** Burlington, Iowa.
J. W. Galvan, 918 S. Third St. . . . Master
C. C. Price, 412 S. Main St. . . . Secretary
O. G. Brydolf, 905 Sumner St. . . . Financier
F. L. Burch, 613 S. Main St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT;** Elkhart, Ind.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
G. M. Winegardner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Mag. Agent
- 163. ETTA;** Jonesboro, Ark.
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and
2d Friday at 7 P. M.
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Master
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Secretary
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Financier
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER;** Butler, Ind.
I. P. Bowman Master
F. P. Jackson Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS;** Andrews, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Ivy Financier
A. C. Pettengill Mag. Agent



VOL. VII.

• AUGUST, 1883.

NO. 8.

A Brave Deed.

Ada Carfit was decidedly the belle of Sharborough; and as that small but bustling midland town had a reputation among its neighbors for lovely lasses, the distinction was a great one.

In figure, the girl was somewhat small and slight; but in feature she had attained almost to perfection, both of outline and of tint.

She had a lofty, well proportioned brow, around which rippled rich waves of auburn hair.

She had eyes of dreamy blue, cheeks just sufficiently tinged with delicate carmine to throw into relief the pearly whiteness of her teeth.

The worst of it was, she knew that she was beautiful, and the knowledge spoiled her.

Ada was the only child of a wealthy Sharborough manufacturer, and added to her other charms that of being a very considerable heiress.

Naturally she had of suitors not a few.

But, ladies, Clara Vere de Vere can exist in much lower circles than that of the poet's faulty heroine, and Ada Carfit had caught the vice of a proud coquetry.

She relished her power over susceptible hearts, and did her best to extend it.

The breath of homage was a life to her.

She led her wooers gently on till the toils were all around them, and then, of a sudden, they found an impalpable, impassable barrier erected, and Ada's smiles were for newer comers.

It was an amusement, half the rest of being, to her; she never wasted an anxious thought on what it might mean to her victims.

Men were strong, and must protect themselves.

The last to enter the charmed circle had been a youth from the North, who

in appearance and manners was certainly at a disadvantage with those whom he quickly came to consider his rivals.

Roger Herlestone was two-and-twenty; but his thick set, burly figure, and his abundance of beard, made him look years older.

He was heavy in feature, uncertain in movement, and awkward in address.

As the nephew of Mr. Marston, of Marston & Marsh, cotton mill owners, his prospects were very good.

But the knowledge of this fact somehow failed to give him the needed self-confidence.

Roger's many blunders made him to a large extent the butt of his male acquaintance, and it was this that probably caused Ada Carfit, out of sheer opposition, to treat him with marked favor.

Philip Dare, the lawyer, had likened Roger to the proverbial "bull in a china shop;" and Philip Dare should be made to bite his lip with vexation at her deference to the despised one.

But once again she was kind only to be cruel.

"I can not tell whether she cares for me, or whether she does not," said Roger Herlestone to his younger brother, Martin. "Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. But this I am sure of, she is all the world to me."

"Then I'd ask her, old fellow."

"But—but—she has always so many round her. Ada Carfit is the queen of a large circle, and I—"

"Have been the best of sons, the best of brothers, and I have no doubt would make the best of husbands."

"And I," said Roger, resuming slowly, and paying no heed to this enthusiastic praise, "am a rough and homely man, who has almost as good a right to dream of becoming prime minister as of winning such a wife."

"Nonsense, Roger! Don't be so unnecessarily modest. You are just as good as she, and the girl must know it."

"Then," and the elder's tone changed suddenly; "I'll put it to the test and see. If Ada refuses me, it will be just another dream dispelled, and I shall face the worst."

The opportunity soon came.

The two were thrown much together at a summer picnic party, and some malign genius made Ada more than ever gracious.

It seemed to her that she had succeeded in thawing the ice of her admirer's awkwardness, and the studied compliments he paid her awoke the gleam of a sunny, satisfied smile.

She little suspected the commotion that was working beneath the surface.

They had wandered out of sight and hearing of the rest, on pretense of examining some curiously shaped rocks.

"How still the air is, under the sun!" said Ada, stopping at a low fence that crossed the hillside.

For a moment her companion did not answer, and she cast a casual glance upwards at the face.

What Ada saw there made her start and slightly shiver.

"Yes," he said, with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the seasons, and this hush is frequent and very suggestive then. You and I have come to a turning point, too, Miss Carfit, and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what that is—the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit—Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return, I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herlestone."

Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped by this coldly spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted.

She did not know the speaker.

"Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve; "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than any one else in the wide world can ever be. I love you, Ada; surely you must have divined it. Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes emphasized their truth.

The man was transformed, and a faint response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart.

But he was, could be, no more than others she had rejected.

This triumph she was used to and gloried in, though usually she had been better on her guard and had stopped the deluded one before this stage was reached.

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have said such things," she replied; "I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you; you seemed so—so sensible."

"It must surely be a sign of that to admire and to love."

"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake that you can ever care for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well nigh into madness.

He had heard rumors of the girl's heartlessness and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of envy.

Now he could believe

The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's smiles.

"Is it also an error that encouraged me to think differently?" he asked; "that you accepted my advances?"

"It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologize, Miss Carfit," he replied, bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to the party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation, and both were glad when it was over.

A strange silence descended upon Ada Carfit for the rest of the afternoon.

Even the mirth of her other courtiers failed to do more than galvanize her into an outward semblance of interest and good humor.

It was many months later, and the storms of, perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these northern midlands.

For day after day and week after week there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale.

Wind and rain, wind and rain was the dreary record until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low lying pasture lands submerged.

Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such circumstances.

Upon the very brightest heavens its huge manufacturing chimneys hung a

yellow blot; and now the funeral-like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown.

Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to her uncle at Baysditch, five miles away.

There it rained still, it is true, and seemed likely to rain.

But Baysditch was in the open country, and behind it were the Porley Hills.

The girl was better content, and could grumble there with a sense of less oppression.

Of Roger Herlestone, since her dismissal of him, she had seen very little.

He was grown graver and more reticent, it appeared, than ever.

And he had lately been taken in as a junior partner by Marston & Marsh.

That was all she knew.

But somehow his face frequently haunted her.

He had looked so resolute and manly on those Porley Downs.

She even sighed thinking of it.

Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the young manufacturer.

"I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; "but forget her I can't."

"Fall in love with some one else," was Martin's sage recommendation.

But Roger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; "I have not sufficient confidence in female goodness since then. That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow."

"A stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about those missing orders? It will be best for one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question."

"I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least."

"Better start at once."

"So I will. I shall be back, then, by nightfall."

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off.

The young man was quickly under way.

He had to pass through Baysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there.

But it was nothing to him whether she saw him or not.

The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration.

How high the waters were and still rising.

Many houses in the valley were al-

ready isolated, and unless a speedy change took place—of which, alas! there was no symptom—the result must inevitably be grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business.

But it rose in redoubled fury as he commenced his return journey.

Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route.

Turning sharply around a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a terror-stricken voice behind him.

He pulled hastily up.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes gleaming upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be bursten!"

"No!—sure?"

Roger comprehended in an instant what the message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the stranger's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through the embankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't stop it."

"Then Baysditch must be flooded?"

"Yes. I be goin' to warn 't."

"Jump up here."

And Roger drove as if for his own life, instead of other people's.

The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest. Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the onswEEPing torrent grew louder every minute. Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the hillsides while there was yet time.

Where was Ada Carfit's lodging? Milton Villa, old Luke Carfit's home, was some distance beyond the village roofs, and Roger experienced some delay in reaching it. The inmates, only three in number, beside the two maid servants, were but just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before even Roger was aware of it. Ada was as pale as death, but strangely calm and self-possessed. Roger remembered afterward how, at least once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul. But it was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn—now the bed of a roaring stream—the ground trended gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay. It was more than probable that the house would give way under the avalanche of water which had still to descend. "Porley Dam" was

the current designation of the reservoir that supplied all Sharborough.

Roger Herlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose. Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan. There was no boat within reach. Each member of the household must trust to him; and he would return for each. It was proposed that Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling. Mrs. Carfit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and, nearly exhausted, Roger went back for the obstinate girl who still lingered.

"Whether I die or live, this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself.

Ada was in his arms now, and the cross-current running heavily against him. It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would he succeed? How the spectators held their breath and trembled! At last, with a faint "hurrah!" he made terra firma with his burden. But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded. A tree trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head. But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay. They were outcasts like dozens of others.

That flood will long be remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain fever supervened, and Roger was ill for many weeks. Ada Carfit was his chief nurse, and her character was entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new light in his eye, Roger looked up and whispered:

"Ada."

She averted her face. But he had caught the vision of a tear—one of thankfulness and joy. He took her unresisting hand.

"I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And, after all, care a little?"

"Forgive! And I—let me tell, too," she cried, brokenly, "I loved you, though I didn't know it, when you asked me first, Roger."

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—*Beecher*.

The First Locomotive.

Mr. Horatio Allen writes the New York Evening Post, that the letter on the "First Locomotive" recently re-printed in that paper from the Philadelphia Press (and also copied in the Sentry of last week), "while in the main true," is "incorrect in so many particulars," that he wishes to make corrections and render it more complete. He says:

In the first place, it is not true that I was sent to England by any one. Being a resident engineer on the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and taking periodicals that kept me informed as to what was going on abroad in matters connected with my profession of civil engineer in this country who saw the new era that was coming, and I decided to resign my position of resident engineer on the canal, not having had any position on the railroad, and to go to England at my own expense to study the facts as they existed at that time, and I take the liberty of adding that I anticipated at that early day what was to take place, as I now know what has taken place, and the end is not yet. At the time of my resignation I had not visited the capital of my country nor its great object of natural scenery, Niagara, nor Boston, where there existed a three-mile quarry railroad, a railroad formed of a wooden rail capped with iron, operated with horse power. I gave myself two months to make these visits. On returning to New York, I found most agreeably to my surprise, that, on the recommendation of my ever good friend, J. B. Jervis, I was to be entrusted with authority to have constructed three locomotives, and also to contract for the railroad iron for the railroad from the termination of the canal at what was afterward Honesdale, across Moosic Mountain some sixteen miles, to the coal fields on the Lackawanna, a tributary of the Susquehanna. In accordance with my original intention, I passed some eight months in search of the information desired—one month on the Stockton and Darlington road, on whose sixteen miles were in use the only locomotives in the world, and one month at Newcastle, and then centre of interest and information in reference to the incoming era. Greatly would I rejoice if I had then committed to paper not merely what I then saw, studied, and learned, but what I anticipated in the future.

Two of the engines which I ordered were from the Stephenson, of Newcastle, by whom had been furnished the

plans of the locomotives used on the Stockton and Darlington Railroad, and one from Foster, Rastrick & Co., at Stourbridge. The three engines were the first departure from the inefficient steam-making locomotives of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad. Foster, Rastrick & Co., used riveted flues of five inches diameter, and the Stephensons the lap-welded tube, the great feature of the locomotive of this day. It was one of the Stephensons engines that was set up in New York, and not the Stourbridge Lion. Of this engine it is of interest to say that it was the prototype of the Rocket, the engine that at the great trial in October, 1829, settled the question in England as to the use of the locomotive for the transportation of passengers and general freight. I say in England because, as I shall show, it was practically first decided in this country before the trial in England referred to. On the arrival of the Stourbridge Lion it was sent to the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and in the spring was sent by canal to Honesdale—the Stephenson engine remaining in New York.

When the time came for placing the Stourbridge Lion on the track of the railroad at Honesdale, I was not in the service of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, being under an engagement to go to South Carolina in the fall to build the South Carolina Railroad, expected to be 150 miles long. Being at liberty, I volunteered to go to Honesdale and take charge of transferring the locomotive from the canal boat to the railroad track, some eighteen feet above its level. The description of the track, with the construction of which I had not anything to do, is not entirely correct; but the incorrectness is not important. When the time came that the locomotive was ready, the opinions of lookers-on were divided as to whether the road would fail to carry the locomotive to the curve on the trestle-work, thirty-five feet high, or whether, reaching the abrupt curve, it would not certainly leave the track and be dashed to the bed of the creek. The decision was readily made by me, that it was not necessary to subject the life and limbs of more than one person to peril, whatever it might be; and that as I was the active instrument in the successive steps that had led to this first running of a locomotive on a railroad in this continent, I would incur that risk, whatever it might be, alone, not believing that there was any risk in the undertaking. And, therefore, alone on the locomotive, I took the

throttle-valve handle in hand, and although I had never run a locomotive before, as I have never run one since, I did run that locomotive for three miles into the woods of Pennsylvania. And, what is perhaps a remarkable circumstance, having no brakeman and no experience in the management, I brought the engine back to a standstill at the place of beginning.

In explanation of the non-use of this engine or of the Stephenson engine, I know nothing. More than fifty years passed before I again visited the scene of this first trial. As an engineer, I was anxious to see the circumstances that originated the gravity system of railroads by which loaded and unloaded cars were moved by the power of gravity in both directions. One look at the lay of the mountain side extending down to the head of the canal made it plain that had the gravity system then been at command, the sound of the steam locomotive would never have been heard in that valley. The gravity system stands at this day a monument of the engineering ability of James Archbald, who created the combination whereby the power of gravity runs the trains in both directions. It is a pleasure to recall that he commenced his engineering life in my party on the canal.

Coming now to the interesting question. By what board of directors was the decision first made to rely on locomotive power? That decision was made by the directors of the South Carolina Railroad, in the city of Charleston. It is of interest to give attention to the precise time when that decision was placed on record, and to the unsettled state of the question at that time, some of the important facts not being generally known. It was on my report that the decision was made, and the facts, as known to me, were as follows: On this side of the Atlantic, the Baltimore and Ohio road had in use sixteen miles of road, and were advised by friends of the road in England to rely on horse power. On the other side of the water the judgment of George Stephenson had not been sufficient to decide the question for the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and the general question was referred to two of the eminent engineers of the time, James Walker, of London, and John U. Rastrick, of Stourbridge; and in reply the two concurred in the recommendation that the transportation should be effected by a series of stationary engines and long ropes. As a further source of information on this un-

settled question, a reward was offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad of £500 for a locomotive engine that would haul three times its own weight at ten miles the hour. At that time and before the trial of the locomotive called into existence by a premium had been made, my report was prepared, submitted and acted on. In that report the estimates that presented favorably locomotive power were based on facts collected by myself on the line of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad. But the decisive recommendation to adopt the locomotive as the power to be used on the Stockton and Darlington Railroad was on the broad ground that while there was no reason to anticipate that the breed of horses could be materially improved, the man was not living who could say what the breed of locomotives would be. Within half an hour, at a full meeting of the directors, the President in his chair, the vote was unanimous in favor of the locomotive. Of those then present a few, myself of the number, are yet in the land, and for myself I have to say that the end is not yet, nor will it be when I am no longer here to see.

In brief summary, it may be said that, starting with what was open to the eyes of all, on the Stockton and Darlington Railroad in 1828, this country has very fully done its part in the wonderful development since that date.

Gambetta as an Orator.

Pall Mall Gazette.

On the whole, the prevailing impression I received of Gambetta continued always to be that of massive and genial human strength and good sense. Once or twice, indeed, even in private, I have seen the mass take fire and launch itself against an opponent and then the effect was electrifying. At a convivial gathering some one proposed the toast of the universal republic, Gambetta leaped to his feet to denounce it. "Let us in the name of common-sense make safe our own republic first," he cried, "and leave other nations to govern themselves as they like best." And on this text, which revealed the guilt separating him from the doctrinaire Republicans of other days, he dilated for some time with overwhelming authority and fire. Nothing was more remarkable in him than his power of thus investing with imaginative fervor the dictates of practical prudence and conciliation. But his oratorical displays were usually reserved for a formal occasion. In the tribune of the national assembly at Versailles the effects he produced were such,

I suppose all who ever witnessed them will agree, as we are never likely to behold again. As an orator he seemed to me, when I heard him in those days, to unite in a superlative degree the two qualities of weight and splendor. As soon as he began to speak his voice cleared itself and rang like a trumpet. Its tones were as sympathetic and various as they were resounding. He could be as irresistible in conjuration as he was terrible in menace, and his choice of language and intonation never failed. He could be alike curious or familiar without ceasing to be dignified. His looks and actions were full of command, and it was a thrilling sight to see him stand there like a mountain, while the sea of hostile deputies fumed below. With a toss of his great head and mane, and a tremendous gesture, he would hurl back taunt after taunt into the arena, till his enemies cowered and shrank into silence. But although impetuosity and conviction, combined with natural forces and acquired art, endowed him with this magnificent power of denunciatory eloquence, nevertheless, his most effectual strength as a leader, as it seemed to me, lay not in the combative, but rather in the peaceable and generous elements of his character. He indeed excited inevitable rancours, but as far as ever I could perceive, he cherished none. He was the doughtiest of fighters, but singularly little, I should say, of a hater. I have never heard him speak venomously of his enemies, still less, which is a rare thing in a politician, of his friends, and from the carping spirit of division and recrimination, from jealousy and mean suspicion and resentment, he seemed, in those days at least, absolutely free. Those who know France best will not deny that this spirit has been, and is, the canker which in that country most threatens the body politic; and if her republic stands to-day it is because its practical founder was a lover of conciliation by temperament as well as on principle; it is because he was, at least according to the impression of a casual observer, the kindest, as well as the strongest, of her sons.

"HEY, Johnny! is your daddy home?" "Yeu're right he is." "Well, will you tell him I want to see him?" "Oh, he knows that good enough! an' that's why he's run out an' hid in the woodshed."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.—*Franklin.*

Benefits of Laughter.

Good Health.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels (life vessels) of the body, that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than at present unfortunately, they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.

Incident of Travel.

Detroit Free Press.

Tuesday evening last the train going north on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad was boarded at Kalamazoo by a young couple from the country, who took a place in the middle of the car, the lady sitting next the window. The train had been moving but a very few minutes when the lady suddenly jumped up and screamed, "My Lord! I'm all afire!"

Both husband and wife "piled out" into the aisle, the lady with her dry goods at a prominent elevation and spanking and rubbing herself, assisted vigorously by her frightened husband. Every passenger in the car was aroused. One man called to the husband to wrap his overcoat around the lady; another passenger pulled the bell-cord and stopped the train. For a few minutes "pandemonium reigned supreme" in the car. Everybody was looking for fire, and everybody saw everything but fire. After the lady calmed down it transpired that she had been sitting with one foot upon the ledge through which the heating pipes run. The register immediately under being open she received a startling and unexpected hot blast which surprised her and caused the confusion which followed.

The man that wanted her saved with

an overcoat is going into the salvage business. The man that stopped the train will never be known.

Power of Jay Gould.

Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, in an address to the people of Richmond, Mo., said: "Fully one-third of the whole railway system of the country is under the control of Jay Gould. The railway system of the Southwest is under his command. He controls—if not directly, through others—the Union Pacific, constructed at a cost of over \$60,000,000. He controls the Wabash system. It is said that if he had the management of the Delaware & Lackawanna system or the Erie system—both of which may fall into his possession at any time—he would have an unbroken railway connection from Boston to the western and southern extremities of the country. He controls the elevated system of railways in New York City. He controls the entire telegraphic system of this country, which places the private telegraphic communications, the press, and the markets of our land under his supervision and management. I call your attention to the list of securities under his authority, which may impress your minds with the power of this one man to control the destinies of this country.

	<i>Stocks.</i>	<i>Bonds.</i>
Missouri Pacific	\$30,000,000	\$24,684,000
Wabash	40,136,400	69,650,000
Mo., Kansas & Texas . .	46,405,000	44,898,000
Texas Pacific	25,884,000	37,450,000
New York & N. E. . . .	20,000,000	8,000,000
Union Pacific	61,000,000	55,581,000
Int. & Great Northern . .	7,215,000	13,968,000
Elevated roads	26,000,000	21,500,000
Western Union Tel . . .	80,000,000	4,000,000
Total	\$342,640,400	\$279,731,000

"This is not all, although it covers the land and the electricity of this continent. He also demands the water transportation. He is interested in the barge lines of the Mississippi River and the Pacific Mail. It is said he owns \$100,000,000 worth of real estate. He aspires to the control of the stock exchanges of America, in which all the securities of this country are bought and sold. If, sirs, all of this is true he is the most powerful man on earth. The Presidential power of our land quails before him. He can make and unmake men. He can retire a Governor from his executive chair, as he did Cornell, of New York, by outside instrumentalities, and can summon a Cabinet Minister to abandon his seat to become one of his followers and executioners of his orders. It is said that he has within the last few days become the controller

of the Associated Press dispatches in this country, which will give him the mastery of the whole press of this country, and by the press of the market reports, and this, my countrymen, may affect the values of the stock boards and agricultural productions of the State. What is the danger of such a concentration of money power? It is a threat against the legislative power of every State in this Union. It is a threat against the Congressional power of all the States. It is a threat against the purity and power of the judiciary. It is a threat against the power, liberty and property of every citizen of this land. It is a threat against the freedom of this country. It is a threat against the purity of the ballot-box. In fact, it is a threat against the whole elective system. It is a threat against our form of government, making it dependent upon the personal ends and avarice of one man, who becomes, if not a patriot, above the ambition of all men save Washington, a dictator without the vestments of official position. Mr. Gould has the right under the law to acquire the control of the immense property and consequent power. That cannot be questioned. I am not here to abuse him. That would not become this place nor my office. He is a man of extraordinary ability and foresight, and of unusual amiability. In the language of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, 'He is not as black as painted.' The important question is: How will he use this power—for the good or evil of society? If for the good of the whole country he will leave a name second only to that of Washington. Will he do so? I fear not."

Couldn't Keep Them.

The newspapers and the stump-speakers all have their jokes to crack at every session of the country. The office-seeker of Maine, the wooden nutmeg of Connecticut, the red mud of New Jersey, the "poor white trash" of the South, are favorite subjects for jesting. But the "funny man" of the Detroit Free Press, who generally manages to come in ahead, in the line of marvellous stories, surpasses all competitors when he dwells as follows on the school-question in Idaho:

When the old man had finished with the climate, soil and productions of Idaho, one of the group asked,—

"How about educational facilities?"

"That's the only thing we lack," he replied, with a mournful sigh. "We've got schools enough, but we can't keep no teachers."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, take my school, for instance—only two miles from the nearest house, eminently situated on top of a hill and paying the highest salary. We can't keep a teacher over two weeks."

"Do they die?"

"Some do; though it's no place for dying. We had a young fellow from Ohio, and he met a grizzly and whistled for him. The grizzly cum. We had another and a widder run him down and married him inside of a month. The third one was lame, and the Injuns overtook him. Then we tried women-folks. The first one got married the night she lit down here. I took the third about the middle of the week, and the next one was abducted by a stage robber."

"Why don't you get the ugliest, homeliest women you can find—some perfect old terror, like that razor-faced female over by the ticket-window?"

"Why don't we? Stranger, you Eastern folks will never understand us pioneers in this world—never. That's my wife—the identical school-teacher I married, and she was the handsomest one in the drove!"

George M. Pullman.

In both the Old and New World the name of George M. Pullman is honored as that of a man who has reduced greatly the inevitable weariness and discomfort of railroad traveling. He was not the inventor of the sleeping car, but the improvements in its structure originated by him, and the large number of cars made by the Pullman Palace Car Company give him, perhaps, the first place in the records of the invention. He was born in Chautauqua county, New York, March 3, 1831, where his father was known as a good mechanic. The boy received a common school education, and in due time was placed at work in a furniture establishment. The lengthening of the Erie Canal, begun soon afterwards, gave him the opportunity of securing the appointment of contractor for the erection of the buildings needed along the course of the extension. When twenty-eight years of age, Mr. Pullman removed to Chicago, and busied himself, very successfully, in raising buildings of the city to grade without the interruption of business. This great undertaking is justly cited as a triumph of mechanical ingenuity. Many large stone and brick buildings were raised several feet without serious injury and loss of time to owners and occupants. Not long after his change of residence to Chicago, Mr. Pullman fitted up two cars be-

longing to the Chicago & Alton Railroad with sleeping berths. They were liked and admired, but the manufacture of railroad sleeping berths was not pushed until some years after. In 1860 Mr. Pullman left Chicago to mine in Colorado, from which occupation he retired in 1863, and henceforth devoted himself to the augmentation of comfort in travel. His first cars, manufactured throughout by him, were built for the Chicago & Alton Railroad, at a cost of about \$18,000 each, in a shop on the line of that enterprising road. Soon he received orders from the Michigan Central, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Great Western of Canada. The use of the Pullman sleeping, parlor and dining cars is now general on this continent, and is seen in the United Kingdom, where, however, the shortness of the distances travelable limits, if not obviates the necessity of such things. The Pullman car is the product of a country of magnificent distances. Its maker resides in Chicago, near which city is the new town of Pullman, where the Pullman Palace Car Company now manufactures altogether, instead of having its cars made at different places, as until recently.

How it Feels to Kill a Man.

Philadelphia Exchange.

The other night when the Western express arrived at the Broad street station from New York, Engineer Vandegrift discovered blood trickling down the spokes of the cow-catcher. He knew that some deadly work had been done, but was at a loss to tell when and where it had occurred. He told Harry Foster, the conductor of the train, what he had discovered, and word was quickly telegraphed all along the line to make a search for anyone who might have been struck by the train. Shortly after midnight the dead body of a man was found near Bridesburg station with the head crushed in. In the meantime the conductor and the engineer had gone to their homes. Conductor Harry Foster told a fellow-conductor the next day that he had passed a sleepless night, and the engineer reported a similar experience.

An old engineer said to a reporter the other day: "The public, taking them collectively, think that an engineer is a hard-hearted wretch, and that he thinks no more of running over a human being than he does of killing a cow or a hog. I've heard people say that we become hardened to it, and don't mind it a bit; but that's a mistake and a very grave

one. I remember killing a man some five years ago, and I know that I couldn't sleep for a month except by fits and starts. I used to have the most horrible nightmares that ever worried mortal man.

"One night," continued the old engineer as he shifted his quid of tobacco, "I had a horrible dream, that was an awful night. My wife woke me up. I had my hand on the footrail of the bed, just as if I had hold of the throttle, and beads of perspiration were standing out all over my face. My wife told me how I had yelled, 'For God's sake, jump!' and how it had wakened her; and then she sprang out of bed, shaking with fear, and when she shook me and I saw where I was I told her of my dream. It's a mean thing to accuse us of not minding killing people," said the engineer as he took his oil-can and started to oil his engine.

Another engineer out in the West Philadelphia yard told the reporter he knew of a few instances where engineers had gone crazy from killing people with their engines. "I know a poor fellow," said the engineer, "who was on the New Jersey Central. He killed a woman up by Clifton one night, and that night I heard him tell the train-master, Billy Smith, at Elizabeth, all about it. He seemed to grow insane right there, and had a queer look in his eye. A week after that he was put in a straight jacket, and he's in an insane asylum to-day, nothing short of a maniac, and that happened nearly fifteen years ago."

It is very evident that the whole course of an engineer's career is not as smooth as the track he runs over. They are supposed to exercise presence of mind, never mind what stares them in the face.

John Howard Payne.

John Tyler, Jr., son of President Tyler, furnishes a Washington paper with his reminiscences of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," who received his appointment as consul at Tunis from President Tyler. In this article, after referring to the scientific and literary aspirations and attainments of himself and his brother while his father was in the White House, he says: "We found between us congenial spirits on every hand, and usually introduced them to the notice of the President. It was thus that we formed the acquaintance of John Howard Payne, and introduced him in the social drawing room of the Presidential Mansion. He was a medium-sized man, always careful and neat in his dress, as gentle as a woman, modest in his bear-

ing, of delicate sentiment and mild of speech. I had known him for months and had seen much of him before I ever suspected that he was restricted in his means. At length, however, it so happened that I obtained from him an expression that was thoroughly informing as to his pecuniary condition. In visiting him at his lodgings, I had always been struck with his tidiness, and yet with the entire absence of everything luxurious about him. I noticed further that he never seemed to indulge in any personal expenditures. This led me finally, without offense, to draw from him some indication of his condition. Then it came in this manner and in these words: 'Mr. Tyler, it has cost me more diplomacy since I have been in Washington to conceal my poverty than would be necessary to conduct the foreign affairs of the government.' This was enough, and it was not long before he was nominated, confirmed and commissioned as consul to Tunis. It required little persuasion to induce my father to appoint him. While my grandfather was Governor of Virginia and my father was student at law in the office of Edmund Randolph, Payne, then on the theatrical boards as the 'young American Roscius,' visited Richmond, and Governor Tyler was so much pleased with him as to extend to him an invitation to dinner at the Gubernatorial Mansion, with a distinguished company especially invited to meet him. President Tyler was thus already prepared to lend a willing ear to the petitions of my brother and myself in his behalf for a foreign appointment."

In the recent interesting sketch by Mr. Ford in the Baltimore Sun, after detailing to some extent the part Payne played during 1812 in the war between Great Britain and the United States, it is stated that, in June, 1813, he proceeded to London, having just completed his twenty-first year, and acted at Drury Lane and other theaters with "abundant success," but relinquished the stage for literary pursuits with the pen, producing "Brutus; or the fall of Tarquin," in 1817; and that six or seven years later, surrounded by penury in an attic in Paris, faint and ill for the want of nourishing food, he wrote "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and gave the world within it "Home, Sweet Home."

As to this, I am led to state what I derived from his own lips, that, in consequence of the part he played in regard to the difficulties with Great Britain in 1812-13, not only with his pen, but for having raised in Boston and commanded

a company for service against the British, he was so badly received in London that his efforts on the theatrical boards of Drury Lane, so far from being "abundantly successful," were absolute failures in a pecuniary point of view; and it was at this period, his money having become utterly exhausted, for want of patronage on the stage, that he took to his pen, and one night, in a stage of great dejection and despondence, wandering about in the streets of London for the want of a shilling to pay for a bed, he finally sat down on the front steps of a nobleman's mansion, and beneath the entrance lamps wrote with a pencil on some blank paper he carried in his pocket the original lines of "Home, Sweet Home." Afterward it is true he introduced them in his drama of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and so made them famous.

He was ultimately more successful with his pen while in London than he had been on the stage, and thence proceeded to Ireland, where, at Sligo, a public dinner was accorded to him, on which occasion, and in compliment to him, the Irish barrister, Phillips, delivered his celebrated elusion to Washington. He furthermore told me that he was in Paris on the return of Napoleon from Elba, and saw him in the Tuileries, describing to me his person, his manner, and the immense energies that marked his movements.

The Oldest Locomotive Engineer.

George Lay, said to be the oldest Locomotive Engineer in the United States, is now visiting a daughter at Alamo, Ohio. A representative of the Crawfordsville Journal interviewed the old gentleman, a few days ago, and obtained the following interesting particulars of an eventful life on the iron rail:

George Lay was born in York, Pa., and is almost 80 years old. Notwithstanding his great age he is remarkably well preserved, and with the exception of a slight deafness is in full possession of his faculties. He has a singularly frank and open countenance. He walks without stooping, and his eyes are as keen and undimmed as an eagle's. He is a fine conversationalist and in telling his story seems to live over again his thrilling experiences, making his auditor feel their force and the power of their own eloquence. He stated that his reasons for claiming to be the oldest locomotive engineer were well authenticated. Eight to ten years ago he met a Mr. Gywnn, who belonged to the Brotherhood of Locomo-

tive Engineers, and who gave a straight forward account of himself. He was a man of considerable education, and, belonging to the organization, kept himself posted in all matters pertaining to their history in the past and at that time. Mr. Gwynn was an engineer for 40 years, and when he began there were but 15 others in the United States, and all their names he, of course, knew. He himself claimed to be the oldest engineer, having been informed that George Lay was dead. He took the engine that Mr. Lay left, when he retired from railroad life, and has since died; there seems to be no doubt at all as to his representations. The engine upon which Lay ran was built at York by Phineas Davis, a Quaker, and Israel Gardner. It was commenced in 1831; and in February, 1832, was taken to Baltimore on a sled. They started with five horses, but after going some distance the snow began to melt and they were forced to take out the leader and put in four more. Before they reached Baltimore the snow had entirely disappeared and four more horses were required. And thus they went into Baltimore—the small locomotive, which weighed but five tons and a half, on a sled drawn by 12 horses. It naturally attracted much attention and the boys followed them down Market street, peppering them with snow balls, they returning the fire with vigor. After this the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad offered a premium for the engine that could do the best work. Peter Cooper, of New York, built one; there was one built in Philadelphia, another at Canton, a few miles below Baltimore, and a man named Reeder, living in Baltimore, built one, which, with the one already mentioned, made five. Peter Cooper was unfortunate with his; his son falling under the wheels was killed, and he took the engine back to New York without waiting for the day of trial. Two others withdrew, which left but two to compete for the prize. On the day of trial Mr. Lay took the engine and went up the incline to get his load, with Phineas Davis the builder. This was 13 miles from Baltimore. Mr. Davis, who was fearful as to the result, said to him:

"George, can thee take thy load into Baltimore?"

"I don't know whether I can or not, Phineas."

"Thee had better back off and leave a couple of cars."

"Phineas, this is the day of trial, and I'd a great deal rather go into Baltimore and say I couldn't carry my load than to

say I could and then not do it. But if you say leave them, I will do so, but I'll leave the engine and let you run in."

"George, thee always was resolute. I guess thee can have thy way about it."

Then Mr. Lay said to the fireman, George Maxwell:

"I am going to take this load into Baltimore and I don't know what the consequences may be. She must do all she can, and if you are afraid to risk it, you can get behind with the rest of the men."

The hardest place between the incline and Baltimore was in a deep cut, about three miles from the city, the road rounding a sharp curve before entering the cut. He started at regular speed, about 10 miles an hour, and when he came to the curve he put down the valves and pulled through and went safely into Baltimore. The next morning Reeder's engine started out and when Lay saw it, he believed, to quote his own language, that the engineer could never reach his destination alive, for the steam was as blue as indigo. He told the engineer that he was in danger of his life every moment, but the man would not be warned and said boastfully that he had blown off no steam, and was carrying a smaller load than Lay had done. He had but three miles to go when he came to the cut. He put down the valve and blew himself into eternity. His boiler must have been red hot. The man's name was William Laff. His fireman was thrown against an embankment, badly scalded, but his injuries were not fatal.

The Baltimore & Ohio road was so greatly pleased with the manner in which the Davis engine stood the test that they put them up shops 180 feet long, which was enormously large for those times, with a blacksmith shop in proportion. They then deposited \$20,000 in the bank, which was placed at their disposal, and told them to go ahead. They also adopted his pattern of engine. Mr. Lay remarked that after the late Peter Cooper became very old he stated, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, that, among other benevolent things he had done, he had saved the Baltimore & Ohio road from bankruptcy. He said that he had withdrawn from the trial, and done nothing further. Lay thought he was taking to himself credit that belonged to Mr. Davis, and he wrote and informed him of the facts, but never received an answer from the philanthropist. Mr. Lay retired from the railroad business in 1848 and went to Indiana. He settled first in Indianapolis, and while there worked at the carpenter's

trade. He took the premiums for the best door at the State fair. From there he went to Parke county and began farming. During the war he was a man who never wavered in his allegiance to his country.

A Human Locomotive Whistle.

London Life.

Morere, the celebrated tenor, has just become incurably mad, and has been shut up in the private lunatic asylum of the famous Dr. Legrand du Soulle. This singer possessed such extremely powerful lungs that he could whistle with as much force and intensity as a railway engine, and he practiced this peculiar art so often that it became a mania with him. On several occasions, while walking on the boulevards, he let off steam in this fashion to the great terror of all nervous passers-by, and even succeeded in making the Parisian cab-horses restive—a feat which most people who know the caliber of those wonderful animals would deem an impossibility. In one instance he was arrested and taken to a police court, where he was fined and severely reprimanded for thus disturbing the public peace. One evening when Morere was singing in "Faust" at the Grand Opera, his voice was in such bad form that the gallery began to hiss, and continued to do so until the disturbance became general. On this the tenor leaped down into the orchestra and shouted out, "Since you have begun to hiss, let me tell you that you don't understand the art in the least." Thereupon he treated them to his loudest and most prolonged whistle, and the Parisians, always good-natured, forgave him his false notes and cheered him to the echo. I believe that the unfortunate singer's present mania is that he exists for the purpose not only of surpassing the shriek of a railway train, but even the bells of Notre Dame.

Striking a Soft Job.

Detroit Free Press.

A man sat writing in a basement office on Griswold street. An old man with a snow shovel on his right shoulder and his boots covered with snow entered with a great racket and two or three "whews," and placing one of his snowy feet against the hot coal stove, he said:

"First there was the creation of the world. I presume you admit that?"

The man who sat writing did not even look up.

"Of course you admit it. Snow was

created along with other sorts of weather, and according to the laws made by man snow must be cleaned off the walks within six hours after the storm ceases; providing there is any storm to cease. Are you following me?"

The man at the desk kept scratching away for dear life.

"Of course you follow. The next great event was the deluge. All the snow was soaked up for the time being, but we've had heaps of it since, and some men are too stingy to pay fifty cents to have their walks cleaned. I presume you catch on?"

If the gentleman even knew that the old man was present, he did not betray the fact by a gesture. The visitor changed feet against the stove, and continued:

"Then there was the Drift-Period. Ice-bergs, ash-barrels, snow-drifts and old hats went drifting around the country at the rate of forty miles an hour. The man who wants to keep out of the poor-house, and is willing to shovel off snow at the rate of a dollar a day drifted too, and finally brought up in Detroit. I presume you twig?"

If he did there was no sign.

"Then came the Stone Age," resumed the old man, as he hunted through his pockets for some tobacco dust. "Good many stones around, I reckon, and there have been hearts of stone ever since. Yes, sir, there are men in this very city of Detroit who wouldn't pay thirty cents to clear off their forty feet of sidewalk if the snow thereon was up to their chins. I presume you tumble?"

The man rose up from the desk without a word, walked over and seized the old man by the collar, and without even looking into his eyes, he opened the door and "lifted" him to the sidewalk at two motions and flung the snow-shovel after him. The ejected stood and stared around for a minute, rubbed the top of his head gently, and was a minute more in fully realizing the situation. Then he descended the stairs, opened the door, and called out:

"It isn't the two kicks I care about, for I'm used to that, but it hurts me to think that I went and posted up such a man as you are on Biblical history and solemn facts that you would never have heard of in all your born days!"

THE skeleton of an enormous animal has been found in Wyoming territory. The jaw measures eleven feet. This must be the skeleton of the original mother-in-law.

Firemen's Magazine

A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of Locomotive Enginemen.

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

AUGUST, 1883.

The Denver Convention.

We desire to impress upon all of our members the great importance of our coming convention at Denver. Not only does our Brotherhood look forward to it with anxiety and hope, but railroad officials and the workmen all over our country are awaiting its results. We compose one of the largest organizations of laboring men in this or any other country, and the importance of our deliberations it is very hard to estimate. At our last convention, held in Terre Haute, 1882, our membership was but little more than 5,000; in one short year it has grown to 8,000. Enginemen begin to realize the importance and necessity of our great work, and they are flocking to our standard in a way that surprises our most sanguine expectations. Our growth is attracting attention in all circles, railway officials especially are becoming interested in our growth. They recognize the fact that our objects are legitimate, and that we encourage faithfulness on the part of employees towards the employers. We desire to say to the delegates to the Denver

Convention, go there as earnest men, men who feel the great responsibility resting upon them. Remember the eyes of thousands will be upon you, and our future as a Brotherhood will depend upon your action. Go to the convention with the determination of winning the respect of all men. We must do our work well, in a dignified, earnest way. Being an important organization of laboring men, we must carry ourselves in such a manner as to attract the attention and admiration of the whole country. Remember this, delegates, we go to Denver in September for business!

Our Success.

The year 1884 will find us the largest organization of laboring men of this or any other country. We have now nearly 8,000 members on our rolls and our Magazine has a circulation of 15,000. If we increase in 1884 in the same ratio we increased in 1883, from 5,000 to 8,000, who can dispute our assertion of being the greatest existing organized body of laboring men? The men who attended our convention of 1882 will be astounded at our marvelous increase in 1883. The reason of all this is that our principles are correct—harmony between employers and employed. Railway officials are glad to see us grow. They understand that our Brotherhood is a school wherein engineers are instructed as to their duties. Other organizations have stranded upon the rock of discord. They antagonize their employers; we enter into partnership with ours. The particular company we work for is our means of livelihood and the success of that company is our success. We succeed because we are right. We have profited by the experiences of other organizations and avoid the treacherous waters of contention. Labor and capital united, is the corner stone of our grand structure. Who would create discord between these twin sisters of civilization? Hand in hand they walk along the highway of success, and to make them enemies is worse than folly, it is a crime.



WM. P. DANIELS,

Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order of
Railway Conductors.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Something About His Life and Services.

This well-known gentleman in railroad circles is at present the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order of Railway Conductors. He is in every sense a self-made man. He began his career in railroad life as brakeman on the I. & M. Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in the spring of 1870. Leaving that company during 1872, he took service under the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy—the model railroad of them all. He remained there until 1874, when he joined his fortunes to the Burlington,

Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway Company, where he has been ever since. He is now a passenger conductor on that line, and his run extends from Spirit Lake to Cedar Rapids, Iowa. As conductor he has had an eventful career, and has encountered some hazardous trials. In 1878, when it will be remembered there was so much trouble with tramps and when some of the railroads found it necessary to carry armed guards, Mr. Daniels' train was boarded by 50 or 60 desperadoes, who showed fight and were very threatening. This occurred at or near Shell Rock, in Iowa. By some misadventure, no guards were present that day. The brave Daniels was left to his own resources. There was no escape for him—it was fight or unconditional surrender. He stood his ground

and the battle opened. He shot and killed one of them, and the balance succumbed. He at once surrendered himself to the proper authority, was tried and acquitted by a court and jury and warmly sustained by enlightened public sentiment. The Governor of Iowa and all the officers of the road commended his resolute act. The result was excellent. No such assault was ever repeated in that State. Mr. Daniels, it is true, has had some accidents and received occasional injuries, but he has always been held blameless. He is a remarkable man, and is affectionately esteemed by the Order over which he presides. It is a noble Brotherhood—one which, like our own, seeks to cultivate fraternity, inculcate proficiency and shield its members in the dark hours of trial and need. This Order has done great good. It has counselled the erring, reclaimed the unsteady, and stretched out the hand of charity to the widow and orphan. Who can compute the value of such organizations?

NOBILITY.

Alice Cary.

True worth is in *being* not *seeming*;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do rong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And strait for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through
hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No lot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Contributor's Column

Written for the Firemen's Magazine.

The Recent Flood and Its Lessons.

BY HENRY C. LORD.

IV.

Let it be understood that the writer has not at all lost sight of his text and the illustrations suggested by it. He is now thinking of the flood, or rather the torrent of education in all its methods, which now seems to have full sway elsewhere just as in Cincinnati. There seems to be no end to the methods proposed by College Trustees, State or City Boards, local teachers, from the "Head" of a high school to a school mistress in a rural district or at some cross roads. There should be some means devised, by legislation or otherwise, to check this tide of too rapid education and seemingly misdirected current of thought. The "Rev. Ecclesiastes," the preacher, is reported to have used this sentence: "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." I commend this wise saying not only to the educationist, but to the publishers of school books in our country. I might and perhaps ought, in all sincerity and kindness, to refer in this connection to what are called the "Institutions of Learning" in the State of Ohio, of which, if the writer is correctly informed, the number is not less than thirty-five to forty. They are known generally as "Colleges," but not one of them sufficiently endowed or supported by the State to secure the highest order of instruction, sufficient libraries, machinery or apparatus necessary for the best instruction of young men. Ohio at least, speaking in the language of metaphor, may be said to be traversed by an infinite number of shallow streams of education without one fountain head sufficiently sustained. In this respect she falls far behind her sister State of Michigan, every New England State, as well as New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

The writer thinks that he has referred sufficiently to the bright side of the Cincinnati canvas, although he might have alluded with pleasure to her beautiful suburbs, her costly parks and other attractions, but this is not necessary. In justice to himself as an impartial observer,

he wishes to present what may truly be called the opposite of the picture, and he does this not only to offer himself as a sacrifice to criticism, but if possible to engage men in thought, and that thought just as useful and instructive to labor as to capital, to the workman in his shop, the capitalist behind his counter, the railway manager in his office and the preacher in his pulpit. In other words his aim is to deal with a principle, causes and their results. He cares nothing about the recent flood, except as it is suggestive, and he does not propose to write about Cincinnati except as illustrating not only the habits and tendencies of other cities all over the country and our present fast national life. In other words, and dealing in railway terms, he would like to "shut off steam" and "put on the brakes." This every prudent engineer commands and does when he sees, or even apprehends, danger ahead, and if it should turn out that he is mistaken he is satisfied in the self-consciousness of having discharged his duty. Cincinnati is representative of both municipal and national tendencies, just as is New York or your own city of Terre Haute. She furnishes my theme, and your readers will apply the argument framed from it according to their different ways of thinking, study and calculation, but the subject is deserving of thought, even if the writer should be condemned for his conclusions.

Since writing the above, I have been reading a morning paper containing both a report and an appeal from a self-constituted committee of worthy citizens of Cincinnati, the chairman of which is both an able and celebrated lawyer and entitled to the confidence and public esteem which he has so well earned.

The writer intends to fortify himself at the outset by two or three quotations from the address to the public referred to.

They call themselves the "Municipal Reform Association," and the following brief quotations will sufficiently indicate its supposed necessity and objects. After referring in emphatic language to the prevailing corruption, extravagance and waste which exists in almost all departments of our municipal system and the disposition of the funds which are the product of taxation, the address goes on as follows: "*Scarcely any measure of public or private interest can be brought before the officers of the law without demands being made by some corrupt officials that they should be paid to secure either their support of the measure or their opposition to it. This ring is well organized, and its members, hav-*

ing a common interest, usually work in harmony with each other. These men are a curse to the body politic and a disgrace to their respective parties. The existing condition of things is continually tending to increased taxation and multiplication of the burdens imposed upon the citizens, and if not changed will soon wreck the city's finances. We believe that there are enough honest and independent men in our city to accomplish an entire purification of the demoralized public service of the city if they can only unite in the endeavor."

Thus it is evident that the "Paris of America," and doubtless all of her twin sisters, possess an advantage over the traditional City of Sodom and other cities of the plain, and therefore will be not utterly destroyed. I think it can be safely estimated that there are at least ten righteous "Lots" in each one of our cities and country villages, and they will be enough to avert any storm of destruction or tidal wave of ruin, whether of fire or water.

But to come to the arithmetic of Cincinnati, and the writer refers to her financial condition, and in his mind she is but a type of the past career of the country. I have spoken freely and gratefully of her attractions and ornaments, which are most often regarded as the proof of growing wealth and prosperity. Let us analyze this question. The city now owes a debt of largely over twenty-three millions of dollars, whereas thirty years ago her debt was merely a nominal one. The taxation of her citizens has increased in a corresponding ratio, and it is no answer to my thought or my argument, in the light of political or financial economy, to say that her credit is as good or even better than ever before. The ability to borrow does not represent the ability to pay. The greatest single interest in Cincinnati, and probably the most effective for her material good, is represented by the railroads which center there; one of them constructed by the credit of the city alone at an enormous cost of debt and others by individual capital, aided by contributions from the city, but all heavily mortgaged. To-day two or more of them are in the hands of "Receivers;" two or more just out of the "clutches of the law" through sales by Marshals and Sheriffs and at a terrible sacrifice to original owners, share and security holders. Her boasted "Southern" road, built upon credit and to accomplish results mostly imaginary and probably never to be realized, is now substantially under the control of foreigners and at best an unfinished and incom-

plete highway of transportation. Almost as fast as the limited rent is paid to the city under the provisions of the lease, it is paid back again to the lessees for additional construction and so-called "betterments." It may be almost said, with truth, that the Paris of France is taking under its control the "Paris of America." The "Erlanger" of the former has distanced the "Ferguson" of the latter. The writer is not mistaken in his facts or in his arithmetic, and if the Treasurer of Cincinnati will furnish a statement of the bonds issued to this railroad company, the gross amount of the interest warrants or coupons, the value of the real property surrendered to it and necessary to complete its terminal facilities, as ascertained by an honest and competent engineer, and at the same time report as an offset the amount paid to the city directly, or the Commissioners of the sinking fund, and not withdrawn and of the terms of the lease, he is in no wise afraid of criticism. He is not misled and cannot be by the theory of "indirect benefits." Such dividends are altogether too remote and imaginary. It is perfectly idle to talk about profits to a few or a class while the general rate of taxation and corporate indebtedness is forever moving upwards, and while the debtor side of the scale is always increasing in its weight and, therefore, its power. It will be time enough for Cincinnati to boast of herself as a national center of art, music and her "Dramatic Festivals" when she stops issuing her promises to pay and is not compelled to ask permission of the State to create an additional debt of a million of dollars to cleanse and repair her filthy streets. I have thus referred to Cincinnati as exhibiting four separate conditions of what may be called material and social life. The flood in the river was my text, that of conceit and pride as shown in unwise expenditures and administration in an ever increasing debt and an unending demand to accumulate that debt illustrates it. I am driving at a principle and a logical sequence just as applicable to other cities as to Cincinnati, to the nation as well as to individual cities. The writer fairly selects his own city and cannot be, therefore, charged with partiality. It is claimed and urged, with much extravagant language, that her "Exposition Buildings," her "Music Hall," her "*Great Organ*" and attractive resorts indicate not only unusual refinement but growing prosperity. The city has displayed two phases of material life in her corporate capacity; one, that of straining her credit,

and hence the taxation of her citizens, in the purchase of parks and other artistic improvements; she has strained it still more in the construction of a trunk railroad traversing three sovereign States, which, in the event of another civil disturbance, would be cut into as many pieces and Cincinnati would lose her security and with it her credit. I put my point without hesitation. It is a logical conclusion and thinking men will recognize it. Cities should not build railroads extending beyond municipal boundaries, and therein only to meet an immediate corporate exigency involving the public health or security. The precedent was a very bad one and, in the writer's judgment, will never be followed or endorsed either by a popular vote or a judicial opinion. The city has recently enjoyed a "Musical Festival," yielding a profit both to the association of citizens who designed it and probably some benefit to various industries, from the hotel to the market and the "Japanese" store. It is, however, to be remarked in justice to truth, and in the way of suggestion also, that nearly all the *great talent* which drew the people to the "Hall" and the guests to the hotels, was altogether imported and not a home product. Sweden, Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria and France filled the great "Hall," while Cincinnati paid the bills. Before the last note of the "Great Organ" had drowned upon the ear, followed the mighty Ohio river, sweeping away more than fifty times the profits of the "Great Festival," compelling the city to ask leave of the State to increase her debt by a million of dollars. My readers will see my moral and it is very simply told. It is exactly this: that it will not do to purchase pleasure and costly raiment at the risk of an ever-growing debt. A city has no more right to leave such a burden upon an incoming administration than a father has to bequeath such a legacy to his children. The "blind guides," which "strain at a knot," should never undertake the difficult operation of "swallowing a camel." The result is bound to prove a failure and a humiliation. A city which cannot out of current revenues keep and maintain its streets in order and decency, should not upon its credit, and that not at home but a foreign one undertake the construction of a railroad three hundred and fifty miles in length, and all but one mile outside of her municipal control or practical supervision. This, however, Cincinnati has done, and she is now groaning under her burden of taxation and beg-

ging for the legislation necessary to secure the *credit* requisite to cover the cost of the usual "*spring house cleaning*" and prevent various forms of epidemic diseases.

But the writer does not care to pursue his subject for the present, nor is it necessary to do so. His chief object has been to depict in his random way the great dangers of credit, conceit and extravagant methods of life and to illustrate them by special references. His theory holds as true of the nation as the city or the individual.

He is met with the question, "Does not the constant reduction of the public debt of the country abundantly prove its prosperity?" This is an absurdity and a snare so long as corporate and personal liabilities are increasing in a greater ratio and taxation is multiplying itself. The old Chinese maxim that "Ruin follows gain very near and misery is at the tail of good fortune," was and is to-day true.

But as the great Ohio river is now at low tide and the writer as well as his readers are weary, he will close by simply calling attention and thought to the lessons of the "*Flood*."

For Firemen's Magazine.

The Chemistry of a Match.

BY ELMON J. NOYES.

How the first man who made use of fire for any purpose obtained it, is of course unknown, but most probably it was supplied to him by some case of spontaneous combustion, or from some tree set on fire by lightning.

Tradition accounted for the possession of fire by the story that it was furnished directly to man by divine agency.

A mythological fable tells us that Prometheus was punished by the angry gods for having stolen fire from heaven and by imparting to men a knowledge of its use, enabling them to contend with the gods in power and knowledge.

To the ancients the fact of burning was so mysterious that a flame was made an expression of their religious worship, but to the modern chemist, burning is simply a process of rapid oxidation.

Before the idea of using chemical mixtures for obtaining fire came to be practically applied, the best device used was the flint and steel. By striking these together sharply a spark was elicited, which being caught upon a bit of tinder, could be blown into a flame.

The friction match of the present time is a very small affair, but we must not

forget that small things are sometimes very complex. It consists of a bit of wood dipped in melted sulphur and dried; then in a paste of phosphorus niter and glue, which complete the process. The tips are colored with red lead or Prussian blue made into a paste.

Phosphorus (P) is used chiefly in the manufacture of matches. The name phosphorus is from Greek words signifying light-bearing. Phosphorus is never found in the free state, but always in combination with oxygen and some one of the metals. The soil contains a small amount, which is collected by the growing plants, and in turn is consumed by the herbivorous animals. From the bones of these animals the phosphorus is obtained. Phosphorus is a transparent, colorless, wax-like solid, which unites with oxygen so readily that when exposed to the air it is all the while undergoing a slow combustion. If the temperature be slightly increased, the phosphorus will burst into a flame and be rapidly consumed. On account of its extreme inflammability, phosphorus must be kept and cut under water. At the ordinary temperature of the air it shines with a greenish-white light.

Sulphur (S) occurs in nature both in the free state and in combination with other elements, and is found chiefly in volcanic districts. At the ordinary temperature of the air sulphur is a bristle solid of a light yellow color, with neither taste or smell. It unites readily with oxygen and burns with a peculiar blue light.

Niter (KNO_3) Potassium nitrate, commonly known as saltpetre, is found as an efflorescence on the soil in tropical regions, especially in India. It is white, inodorous and anhydrous, with a cooling bitter taste. Its most marked chemical power is its oxidizing power.

When a match is burned, the reaction which takes place is as follows: First, the friction produced by rubbing the match on some rough surface ignites the phosphorus, which burning produces heat enough to inflame the sulphur. The sulphur ignites at a much lower temperature than the wood, and, therefore, acts as a kindling from which the wood takes fire. The object of the niter is to furnish oxygen to quicken the combustion of the phosphorus and sulphur.

Four chemical compounds are formed in the burning of a single match, as follows: First, the phosphorus burns, producing phosphoric anhydride; secondly, the sulphur burns, producing sulphur-

ous anhydride, and, lastly, the wood takes fire forming carbonic anhydride and water.

Let us now look at each compound separately.

Phosphoric anhydride (P_2O_5) is the product of the rapid combustion of phosphorus in an excess of air. It is a white, amorphous, odorless powder, which unites with water with great facility. When left in the air for a few minutes it completely deliquesces, and if thrown into water dissolves with a hissing sound, producing much heat. By the union of phosphoric anhydride with water, phosphoric acid is formed.

Sulphurous anhydride (SO_2) is formed whenever sulphur is burned in the air. It is very poisonous and extinguishes combustion. It is much used for bleaching articles of silk, straw or wool. It bleaches by uniting with the coloring matter and forming a colorless compound. By oxidizing sulphurous anhydride, sulphuric anhydride (SO_3) is produced, which, dissolved in water, forms sulphuric acid, the king of acids.

The manufacture of sulphuric acid on a large scale is based on the principle of the preceding, nitric acid being used for the oxidizing agent.

Carbonic anhydride (CO_2), commonly known as carbonic acid, is produced in all the various forms of combustion where oxygen unites with carbon. It forms nearly one-half by weight of limestone, marble, chalk, etc., and may be set free from these substances by the action of muriatic acid. Carbonic acid is a colorless, odorless, transparent gas, so much heavier than air that it may easily be poured from one vessel into another. It often accumulates in old wells and cellars, into which a lighted candle should be lowered as a test before a person descends. If the light is extinguished, a person's life would be extinguished in the same way should he descend. Wells and cellars may, however, be purified by lowering into them pans of slacked lime, or the gas may be dipped out like water. Water absorbs its own volume of carbonic acid at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere and much more by increased pressure.

Soda water is simply water containing carbonic acid, which gives it a pleasant though slightly acid taste, and by its escape to the air produces a brisk effervescence. The breath exhaled from our lungs is highly charged with this poisonous gas and water, which is the result of the constant combustion of the worn-out tissues of our bodies.

Water (H_2O). The Creator has so abundantly supplied the earth with this substance that it needs but little description. When pure it is a colorless, odorless, tasteless liquid, which boils at $212^\circ F.$, and at $32^\circ F.$ becomes solid. It evaporates at all temperatures and increases in volume in freezing.

THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march
You can hear their steam-steed neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toll and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre!
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts, like jewels light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out like stars of God
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillered hall,
And they well may laugh at the roofs of state
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toll and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre!
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife,
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in the battle of life
Are gems in the crown of Toil.
And better their well-won wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow,
Than the clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unknown by the trump or tabor,
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labor!

Wise Sayings.

Our youth we can have but to-day,
We may always find time to grow old.
—*Bishop Berkeley.*

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—*Bailey.*

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.—*Burke.*

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—*Cowper.*

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.—*Shakespeare.*

Of all the thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.—*Goethe.*

The claims of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Ben Johnson.*

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, and tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.—*W. R. Roger.*

Special Correspondence

Sobriety.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., June 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

In accordance with my promise last month, I now present a few thoughts on "Sobriety," which is the second great pillar of our Order, and forms an excellent companion to "Benevolence." Without "Sobriety" we could not exist as a Brotherhood, therefore drunkenness cannot find a permanent place of shelter within our ranks, for as soon as discovered it is got rid of, and rightly so. Drunkenness is a vice, and in our calling it becomes a terrible danger to life and property. A train pulls out of a side track at night, a brakeman, or it may be the conductor himself, who undertook the duty of shutting and locking up the switch, neglected to do so properly, his brain being in a muddled condition through drink, was the cause of it. Shortly after the express, with its load of humanity, came thundering along; the engineer, unconscious of the danger before him, urges on his iron steed; as the engine strikes the switch she leaves the rails, turns over and is wrecked with the cars. The engineer and fireman go down at their posts of duty and are mangled, perhaps crippled for life, or they may suffer the most horrible agonies from the escaping steam issuing from a rent in the boiler, or from a broken pipe, or a valve, shrieking and howling like ten thousand demons let loose from pandemonium; its hot and death dealing breath envelopes the poor men's bodies in a cloud as from hell itself. As soon as possible, eager and willing hands are at work, but assistance is too late, death has ended their suffering, and two homes are made desolate. The cars are a heap of ruins, from which some of the passengers escape unharmed, others with a few scratches and bruises, while others are not so fortunate, for from out of the debris can be heard the cries and shrieks of the wounded and the dying. To add to the horror, the wrecked cars take fire and numbers of those imprisoned within are burned to death before aid can reach them. The young married couple on their bridal tour, full of hope and fond anticipations for the future; the prodigal son, after years of wandering, now on his

way home to his aged parents; a mother with her innocent babe at her breast; a son, the only support of an aged widowed mother; the invalid who is journeying in search of that health and strength which he is never to find, and the husband and father returning home to his fond wife and dear little ones, all, all these and many more are held fast while the flames dart forth, their forked tongues roaring with a demaniacal roar and hissing like ten thousand fiery serpents, as if impatient to reach their victims; soon their deadly work is done, but not before their victims have suffered the most horrible and excruciating agonies. More homes are made desolate and more widows and orphans are thrown upon the cold, cold world, and drink the direct cause of it. A train dispatcher, fond of his glass, whose brain is in a cloudy condition with drink, but is considered safe and reliable because he is never seen, as we say, "drunk," sends a message over the wires and brings two trains together on the one track; an operator, in the same condition, gives a wrong order, or may be an engineer, also in like condition, has orders not to pass a certain point without fresh orders, the order is disregarded, the point is passed, and at the first curve his train is collided with one which had orders or rights against him. All of these things have happened scores of times, scores of lives lost, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, and drink the direct cause of it.

Men of our calling, above all others, ought to be total abstainers from all kinds of alcoholic drinks. We can all do without them. Those who foolishly believe to the contrary ought to quit the road at once and find some other mode of gaining a living.

Intemperance is the great barrier to the intellectual, moral and spiritual progress of the people, and in view of this fact we, as a body of men, are morally bound, if we care aught for ourselves and others, and I claim we do, to throw the weight of our example and influence on the side of temperance.

The most moderate drinker is *not* a safe man. No one will deny that the greatest of drunkards started as moderate drinkers. None became habitual drunkards at one bound. They became so little by little, step by step, until they formed a craving for drink, and their whole systems are permeated with the alcoholic poison, for poison it is.

Modern investigations have demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that al-

coholic drinks in any form, taken even in moderation, not only do no good, but are an actual injury in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. The most eminent physicians and surgeons of the day have declared against the use of alcoholic drinks. Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S., of England, says: "It is assumed by most persons that alcohol gives strength, and we hear feeble persons saying daily that they are being kept up by stimulants. This means actually that they are being *kept down*; but the sensation they derive from the immediate action of the stimulant *deceives them*; and leaves them to attribute passing good to what, in the large majority of cases, is *persistent evil*. The evidence is all perfect that alcohol gives no potential power to brain or muscle. A man or woman who abstains is healthy and safe. *A man or woman who indulges at all is unsafe. A MAN OR WOMAN WHO RELIES ON ALCOHOL FOR SUPPORT IS LOST.*"

Dr. N. S. Davis, one of the leading physicians of Chicago, says: "Alcohol does not relieve the individual from cold by increasing his temperature, nor from heat by cooling him, nor from exhaustion by nourishing him, but simply diminishes his sensibility, thus *lessening his consciousness* of cold, heat, weariness, or pain; in other words, impairs his judgment concerning their action upon him. The body is constantly throwing off waste and dead matter, which is replaced by nutrition from food or the assimilation and addition of new and living matter. The introduction of alcohol in any form or quantity retards more or less these changes, and hence strikes at the great fundamental principle of life and health. The retention of this waste matter may increase the bulk and weight, and is, therefore, mistaken as an equivalent to nutrition; but in the same ratio as it increases bulk it also embarrasses the tissues of the body with constantly accumulated dead material, diminishes activity and the power of endurance, and predisposes or prepares the system to yield to deadly influences of any kind to which it may be exposed." Volumes of the same kind of testimony, and even stronger, can be produced against the use of alcoholic beverages, whether in the shape of the fiery spirituous liquors or the more respectable (?) wines, or in the common beers and ales, but the foregoing will suffice for the purpose of this paper.

At the commencement of these remarks I said that drunkenness cannot find a permanent place of shelter within our ranks, but there are scores of good, steady

fellows in the ranks who take a glass now and then, or perhaps two or three, but have never been intoxicated; to those I would say, "Beware, beware, you are meddling with a dangerous article, touch it not, shun it, shun it as you would the deadly rattlesnake." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Remember the first glass leads to the next one, and remember also that alcohol, in whatever form you may take it, is the creator of its own appetite, as it were; you can at your present stage, take a glass and stop at that, but if you continue with your occasional glass, there are ninety-nine chances to the hundred that the time *will* come when the second, third, fourth and more still will not satisfy your appetite or your craving for the stuff. The habit is often slow in forming, and in thousands of instances it is *sure* in its deadly work. Slowly, but surely, the subtle alcohol works its way through the system, permeating every tissue until the brain itself is constantly under the influence of the deceitful poison, the faculty becomes impaired, the brain—never too clear for our calling—is clouded, then, "Who will say that the habitual, even the moderate, drinker is a safe man for any responsible post on the railway?" True, I may be answered that there are hundreds of men in the employ of the numerous railroads in the country who have taken their drinks for years, but have successfully performed their every day duties. Yes, but it does not disprove the foregoing premises. The danger hangs, and is still hanging, over their heads by a very slender thread. Again, I say, beware! beware! lest the habit becomes chronic. John B. Gough, the great English temperance advocate, in one of his lectures, shows the great power of habit by the following forcible illustration:

Only a mile or two above "the falls" of the Niagara river is a placid and beautiful stream, but as you descend, the waters become turbulent, indicating that you are approaching the *rapids* above the mighty cataract.

Now launch your back on the Niagara river, it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your *pleasure excursion*. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank:

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future; no man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may—catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below! Now you see the water foaming all around, see how fast you pass that point, up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! set the mast in the socket; hoist the sail!"

Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, blaspheming;—over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids—of drink—every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!" Take care then, my brothers, lest you also go over.

I will now close these remarks with some very excellent lines, which appeared some time ago in the Pittsburgh Post, under the title of "The Two Glasses:"

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as dear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother;
"Let us tell the tale of the past to each other.
I can tell of the banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck by
blight,

Where I was a king, for I ruled in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the
crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men
down;

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barrier waste,
For greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be;

Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall
For your might and power are over all.'
'Ho! ho! pale brother,' laughed the wine,
'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?'

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed
down the mountain,

Flowed the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the
sky,

And everywhere gladdened the landscape
and eye;

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fer-
tile with grain,

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will,
I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I lifted up and crowned anew,

I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chain—wilt captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told to each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table rim to rim.

Next month I will—God willing, and
permission of our worthy editor—carry
out my design and promise, by conclud-
ing with a paper on the third word of our
motto, or third great pillar of our Order,
viz.: "Industry."

ALBERT H. GREEN.

THE OLD FRONT DOOR.

I remember the time when I used to sit,
A happy and thoughtless boy,
When father came home from his work at
last,

And I was tired of my toy;
I remember the time, and none more sweet
Shall I know furthermore,
When I sat at the eve by my mother's side,
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I fell asleep,
And list to their loving talk,
While the crickets chirped and the fire-flies
bright

Flew over the garden walk;
And often would father tell the tale,
Of the time, long years before,
When he led his bride to a happy home,
Over the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and
died,

And eighty years old was he
And well I knew that never again
He would ride me upon his knee;
And though but a gay and thoughtless boy,
I wept, and my heart was sore
When I saw them bear him slowly out
O'er the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,
And I, too, am old and gray;

But the tears come crowding into my eyes
When I think of that long-past day;
And I only hope that whatever end
Fate may have for me in store,
I shall pass once more, ere I pass away,
O'er the sill of the old front door.

Miscellaneous.

Married.

Communicated.

On the 21st ult., at St. Stephens' Episcopal Church, in Terre Haute, Ind., by Rev. S. F. Dunham, Rector, Mr. C. O. Mailloux, of New York City, to Miss Emma B., sister of Eugene V. Debs, Editor of the Firemen's Magazine.

Mr. Mailloux is the associate editor of the Electrical World, a valuable and learned periodical, much sought throughout the field of scientific inquiry. He is a gentleman of diversified attainments, an accomplished linguist, a graceful writer, and will be remembered by all who attended the National Convention of Locomotive Firemen held in Boston in 1881. It was there Mr. Mailloux first met his wife.

Miss Debs is a rare character. For several years she has been deeply absorbed in the moral and intellectual development of the Locomotive Firemen of the United States. She was the steady co-worker of her brother in his work, and lost no opportunity to strew with flowers the cindered pathway of the brave students of the foot-board. The delegates to the Terre Haute Convention, in 1882, will never cease to remember the smiling face and cheering words of Emma B. Debs. She contributed largely to the success of that most remarkable demonstration. Miss Debs was a great favorite in Terre Haute society, beloved by all for her purity of character, her gentle sympathy for the lowly and her stately and commanding bearing in the midst of men and women of power and influence. We congratulate Mr. Mailloux on his good fortune, and feel well assured the flower he has dug out of our bed and transplanted on the Hudson, will not fade in his generous care. The happy and well-mated couple will carry into their new home the best wishes of their many friends.

Western Life and Accident Association.

This Association was organized for the purpose of doing an Accident Insurance business under and pursuant to a law passed by the last General Assembly of the State of Indiana and approved March

9, 1883, providing for the organization and regulation of Insurance Associations. For President, the Association has selected Hon. John Caven, of Indianapolis. He is best known to railroad men as the Mayor of that city during the strike of 1877, at which time, by his firmness and prudence, he prevented the strike from terminating in a riot, with all its terrible consequences. Everywhere he is recognized as a man of rare executive ability and of sound business and legal judgment. Hon. E. R. Hawn, late Secretary of State, is the Vice President and General Manager. For Treasurer, Norman S. Byram, of the well-known wholesale dry goods firm of Byram, Cornelius & Co., has been selected. The Secretary, Chas. H. Furgason is a railroad engineer of the I., B. & W. road. These men are all well-known and their special qualifications and fitness for the intelligent discharge of the trusts reposed in them will not be questioned. The Directors of the Association are John Caven, Norman S. Byram, Jas. S. Layman, of the wholesale hardware firm of Layman, Carey & Co.; Isaac N. Pattison, City Treasurer of Indianapolis; E. R. Hawn, T. M. Murphy, C. H. Furgason and A. N. Robinsan. The Association is heartily endorsed by all the bankers of Indianapolis, the State officers and by prominent railroad and business men throughout the State. It merits and will, no doubt, receive the patronage of a large number of railroad men, a class especially needing this kind of insurance. The home office is over the First National Bank, corner Washington and Meridian streets, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dare to be true: Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two
thereby.

—Herbert.

The best education in the world is that
got by struggling to get a living.—Wendell
Phillips.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at
hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes
he has.—Colton.

We seldom find people ungrateful so
long as we are able to render them service.—Rochefoucauld.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him
who has not the science of honesty and
good nature.—Montague.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice
and shame, that nobody ever had the
confidence to own it.—Rochester.

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine.

"Spare my Family."

BY IDA A. HARPER.

I was reading a letter, a short time ago, written to an attorney by a young man who, while under the influence of liquor, had shot and seriously injured another person. The phrase occurred over and over again, "In Heaven's name, spare my family! For God's sake and my mother's sake, do not prosecute me!" This is the common cry of men when about to suffer for their sins and it is a powerful appeal. Many a man has escaped the consequences of his evil deeds by putting his family in front of him. Jeff Davis is not the only one who ever tried to evade justice by taking advantage of the protection accorded to woman. But why is it that men wait until they are in trouble and in disgrace before they think of their families? And why do they send forth, to strangers, the piteous entreaty, "Spare my family," when they, themselves, have never spared that family? Is it because they really love their family so much or is it because this is their only hope of escaping the punishment they deserve? "Have pity on my mother!" wails the young man who, for years and years, has scorned every prayer of that unhappy mother. In vain has she pointed out the ruin he was bringing upon her and himself; in vain has she implored him to abandon the habits that would surely disgrace them both. Then, his pleasure was his first object, his mother only a secondary consideration. It is not until the prison doors close upon him and his pleasures are ended that he realizes how very important it is that somebody should spare his mother any further trouble on his account.

This is equally true of the husband and father. Night after night, he leaves his wife, alone and unprotected. He neglects his children and continually disgraces them by his immoralities. He squanders his money and breaks down his health. Then, when the inevitable result follows and he finds himself in the power of the law, he begins to manufacture public sympathy by groaning and weeping over his dear family, his beloved wife and children, whom he has syste-

matically neglected and dishonored when it has been in his power to make them happy and respected. A criminal with highly esteemed relatives feels that his case is half won. He banks on the standing of his family.

If a man commit a murder what argument is there so powerful as to bring in the black-robed wife and five small children? Will the jury make this woman a widow, these children orphans? Not if it can find the slightest excuse for acquittal. A young man indulges in the wildest excesses. He fills his parents with humiliation and wrings their hearts with anguish. When, at length, he is brought before the bar of justice to answer for his crimes, he places between himself and the law his old and gray-haired mother. He does not say, "Look at this woman, aged and broken by my disgraceful conduct, and punish me as I deserve," but he says, "If, by your decision, you cause this sad and grief-stricken woman any more sorrow she will die and you will be responsible for her death." The jury has, or had, a mother and—acquits.

Now, there is not a woman living who would not freely sacrifice her happiness for the sake of those she loves but is it not time that men should cease to demand this sacrifice? We may talk of her advancement, of her independence, but the fact will always be that when a woman marries she gives forever, to some man, the power to make or mar her happiness. At first this power lies in her husband, afterwards, in her sons. No will or effort on her part, no career she may make for herself can bring her peace, if husband should prove unfaithful or sons, unworthy.

What strange and incomprehensible creatures are men! Strong and handsome in all the vigor and beauty of young manhood, they willfully pursue those habits which never fail to disfigure the face and destroy the health. Married men, blessed with a home and family that ought to satisfy every desire of their heart, deliberately pursue a course that will as certainly ruin the happiness of that household as the serpent ruined the felicity of Paradise. Is there any remedy for this tendency toward evil? It would take a very sanguine person to have hope or faith that there will ever be a generation of men that will love good and hate evil. Everything possible has been said and done. Advice is useless, appeal is vain and example has no effect. If a comrade dies from the use of intoxicating liquor, they all drink to his memory. They look

around and see the wrecks of what once were noble vessels and then steer straight for the breakers. I do not believe the influence of women will ever break up the bad habits of men. The constant dropping that wears away a stone avails nothing if the stone lasts longer than the water. There will have to be a change in the sentiments of the men, themselves, to effect a reform. So long as a boy is encouraged to smoke his first cigar because it looks manly; so long as a man may get helplessly drunk and know that it will be regarded, by his friends, as merely a joke; so long as gambling is a common practice and immorality does not effect a man's social or business standing, just so long will these vices reign supreme. Whether there will ever be a revolution of sentiment among men, condemning these practices, is a matter of conjecture. There may come a time when men will despise a bad man as they now despise a bad woman; when they will respect and encourage probity of character in both sexes alike. A change of this kind would be more wonderful than other changes of sentiment which have been wrought by the slow and steady progress of years. When men choose, they may save one another and, if the time should ever come when they will suffer themselves to be as pure and true and honorable as they are capable of being, they will no longer be compelled to make to the world the humiliating appeal, "Spare my family!"

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 15, 1883.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

MARSHALLTOWN, IA., July 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

After reading so many good letters from the different Lodges, I had a desire to give No. 125 a little showing. We have eighteen members, of as fine material as exists anywhere. Although our membership is small as yet, we will increase in time, for we are very cautious about taking in new members. Our Master is the right kind of a boy to keep the ball rolling, but am sorry to say that he can not be with us as often as he ought to; he is breaking coal for the fireman on engine 26, in the Oskaloosa yard, and a dandy he is, too, at the business. We have three applications to work on at the next regular meeting. We are prospering nicely and when we get along further in the world you shall hear from us again.

Yours fraternally.

SHORTY.

Houston, Texas.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, May 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

This is my first attempt to write for the Magazine, but as my husband is a member of the Lodge, have become very much interested in it, and truly hope it will become a grand success. I feel that it is my duty to encourage my husband to attend regularly, for when he does attend I know he is in good society and helping to carry on a noble work. May all members of the Lodge prosper with God's help. Feeling that I have already taken my share of space, will close, and if you think this worthy of notice, will try again. Your friend,

LELA.

Fireman's Wife.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., June 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

As my husband is a member of your noble Order, I deem it my duty to say a few words regarding the Lodge to which he belongs. The Brotherhood is a grand and noble Order, and I am proud that my husband is a member of it. I often think while reading the Magazine, how many homes that are made happy because of the charity of the Brotherhood. The teachings of the Order are splendid, and if they are but heeded the members are sure to become better men. "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" being the motto under which the Brotherhood is working, the best results are sure to follow. Every member ought to do his duty to his Lodge and to the Grand Lodge, and thus do his share of the good work in which the Order is engaged. Here, in Phillipsburg, the Lodge is in a most prosperous condition, and every member seems intent upon doing all in his power to advance the interests of the Order.

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

Ball and Supper at Eau Claire.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., June 29, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Allow me, through your valuable journal, to congratulate the B. of L. F. boys of No. 68 for the grand success they had with their second annual ball, which was held in Music Hall June 25. It was a very cool and pleasant evening and everything was done that could be done by the members to make it entertaining. We had a good ball, good music and good partners, and all seemed to have a good time. The hall was decorated with ever-

greens, ferns and pictures; and mottoes hung from the walls on every side, and it was a beautiful sight to look through the hall and see the red and white lights throwing their mellow light through the evergreens and ferns. Two switch lights were on the stage, and each side of the band was decorated with ferns, which looked very pretty. Supper was taken at the Eau Claire House, and all seemed to enjoy the ice cream and strawberries. Lemonade was free to all and everything went as smooth as a marriage bell. I will now leave you, ever wishing prosperity and success to the B. of L. F., from not a brother but a sister, in heart, if not in fact.

MRS. LEA DOOTY.

Ernestine's Receipt.

ROCKLAND, CAL., July 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Can you spare a small space in your columns for a receipt for "Our Boys" a good piece of cream pie? I think the ladies will at least give it a trial, as it can be so quickly made:

First, line a pie tin with a rich crust and bake the crust empty to a crispy brown; while the crust is cooling, take a half pint of thick sweet cream, the whites of two eggs and three tablespoons of white sugar; whip to a stiff cream, flavor with lemon or nutmeg, fill the crust (now cold), and you have a pie inexpensive, delicate and delicious.

ERNESTINE.

The India sanitary report for 1880 directs attention to the satisfactory circumstance that the health of British troops serving in India—estimated as averaging 59,717 men—showed a considerable improvement as compared with the year before. The death rate was about 28½ per thousand, as against a fraction over 34½. The decrease is stated to have been mainly owing to the improved condition of troops in the field. In the Madras army the health of the troops appears to have been exceptionally good, the death rate—about 10 1-5 per thousand—the lowest ever recorded.

"SONNY, will you please stoop down and pick up my glasses? You see I can't bend very well," said a corpulent gentleman to a passing newsboy. "Yes, I see you can't, mister," said the boy, picking up the glasses; "you're hunchbacked in the wrong spot for convenience, ain't yer? You could forgit to put some of your garments on in the morning and not know anything 'bout it, far's observation goes, couldn't yer?"—*Ex.*

Correspondence.

California Miscellany.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As it has been some months since I have had the pleasure of seeing any communication from the Orange Grove of Los Angeles, I thought I would represent her in the valuable friend of all engine-men; but I am sorry to state that there are a great many of us who do not appreciate its value, or we would do better by it in the way of making its circulation tenfold greater. Orange Grove No. 97 is in a flourishing condition, never in a better since that noble friend of our Brotherhood, Bro. S. M. Stevens, was here. He put new life in us as to our duty, and we are coming to a new realization of the good work of our Brotherhood.

We gave a ball a few months ago for the benefit of our Lodge and did well, socially and financially, with the help of our worthy M. M., who did all in his power to help us make it a success. With the profits of the ball we furnished our hall in fine style, and I will venture to say that there are not many Lodges better fixed than we are at present.

I will now speak a word as to the doings of some of our worthy brothers. Bro. F. Shaffer was married to a Miss Christ; also Bro. Taylor to Miss McConnell and Bro. Hanselman to Miss Ada Gaynor, and Bro. M. Smith, our worthy Magazine Agent, may soon do the same thing, as he has been seen of late meandering towards East Los Angeles.

Quite a number of promotions have been made of late. Bro. F. Shaffer is running the 103 in Yuma, Bro. Shepardson has the 28 up on the P. I., Bro. Poin Dexter is running the 23 as pusher at Volcano, Bro. Stevens is running the 43 on the Main Line, Bro. Nebro is running the 40 on the Wilmington route and Bro. Taylor was running the 2 at San Pedro, but has now retired from railroad life; the boys were all sorry to see Henry quit, as he was liked very much by us all. Bro. Potter is now running the 2, Bro. Grant is day and Bro. Jaquay night hostler; Bro. Moore has been running the 32 on construction, but met with a mishap a few days ago while backing up with his train, the sand blowing at the time he went out to give the guide cups a little more

feed. He stepped down on the outside guide, when his foot slipped and was caught between the crosshead key and the gland stud, but luckily his foot turned over on one side; the corner of the key went through his foot just back of the small toes, breaking the bone of the second toe, making a very painful wound, but he is doing very well now, and he wishes me to state that he is under many obligations to Mr. Jas. Velsir, W. M., Bros. Stevens, Grant, Burnham, Smith, Fruit, Lowrey, Silvernail and in fact all the members of the Lodge, and to Mr. M. Nugent, Mr. Pierce, engineer 41, Tuscan Division, and Mr. Conner for their many kindnesses to him while disabled.

As it will soon be time for the Grand Lodge to meet again, there is one thing that all delegates should look to. Brothers, you all know who has made our noble Order what is it—who has stood by the old ship when she was about to sink forever; who has worked day and night for us; who has talked to us when we were about to lose our charter on account of a few black-legs. Where would we be to-day were it not for that noble-souled man, our true and tried friend, Samuel M. Stevens. Bear in mind, brothers, when we lose him we lose our standard-bearer.

Our worthy Master, Chas. Elton, and his stoker, Bro. Smith, are proud of their new ten-wheeler, the 45; also Bro. Sharp has a new ten-wheeler, the 49, both "McQueen's."

Speaking of black-legs, sneaks and scoundrels, we have just expelled one of the deepest dye. When he joined the Lodge he did not have enough money to pay his initiation fee, and Bro. Moore went his security. Not long after joining he went to New Mexico, and after learning his address down there Bro. Fruit, to whom he owed money, wrote to him and in reply to same the black-leg said that he did not owe Bro. Fruit and that he would not pay it, and then went on to abuse the brothers here by calling them vile names, when the brothers had never even laid a straw in his way. Thomas Gray is his name, and I now warn all brothers in the South against him as a living sneak, a man devoid of worth, principle and honor. There should by right be set apart for such scabs a little island about 100 miles from main land, where they could get nothing but stale bread and see no one but "beats." We can't be too careful in examining into the character of men who wish to join our Order, but the oldest Lodges get beat sometimes.

The boys here are having a hard time

now. The Company have filled up all their bins with Carbin Hill coal and several of the boys have given out firing it, and several are talking about quitting, and I am afraid we will lose some of our old brothers. It is all fine as powder and full of dirt and even rocks. Fire it ten miles, where an engine has to work hard, and the fire-box will be full up to the arch and the ash pan will also be full. Nice coal to fire where it is 120° in the shade. The track will be well ballasted in a short time with ashes.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Fair and Festival.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, May 21, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

You recollect that we gave an entertainment to our lady friends, who so kindly presented us with a beautiful set of officers' and members' regalia. That event elicited so much comment among our citizens that we decided to give a fair to further enlist their sympathy. We have had an unusual number of sick and injured to take care of, and as a consequence we felt that our treasury must be reimbursed. The fair was organized with Bro. Harry Walton as general superintendent; Samuel Drinkhouse, assistant superintendent; E. H. Knowles, secretary; F. Dupell, treasurer; C. H. Maul, ticket office; J. Leslie, doorkeeper; J. Worrell, shooting gallery; F. Roberts, ice cream stand, and many other brothers serving in the different capacities. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags from the United States arsenal, and with evergreens. We had in competition two gold watches, each valued at \$150; one boy's silver watch, value \$18; a cabinet organ, value \$110; a walnut secretary, value, \$25; breech loading fowling piece, value, \$45; a barber's chair, with a patent tilt up, lay down, pay cash or get fired out arrangement, value, \$45; two china chamber sets, one handsome china moss rose tea set, several toilet sets, pin-cushions, etc. Among the articles to be chanced off were a handsome walnut chamber suit, two spring rocking chairs, walnut extension table, walnut secretary, and a large number of smaller and fancy articles. The successful contestants were Mr. John Tate and Mr. Thomas McEllhone, who each won a gold watch valued at \$150; Bertie Walton the silver watch, value, \$18; Violet Knowles, a handsome walnut cabinet organ, value, \$110; Mrs. Theodore Huntley the walnut secretary, value, \$25; Mrs. Charles Tay-

lor the moss rose tea set; Mrs. Charles Maul and Mrs. Clara Downton each a china chamber set; Bro. William Johnson the breech loading fowling piece, and George Hambacker the barber's chair. In the line of chances, Bro. C. H. Maul won the walnut secretary, Bro. George Miller a handsome walnut clock, and Mrs. T. Young a tidy. The fair was opened at 8 o'clock on the eve of May 10 with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Mingus, an address by our worthy Master, and music by the band; then the fun began. Amidst the merry hum of voices could be heard the exclamations "I have won it," "I have the number," "Take another chance," "Buy a paddle, only two left," "I have a book of chances on—", or "I am assisting Mr. or Mrs. — in a contest for—", interspersed with the crack of the rifles in the shooting gallery, showing that Bro. J. Worrell was busy in his department, while the rattle of the ice cream saucers told of Bro. Frank Roberts' activity. At times the noise would rise and fall like the waves at sea; first a calm and then a sudden outburst, as some one struck luck or met defeat. Quite a number of ladies patronized the shooting gallery. I had the pleasure of shooting with one, who just missed the bull's eye by one-half an inch twice out of three shots. As for the targets, the boys made havoc with them, putting the balls so close to the center that twice during the fair they had to be renewed. The Rebecca's well was at the entrance to the shooting gallery, and it did a good business; it was presided over by Miss Schrider, who served the lemonade in good style. Mrs. Maul, chairman of the ladies' aid, presided at the confectionery stand, assisted by Mrs. Booz, Miss Knepley, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Huntley, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Young, and the two Misses Griffith. We were visited by Hamilton Lodge, No. 596, I. O. O. F., and Mantua Council, No. 83, Jr., O. U. A. M. Others promised to come, but failed to do so. They missed a good deal of fun, as all present seemed to have a good time. We had no disturbance, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell. To the ladies who so graciously lent their presence and assistance, and to the visitors who came and contributed so liberally, we extend our thanks. The fair closed Saturday night, May 19. It was a pleasant affair throughout, and a financial success as well.

Yours truly,

C. H. M., No. 75.

St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., July, 1880.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is very seldom we see anything about Lodge 43, one of the best Lodges of our Order. Three new members were duly initiated into our circle yesterday and two applications received. Our Lodge has increased to nearly one hundred members. We are making arrangements to secure a larger hall and our arrangements are about completed. Two withdrawal cards were issued yesterday, one to Bro. Haag and the other to Bro. Sullivan, the former to join Lodge 107. In them we have lost two good members. Bro. Haag is a good, honest, upright young man and has the best wishes of our Order; Bro. Sullivan has done more for Lodge 43 than any other member. His name is familiar with you, I presume, having been our Magazine Agent until quite recently; he also held the office of Recording Secretary. Good luck to Bro. Sullivan and may prosperity attend you, is the wish of Lodge 43. There are six different railroads running into St. Joseph and they are all duly represented at our Lodge. Quite a number of our boys, who have been experts with the scoop, are now on the right hand side. On the St. Joseph & Western, a branch of the Union Pacific, I might give you the names of Alvin Patterson, Gill Porter, J. D. Wright, Joseph Grollment and C. B. Baker, all good men, who have taken upon themselves the responsibilities of engineers. As this is my first attempt to write for our family Magazine, I will close. E. H.

A Booming Lodge.

EMPORIA, KAS., July 11, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

For the first time since my admission into the Order do I request a little space in the Magazine. I feel that the Magazine should contain a little matter from a Lodge that is blooming as is Emporia Lodge, No. 53. Said Lodge is almost three years old, and from the first has been all that could be desired. We are rapidly increasing our membership, being careful to admit only those who are entitled to a place among the tried and true. There is some talk among the boys of giving our first annual ball some time this fall, and as Emporia is blessed with lots of good looking girls, I know it will be with success.

I hear some talk of Bro. Joe hanging up the shovel and the pick, only to take the other side. Success.

We tried a new plan with our goat last meeting; got it from Peck's bad boy. Put pepper on his moustache, and the result was that the goat came out ahead. We are going to try another plan next meeting; going to put hair oil in his beer. Bro. Bob thinks he will be a little more genteel. How is it, Bob? For fear that I am taking up too much space, I will close by saying that so far as I have gone into the B. of L. F. I am much pleased with its workings, and hope the good work will go on until it embraces all the firemen in the United States and Canadas, so that when they are called from the footboard of the engine, their families will not be left unprovided. So, with best wishes and hope for the Brotherhood in the future, I remain,

Fraternally, MACK.

From the Republic of Mexico.

SILAO, MEXICO, May 23, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The hearts of all the employees of the Mexican Central railway and community in general of the city of Silao were saddened yesterday morning, when the wires flashed the terrible details of a wreck, which caused almost instant death to Engineer Bro. Victor Berna, in charge of engine No. 29, pulling freight train No. 4, between Lagos and Silao. The circumstances are as follows:

Bro. Berna left Lagos at 2:15 a. m., bound south, and after proceeding about twenty-seven miles ran onto a bridge, recently blocked up, preparatory to having new iron girders substituted for the wooden stringers; a heavy rain had fallen during the night, and the stream at the base of the mountain became suddenly swollen, rushed down with terrific force, and swept away the blocking, leaving only the rails and cross ties, connected by fish plates. On this frail structure, twenty feet above the river bottom, came the locomotive, with its precious engineer, without warning to prevent the awful plunge to certain destruction in the blackest darkness of this stormy night. Poor Berna was caught between the boiler head and there held fast by the trucks of the tank, crushing his legs in the most shocking manner, and showing deep wounds on his head by concussion against the boiler head rivets. Bro. Berna has lately been promoted to the position of engineer on this road, the position won by his meritorious conduct while in the employ of this company. Bro. Berna was a faithful employee, loved and es-

teemed by all who came in contact with him. A man among men, a loving husband and father, and a brother of high standing in his Lodge, No. 47, Chicago, Illinois.

Bro. Berna's remains were followed today to the cemetery of Silao by a large concourse of weeping friends and associates, and placed, according to custom of this country, in a niche, there to rest until removed to the United States after a period of five years. The funeral arrangements were made by Conductor Gil. Ashman, and funeral service by the kind-hearted and Christian missionary, Rev. S. P. Craver, of the Guanajuato circuit, assisted by Mrs. Craver and other American ladies of this place. May our dear brother rest in peace.

Fraternally yours, H. E. STEWART.

A Deed of Heroism.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., May 17, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

During Grand Instructor Stevens' recent trip to the Pacific Coast, and while riding on my engine, he impressed me so strongly by his earnest manner of the necessity of some members from each Lodge contributing occasionally to the columns of our Magazine, by that reminding me of the fact that No. 97 has not been so well represented in that respect as the intelligence of many of her members would warrant us to expect. According to my promise to Bro. Stevens, I therefore lay down for a few moments the "soft hammer" and monkey-wrench to wrestle with that mightier weapon than the sword—the pen—and by that means try to occupy your attention for a short time with a few notes regarding Orange Grove Lodge No. 97 and the conduct of a Brotherhood man at a time when the bravest held their breath.

The foundation of our Lodge was laid in the Firemen's International Union, at which time it numbered about ten members, but was merged into this glorious Brotherhood upon the consolidation of the two Orders, since which time our growth has been steady, yet not so fast as to be unhealthy, but has developed into a sound Lodge of forty-five members, among whom are to be found many model men, who prove by their example in word and deed the divine principles of our Order, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Of such brothers we justly feel proud and appreciate them the more from the fact that we are not altogether free from careless, uninterested ones, but that

we expect, as the busiest hive, has also its drones. Financially our condition is excellent, as there are funds enough in the treasury to enable us to meet any reasonable emergency that may arise. The first annual ball given under the auspices of No. 97, B. of L. F., was a decided success in every particular, socially, pecuniarily and morally. It netted to the Lodge about \$200, which amount so elated some of the brothers that they were anxious to declare a dividend. In connection with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers we have rented and furnished handsomely a new hall, each Order bearing equally the expense of the same. So, with money in the treasury and no indebtedness, we should feel happy. It would be an act of injustice to forget to mention our Worthy Master, Bro. Chas. Elton, to whose efforts more than any one else we are indebted for our present prosperity. The brothers are also "taking time by the fore-lock," as they have already begun to look for an able representative to plead the cause of No. 97 in the next Convention.

It is natural for all mankind to applaud a courageous act, one that requires nerves of steel, and when the principal actor in such a case is one of our own members it assumes to us a double interest. Most of our readers are familiar with the details of the Tehachapi Railroad disaster, as they appeared in the May number of our Magazine. At that trying time Bro. E. L. Newbro proved to the world of what metal our organization is composed. Bro. Newbro is an engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad, but was a passenger on the ill-fated train, returning to his post of duty from a visit to his mother. You will remember that when the sleepers left the track the two rear coaches, containing many passengers, became in some manner disconnected from the sleeping cars, and continued in that frightful race to death down that terrible grade. Let any of my readers imagine, if they can, the speed of a runaway train and themselves as occupants of the cars on such a declivity (the steepest, I believe, on any standard guage road in the world), with thirty-five miles yet to be traversed, and scarcely a half mile of it straight track, but a succession of curves, including the world famous "Loop," and nearly all of the curves of a radius of ten degrees, already at such a high rate of speed that the long, heavy sleeping cars were not able to pass around them, but were lying splintered to atoms with their load of precious human freight, mangled and torn, scattered

down the mountain side, and from which the lurid flames were leaping heavenward claiming as victims those who were not yet killed, only imprisoned in the debris. The cries of agony from those poor mortals met with no response, save the crackling of the flames made fiercer by the cold January winds whistling through the solemn pines as it swept the bleak mountain side. But what became of the other cars you ask? Did a similar fate befall them? No, there was a brave heart and stout arm that knew no danger when duty called. He had been asleep, but was awakened by the surging of the cars as they dashed around the curves. In an instant he realized the worst, and without a second's pause he started for the brakes. Every one else was paralysed with fear, but he shrunk not. Every second of time, every revolution of the wheels was that much nearer death. When he began to apply the brakes no one can tell the awful momentum the train had acquired, but as he tightened on the levers the speed began to slacken more and more, till at last every wheel was still, the train was stopped and all were saved. Did he stop? No, there was still more for him to do. Human souls were ascending heavenward on those fiery tongues so far up the mountain, till they looked as if painted against the sky. Onward he sped on his errand of mercy till the awful scene was reached. God grant that he may never be called upon to witness such another. Here and there among the blackened embers could be seen a white skull gleaming through an iron network of rods, levers, etc., while human trunks without limbs were still smouldering, that only a few short moments before had been living beings like ourselves, capable of thinking and reasoning, who were perhaps dreaming of those just left behind, of the farewells said a few hours before, little thinking it was their last; that their awakening would be on that unknown shore. Such scenes greeted his eyes, as gazing on that horrible sight he stood rooted to the spot till the wintry winds bore to his ear the moans of the wounded coming from the blackness below. He then set himself to work caring for those unfortunates, carrying them from the wreck to places of shelter and building fires, as all of those rescued were in their night clothes and the wind was keen with several inches of snow on the ground. Help having arrived and the injured being cared for, he turned his attention to the express and baggage cars, saving from them much valuable property. I am glad

to add, his services were recognized by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Company, as he was presented with a full set of shirt jewelry, sleeve buttons, studs and collar buttons, all of solid gold, with his initial N on a raised surface. The present was accompanied by a very complimentary letter from J. J. Valentine, General Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co. Hoping my letter will not occupy too much space for publication, as I think such deeds of Brotherhood men should be published, thereby "honor given to whom honor is due." Fraternalty yours,

BARON.

A Happy Time.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., May 23, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Seldom has there been a happier crowd of young people gathered together than there was at the quadrille party given by the members of Challenge Lodge No. 66, B. of L. F., on Monday evening last. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Odd Fellows' Assembly Rooms were comfortably filled by the firemen and their friends. Dancing was commenced early in the evening, the music being furnished by the Odd Fellows' Quadrille Band. At midnight the company repaired to Dicken's restaurant, where supper was prepared. After having supplied the wants of the inner man dancing was resumed. The enjoyment of the evening was made more attractive by a recitation from Mr. A. McFee and songs by Messrs. Rooney, S. Sheehan, J. Sheehan, Cavenagh and others. After having spent a very pleasant evening the company dispersed at half-past 4 o'clock.

COMMITTEEMAN.

Lafayette, Ind.

LAFAYETTE, IND., May 23, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Thinking perhaps a few lines concerning some of the boys of No. 36 would be of interest to some of your readers, I take this opportunity of writing to you.

"Married," at St. Boniface Church, May 7, our ex-Secretary, Bro. P. Leindecker, to Miss Amelia Lehnan. The bride is a most estimable lady, residing in our city, and Bro. Leindecker has gained a prize he may well feel proud of. The groom is one of our best and hardest working members, he having the good of the Order fully at heart. After spending the day very pleasantly in riding about the city, the happy couple was tendered a reception at their future home in the

southern part of the city, which was a very enjoyable affair.

Bro. Wm. McDonald, one of the most whole-souled boys that ever put a fire in a fire box, is at present running a switch engine on the L., N. A. & O. He is always to be seen with a smile on his face, and is one of the most punctual members in attending our meetings, the attraction on South Sixth street to the contrary notwithstanding. From what we can learn, we may have the opportunity to chronicle the same event for him in the near future that we have for Bro. Leindecker.

Bro. Ed. Conners, who is running a "Hog" on the W., St. L. & P., took a short leave of absence lately and was around shaking hands with his many friends, and he has them by the score, for Ed. is a good one in every respect.

Bro. W. Daniel is holding down the left-hand side of engine 211, doing local work between this place and Tilton, Ill. He has one of the finest runs in this part of the country, and the work seems to agree with him, as he pulls down the scales at about 220 pounds.

Bro. Wm. Willoughby, our worthy and efficient Financier, seems to be the right man in the right place, and it is our opinion that the members made a good selection when they elected him to the office. He is at present book-keeper for a firm dealing in coal and wood, and is always to be found at his post of duty, where he will give a member his receipt for his dues or an assessment with as much pleasure, seemingly, as to take an order for a ton of coal or cord of wood. He is working for the good of the Order, heart and hand, and, from all appearances, his work will show for itself in a very short time. At any rate it is the general opinion among the members of 36 that the Lodge is better off financially than she has been for some time.

As this is my first attempt at writing for the Magazine, I hope you will take the communication in the "back shop," so to speak, and overhaul it, looking over all errors and putting it in such shape that it will present a readable appearance.

MORE ANON.

New Lodge at Palestine.

PALESTINE, TEXAS, May 31, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

You are now, after commencing, reading of a biblical place, but the Jerusalem is found in our noble little Order. Well, there was, some few years ago, a B. of L. F. Lodge organized here, but on account

of the members being sent to distant parts of the road, a quorum was not to be had at any price; so those that could be corresponded with agreed it was best to give up all the property and money on hand to the Grand Lodge, which was accordingly done. Well, here died the first attempt to keep up a Lodge. A few years rolled on, and new firemen were put on the road. While at their duties a Brotherhood man would come along once in a while, and it got so that many came along traveling to see Texas and her great muddy sights. It started those poor fellows to thinking, and they made a run or two to Galveston, to Longview, to Dennison, and it opened their eyes to see how friendly all were. At last news came from San Antonio that Instructor S. M. Stevens was there, and had organized a Lodge. Immediately Bro. C. Plummer, of No. 70, wrote for instructions, and opened a list to the best men on the road. The list was handed to only those that were known, and some fifteen signed. Well, interest lagged; some of the signers left, and the list dwindled down. Some got tired, and went to Galveston, San Antonio and Dennison, and were admitted. One Bro. Mott took hold of the list and called a meeting on a Sunday and explained the objects, the principles and the benefits of the Order. On the following Sunday the good work went on, signers coming in at every preliminary meeting, until at the last meeting, it was understood in plain language to put up \$5 apiece. We got the necessary amount (\$60), and sent for the permission to organize, and there came a commission to Bro. Mott to organize the Lodge, but not under the name we wished. The members wanted the name of E. V. Debs to No. 156, but that constitutional bashful nature of E. V. D. would not sanction it. April 6, 1883, was the appointed day to unfurl to the choice and eagerous the banner of "Neches Lodge, No. 156." At an early hour Bros. Wm. Motter, of No. 8, H. L. Byron, of No. 54, C. H. Murry, of No. 43, W. E. Mott, of No. 21, regularly initiated eighteen members, under the motto of "B. S. and I." After election and installation, the Deputy Organizer and Instructor submitted No. 156 to the care of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Bro. F. M. Ward, our Magazine Agent, on the spot commenced "button-holing" for the organ, and by the next evening had fifty subscribers. We charge fifty cents for non-attendance, providing the members are in. The Lodge returns

thanks to the above named members for their worthy assistance. There is quite a number of applications to be considered at our meeting to-morrow. The Lodge is composed of first class men; good, hard, earnest workers, and our Financier we have under bond for \$100. Let me say that should you happen to meet any member of 156, you will find him posted in the work. Our latch string is hanging out to those that are worthy and posted. The 250 Magazines are all distributed and read with derousing avidity. Well, I don't want to put you too far "down in the corner," but I can't help but let you have a bit of the "fireman's notch;" yet you can hook her up for

UNCLE DOOLEY.

A Plea for Temperance.

SEDALIA, Mo., May 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is with pleasure that we can write to our Magazine, not for an idle pleasure, but rather for self-improvement and to do good to those about us. There are many subjects that present themselves to us, and therefore let us at all times help the Magazine along by advocating the principles of the Brotherhood. Have we not every reason to be proud of our organization? Has it not stood the test? Is not the outlook promising, and are not the future prospects decidedly flattering? Ours is benevolence, and there alone rests the strength that will support us for all time. Though many enemies assail us, if we are true to the principles of our Order we shall prosper despite all their attacks. I would ask if many of our brethren do not make a fatal error in remarking: "If I had the opportunities that such a one has, I would accomplish something." Now, we can all improve every opportunity. Knowledge never was acquired by silence. Therefore, never despise an opportunity. Let us resolve that henceforth we as firemen will try and improve every opportunity given us to qualify ourselves for important trusts. Again, I believe at present many members do not know what our constitutional rules are, and many are led into trouble innocently. Now, there is not one true member of the Brotherhood that need feel ashamed to study our constitution; on the contrary, it should be their pride to investigate it thoroughly. And if each and every one will only maintain these rules, and live up to the standard they have made, they will not lack for friends or success. Let us, by all means, adhere

to our fundamental rules and requirements, and insist upon a strict observance of all our rules in conducting our affairs, trusting to a proper recognition of our merits for our final success. Again, duty compels me to call your particular attention to the evils of intemperance. Our constitution prohibits it. It is unnecessary for me to portray the evils of intemperance as applied to all classes of people. They are so apparent and fearful that a man with the least intelligence cannot help but see that it is the great curse of mankind. It causes more misery and costs more money than any other evil, or all others combined, and it has no redeeming qualities to palliate or recommend it in any form. My purpose is to try and impress the minds of our fellow members with the great advantages they can gain by being able to say: "Every member of our Brotherhood is a strictly temperate man." It would be one of the highest recommendations for each and every one of us as an organization. It would be a virtue no man could condemn. It would prevent and stop the disgrace that good men feel by being associated with intemperate men. It would confer an honor that many of our members deserve. And, finally, our organization cannot reap the full objects it is working for in any other way. Firemen must be temperate men, and the organization has a right to demand of our members a strict conformity with the rules established for sobriety.

GEORGE H. SMITH.

Orange Blossoms.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., May 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

One more Car(r) added to our rolling stock. It is with feelings of good-will and pleasure that we note the marriage of Bro. John Carr, of No. 59 one of the Order's most energetic workers, who represented his Lodge at the Boston convention, to Miss Mollie C. Dale, daughter of Mr. Robert Dale, of South Pueblo, on Monday evening, May 14. Since attending the convention of '81 Bro. Carr has received the promotion he has so honestly earned and richly deserved and now pulls the throttle on engine 222 on the D. & R. G., between Pueblo and Salida. The bride was one of South Pueblo's most charming beauties and had a host of friends of both sexes, who assembled on this occasion to give the young couple a good "send off" as they start in life. Bro. Jerry Sullivan, a true scion of the green mountain, and Mrs. Maggie Hig-

gins, sister of the bride, performed the parts of grooms-man and brides-maid with a grace and ease that showed them to be no novices in affairs of this kind.

The ceremony was performed at precisely 8:30, by Rev. Father Holland, of St. Ignatius Catholic church, in the beautiful parlor of Mr. Dale's spacious residence, immediately after which a beautiful wedding supper was partaken of in a manner that showed the newly wedded pair to have many friends, and after supper merry music and graceful dancing kept the party in good spirits until dewy morn. We would also state that Bro. John Sullivan graced the occasion with some very fine singing.

Bro. and Mrs. Carr took the Pacific Express for Salt Lake City at 7 a. m. and their departure was witnessed by a host of friends. They will return in a few weeks and take up their residence in South Pueblo, where they intend to make their future home.

The Magazine wishes them a long and prosperous life, one never darkened by the shadows of adversity and filled with happiness and comfort. The following is a list of the presents, all of which were neat and many elegant and costly:

One large bronze and alabaster French clock; one large silver water pitcher and goblet, both presented by Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, B. of L. F.

Silver milk ptecher, Miss Katie Tammany. Toilet set, Miss Nellie Kelley.

One set cabinet picture frames, Miss J. M. Dickson.

One dozen napkins, Mrs. A. B. Gutshall.

One dozen napkins, Mrs. K. Wildeboor.

Copy of Owen Meredith's "Lucile," Mrs. J. A. Hill.

Field glass and ebony work box, Frank Tammany, cousin of the bride.

One silver dinner caster, Mr. and Mrs. William Lee.

One silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. Dolan.

One silver cake basket, Mr. and Mrs. Buckley.

One silver card receiver, Mrs. G. Crater.

Silver sugar spoon, Miss Libbie Powell.

One silver pickle dish, Mr. and Mrs. Joe. Miller.

Vase and bouquet, Miss Kate Moran.

Silver cake basket and bouquet, Miss L. Graham.

Silver fruit basket, Hugh and Thomas Gallagher.

Dressing case, Mrs. Mary Tammany.

One dozen solid silver spoons, Wm. and J. Salter.

One set silver napkin rings, E. B. Mays.

Butter knife and spoon in case, Miss B. Naylor.

Silver spoon holder, J. L. Mathis.

Silver sugar bowl, D. H. Davis.

Toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

One silver dinner caster, T. J. O'Connor and N. S. O'Rourke.

One set silver preserve spoons, Harry E. Young.

Individual caster, Jas. Morrow.

Silver preserve dish, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow.

One silver sugar bowl and set of spoons,
Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Ed. Home.
Bed spread and pair towels, Mrs. Gallagher.
Decorated chamber set, Mrs. John Tam-
many.

Toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Miles.
Silver sugar spoon, Frankie Tammany.
One case of Mumm's extra dry champagne,
James Tammany.

And last, amid much merriment, a plain
broom, was presented by Miss Lizzie A. Gra-
ham, with the following inscription attached,
DEAR MOLLIE—To you on your wedding
day,

This present I would send,
In sunshine use the bush part—
In storms the other end.

Toledo, Ohio.

TOLEDO, O., June 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

While in Toledo, a few Sundays ago, your correspondent was invited by Bro. Frank Welliver to attend the meeting of No. 142, which invitation I gladly accepted, and was considerably surprised to find the members of No. 142 all so well versed in the workings of our Brotherhood. To tell the facts of the matter, almost too well posted for me, but I got there at last. With Bro. C. E. Whipple as Master, Bro. Charles Bloomfield as Vice Master, Bro. Al. Haynes, Past Master, Bro. Allen, Chaplain, Bro. F. Welliver, Secretary, and Bro. Will Nesper, Financier, they had a nice meeting, admitting three candidates, and, of course, adding three new subscribers to our excellent Magazine. They have for the present arranged with Corn City Division, No. 4, B. of L. E., to use their elegantly furnished hall, in which to hold their meetings, and by the way, this is one of the most beautifully furnished Lodge rooms in the State of Ohio. The various roads running into Toledo are about all represented among the Whipples. Should you ever meet the boys of 142, you will find every man the embodiment of all the principles of our Order.

I hope that I may soon meet the members of 142 or the members of any Lodge. I shall be too happy to take them up and introduce them to their big sister, No. 50, whose other name is Garden City, and I can guarantee them a hearty welcome. She ain't stuck up because she's big.

Fraternally yours,

KOLEY.

"WOMEN are so contrary," said Blobbs; "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me."



JNO. SHARP, of No. 20, is firing on the Dakota Central.

THEY say that Frank Nebergall feels better since the R. R. picnic.

A FOURTEEN pound boy in the family of Bro. Stewart Jones is the newest from No. 13.

BROS. HOGAN and Reynolds, of Stuart Lodge, are the handy boys with boxing gloves.

NOTHING pleases No. 28's Sullivan better than to call at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Bonner.

CUPID caught H. L. Nichols, of No. 130. He led one of Milwaukee's fairest daughters to the altar recently.

Two new Jumbos are presided over by Bro. Robinson (or Toodles, as we call him) and Bro. O. L. Baker, of No. 121.

THE Trinity boys, especially Captain O'Malley, feel highly flattered with the attentions Bro. Harry Keler shows them.

SOME people think it is a difficult feat to turn a somersault on a horse or a tight rope, but Sullivan, of 28, says he can turn on steam.

BRO. JAS. McMURRAY, Tyler, Texas, member of No. 45, has a 11 pound fireman at his house. The father is doing well. "Wreckon."

JOHN L. PRAIME, Financier of 115, is the right man in the right place. He is very zealous in the good work, so the boys of his Lodge say.

THE members of Capital Lodge No. 46 tender their sincere sympathy to Bro. Chas. Sauer in the loss of his mother, who died June 14.

CHAS. E. CLARK, of Hand in Hand Lodge, has been deservedly promoted to the right side. The boys are glad to see Bro. Clark at the front.

THE members of North Western Lodge No. 82, hereby return thanks to Bro. Harry Abbott for a fine picture which he presented to the Lodge.

ONE more for No. 57. I think it must be a sweet-land; 10½ pounds; doing well. Fitchburg is a good place to live, said one Wheaton; its a boy also.

ALTHOUGH he is no drinking man, Bro. A. R. Bonner, of No. 28, is heavy "got." He fell from a box car 237 pounds worth and was badly shaken up.

BUSINESS is brisk in the Northwest. Bro. Thos. Mea, of No. 82, has just been married to Miss Lillie Hughes.

BECAUSE Pat Sullivan, of North Platte, turned a cow into a meadow the other day, he considers himself something of a magician. What next, Pat?

OWING to the promotion of Bro. E. Murray, of No. 131, he was obliged to resign his position as Financier. He is succeeded by G. M. Ratcliff, another good one.

THE Financier of the largest Lodge in the Order, Bro. J. C. Edwards, of No. 57, has taken a permanent lien on the right side of his engine. May success attend him.

MEMBERS of No. 57 who have been promoted to the right hand side. Bros. Edwards, Fowler and Cole, of the Eastern Railroad, and Whitney and Allen, of the B. & A. R.R.

WE record with pleasure the marriages of our brothers, John Scott and George Marshall, of Dominion Lodge No. 67. Our informant failed to furnish the names of the happy fair ones.

BRO. ARTHUR HILL and wife mourn the loss of their two-year-old boy, Arthur Thomas, who died Friday May 25 and was buried the following Saturday. Bro. Hill is the Financier of No. 154.

THE popular Financier, of No. 36, W. H. Willoughby, has gone into the coal business. We hope that he may live to see many cold winters, in which to supply the citizens of Lafayette with fuel.

THE Magazine Agent of No. 83, by name J. H. Smith, has captured one of Waco's fairest daughters. The brothers of No. 83 wish him the same success in married life that he had in running a locomotive.

BRO. MCCALLUM, of No. 54, has got his old passenger run back again; Bro. Price has been promoted and Bro. Hamilton made the quickest time on record on June 28. The above named are all Moberly boys.

MARRIED.—S. A. Williamson, of No. 54, to Miss May McMannamy June 20, 1883. The young people went to Perry, Iowa, where they will make their future home. They take with them the best wishes of the B. of L. F.

QUITE a brigade of No. 13's boys has laid down the scoop and taken the throttle in hand. Among others are Bros. T. E. Kelton, W. H. Warman, Jos. Ragen, Geo. Hull, S. Jones, Nick Sheridan and A. E. Goodwin.

AFTER an illness of two months with a broken limb, Bro. A. C. Huestis, of No. 6, is able to be out again. The boys are all glad to see him among them.

ON the 30th day of May Bro. H. D. Bell, of No. 83, took a life partner. The fortunate lady was Miss Jennie Maurice, of Ft. Worth. Bro. Bell does not spend so much time cleaning his engine now, for he is always in a hurry to get home.

THE members of No. 13 desire to return thanks to Bro. G. W. Lewis for the efficient manner in which he acted as Magazine Agent. Bro. Lewis, on account of delicate health, has gone to Europe. We all wish him a pleasant trip and safe return.

MARTIN WHELAN, of No. 28, has returned to North Platte after a visit to Jersey City, bringing with him one of her fairest lilies. He wishes to return thanks to the brothers all along the line for favors shown him, particularly to Bro. Delaney, of No. 50.

BRO. HOWARD E. STEWART, of Lodge No. 76, has, by close attention to duty, been rewarded by promotion to the right hand side of the No. 11, yard engine, and gives entire satisfaction in the discharge of this new duty, as Yardmaster Murray often asserts. He is stationed at Silao, Old Mexico.

BRO. C. W. SHEFFER, the genial and energetic Magazine Agent of Protection Lodge, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 7th of July to Miss Mamie Simmonds, one of Eldon's fairest of fair ones. The members of Protection Lodge all join in wishing them a happy journey through life.

THE members of Trinity Lodge No. 83 desire to return thanks to Mesdames O'Malley, Gaynor, Bell, Rooney and Foster for their kind assistance rendered on the occasion of their ball, and in particular to the first named lady for a fine cake, which was raffled off for a handsome sum in benefit of the Lodge.

Kansas City Lodge, No. 74, wishes to extend thanks to the following persons for favors shown at the burial of Bro. Frank Woolery: Mr. H. K. Bates, D. M. M., Ft. Scott; W. R. Gibbs, of Division 81, B. L. E.; Bro. H. L. Coppers, of No. 78, B. L. F.; Conductors Griffin and Pully, of the Missouri Pacific Railway; Rev. N. M. Ragland, of the M. E. Church; Miss Waring, for handsome wreaths with B. L. F. monogram; Mr. Chas. Neal and Geo. Hermiling, of Ft. Scott, and Division 81, B. L. E., for their letter of condolence.

Firemen's Department.

AMUSEMENTS.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Fort Worth Democrat.

The grand ball given last night at the Germania Hall by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was one of the most successful and pleasant affairs of the season. The management deserve great credit for the manner in which everything was conducted. All the attendants spoke well of the floor managers for having everything so well arranged for the pleasure and comfort of those interested in the dance. Ice cream and lemonade were as free as water and was very liberally dealt out until all had a sufficiency. The boys behaved as perfect gentlemen in every instance and the Democrat might add that they might set an example to some of our very high-toned-never-work young men whose delight in making themselves conspicuous on such occasions. Railroad men are hard customers at times, but their conduct last night showed plainly that under the proper influence—ladies society—they were as gentlemanly and courteous as any other fraternity. About two hundred persons were in attendance and were well and comfortably dressed for the occasion. Among the many ladies present the Mrs. John Hodges, Mrs. Charles George, Mrs. Homer Bell, Miss Suter, Miss Emma Russell, Miss Dora Bronson, the Misses Coppage and many others unknown to the writer. The boys should give like entertainments whenever they can, as they serve to elevate the morals and instill into the minds of the participants a desire to gain knowledge of the rules of aestheticism.

Notice to Financiers.

This is to notify you that there will be no death assessment issued for the month of August, there being a sufficient surplus in the treasury to meet all claims. Lodges having delinquent members on their rolls may make their returns on such delinquents, as the usual returns are made between September 1st and 10th. A statement must be made of delinquents paying up, giving their names and the amount paid opposite each name.

Only one statement will be received from each Lodge, and that should reach the Grand office on or before September 10th, thus enabling delinquents to reinstate themselves without waiting until the returns for the August assessment are made.

There being no assessments for July and August each Lodge should endeavor to pay up all delinquencies before the convention.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE NOTICE.

Subordinate Lodges are hereby notified that the quarterly report of the G. S. & T. for the quarter ending May 31, and also the semi-annual and quarterly pass-words, taking effect July 1, have been sent to all Lodges. Any Lodge having failed to receive the quarterly report or the pass-words will at once notify the Secretary of the Grand Lodge. Notice is also given that there will be no beneficiary assessment for July, there being a sufficient surplus in the treasury to pay all outstanding claims. EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., July 1, 1888.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending June 31, 1888:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 25 and 26.	Assess'ts 27 and 28.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 25 and 26.	Assess'ts 27 and 28.	Total.
1		\$31 00		\$31 00	66	\$2 00	\$39 00		\$41 00
2	\$8 00	15 00		23 00	67	17 00	56 00		73 00
3	1 00	115 00		116 00	68	5 00	24 00		29 00
4	8 00	23 00		31 00	69	2 00	33 00		35 00
5	2 00	17 00		19 00	70	17 00	22 00		39 00
6	25 00	9 00	\$2 00	36 00	71	11 00	29 00		40 00
7					72	2 00	69 00		71 00
8	10 00	26 00		36 00	73	10 00	33 00		43 00
9	17 00	14 00		31 00	74	4 00	37 00		41 00
10	10 00	43 00		53 00	75	16 00	83 00		99 00
11		73 00		73 00	76	9 00	17 00		26 00
12	32 00	77 00		109 00	77	41 00	66 00		107 00
13	1 00	71 00		72 00	78		55 00		55 00
14		77 00		77 00	79	2 00	30 00		32 00
15	2 00	38 00		40 00	80				
16	10 00	108 00		118 00	81	19 00	16 00		35 00
17	7 00	26 00		33 00	82	22 00	52 00		74 00
18	1 00	28 00		29 00	83	2 00	44 00		46 00
19					84		45 00		45 00
20	9 00	34 00		43 00	85				
21	8 00	50 00		58 00	86	8 00	56 00		66 00
22	7 00	32 00		39 00	87	14 00	16 00		30 00
23	2 00	20 00		22 00	88		37 00		37 00
24			38 00	38 00	89		50 00		50 00
25	16 00	31 00		47 00	90	4 00		\$11 00	15 00
26		49 00		49 00	91	4 00	31 00		35 00
27		69 00		69 00	92	7 00	4 00		11 00
28	5 00	49 00		54 00	93			32 00	32 00
29	7 00	33 00	34 00	74 00	94	1 00	57 00	58 00	116 00
30	7 00	20 00		27 00	95	24 00	63 00		87 00
31	9 00	56 00		65 00	96			32 00	32 00
32	3 00	30 00		33 00	97	4 00	50 00		54 00
33	2 00	45 00		47 00	98		29 00		29 00
34		36 00		36 00	99	15 00	43 00		58 00
35		24 00		24 00	100	15 00	15 00		30 00
36	2 00	74 00		76 00	101				
37			57 00	57 00	102			25 00	25 00
38	1 00	64 00		65 00	103				
39			50 00	50 00	104	2 00	4 00		6 00
40	1 00	57 00		58 00	105		28 00		28 00
41	3 00			3 00	106			22 00	22 00
42		22 00		22 00	107		21 00		21 00
43			57 00	57 00	108	2 00	10 00		12 00
44	2 00	22 00		24 00	109	15 00	26 00	27 00	68 00
45	20 00	67 00		87 00	110	8 00	17 00		25 00
46	14 00	34 00		48 00	111	6 00	24 00		30 00
47		91 00		91 00	112	4 00	40 00		44 00
48		35 00		35 00	113		19 00		19 00
49	25 00	16 00		41 00	114	2 00	20 00		22 00
50	34 00	51 00		85 00	115		24 00		24 00
51		42 00		42 00	116		27 00		27 00
52	1 00	53 00		54 00	117		43 00		43 00
53					118	5 00	11 00		16 00
54		70 00		70 00	119			17 00	17 00
55	5 00	25 00		30 00	120		28 00		28 00
56	4 00	23 00		27 00	121		20 00		20 00
57	15 00	122 00		137 00	122			34 00	34 00
58		11 00		11 00	123			39 00	39 00
59	1 00	83 00		84 00	124				
60	1 00	64 00		65 00	125	8 00			8 00
61	33 00	71 00		104 00	126				
62	2 00		29 00	31 00	127	1 00	13 00	59 00	73 00
63	12 00	32 00		44 00	128	1 00	12 00		13 00
64	58 00	24 00		82 00	129		24 00		24 00
65	1 00	3 00		4 00	130		23 00		23 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 25 and 26.	Assess'ts 27 and 28.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 25 and 26.	Assess'ts 27 and 28.	Total.
131	...	\$18 00	...	\$18 00	144
132	145
133	\$1 00	17 00	...	18 00	146	\$4 00	\$3 00	...	\$7 00
134	...	20 00	...	20 00	147	1 00	8 00	...	9 00
135	3 00	...	\$29 00	32 00	148
136	...	17 00	...	17 00	149	...	\$25 00	25 00	...
137	...	1 00	...	1 00	150	...	29 00	29 00	...
138	1 00	...	12 00	13 00	151	...	17 00	...	17 00
139	3 00	18 00	20 00	41 00	152	14 00	14 00
140	...	16 00	...	16 00	153	12 00	12 00
141	22 00	22 00	154	12 00	12 00
142	...	22 00	...	22 00	155	1 00	2 00	3 00	6 00
143

Balance on hand June 1 \$1,890 50
 Received during month 5,933 00
 Total \$7,823 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58 and 59 . . . \$3,000 00
 Balance on hand July 1 . . . \$1,823 50
 Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

N. A. AMES.

Our members will be astonished to see the name of N. A. Ames, of Onward Lodge No. 41, added to the scroll of defrauders and dead beats. He has defrauded his Lodge, its members and his creditors, and we are authorized to confer upon him the degree of rascality, sham and fraud.

LOUIS G. WILLAUME.

The name of L. G. Willaume, formerly a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, at Indianapolis, Ind., will be found in the Black List, published as a defrauder of his Lodge. The amount for which this man sold his reputation was \$38.50, which he had collected for Magazines and appropriated to his own use. We understand he is now defaming the Lodge and its members for expelling him, and unless he desists, we will have to show him up.

TO SECRETARIES AND FINANCIERS.

The attention of Secretaries and Financiers is called to the fact that in reporting the admission of members, by card or otherwise, their withdrawal, expulsion, rejection or suspension, the date thereof must be given in each and every instance, as the Grand Lodge is required to keep a record of all such dates. But few of our officers heed this requirement, although we have called their attention to it again and again. We hope this notice may have the desired effect in the matter.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

WM. H. SEYMOUR,

of Pilot Lodge No. 124, Perry, Iowa, died May 18 from injuries received from his engine running over him while repairing the brake rod of the tank. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. Mary J. Seymour.

PATRICK M'CANN,

of Garden City Lodge No. 50, Chicago, Ill., died of measles May 18. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Bridget McCann.

DAVID MORGAN,

of Hercules Lodge No. 63, Danville, Ill., was drowned while bathing in Otter Creek, Vigo county, Ind., May 28. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. Ella J. Morgan.

FRANK WOOLERY,

of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, Kansas City, Mo., was killed by falling under a train on the K. C., F. S. & G. R.R., June 18. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. C. A. Woolery.

ALBERT GETHING,

of Alpha Lodge No. 28, Baraboo, Wis., was killed in a railroad accident on the C. & N. W. R.R., June 27. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Maria Gething.

WM. O'NEAL,

of Industrial Lodge No. 21, South St. Louis, Mo., was killed by his engine leaving the track, on the Kirkwood branch of the Mo. P. R.R., July 4. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neal.

ELIJAH WOOD,

of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, Montreal, Canada, was drowned while bathing, July 1. His policy is payable to Mrs. W. Orton and Mrs. C. Gordon, his sisters.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

SALEM, Mo., June 5, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day from J. C. Herron, Financier of Progress Lodge, No. 105, a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), on the policy of my late son, B. G. Sittler, for which I extend my heartfelt thanks. To the members of Progress Lodge, No. 105, I also return thanks for their attention and kindness to me in time of trouble.

My prayers shall ever be for the prosperity of your Institution, that has cheered so many sorrowing hearts, by kind words and financial aid.

I remain, very gratefully,

Yours.

MARY E. SITTLER.

KIRKVILLE, N. Y., June 22, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to acknowledge the receipt of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), paid me on account of the death of my husband; also to tender you my devout thanks for the benefit you have bestowed upon me.

I also wish to tender my sincere thanks to the members of Lodge No. 120 for their sympathy and assistance at the burial of my husband. I shall ever feel a sincere regard for you, hoping that a special providence may watch over you in time of danger. May God bless the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is the earnest wish of

Your friend.

MRS. HARLOW A. SMITH.

CLINTON, IOWA, June 15, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Clinton Lodge No. 36, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt from your Lodge, at the hands of your Financier, Mr. Joseph Adams, of a draft for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), due me from your

noble association. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for this prompt payment, also for your kind sympathy so cordially extended me in the hour of my deep bereavement, in the loss of my dear son; also, my everlasting thanks are due to Mr. Joseph Adams for kindly acts performed by him to my son; also to the officers and members of Lincoln Lodge, No. 139, I. O. O. F., of Clinton, Iowa, for kindness extended by them to my son and self. May the blessings of a widow's God rest upon you as Lodges and may the Almighty shield you from danger. I remain,

Very respectfully,

KEZIA BREWERTON.

SALEM, Mo., June 5, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day from J. C. Herron, Financier of Progress Lodge, No. 105, a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), on account of the death of my son, B. G. Sittler, for which I extend my heartfelt thanks; also to the members of Progress Lodge for kind attentions to me in my hours of trouble. My prayers shall ever be for the prosperity of your institution. I am very gratefully

Yours,

MARY E. SITTLER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 28, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F.

SIRS: The badge presented to me by the Chairman of your Fair Committee, on behalf of Enterprise Lodge, came to hand on the 18th inst. In accepting the same I would state that I am exceedingly obliged to your members for such a beautiful gift, and will ever retain it as a mark of respect and confidence placed in one who, I am sorry to say, cannot associate with you at your meetings, by reason of my position on the road. I am, however, a member of two Orders that have for their objects the relief of the distressed, and I can heartily sympathize with you in your good work, and hope you may ever retain the confidence that is placed in you by all good citizens. The assistance which I rendered you at your late fair was only for its success. I was much surprised at receiving your gift, and hope that you will ever succeed in any enterprise that you may enter into for the benefit of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F.

Yours truly,

WM. T. RAWLINGS.

CEDAR RAPIDS, June 14, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000) in full payment of certificate held by my brother, A. V. Waxfield, who died Feb. 11, 1883, at Denver City, Colo., and in acknowledging receipt of same I sincerely desire to express to the Brotherhood, through you, my heartfelt thanks for your many acts of kindness extended to my dear brother during his last illness. I feel that I never can repay you, but assure you that my sincere prayer shall ever follow not only you, but all the members of the Brotherhood, and that when death shall overtake any of you, as it has my brother, that you may find as kind and loving hands as he did, to administer to you every want. Again thanking you, I remain

Yours respectfully,

MRS. J. H. SIBLEY.

CHARTER RECLAIMED.

Notice is hereby given that the charter of J. W. Richardson Lodge, No. 104, has been reclaimed by the Grand Lodge, on account of non-payment of assessments.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

H. I. Coffin, of Guide Lodge No. 125, is hereby requested to correspond with his Lodge.

W. A. Morrison, James Murphy, Jerry Mc-Nerney and James Findley, all of No. 108, will please correspond with J. C. McCabe, box 20, Chama, New Mexico.

Wm. Higgins, of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

Bro. Frank Hammill, of No. 26, will please correspond with his Lodge.

We are requested to advertise for one Wm. LeValley, who has been missing since last October. He was a member of Amboy Lodge, No. 35, and when last heard from, was in Kansas City, Mo. In the Newhall House disaster, of Milwaukee, last January, a man by that name was burned and it is supposed that it was he. Any information regarding the above will be thankfully received by Thos. Hinchcliff, Clinton, Ill.

E. M. Robinson, of No. 125, is hereby requested to correspond with his Lodge.

Daniel Thompson, of Welcome Lodge, No. 72, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge. By so doing he will learn something that will be greatly to his interest.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
6	P. B. Scanlon	163
11	Ed. Pyall	
19	H. Seaman	155
33	Wm. Eckerman	137
35	Chas. Stokes	46
35	Titus Hinchcliff	37
36	S. Ettenheimer	45
36	A. C. Pettengill	165
57	C. C. Wilkins	
58	Thomas McNamara	43
61	Ed. Giles	76
65	P. J. Burke	76
66	W. Buckley	84
70	Chas. Thompson	
82	Geo. Sebastian	76
82	Geo. Miller	76
92	R. J. McCook	148
95	J. A. Miller	132
142	S. J. Bell	162
146	P. Voltz	145
117	J. Sheehy	158
117	Geo. Elsie	158
117	Wm. Latham	158
117	Chas. Blanning	158

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
40	Wm. Webster.	150	Jos. Houle.
78	W. W. McDowell.	150	Richard Roe.
137	Ed. C. Godley.		

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
6	Aaron Platt	21
11	Henry Siegfried	13
13	Thomas H. Smith	11
13	E. C. Pyatt	11
16	John Hoggart	16
42	Wm. Sullivan	26
47	R. J. Turnbull	38
47	Wm. Moxam	60
61	J. M. Shlere	64
76	Geo. Sebastian	82
76	Geo. Miller	82
80	Fred. Dewey	101
81	Samuel Fowler	72
81	Thomas Bardsley	76
122	C. H. Miller	111
127	Geo. Sutherland	66
127	H. Lynes	67
127	Samuel Mackintosh	76
140	E. A. Hughes	59
153	Sol Richardson	50
155	Walter Nance	70
163	P. B. Scanlon	6

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
9	John Fleming	Non-payment of dues.
13	John Orstadt	Disgraceful conduct.
15	R. Lang	Non-payment of dues.
15	A. Beckingham	Non-payment of dues.
15	Jas. White	Non-payment of dues.
22	John Phillips	Non-payment of dues.
28	I. C. Moe	Non-payment of dues.
29	E. C. Hansom	Non-payment of dues.
29	John Curran	Non-payment of dues.
31	W. J. Davis	Non-payment of dues.
31	B. F. Estes	Non-payment of dues.
31	H. C. True	Non-payment of dues.
31	Geo. Hays	Non-payment of dues.
31	C. H. Patterson	Non-payment of dues.
31	F. McDonald	Non-payment of dues.
36	Wm. Morrow	Non-payment of dues.
41	N. A. Ames	Defrauding Lodge.
50	Jos. Sammons	Defrauding members.
50	F. H. Smith	Non-payment of dues.
50	J. Sammons	Defrauding members.
51	James Numey	Non-payment of dues.
51	Robert Mann	Non-payment of dues.
59	James Atkinson	Non-payment of dues.
59	David Shaw	Non-payment of dues.
60	Samuel Foster	Unbecoming conduct.
60	John Duff	Non-payment of dues.
61	Frank Fink	Non-payment of dues.
61	Ed. S. Kengon	Non-payment of dues.
61	Jas. McPherson	Non-payment of dues.
61	Jas. Maloney	Non-payment of dues.
71	Jas. Gleason	Non-payment of dues.
74	Thos. O'Connors	General principles.
75	David Herbert	Non-payment of dues.
87	J. C. Crane	Defrauding Lodge.
90	J. W. Casey	Non-payment of dues.
90	Wm. Ryan	Non-payment of dues.
99	Thos. Kernan	Non-payment of dues.
113	Samuel Brainerd	Drunkennes.
118	F. C. King	Non-payment of dues.
146	Geo. P. Brown	Non-payment of dues.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
60	Andrew Miller.	61	J. Harrity.

RESOLUTIONS.

EL PASO, TEXAS, May 27, 1883.

At a regular meeting of New Year Lodge No. 135, B. of L. F., held at Odd Fellows' Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We the members of New Year Lodge, were the recipients of a hall for our use as a Lodge room, tendered to us by Messrs. M. H. Dryfuss & Co., for the purpose of meeting as often as we like and as long as said M. H. Dryfuss & Co. do hold a lease on the building, *free of charge*, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Lodge tender to Messrs. M. C. Dryfuss & Co. its sincere thanks for their kindness to us and the interest they manifest in behalf of the B. of L. F.

Resolved, That the members of New Year Lodge No. 135 shall so conduct themselves that they shall ever retain the confidence of the said M. H. Dryfuss & Co., and that we may never give them cause to regret that they once befriended New Year Lodge No. 135, B. of L. F.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the Lodge and a copy be sent to Messrs. M. H. Dryfuss & Co.; also a copy to the Magazine for publication.

JOHN B. MATTHEWS,
A. C. MAST,
J. C. CASKEY, } *Committee.*

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., June 10, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In His infinite wisdom Almighty God has seen fit to remove from our midst our esteemed brother, John Howard, by a sudden death, thereby painfully reminding us of the uncertainty of this life and especially of the manifold dangers of our common calling, be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. John Howard No. 59 has lost an energetic and faithful worker, and one whose winning smile and gentle, manly deportment reflected credit on our Order; we greatly deplore his loss, feeling as we do that he can never be replaced.

Resolved, That we extend to the stricken relatives and friends at Champaign and elsewhere our most sincere sympathy in this hour of terrible affliction, thrust upon us all without a moment's warning.

Resolved, That to Central Lodge No. 22 and New Hope Lodge No. 37, of the B. of L. F., this Lodge tenders its most sincere and heartfelt thanks for their kindness in assisting at the funeral of Bro. Howard.

Resolved, That this Lodge hereby extends its thanks to Mr. John Kelker, D. M. M., at Pueblo, A. W. Jones, D. M. M. at Salida, and N. W. Sample, General Superintendent M. P. & M., for the many favors shown to us as an organization in trying to secure transportation for the remains of Bro. Howard and an attendant.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our deceased brother's relatives and published in the Firemen's Magazine, and that our charter be draped in mourning in memory of the happy, genial John Howard, our late brother.

E. B. MAYO,
FRED. A. ZIEGLER,
JOHN H. HOWARD, } *Committee.*

EL PASO, TEXAS, May 27, 1883.

At a regular meeting of New Year Lodge No. 135, B. of L. F., held at Odd Fellows' Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of New Year Lodge No. 135, B. of L. F., were the recipients of a check on the First National Bank for \$25, tendered to us by Messrs. Rothschild & Marcuse for defraying expenses in fitting up our hall,

Resolved, That this Lodge tender to Messrs. Rothschild & Marcuse our sincere thanks for their kindness to us and the interest they manifest in the behalf of the B. of L. F.

Resolved, That the members of New Year Lodge No. 135 shall so conduct themselves that they shall ever retain the confidence of the said Rothschild & Marcuse, and that we may never give them cause to regret that they once befriended New Year Lodge No. 135, B. of L. F.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Rothschild & Marcuse; also placed upon the minutes of the Lodge and a copy sent to the Magazine for publication.

J. B. MATTHEWS,
A. C. MAST,
J. C. CASKEY, } Committee.

KANSAS CITY, MO., June 19, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, B. of L. F., held June 18, 1883, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Frank Woolery our Lodge has lost an esteemed and most worthy member, his mother a kind and dutiful son; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing mother and sister of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad hour of affliction; also be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication; also to his mother and sister, and that they be recorded in the minutes of this meeting.

M. S. LAUGHLIN,
W. E. RAPSON,
WM. PIERCEY, } Committee.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 6, 1883.

At the regular meeting of Lodge No. 95, B. of L. F., held Sunday, May 27, 1883, at the Engineer's Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the interest shown in our behalf by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and that we cannot here express the thanks we feel to the Grievance Committee, who greatly benefited the firemen of to-day as well as those of the future.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and also that they be spread on the minutes of the meeting.

WM. E. LOCO,
C. H. KKUSE,
JNO. GIBBONS, } Committee.

BARABOO, WIS., June 30, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Alpha Lodge No. 26, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been the recipients of a beautiful motto presented to this Lodge by

Mrs. A. H. Brown, the mother of our worthy brother, A. E. Brown, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Mrs. A. H. Brown for so kindly remembering us, and that we shall earnestly strive to prove ourselves worthy of this estimable lady's friendship, which so much encourages us to do our duty toward the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Brown, and also published in the Magazine.

J. W. REUL,
H. TINKHAM,
J. M. WATSON, } Committee.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 10, 1883.

At a regular session of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, B. of L. F., held June 10, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. Robert E. Pettit, Superintendent of New York Division of the Pennsylvania R.R., did on June 3, 1883, furnish a special car for the use of members of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, on their visit to Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, in Philadelphia, which was highly appreciated by said members, therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Robert E. Pettit, for his kindness in giving the members of Adopted Daughter Lodge the use of a special car, an act, which will never be forgotten by the members of said Lodge, and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in full on the minutes, and a copy of same be forwarded to Mr. Robert E. Pettit.

No. 3.

LAFAYETTE, IND., June 3, 1883.

The special committee, upon whom devolved the duty of performing the last sad tribute of affection, in memory of our valued and now deceased Bro. David Morgan, Master of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, who was a charter member of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 36, beg to submit, as the result of their action, the following:

A main pillar, upon whose strength our Order has so firmly rested has crumbled and returned to the dust whence it came. Of all our members there was one, whom we looked upon as a model Brotherhood man. He was an humble man, whose character, spotless and pure, stood before us and commanded our admiration. He was as energetic in defending the principles of our Order, as he was in the practice of its virtues; down to his last breath we never had a truer member. He possessed a high standard of virtue in all the relations of life, as husband, father and citizen and in those fraternal relations, in which we were so endearingly associated with him, as a member and officer of the Order, we held our departed brother as the noblest work of God—an honest man, one pure and above reproach; his welcome presence will be missed at his Lodge meetings, his valuable counsel we shall lose and his general enthusiasm for the principles of our Order has ended.

Resolved, That we tender to the loved ones around the darkened family circle the assurance of our sincere and affectionate esteem.

Resolved, That a duly authenticated copy of this memorial be presented to the family of our deceased brother and a copy be furnished the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

W. H. WILLOUGHBY,
CHARLES ERNST,
CHARLES PINNEO, } Committee.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., May 28, 1883.

At our regular meeting of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful marble top centre table for the centre of our room, which has been presented to us by the wives of our esteemed brothers, therefore

Resolved, That we regard this gift as a mark of great appreciation in which our noble Order is held by those esteemed ladies.

Resolved, That we extend them many good wishes and shall strive to prove worthy of the favor shown us.

Resolved, That we extend Mrs. C. J. Rogers, Mrs. J. S. Rodenbough, Mrs. J. Van Fleet, Mrs. W. Cooper and Mrs. G. Smith, our most sincere thanks for their kind remembrance and the kind interest they have taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes, also a copy to be sent to each of the lady friends, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. CAMPBELL,
W. CARLING, } Committee.
C. ROGERS,

ELKHART, IND., June 11, 1883.

At a meeting held in K. of P. hall in this city, June 8d, 1883, for the purpose of organizing Prospect Lodge, No. 162, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been munificently assisted at our organization by our esteemed Bros. Hamrahan, McAllister and Lillas, of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Prospect Lodge, No. 162, extend to these worthy brothers their most sincere thanks, and that we show them by our actions our appreciation of their kindness more than we can express in words.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the minutes of this Lodge, and that a copy be sent to Garden City Lodge, No. 50, and that they be published in Firemen's Magazine.

E. K. COLE,
G. M. WINEGARDNER, } Committee.
N. E. CORNS,

DANVILLE, ILL., June 29, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an Almighty Being to remove from our midst, our respected Master and brother, David Morgan, who came to his death by drowning in Otter Creek, near Terre Haute, Ind., May 23, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we humbly bow in submission to the will of Divine Providence, we cannot but feel that our loss is heavy, indeed, and that this Lodge has lost a bright ornament, a true, good and just member, and his family a loving companion; be it further

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. Morgan our heartfelt sympathy in her distress, assuring her that this Lodge has lost a member whom we all respected and esteemed, and while he is gone from her presence here below, still we feel that God in his infinite glory has received him among his children above. We also feel it our duty to guard and protect her and her little children, and be assured we will.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Morgan, also published in the Firemen's Magazine and spread upon the records of this Lodge.

CHAS. J. MCGEE,
J. FLAHERTY, } Committee.
WM. BURNS,

BARABOO, WIS., June 30, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, B. of L. F., held in their hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe to remove from our midst our much beloved Bro. Albert Getting, who lost his life in a wreck on the Chicago and Northwestern R.R., while in the discharge of his duties; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Getting our Lodge has lost a worthy member and his family a true and loving son and brother.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in their affliction and we commend them to look to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, as a token of respect to the memory of Bro. Getting, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother and spread on the minutes of this Lodge and also published in the Magazine; and be it further

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be extended to Mr. Jas. Bothwell, our M. M., for favors shown us at the funeral of our late brother.

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the deep interest manifested by him toward us and that we shall endeavor to so conduct ourselves as to merit his continued esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Bothwell and also be published in the Fireman's Magazine.

J. W. REUL,
H. TINKHAM, } Committee.
J. M. WATSON,

CHICAGO, June 15, 1883.

At a special meeting of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, has permitted death to enter our midst and remove therefrom, by dread fever, our beloved Bro. Patrick McCann, we have lost a valued and highly esteemed member, his parents a dutiful son and the community an upright and honorable citizen.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be tendered to the bereaved parents and friends in this sad hour of affliction, and

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be tendered to the brothers of Vamberger Lodge, No. 62, for the courteous treatment of Bro. Thos. Kerlus, of No. 50, who accompanied the remains to Carbondale, Pa., for interment. Also to Mr. W. C. Maynes, foreman of the C. & E. I. R.R. round house, for the sympathy and kindness extended by him to our departed brother in his last hours of suffering.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. E. COMPTON,
JOHN J. KELLY, } Committee.
W. R. PARKER,

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns Vice Grand Master
1726 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman	Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary	Centralla, Ills
L. C. Hill	Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry	Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn	Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman	Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes	Denver, Col
D. Ross	Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854	St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheldre, C., St. P. M. & O.	
R. R.	St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, Ave K, between 36th and 37th Sts.	Galveston, Tex
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave.	Jersey City, N. J
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St.	Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31	Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St.	St. Joseph, Mo
Will R. Dean, Box 365	Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218	Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278	Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, Box 22	Ravenna, O
O. F. Hammill, Box 1341	Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1287 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Wednesday at 8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. Master
A. H. Aldrich, Sayleeville, R. I. Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. Mag. Agent
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 814 E. 28rd St. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
- GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Financier
A. J. Reagan, P. & R. R. R. Mag. Agent
- CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Utter Mag. Agent
- PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
- POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. S. E. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. Mag. Agent
S. E.

- RED RIVER**; Denton City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
J. T. Edward, L. Box 293 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
- FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144 1/2 N. High St. Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. Mag. Agent
- FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Master
W. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 244 N. Division St. Mag. Agent
- WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
P. D. Mead, 246 1/2 Van Horn St. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. Mag. Agent
- EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
E. K. Whitst, 292 Virginia Ave, Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops, Mag. Agent
- ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. Secretary
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 388 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent

- 21. INDUSTRIAL;** South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between
Primmi and Tesson Sts. Secretary
J. D. Fisher, Carondelet, Mo. Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between
Kraus and Nebraska Sts. Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL;** Urbana, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345. Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370. Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64. Financier
G. C. Pittenger. Mag. Agent
- 23. PHENIX;** Brookfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John. Master
M. DeVoy. Secretary
H. Mangel. Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN;** Parsons, Kan.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112. Master
J. Kelly. Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701. Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367. Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK;** Boone, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814. Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 594. Secretary
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584. Financier
T. A. Adams. Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA;** Baraboo, Wis.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes. Master
Geo. Howe. Secretary
W. G. Wallace. Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 600. Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE;** Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504. Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010. Financier
J. Humphrey. Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN;** North Platte, Neb.
M. B. Tarkington. Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177. Secretary
H. Sullivan, Box 921. Financier
S. Hartman. Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO;** Mason City, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167. Master
C. M. Doncett. Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167. Financier
F. McKay, Box 167. Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY;** Waterloo, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416. Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406. Secretary
A. E. Girard, 791 Clay St., Dubuque,
Iowa. Financier
C. A. Clough. Mag. Agent
- 31. B. E. CENTRE;** Atchison, Kan.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
F. Johnson, bet 9th and 10th Sts.,
near A. T. & S. F. Round House. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER;** Ellis, Kan.
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138. Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243. Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303. Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302. Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS;** Trenton, Mo.
H. H. Stamper, Box 242. Master
W. J. Iler. Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353. Financier
T. Sugg. Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON;** Clinton, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189. Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945. Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945. Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114. Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY;** Amboy, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Hinchliff. Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498. Secretary
A. Schermerhorn. Financier
W. Gascoigne. Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE;** Lafayette, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Brewer, 190 N. 6th St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W.
Shops. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby. Financier
F. Holt. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE;** Centralia, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. G. Weiden, Box 291. Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291. Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202. Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151. Mag. Agent
- 38. AYON;** Stratford, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yupp, Box 318. Master
G. Nursey, Box 318. Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91. Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318. Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY;** Rock Island, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport,
Iowa. Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1226. Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194. Financier
S. Nichols. Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING;** Bloomington, Ills.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, 683 N. Allen St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington
St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD;** Mandan, Dakota.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz. Master
C. E. Allen. Secretary
T. Rust. Financier
E. E. Gould. Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO;** Madison, Wis.
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH;** St. Joseph, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2824 S. 6th St. Master
P. Lawless, 1514 11th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD;** East St. Louis, Ills.
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171. Master
F. Quirk, Box 262. Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 238. Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116. Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY;** Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger, Pine Bluff
Depot. Mag. Agent

- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summerhill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 8th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettlinger, Wabash Shops . . . Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. . . . Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
L. Burns, 20 Gano St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, 2501 S. Adams St. . . . Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. . . . Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. . . . Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 . . . Master
F. S. Connon . . . Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 . . . Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 560 . . . Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St., Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave., Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. . . . Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 . . . Master
J. Hulse . . . Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 . . . Financier
W. Gelster, Box 12 . . . Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 . . . Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 . . . Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 . . . Financier
Wm. Neupher . . . Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 . . . Master
C. Raymond, Box 957 . . . Secretary
G. E. Brooks, Box 1172 . . . Financier
R. S. Mears . . . Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 667 . . . Master
J. Everitt, Box 667 . . . Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 667 . . . Financier
W. Carlisle . . . Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops . . . Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops . . . Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. . . . Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 . . . Master
P. McDermott, Box 92 . . . Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 . . . Financier
J. B. Miller . . . Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House, Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cambridge, Mass. . . . Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St., Charlestown District . . . Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St., Salem, Mass. . . . Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. C. Brown . . . Master
L. J. Cardeau . . . Secretary
A. H. Curtis . . . Financier
C. W. Myers . . . Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 . . . Master
A. Wyhe . . . Secretary
L. E. Wade, L. Box N, El Moro, Col. . . . Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 . . . Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St., 31st Ward . . . Master
T. McCann . . . Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. . . . Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. . . Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. . . . Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
B. Bradley, 1045 Farquher St. Financier
S. J. Murpy, 491 E. 5th St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis . . . Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 . . . Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 . . . Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 . . . Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772 . . . Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 . . . Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 . . . Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 . . . Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 . . . Master
W. H. Roberts . . . Secretary
A. J. Goodrich, Box 724 . . . Financier
E. A. Bennett . . . Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 . . . Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. . . Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 . . . Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 . . . Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. . . . Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry. . . . Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. . . . Financier
H. Lavole . . . Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. . . . Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. . . . Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Stinson . . . Master
A. McKay . . . Secretary
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona, Wis. . . . Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona, Wis. . . . Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 . . . Master
F. Barr, Box 204 . . . Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 . . . Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 . . . Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 . . . Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 . . . Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 . . . Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 . . . Mag. Agent

- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
F. Spencer Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 593 Carman St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 426 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court. Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson, Box 67 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St, Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Walters, Box 1091 Master
F. M. Sprague, L. Box 579 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Illa.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Illa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larson, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1003 10th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. H. Smith, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Ifighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton, Box 198 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. LeCain, Box 89 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollbaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
J. P. Vasque, C. S. R. R. Box, San Diego, Cal. Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. W. Harrison, 1476 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops, Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops, Financier
G. Perrin, W. Oakland, Cal. Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.**
J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Pulean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and 1st Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 240 Fulton St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 31 Emma St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Sheets, Box 395 Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent

- 97. ORANGE GROVE;** Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
J. Fruit Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE;** Terrace, Utah.
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER;** Rochester, N. Y.
Meets every Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 102 North Ave Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Fochner St. Financier
Geo. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR;** Bowling Green, Ky.
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
Thos. Crensdon Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE;** Creston, Iowa.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE;** East Des Moines, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
P. Combs Secretary
J. C. Musgrove, 209 Hillside Ave. Financier
J. Clarey, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY;** Louisville, Ky.
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
J. Flowers, 1600 7th and Church-hill Sts. Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS;** Galesburg, Ills.
T. E. Green, 941 S. Seminary St. Master
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, 529 Churchhill Ave. Financier
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY;** Dubuque, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1373 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE;** Gallon, Ohio.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 198 Financier
W. E. Armor, L. Box 33 Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER;** Chama, New Mex.
W. Cline, Alamosa, Col Master
K. B. Rheim Secretary
J. C. McCabe, Box 20 Financier
C. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE;** St. Louis, Mo.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Hackett, 617 Ewing Ave Master
W. J. Pourcelle, 2718 Gamble Ave Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
P. Molter, 607 Ewing Ave Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD;** Bucyrus, Ohio.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON;** Mattoon, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland Secretary
E. Sampson, Box 972 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 285 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR;** Mt. Vernon, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. J. Randall, Box 543, East St. Master
Louis, Ill Secretary
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 598 Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL;** Eagle Rock, Idaho.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull Master
G. H. Maitland Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY;** Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madson, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY;** Galveston, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 38th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Pralme, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR;** Fort Gratiot, Mich.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
E. G. Hibbard, Box 154 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER;** London, Ont.
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 304 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAB OF THE EAST;** Richmond, Quebec.
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P.O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P.O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL;** River du Loup, Quebec.
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Master
W. J. Gorham Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry, River du Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE;** Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Secretary
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP;** Corning, N. Y.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent

- 122. H. B. STONE;** Beardstown, Ill.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
J. E. Hurley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND;** Omaha, Neb.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT;** Perry, Iowa.
H. A. Draper Master
G. Gregg Secretary
E. G. Fox Financier
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE;** Marshalltown, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
G. S. Tubbs Secretary
J. Burke Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET;** Austin, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
F. McWhorter Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT;** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. S. Gill, C. P. Shops Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK;** Glendive, Montana.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Flage, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING;** Escanaba, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens, Box 208 Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
W. H. Blake Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR;** Milwaukee, Wis.
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE;** Stevens Point, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
E. Murray Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliff, 73 Meadow St.,
Oshkosh, Wis. Financier
J. Brown Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT;** Eagle Grove, Iowa
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
Jno. Caulfield, Box 90 Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE;** Sprague, Washington Ty.
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Madden Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
M. J. Black Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN;** Richford, Vermont.
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR;** El Paso, Texas.
C. J. Luft, Box 182 Master
F. B. Windlate Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT;** Port Hope, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry Master
G. Campbell, Box 273 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION;** Eldon, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION;** Freeport, Ill.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine,
Wis. Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Braid, Care of Kraft Bros. Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY;** Tulare, Cal.
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
J. L. Brooks Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY;** Salida, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
M. J. Ruland, L. Box 590 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 590 Financier
A. F. Ducey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER;** Fort Wayne, Ind.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 84 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE;** Toledo, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. and 2d
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Kelley, 115 Broadway St. Master
F. Welliver, 275 Wallbridge Ave. Secretary
G. W. Neasper, 196 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower
Sts. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS;** West Oakland, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood st Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF;** Campbellton, New Brun-
swick.
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
F. Mathison, Box 448 Secretary
James Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT;** San Antonio, Texas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
Wm. Forbes, Box 429 Secretary
J. Lytten, Box 429 Financier
M. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY;** Houston, Texas.
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
J. J. Sangster Mag. Agent

- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
 J. Stanton Master
 J. J. Easley Secretary
 T. Kelly Financier
 J. J. Culppepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
 Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Duncan Master
 H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114. Secretary
 C. P. Jones Financier
 C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
 Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
 O. Gillen, 206 Newark St., Hoboken, N. J. Master
 W. J. McCall, 326 Ninth Ave Secretary
 Mogal Call, 209½ W. 40th St Financier
 E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
 J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
 C. A. Witt, L. Box 142 Financier
 August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
 T. McHattie, 12 Mill St Secretary
 Wm. Allen, 36 Magill St Financier
 Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
 Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
 John Ryel, Box 94 Master
 Don Dunlap, Box 94 Secretary
 R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
 C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
 Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
 L. E. Lester Master
 W. A. Greenwood Secretary
 G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
 C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 Wm. Reese Master
 E. R. Dickson Secretary
 Arthur Hill Financier
 Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville Texas.**
 Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Price, Box 74 Master
 W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Secretary
 W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Financier
 J. D. Mercer, Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Wm. E. Mott, Box 256 Master
 H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
 J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
 F. M. Ward, Box 256 Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
 John Malin Secretary
 Chas. Weir Financier
 James Smith Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Wm. Hamlin, 521 Forte St., E. Detroit Master
 D. O'Connor, 616 Sixth St. Secretary
 Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St., E. Detroit Financier
 Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St., E. Detroit Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
 Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d, E. Nashville, Tenn Master
 J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Nashville, Tenn Secretary
 D. J. Daly, 310 Foster St. Financier
 J. C. Cunningham, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
 Jno. K. Taylor, 210 Heidelberg Ave. Master
 Will J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
 Jno. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
 Chas. C. Brewer, 1000 Walnut St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
 J. W. Galvan, 918 S. Third St. Master
 C. C. Price, 412 S. Main St. Secretary
 O. G. Brydolf, 805 Sumner St. Financier
 F. L. Butch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
 Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
 G. M. Winegardner Secretary
 P. A. Hamilton Financier
 E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
 Meets 1st and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d Friday at 7 P. M.
 P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Master
 W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
 J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
 J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
 I. P. Bowman Master
 F. P. Jackson Secretary
 J. B. Gossage Financier
 J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 A. C. Pettengill Master
 P. H. Powers Secretary
 J. W. Ivy Financier
 A. C. Pettengill Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
 J. E. Hagerty Master
 P. Burns Secretary
 J. R. Dickinson Financier
 Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; Blalock, Oregon.**
 G. A. Ferguson Master
 L. E. Ferguson Secretary
 F. Wall Financier
 T. Brinson Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Fred Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
 Chas. Glinder, Box 90 Secretary
 E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
 John Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellesville, N. Y.**
 H. Launshy, Box 1179 Master
 A. C. Vandermark Secretary
 W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
 G. B. Cloyston, Box 918 Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 Chas. Mattes Master
 S. P. Malone Secretary
 A. S. Craik Financier
 Wm. H. Lane Mag. Agent



VOL. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

NO. 9.

Mr. Superintendent's Test.

A STORY OF THE MELBOURNE POLICE.

Chambers's Journal.

Many years ago—a good many more, in fact, than I care to recall now—I was wandering very disconsolately through one of the main thoroughfares of Melbourne debating with myself the advisability of walking down to the quay and offering my services as steward to the captain of the first homeward-bound vessel on which I might see the “blue-peter” hoisted. Things had gone very badly with me; every enterprise to which I had turned my attention had either fallen through or resulted disastrously to myself; and after vainly trying my luck in the colony for over three years, I came to the conclusion that the sooner I reconciled myself to the utter failure of any attempts, the better it would be both for my peace of mind and my constitution.

In this dismal mood I was listlessly reading over the shipping announcements posted on an adjacent wall, when I came across a notice from the police department, intimating, in tersely official language, that a few new hands were needed—hands who were strong, vigorous, healthy, shrewd, good horsemen, and rejoicing in the possession of such other natural advantages as would inevitably ensure their success in any line they chose to adopt. I was a good horseman, healthy, and tolerably strong; my shrewdness I had begun to doubt lately; and as for the rest of the *desiderata*—well, I suppose I was as well off as most people. Here possibly was a chance for me; at any rate, it was only a few days' delay if nothing came of it; I would make my application and chance it. I returned to my diggings, wrote an official application as per directions; and, to make a long

story short, received, two days later, a note desiring my attendance at the station on the following day. Here, after a rather stiff examination, physical and mental, and such tests of horsemanship as taking a five-barred gate with my arms folded—which I accomplished successfully—I was told that everything was tolerably satisfactory, and I might expect an official notification of appointment at an early date. Meanwhile, it would be desirable, I was informed, that I kept the matter, as far as it had gone, quite private; a stipulation I had no difficulty in conforming to, since I had not a single friend in the city.

On the evening of the following day, I found at my quarters a second note from Mr. Superintendent, conspicuously marked “Private,” and conveying the very agreeable intelligence that I was temporarily engaged from that day. The letter closed with a request that I would call at once on the superintendent.

Somewhat to my dismay, I found, on presenting myself, that my permanent appointment was conditioned upon my satisfactorily carrying through a special job then on hand. It was an affair of some nicety; and an old hand, from another station, would have been given the work, but for being absent on other business. The matter would admit of no delay; and it was imperatively necessary that it be undertaken by some one not, or seemingly not, belonging to the Melbourne force. In short, I was to do it. The matter was briefly this: A packet of government papers, of high importance, had been stolen from the messenger to whose care they were intrusted; and from information received, it seemed pretty certain that the present possessor—a man fast becoming notorious in the colony—would be walking toward the city the next afternoon; and to prevent his inti-

mate acquaintance with the town enabling him to escape, or any confederates attempting his release, I was to wait by a bridge on the line of road, about ten miles out of Melbourne, and get the papers from him. The man was by no means to be shot, or if possible, even hurt; but the papers must be secured. Minute instructions as to his appearance were followed by a pretty plain implication that my career in the force would very largely depend upon my success.

I felt, as may be easily imagined, in anything but high spirits. The prospect of a single-handed encounter with a man of whose resources I knew nothing, and who might blow my brains out before I had a chance of attack, was not cheering. However, there was nothing for it; it was my last chance, and I must embrace it without shirking.

Next day, which was Sunday, I accordingly procured a horse from the station, and, taking my revolver with me, started out to try my luck as a policeman; and about two o'clock in the afternoon came near the place mentioned. I left my horse at the nearest roadside "hotel," sauntered to the bridge, and, leaning over the rail with no very distinct notion of how I was going to act, waited for my man with what coolness I could muster.

Two hours had passed; the sun was beginning to go down; and I was just preparing to console myself with the notion that the man had got wind of our intention, and gone by another route, when I became aware of the approach of a solitary pedestrian. As he came nearer I ran over the description of the man I wanted—which I had learned by heart—and at once concluded that this was the individual. He was a tall, powerful, uncompromising-looking fellow of about five and forty, muscular enough to have lifted me up and thrown me over the bridge, into the shining water beneath. I commenced to walk over the bridge as the man, approached it—passed him slowly, and felt sure it was the man.

After going two or three yards, I turned back. Hearing my step the purloiner of state documents turned round.

"Well, mate, what is it?"

"Can you oblige me with a pipe of 'baccy?" I asked.

"Oh! yes;" handing me his pouch. What are you doing about here? You don't look over-brisk. Broke?"

"Pretty nearly," I replied.

"New arrival, I suppose?"

"Almost."

"Ah! there are too many carpet-knights

flooding Melbourne. Come out expecting to make a pile, got disappointed, and don't like to work for your grub, eh? Put a screw of tobacco in your pocket; you'll find it pleasant company on the road."

I nearly emptied the pouch, and handed it back; and as the owner put out his hand for it, I slipped my foot behind his heel and pushed him. He tripped and fell splendidly. I was pretty quick in wrestling, and I took hold of the man's throat with my left hand, put my knees on his chest, and with my right hand felt in the breast-pocket of his coat. He struggled violently, but I thought I should succeed. I got my hands on some papers; but as I was drawing them from the pocket, the ruffian got hold of my right knee-cap with his left hand, and gave it such a terrible wrench, that I believed he had dislocated the joint. Then feeling my hold relax, he suddenly hoisted himself with his right hand, sprang up, caught hold of my wrists, and hurried me to the bridge. Holding me thus in an iron grip, and glaring fiercely at me, he said: "I see your game; there's only one way of dealing with the police. Dead men tell no tales; so it's over you're going, younster." Suiting his action to the word, he released my hands, and in the same instant grasped me firmly and hoisted me.

My last chance seemed to lie in an old twist I had learned in college. As the man raised me, I placed my feet on the brickwork of the bridge, pushed myself back with all my strength, jerked a little forward, lowered my head, and then fairly twisted under my captor's arm from right to left. My school experience had saved my life; for the man let go his hold with a cry of pain, and quick as thought, I sprang on him.

"It's all right, old fellow, take the papers and read them."

But in the mad excitement of the moment, and remembering my mission, I thought this surrender was only a ruse on the part of the ruffian. He sat down on the road in a most undignified fashion and handed me the papers. The first one that met my gaze was a headed piece of police-office paper, on which was written. "This is your test for entering the force"; and was signed by the superintendent.

"Well, young man," said mine enemy, "you have passed the last exam.—with honors. You have nearly broken my wrist. But my horse is at the first roadside hotel. If you come with me I'll

have a drink with you, and get some cold lotion for this sprain. I believe it will be a case of splints and sick leave; but you have done your work well. Bother the arm—how it aches!" (So did my knee.)

The report was satisfactory, and I was appointed permanently. Mr. Superintendent's test caused me to be sent on various duties which led me into many rough experiences; but I never believed myself to be so near death as when I was deciding my future with my superior officer.

Protection and Wages.

Keokuk Constitution.

In this article we want to show what the wages of workingmen were in 1860 and last year; what the cost of living was in 1860 and 1881; what the bonus or protection duty paid to the capitalist or employer in 1860 and 1881; and so show whether the workingman is getting his share of the bonus or protective duty paid by the government to American industry.

FIRST: Wages in 1860 and 1881.—The thirteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor gives very careful and exact statistics upon this subject. As that is one of the foremost manufacturing States in the Union, and so gets a large per cent. of the bonus paid by the American people to American industry, it is an excellent State to take for a study of our subject. The increase of wages to workingmen in the following occupations from 1860 to 1881 was as follows, in per cents. For the benefit of those readers rusty in their arithmetic it should be remembered that the period and the figure after it represents fractional tenths. Thus 33.3 stands for thirty-three and three tenths. The increase in wages in the twenty-one years was: In agriculture, 33.3; in blacksmithing, 54.6; in boots and shoe-making, 1.8; in building trades, 22.4; cabinet-making, 5.4; carpet-making, 21.5; carriage-making, 23.6; clothing, 42.1; cotton goods, 27.6; leather, 35.1; machines and machinery, 55.4; metal and metallic goods, 42.5; paper-making, 45.8; printing, 43.5; woolen goods, 33.1. Average per cent., 31.2.

SECOND: Cost of living in 1860 and 1881.—The report we have above quoted gives the per cent. of increase in the cost of living in Massachusetts between 1860 to 1881 as follows: Groceries, 23.3; provisions, 52.7; fuel, 38.6; boots and shoes, 15.9; rents, 68.8; board, 69.4; dry goods, decrease, 3.7. General per cent. of increase, 41.3.

In this period of twenty-one years, then, the rates of workingmen's wages have increased 31.2 per cent. and the cost of living 41.3; difference, 10.1. "That is," says Carroll D. Wright, "between 1860 and 1881 the workingmen has suffered a reduction of ten per cent. in the purchasing power of his wages." And Mr. Wright further notes the fact that the year 1860 was an easy going dead level year of general quiet in business, while 1881 was a booming year when wages should have been at their best.

THIRD: Tariff of 1860 and 1881.—The average duty protecting the products of American industry in 1860 was 11 per cent. In 1881 it was 44 per cent. Average increase in twenty-one years 33 per cent. That is precisely the rate of increase in workingmen's wages in the same time. So it would appear that the only difference between 1860 and 1881, in consequence of the protective duty or bonus, is that manufacturers get 33 per cent. more bonus than they did—the workingmen 31 per cent. more wages than they did; that the cost of living to both workingmen and manufacturers was 41 per cent. more in 1881 than in 1860. And so that the net result is that both workingmen and manufacturers are on the average 10 per cent. worse off in the net ability to live than they were in 1860.

But figures have to be handled very carefully or they may mislead. There is a vast difference in actual results between the 31 per cent. increase in workingmen's wages between 1860 and 1881, and the 33 per cent. increase in the protective bonus to American manufactures in the same time, because capital has no cost of living and the workingmen have. Workingmen have to pay 41 per cent. more to live than they did in 1860, but the cost of capital—the interest upon it—is nearly 50, at least 41, per cent. less. Let us investigate somewhat how the whole case stands.

To do this we will use the now ready census report of 1880 upon the iron and steel industry in the United States. This report shows that in 1880 there were 805 companies engaged in the production of iron ore in the United States. They employed 31,668 persons, who received as wages \$9,538,117. That is one dollar and not quite one cent per day for each person weekly, not counting Sunday. That is the average income the workingman in the United States, employed in iron production, gets is a fraction over \$300 for himself and his family to live upon for 365 days. Does anybody wonder at the

great and desperate strikes of the iron miners and operatives? And ought not any American, who is not a calculating liar or a muddle-headed ignoramus to be ashamed to talk about the blessed condition of American workingmen and the great advantages they have over "the pauper poor" of Europe? Again, the bar iron and iron and steel rail product in 1880 employed 140,978 persons who were paid \$55,476,785. Counting the year at 300 days, this would pay each person \$1.31 per day. But the census report shows that most of the mills run day and night and upon Sunday. That would bring the pay down to \$1.15 per day, or about \$345 for the happy American workingman to maintain himself and his family upon—and with the cost of living 41 per cent. more than in 1860. How the American iron workers should laugh to scorn the pauper laborers of Europe, to be sure! There can be no helping thought that may be the children of the family were embraced in the above statistics and were helping out the family income, for the census shows that only sixty-six women and children, all told, were employed in the iron industry. It is computed by the commissioner of revenue that the least a family of three in America can live upon comfortably is \$9.69 per week, or \$503.88 per year. It is not many of the iron workers whose family does not number more than three persons. The figures we have given show that in the main these workingmen's families are doomed to uncomfortable living. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania Steel Company could easily consist and be owned by one person. Its capital stock is \$2,000,000. More than one of the men interested in it is worth that much or more. But let us say the company consists of ten persons. The figures we have given show that the men who worked for the company got on an average \$345 a year. If the ten owners had got as much for their work as their workmen did, they would have got \$3,450. Now what did they get? It came out in court in a suit arising upon the Edgar Thompson estate. In 1881 the company paid a 22 per cent. dividend upon the \$2,000,000 capital. That was \$44,000 in that year to each one of the ten owners. But at the end of the year, after paying the dividend, the company still had a surplus profit on hand of \$3,286,423.51 to divide among the ten owners. This sum was the company's earnings in the two years, 1880 and 1881, after making a 12 per cent. dividend in the former year and a 22 per cent. dividend in the

latter. This would be to each of the ten owners an additional \$328,642, or a total to each in that year of dividend and surplus of \$372,642. If there had been but one owner his profits at the end of 1881 on his \$2,000,000 investment would have been \$3,726,423. That is what the iron industry paid the iron owner and capitalist, while it paid the iron workingman an average of \$345 a year to keep himself and his family upon. Such an industrial and wage system as that is clearly defective. A better one—one juster to the workingman—must be invented.

The Negro and the Mule.

Marietta Journal.

Just across the branch lives an old negro, bent with age, yet still able to work his small place. How old the mule is I do not know. I had frequently noticed them on the hillside in the spring. But now, "running-around-cotton-time," something impelled me to watch them more closely. For three hours, every time I looked, the mule, the plow and negro were in the same place. I began to get interested, sent for my opera glass—the tableau was set! The plow was as still as the mule and the negro seemingly as immovable as either. The negro's attitude had an air of "I can-stand-it-if-you-can," about it, still there was a something which made me feel that he might be thinking. Altogether, the picture was one of stubborn serenity. They were standing about a quarter way across the field in the row. I determined now to see the end of the play if it took all the day. It may have been half an hour, perhaps less, when the negro moved. First, he straightened the lines back and laid them in the row. (I wish I could convey an idea of the solemnity of his movements.) He never uttered a word or noise of any kind, that was apparent. Slowly he walked to the head of the mule, and slowly turning walked back again close by his side; then, with greater solemnity, if possible, he took the bush of the mule's tail in one hand, and gripping the tail higher up with the other, commenced a slow motion of grinding, much like an organ grinder twists out his music. The mule, however, was as undisturbed by the performance as he would have been had that revolving tail been any other mule's tail. If there was anything at all noticeable, it might have been an atmosphere of satisfaction about the mule, implying that something else had stirred first. But the old negro had

got an idea, and he intended to work it out. So, steadily and slowly that tail went round and round, with the precision and regularity of a machine. For twenty minutes this monotonous grinding went on, and I was tiring of my watch, when I thought I saw, or felt, a movement, somewhere about the mule's head, but it was only his left ear, which he laid back, and in about five minutes the other came over, very slowly—both remained pointed at the curious proceedings going on at the rear for ten minutes or more, when the head began to come around, and when it got into position to take in the situation, there came a mysterious sound—"What in the d—l are ye doin' thar! I done want eny mo'." I was not near enough to hear distinctly, but I am quite sure that was what the mule said, and then he started down the row, and didn't offer to come to a halt that day.

THE MULE.

Will stand—and stand—and stand
Thinking!—the whole day long,
But what about? No fellow's found out;
Unless 'tis that old colored hand.

The kick has been sung, and peans rung,
On his muleship's way, in that line;
But that old man's wit—without a lick,
"Fills the bill," for the coming spring time.

Make a crank of his tail,
Turn it round and around—
He may think it's an organ,
An engine or mill—
Just be careful—judicious—
And make him suspicious,
He'll soon quit—"standing still."

American Pearls.

Pearls are found in this country, and the value of the find amounts to about \$50,000 annually. The best pearls come from the Gulf of California, though about \$3,000 worth come from fresh-water muscles, all over the Union, especially from the Miami River, Ohio. A reporter of the New York Evening Post, having interviewed Mr. Andrews, the head of the jewelry department of a New York house, learned from him the following facts:

The California pearls are as fine as any Oriental pearls, and are valued as highly. The fresh-water pearls are almost all small, but brilliant and somewhat rosy in tint. About half the California pearls are black, and command a better price than the white pearls.

Some years ago about 80 per centum of California pearls were black, the proportion having diminished rapidly during the last ten years.

The biggest pearl ever found in this country was the celebrated one found

about twenty years ago in a New Jersey pond and sold to the then Empress Eugenie.

Of late many small and almost worthless pearls have been received from Texas farmers, who have an exaggerated notion of their value.

The firm buys them more as a matter of encouragement to the pearl-hunters than anything else. Some day these hunters may discover valuable gems, and their custom may be worth something.

Mr. Andrews showed the reporter a handful of these small, pink, irregular-shaped pearls, the majority of them not larger than a pin-head.

The larger they are the more defective they are in shape and color. Some of the larger ones might be mistaken for bits of bone polished up.

The only use to which they can be put is for replacing lost pearls in old jewelry of no great value, which is sent for repair. Sometimes they can be cut into thin pieces, and a small piece of fair pearl can be obtained for enameling.

The finest string of pearls ever brought to this country is now in possession of the firm. It consists of sixty pearls, the largest being about the size of a wren's egg. Every pearl is perfectly round and pure in color, and not one is valued at less than \$500.

While examining this string, the reporter happened to remark that he could not tell the difference between that string of enormous value and one of imitation pearls.

"No more can any one," said Mr. Andrews, "until they are handled. The best experts can not tell a good imitation pearl from the real without touching it. The weight is deficient in imitation pearls, and the surface is different to an experienced hand. They can only be distinguished by touch and weight. But every pearl in a ball-room might be false without the best expert in the trade suspecting it."

Affectation.

Affectation is a source of discomfort, both to those who are guilty of it and to those who witness it. Nothing makes a person more ridiculous than conceit. Some people seem to think that a statesman must always be intensely stately, and a minister grave as a gravestone; the man of science must appear absorbed in some tremendous problem, and the poet must keep his eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling." If one thing more than another distin-

guishes a truly great man, it is naturalness. What God made him, that he lives out. A man should be real, and in order to be so he must be himself. We should not trouble ourselves by thinking how we appear to observers. There is no greater folly than for people without brains to affect to be very wise, and people without money to affect to be very rich, and people without religion to affect to be great saints. If it is a person's nature to lisp with languid *nonchalance*, to maintain the stiffness of a crowbar, or the frown of a Sphinx, to gaze intently into vacancy when he knows that people are looking at him, to be grandly oracular, mildly simpering, or ridiculous generally, why let him do these things, but, remember, they are no credit to him. Let the eagle spread his wings, but what folly for the rooster to attempt to soar to the gates of the sun! If you are a dunce, don't make the matter worse by trying to look like a sage. Without naturalness there is no genuine nobleness. On the frozen bosom of some Northern lake go build you a temple of ice; carve out fresco, pillar, nave and dome. How grand it looks as it glitters in the morning light! How stately it appears as the stars look down upon it! At the first touch of Spring's warm breath, walls and roof, arch and dome, sink out of sight, and the fisherman drives his skiff along nor finds one fragment left. Even so shall perish all that is not real, natural and true.

Oldest Tree in the World.

The oldest tree in the world, says Knowledge, so far as any one knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amara-poor, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B. C. and is therefore now 2,170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A. D., 223 A. D. and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "Kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical fig-tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall. The King oak in Windsor Forest, England, is 1,000 years old.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

BY JAS. A. MONK.

Oh, man, by nature formed for all mankind,
—[Akenside.
How narrow are thy prospects, how confined.
—[Chatterton.
Be thou the copious matter of my song.
—[J. Phillip.
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
—[Rowe.
Poor voyager on this flood of tears,
—[Jas. Montgomery.
A long perspective to my mind appears.
—[Joanna Baillie.
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
—[Charles Mackay.
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul.
—[Longfellow.
Eager to run the race his fathers ran,
Oh, what a miracle to man is man.
—[Young.
Each to his end a different path pursues,
—[Elj. Fenton.
Homer with all his "nodding" I would chuse—
—[Sam. Cobb.
Time-honored Homer, aged, poor and blind,
—[J. C. Prince.
A ragged cote oft have a royale minde.
—[Nich Braithwaite.
Minds, vast as Heaven, capacious as the sky.
—[I. A. Hillhouse.
Born to lament, to labor and to die.
—[Prior.
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child,
—[Ebenezer Elliott.
On fame's eternal bed-roll worthy to be tyed.
—[Spencer.
Already polished by a hand divine,
—[Somerville.
He was not for an age, but for all time.
—[Ben. Jonson.
What rage for fame attends both great and small,
—[Jas. Walcott.
He who climbs high and augurs many a fall.
—[Chaucer.
Greatness hath still a little taint i' th' blood,
—[Davenant.
Fame is at best but an inconstant good.
—[Roscommon.
When kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
—[Goldsmith.
Ah! fool to exult in a glory so vain.
—[Beattie.
Both right and left amiss a man may slide,
—[Nich. Grimvaid.
To tread the dreary path without a guide.
—[Dr. Johnson.
The wise sometimes from wisdom's ways depart,
—[Byron.
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart.
—[Burns.

On high estates huge heaps of care attend,
 No joy so great but runneth to an end.
 —[Webster.
 —[Rob Southwell.

Sooner or later all things pass away,
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.
 —[Southern.
 —[Dryden.

Yet look once more on nature's varied plan,
 And moralize on the state of man.
 —[Langhore.
 —[H. Kirke White.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
 Sent into life, alas! how brief thy stay.
 —[H. F. Lyte.
 —[A. Phelps.

Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round,
 Nor is the longest life the happiest found.
 —[Mallet.
 —[F. S. Knight.

The visions of hope fly one by one,
 The sands of time grow dimmer as they run.
 —[Eliza Cook.
 —[E. A. Poe.

To know, to esteem, to love and then to part,
 Passing away like a dream of the heart.
 —[Coleridge.
 —[Hervey.

We spend our days like a tale that is told,
 To the very verge of the church-yard mold.
 —[Psalms.
 —[Tom Hood.

O! let me view, while life's short changes last,
 The end not far off which is fastening fast,
 —[T. Dermody.
 —[J. Monk.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the
 shade,
 —[Blair.
 Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed.
 —[Mrs. Hemans.

There stand, if thou wilt stand, to stand up-
 right,
 —[Milton.
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
 —[Pope.

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
 O! happy he whose conscience knows no
 guile.
 —[Shakespeare.
 —[Ferguson.

Manchester.

Latest Style of Criticism.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"A revolution has broken out," cried a little gentleman in black, rushing into the dramatic editor's room.

"Take it to the political editor."

"No, I mean a revolution in journalism, and in your particular line. I believe you are the dramatic critic of this paper," said the little gentleman, plumping into a chair and drawing forth a manuscript.

"Haven't time to look over any new plays to-day," said the dramatic editor. "Call again in about three years or so."

"Don't want you to look over a play," said the little gentleman. "Something far more important. A revolution has taken place in dramatic criticism."

"No use for it," said the dramatic editor.

"But we have reached a stage in the æsthetical progress of the world when the public demands a more —"

"Heard that by the yard before," said the editor. "I tell you this is my busy day."

"It is your business to hear and learn," said the little gentleman. Art, in its passionate serenity, stands becoming you to a higher plane. Will you go up to that plane and become one of the educators of your time, or are you content to dwell upon the full houses and drawing well level of criticism?"

"I say this is my busy day," shouted the editor.

"But my business is of far more importance than that you have on hand," said the little gentleman. "I come to you as a missionary of art to lead you out into the Joan Francois Millet atmosphere of dramatic criticism, where everything is purely, exquisitely, augustly Greek, and where you will be taught to fall down upon your knees before the Parthenon, and where the very air is permeated with—"

"If you don't light out this moment I'll have you bounced," cried the editor.

"Suppose you are writing up the appearance of a new actress," continued the little gentleman, "do not dwell too long upon the mere unimportant point of her acting, but float away into the artistic phases of the question. Say, for instance, that the harmony in blue and gold which she wore in the first act was charming, but that the right leg of the table at the back was not so purely Grecian as it might have been, and that the candlestick used in the second act was all out of harmony with the snuffers. Then go back into history a bit. Lug in something about Reynolds, Claude or some other fellow, no matter who, and never mind about its having to do with the subject you are writing on. Wander away into Florentine mysticism, and sling in a lot about the romantic, the classic and the plastic. Then pitch in and say that the actress reminds you of the pure Egyptian, Roman and Greek types of beauty, dilate upon her ears, mouth, eyes, face, neck, and say anything you like so long as you don't come out flat-footed about her acting. Always keep that point in the background. Say, for instance, in opening up,

'It is strange what a charm hangs about the ruins of dead Troy, but then everything that is beautiful in woman is coupled with that city, made a living, real thing by the blind poet of Greece. Has another Helen come among us?' Then you compare your actress with the old Helen racket, and—"

"Stop," cried the editor.

"Then say that her laughter is as the laughing of pleasant fountains over—" but the little man suddenly dropped under the table, and his remains were duly deposited in a wagon and taken to Flat-bush.

Longstreet's Charge at Gettysburg.

G. F. Williams in "Bullet and Shell."

As yet no Federal musketry had broken out, our veterans knowing too well the value of every bullet in a crisis like this. Still the assaulting lines continued to march on, until it seemed, from where I was standing, that the leading one touched the breastworks along our center. Then, and only then, a vivid flash sprang from the earth, followed by a sharp rattle as the Federal skirmish line opened fire. The volley had no apparent effect on the Confederates, who continued to advance steadily, sweeping the skirmishers before them like chaff in the wind. A minute later a deafening crash of musketry broke upon the ear, and we knew that the main line had opened fire. Despite the sunlight the flame from our men's muskets could be distinguished as it played to and fro along Cemetery Ridge. Then for the first time the Confederate line seemed to waver; but only for an instant, for it soon rallied, and, as if by one common impulse, dashed itself like a mighty wave against the wall of steel before it. The Federal artillery on the higher ground behind our infantry now tore the enemy's ranks with a storm of iron balls until it seemed that none could stand before them and live. But the troops under Longstreet had gained an impetus which carried them clear up to and at intervals into our lines. For twenty minutes the terrible hand-to-hand struggle continued, and I saw, by the sudden movements of Hancock's Corps, that his line had been pierced and broken. It was, however, soon reformed; and although the second line of the Confederates joined and strengthened the first, our defense was too fierce and stubborn to be overcome. Finally the attacking force quivered, and a moment later the entire body was in full retreat.

THE OLD CANTEN.

Send it up to the garret? Well, no; what's the harm
If it hangs like a horseshoe to serve as a charm?
Had its day, to be sure; matches ill with things here;
Shall I sack the old friend just because it is queer?
Thing of beauty 'tis not, but a joy none the less,
As my hot lips remember its old-time caress,
And I think on the solace once quargling between
My lips from that old battered tin canteen.
It has hung by my side in the long, weary tramp,
Been my friend in the bivouac, barrack and camp,
In the triumph, capture, advance and retreat,
More than light to my path, more than guide to my feet.
Sweeter nectar ne'er flowed, however sparkling and cold,
From out chalice of silver or goblet of gold,
For a king or an emperor, princes or queen.
It has cheered the desponding on many a night,
'Til their laughing eyes gleamed in the camp-fire light,
Whether guns stood in silence, or boomed at short range,
It was always on duty; though 'twould not be strange
If in somnolent periods just after "taps"
Some colonel or captain, disturbed at his naps,
May have felt a suspicion that 'spirits' unseen
Had somehow bedeviled that old canteen.
But I think on the time when in lulls of the strife
It has called the far look in dim eyes back to life;
Helped to stanch the quick blood just beginning to pour,
Softened bread, gasping wounds that were stiffened and sore,
Moistened thin, livid lips so despairing of breath
They could only speak thanks in the quiver of death;
If an angel of mercy e'er hovered between
This world and the next, 'twas the old canteen.
Then banish it not as a profitless thing,
Were it hung in a palace it well might swing,
To tell in its mute, allegorical way
How the citizen volunteer won the day;
How he bravely, unflinchingly, grandly won,
And how, when the death-dealing work was done,
'Twas as easy his passion from war to wean
As his mouth from the lips of that old canteen.
By-and-by, when all hate for the rag with the bars
Is forgotten for love of the 'stripes and the stars';
When Columbia rules everything solid and sole,
From her own ship canal to the ice at the pole;
When we Grand Army men have obeyed the last call,
And the May flowers and violets bloom for us all;
Then away in some garret the cobwebs may screen
My tattered, old, cloth-covered tin canteen.

The Great Salt Lake.

Four barrels of water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820, and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained. Four or five large streams empty into it, and the fact of its still retaining its saline properties seems to point to the conclusion that there exists some secret bed of saline deposit over which its waters flow, and that thus they continue salt; for, although the lake may be but the residue of an immense sea which once covered the whole of this region, yet, by its continuing so salt with the amount of fresh water poured into it constantly, the idea of the existence of some such deposit from which it receives its supply seems very probable.

For many years the lake gradually rose, but in 1879 it receded some two or three feet—a most unusual occurrence—owing to the exceptionally warm summer.

There are no fish in the lake, but myriads of small flies cover its surface. The buoyancy of the water is so great that it is not at all an easy matter to drown in it. The entire length of Salt Lake is eighty-five miles, and its breadth forty-five miles. Compared with the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is longer by forty-three miles, and broader by thirty-five.

For Married People.

You make a mistake when, in your anxiety for your home and home comforts you send your husband to his social pleasures alone, thus compelling him to seek enjoyment away from your restraining influence.

You make a mistake when you economize in things that would tend to your wife's good looks or health, thus depriving her of her very means of growing daily more and more attractive in your own eyes, and cheating yourself out of much domestic enjoyment.

You make a mistake in being careless of your person or dress, which forms one of the principal pictures on memory's wall, the mother or wife in neat home attire.

You make a mistake when you button your small change in your pockets, excusing it by the reflection: "I have not enough for myself; when I have more than I want I will divide." You make an inexcusable mistake right there.

You make a mistake when he comes home, fretted and tired with life's cares and struggles, that you do not divert his mind by some cheerful story or song, and

make him feel that no matter how cold and unfeeling the world is, there is one sure haven of refuge, unfailing, to which he is ever more than welcome.

You make a mistake in not taking into your business confidence your wife—she who is to use and distribute earnings. Her skill and foresight would save you many a heart and headache, if she could only see things as you see them.

You make a mistake when you set your children an example of disrespect for their father, who has the first right to their and your obedience and attention.

You make a mistake when your son comes to you, and in broken tones confesses his error and weakness, that you do not comfort and strengthen him to do right, instead of giving censure and reproof.

You make a mistake when you leave your young daughter to learn by sorrow and experience the lessons she should have been taught at her own fireside.

You both make terrible mistakes in not walking firmly and honestly, side by side, in the paths you want your children to follow.

Fixed In His Mind.

M. Quad.

Riding up Columbia pike from Franklin, to reach the battle ground, I met an African resting by the roadside, and after several general inquiries, I asked:

"Anybody around here got any relics of the battle?"

"Does you mean cannon balls, sah?"

"Yes, cannon balls, pieces of shell, bullets, and so forth."

"Well, sah, I has de identical cannon ball dat killed Ginerel Jackson in dis yere font."

"No!"

"'Deed I has, boss."

"You don't mean that General Jackson was killed here?"

"Dat's 'zactly what I mean, an' I'ze got de werry cannon ball dat mashed him. How much will you pay fur a relic?"

I got down and argued with him. I read the list of generals who fell at Franklin, and told him how and where Jackson died, but he was as firm as a rock.

"It's no use, boss—no use," he said, as he rose up to go. "You may be right, but somehow I'ze got it fixed in my mind fur ten y'ars past dat my cannon ball killed Ginerel Jackson, an' if I should start out now wid some odder story, I couldn't disrecollect it fifteen minutes. Yes, sah, I'll stick to Jackson, an' de price of dat ball am two dollahs!"

Seeing the Superintendent.

Wall Street News.

In the office of a certain Western railroad superintendent it was understood that when a common looking stranger entered the outer office and asked for the Great Mogul, one of the several young men therein employed should claim to be the official wanted and thus turn the bore away. The other day a web-footed stranger with a business squint in his eyes, asked to see the superintendent, and the chief clerk promptly replied :

"Yes, sir ; what can I do for you ?"

"Are you the man ?"

"I am."

"No mistake ?"

"None at all."

"Then it's all right. Six months ago one of your trains killed a cow for me, and you have been just mean enough not to answer any of my letters. "Old hoss, I'm a going to lick \$35 out of you !"

"But, sir, you see——"

"I see nothing but you ! Prepare to be licked !"

And the proxy-superintendent was not only mopped around the room and flung into the wood-box as limp as a clothes line, but the cow-owner kicked the others out-doors and upset the desks and tables with the remark :

"The next time I do business with this corporation I want you to not only reply to my letters, but to put 'in haste' on your envelopes !"

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

A drunkard lay on his bed of straw,
In a poverty stricken room,
While 'round him his wife and children three
Were shivering in their misery,
And weeping in the gloom.

And as he slept, the drunkard dreamed
Of the happy days gone by ;
When he wooed and won a maiden fair,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
And a heavenly, soft blue eye.

And then he at the altar stood
And kissed his blushing bride ;
And as he gazed upon her,
Felt his bosom heave with pride ;
And thought no prince could rival him
With Mary by his side.

The drunkard's wife is brooding, too,
O'er the happy long ago ;
And as she sits, she sighs and rocks
Her body to and fro.
He dreams, she thinks, yet all their thoughts
In the same channel flow.

But now, upon the drunkard's brow,
A look of horror dwells ;
And of his fearful agony
Each feature plainly tells.
Some hideous scene that wakes despair
His blissful dream dispels.

Upon him glares a monster now,
With visage full of ire ;
And yelping fiends with ribald songs
Replace the feathered choir,
While the pure water of the spring
Is turned to liquid fire.

And as the red flames leap and roar
Around the brooklet's brink,
The fiends a flaming goblet raise
And urge the wretch to drink ;
While up above the stars fade out,
And all is black as ink.

"Drink, comrade, drink," the demons cry,
"Come to the banquet, come,
This is a fitting draught for those
Who sell their souls for rum."
No word the drunkard speaks, but stares
As if he were stricken dumb.

And then they point him to the brook
And cry, "See, drunkard, see,
Amid yon flames are struggling
Your wife and children three,
And in their terror and despair
They call for help on thee."

He rushed to aid them, but at once
The demons blocked the way,
And then he sank upon his knees
In agony to pray ;
But palsied were his lips, and he
Could no petition say.

The drunkard writhed and from his brow
Cold perspiration broke,
As from the forms of those he loved,
Curled up the flames and smoke ;
As shrieking in his misery,
The wretched man awoke.

He looked around with frenzied eyes ;
His wife and children three
Sat shivering in their tattered rags,
In abject misery,
And wept outright to look upon
His waking agony.

A pause, a sigh, and reason's light
Again did on him beam,
And springing to his feet, he cried,
"Thank God, 'twas but a dream,
And I, perhaps, may yet regain
My fellow man's esteem."

And reaching out his trembling hand
He from the table took
A mother's gift when he was wed—
The great God's holy book.
And while his loved ones knelt around
A solemn vow he took.

"So help me, God, I ne'er again
Will touch the poisoned bowl !
It ruins health and character,
And steepes in guilt the soul.
It swells the fearful lists of names
Affixed to Satan's scroll.

Help me, O Lord, this vow to keep,
And shun each vicious den,
Wherein I'd feel the tempter
To make me sin again."
And from his wife's white lips
Arose a loud "Amen."

He kept his word, and from that day
Their home did heaven seem.
No discord now ; sweet peace was theirs,
And love their only theme.
And daily both gave thanks to God
Who sent the drunkard's dream.

Firemen's Magazine.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of Locomotive Enginemen.

TERMS: One Dollar per year, in advance.

Advertising rates given on application.

Entered at the Post office at Terre Haute, Indiana, as second class matter.

EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

THE self-respecting man is never a dishonest one.

THE experiment of 1873 has proven a grand success in 1883.

SELF-RESPECT and roguery are as antagonistic as fire and water.

SELF-RESPECT in a fireman's dirty overalls is nobler than dishonesty in a carriage.

FOR the past few years the course of the Brotherhood has been onward and upward.

THE respect of others can be bought, but the only thing you can buy it with is self respect.

"HONOR and fame from no condition rise." He alone attains honor who deserves it.

DRUNKENNESS among railroad men is fast disappearing before the march of our Brotherhood.

EMPLOYERS should recognize the fact that labor is their best capital, and should pay it accordingly.

SHUN the man who speaks lightly of a woman's character. He who speaks ill of another to you, will speak ill of you to another.

LET railroad managers look into the character of our institution, and they will unanimously endorse it.

THE pecuniary benefits of our Order are insignificant compared with the moralizing influence it has upon its members.

IT would be difficult to estimate the vast amount of good that the Brotherhood has done since its organization, ten years ago.

FIREMEN and engineers, who are not members, should examine our aims and purposes, and see if they can afford to live without us.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen offers a cheap and legitimate insurance to every honorable engineman in North America.

SUBORDINATE Lodges are held responsible for the actions of their officers; therefore, too much care cannot be exercised in selecting them.

THE member who displays a weakness for using the privileges of our traveling card, without a reasonable cause, needs an eye of suspicion to watch him.

LET every member of the Brotherhood bear in mind the fact that in this country one man is as good as another if his efforts to make himself so are successful.

BEWARE of the man who is continually seeking employment. He is scarcely employed before he loses his situation through neglect or habits of intemperance.

GIVE to the property of your employer the care and attention that you would give your own. Employes should carefully protect the interests and welfare of the business that employs them.

OUR enemies of the past are fast becoming our warm friends, as they will all be, when they come down from their lofty positions of arrogance and prejudice, and give us the benefit of a fair investigation.

THE Magazine is published in the interest of the Brotherhood. It is a messenger that carries to the homes of the people the news of the noble work in which the Order is engaged. This is a fact that every member should bear in mind, and strive to increase its circulation.

EVERY member of the Order should carry a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws in his pocket. By so doing he will save himself and the officers of his Lodge much trouble, for if he studies it carefully, as he should, he will know just what he must do to keep himself in good standing.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated the wisdom of our policy in substituting arbitration for strikes as a means of settling differences with railroad companies. A strict adherence to this policy has added materially to the growth and prosperity of our Order. We refer to this fact with pride, feeling confident that the same course will be pursued by the Order in the future that has marked its glorious career in the past.

IN MEMORIAM.

(In memory of Wm. Burgoyne, who was killed in a collision, March 20, 1883, aged 23 years.)

Gone to thy home of rest, far from this world of sin,

There no tears are shed, no partings ever come.

And loved ones all are gathered in
Secure in shelter from all pain and care.

Willie, we all miss you greatly,
When we think of the days when you were here;

But we know thy sorrows are past
And a crown thou hast won at last.

Thine ears have thrilled to the joyous song,
That never shall pass away;
Thine eyes have gazed on glories bright
Of a never fading day.

For well we know thou hast tasted
The bliss the just receive,
That mortal eye can never see,
Nor heart of ours conceive.

Dear widowed mother, grieve not,
For your loved boy is at rest.
Soon, he will welcome you forever,
In that glorious home of the blest.

Weep not for Will, sister dear,
Still we know it's hard to bear.
But keep in mind as you travel
You will meet on the shores eternal.

A FRIEND.

Special Correspondence

Industry.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., August 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having written a few lines on "Benevolence and Sobriety," I have now much pleasure in carrying out my promise, and will conclude with a few remarks on "Industry," which forms the third great pillar of the Firemen's Brotherhood. Remove the pillar of benevolence, then there would no longer be any use for our Brotherhood; remove the pillars of sobriety and industry, benevolence would then fall, for although benevolence is the first great pillar, it stands only by the support of sobriety and industry. Industry is the foundation of success in the working of any organization such as our own. It is the industry of the Grand Lodge officers and the officers of subordinate Lodges, together with the all but universal hearty co-operation of our members, which is causing the marvelous growth and the majestic strides of our Brotherhood. Industry is the foundation of success in any calling. If we strive to attain a place of eminence in our callings or professions, it is only by "industry" and a close application to every detail relating thereto that we can hope to get there. The indolent man never—or scarcely ever—succeeds in getting beyond the ranks; if he does, he generally falls back again.

It is the industry of the English and American nations which has largely contributed to elevate them to the ranks which they now occupy among the peoples of the world. The annals of history are rich with the records of men like James Watt, Richard Aikwright, George Stephenson, George Peabody, Abraham Lincoln and others of like stamp, who in many cases from poverty and obscurity rose to eminence and wealth by indefatigable industry and indomitable perseverance. The history of these benefactors to the human race is both striking and interesting. If we refer to their origin, their struggles with poverty, their patience under suffering, their heroic endurance, their steady perseverance, and their triumph over difficulties, we are filled with surprise and admiration. Had these men been born in easy circumstances, the

world might never have heard their names. But their necessities drove them to the school of labor, which after all is the best as far as regards this world.

Industry (says a modern writer) is the great lever that will elevate a man; industry, *industry*—a love of work, a *love* of work—this must be the motive power. It was industry and perseverance which enabled Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, to master eighteen languages and more than twenty European dialects, and this while yet employed at the anvil.

It is astonishing how much may be accomplished by industry and perseverance even in the spare moments which indolent persons permit to go to waste. Fergusson learnt astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheep-skin on the highlands of Scotland. Stone learnt mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener. Drew studied the higher philosophy in the intervals of cobbling boots and shoes. Miller taught himself geology while working as a laborer in a stone quarry.

There is nothing derogatory in honest labor. When God placed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, He gave them something to do, and even now, that which was pronounced as a curse upon man, "that he should eat bread in the sweat of his brow," is a blessing. Idle people are generally mischief makers, and they have never that contentment of mind which is born of honest toil. Sloth benumbs and enervates the mind; regular work excites and strengthens it. The worker will surmount the most difficult obstacles that may come before him while the drone will procrastinate and, finally give up in dismay without, perhaps, a single effort. Hugh Miller, the celebrated geologist, who began life as a laborer in a quarry, and who consequently knew the value of patient industry, has recorded it as his experience that work, even the hardest, is full of pleasure and of materials for self-improvement. He considered honest toil to be the best of teachers, and the school of labor to be the noblest of schools—save only the Christian one; and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He even thought the training of the mechanic preferable to any other for the journey through life.

Dr. D. Livingstone, the African missionary and traveler, was of the same opinion. He was sent to work at the age of ten in a cotton factory, and for years, whilst employed there, pursued a course of study, first at home and afterwards at Glasgow University, attending the classes

and lectures during the winter, and working at the cotton mill during the rest of the year. Speaking subsequently of this part of his life, he thus writes: "Looking back now at that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training." With such extraordinary industry, he was enabled to learn the Latin and Greek languages, Botany, Medicine and Divinity whilst earning his daily bread at the cotton mill.

Curran, the Irish orator, when at school, had a strong defect in his articulation, and was known as "Stuttering Jack Curran." While engaged in the study of the law, and still struggling to overcome his defect, he was stung into eloquence by the sarcasms of a member of a debating club, who characterized him as "Orator Mum;" for timid, like Cowper, when he stood up to speak, Curran had not, on a previous occasion, been able to utter a word. But the taunt raised his pluck, and he replied with a triumphant speech. This accidental discovery in himself of the gift of eloquence, encouraged him to proceed in his duties with additional energy and vigor. He corrected his pronunciation by reading aloud, emphatically and distinctly, the best passages in English literature for several hours every day, studying his features before a mirror, and adopting a mode of gesticulation suited to his rather awkward and ungraceful figure. He also proposed cases to himself, which he stated with as much care as if he had been addressing a jury. He commenced business with the qualification which Lord Eldon stated to be the first requisite for distinction as a barrister, that is, "to be not worth a shilling." It is a matter of history how Curran's industry, energy and genius eventually succeeded.

Steady resolve will scale mountains, ford rivers, make headway against the tide, and accomplish wonders. Without exertion we cannot hope to achieve anything.

It was the invincible determination and the indomitable energy of Robert Bruce which gained him the crown and restored the freedom of Scotland. A like determination and a similar force of energy enabled Timour, the Tarter, to beat back the invaders of his country, after he had suffered defeat at their hands. As it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back, so it often is the last effort which

brings the long looked for success. Therefore, when one has a good cause in hand, his motto should be *nil desperandum* (never despair).

Now with regard to ourselves and the profession we have chosen as a means of support, I would more particularly speak of. The time is coming when—if we remain true to our sacred obligations and the trust that is and *will* be reposed in us—the bulk of the master mechanics and not a few of the mechanical superintendents will be recruited from our ranks as we gain promotion step by step. That is, we will soon have all, or nearly all of those firemen that are worth having within our ranks, the worthless not being admitted, it will follow as a consequence that the ranks of the engineers will be recruited from the B. L. F. almost to the total exclusion of those outside. Some of those engineers will in time be advanced to the rank of master mechanic; some of those again will attain the rank of mechanical superintendent, which is the highest rank a locomotive engineer can attain. Well, now, brothers, it is only a few of the best of you, in comparison to your number, that can hope to be promoted to master mechanics, and so on from that to superintendents, which necessarily will be fewer still. Those who are not afraid of work, but have an abundance of energy and perseverance, those who become noted for the closest application to every day duties, for integrity, punctuality, promptitude and truthfulness, those will be the men who will be first to come to the front. Those are the kind of men who are really the rulers of the world. There are numbers of good, industrious, energetic men within our ranks, men of sterling worth, who will never get beyond the rank of engineer for the simple reason that there can not be promotions for all, but let us hope and pray that this fact will not cause a single one to abate one iota in those habits of industry; let them still keep on, for yet none can tell what the future may bring forth, and there is one satisfaction at least in the knowledge that the selection of those for promotion will be made from our ranks.

There is scarcely anything I hate more than to see a man, especially a young man, become discouraged and downhearted at the first two or three disappointments when striving for any place or object worth having. Try, try, try again, keep on trying; remember the anecdote of Robert Bruce and the spider, and let it be a lesson to encourage us all

to continue on in face of repeated failures, disappointments and defeats. This, my brothers, is *industry* in one of its best forms. The author of "How to Rise in the World" says: "One of the best pieces of workmanship is the making of efforts. He who is cast in a sluggish mould should break his way out of it, just as the chick breaks his way out of the shell. What would that little wretch do without energy? Why, he would get addled, and so shall we all get addled, if we don't strive. Energy is the elder brother of industry, and where we find the one the other is sure to be there.

"When the little chick commences to break his way through the shell he meets with an amount of difficulty, of which less than half the proportionate amount has dismayed thousands of weak-hearted men, but the little fellow is all industry and brim full of energy, and so he works his way out into the world."

We must not, then, be daunted by the obstacles which may be thrown in our path, but set to work with energy and pitch them aside. It is by difficulties that character is developed and strengthened; they form a necessary part of the discipline of life. It is not ease, but effort, not facility, but difficulty, that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties, trials and disappointments have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved. Those difficulties, trials and disappointments are, however, our best instructors. Charles James Fox said that he hoped more from a man who failed and yet went on in spite of his failures than from the buoyant career of the successful. The instances of men in the world who, by dint of persevering application and energy, have raised themselves from the humblest ranks of industry to eminent positions of usefulness and influence in society, are indeed so numerous that they have long ceased to be regarded as exceptional. Looking at some of the more remarkable instances, it might almost be said that early encounter with difficulty and adverse circumstance was the necessary and indispensable condition of success.

With habits of industry we want *energy* to give them complete efficiency. In this age the mere plodder is left far behind. It is not enough that we work; we must work with vigor. "Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Freeman Hunt, in the Merchant's Magazine, an English publication,

says: "We love our upright, energetic men. Pull them this way and then that way and the other, they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. They are not ever yawning away existence or walking about the world as if they had come into it with only half their soul; you cannot keep them down, you cannot destroy them. But for these the world would soon degenerate. Who but they start any noble project? They whiten the ocean with their sails, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their steam vessels and furnace fires. They build our cities and rear our manufactories. They draw the treasures from the mine. They plow the earth."

We meet men every day who possess talents, industry and good judgment, but who win no adequate success simply from *lack of energy*. They do not "push," and somebody always steps in before them. Cultivate this quality. Bring into action all the latent powers of your nature. Strike! and *strike with a will!*

This is the only way by which a man can step to the front. There is no royal road to places of eminence in any calling. Some get there easier than others it is true, but they gain and hold those positions only by force of industry and its kindred virtues. Then let us, if possible, stand firmer to the pillar of industry and thus give a stronger support to those of "Benevolence and Sobriety," and, mark my word for it, the B. L. F. will become an indispensable institution in the United States and the Canadas, not to firemen alone, but to our employers also.

A. H. GREEN.

"WILL you have dinner at the eating station?" asked the train boy of a passenger.

"Yes," said the passenger, arising and following the boy.

"I just wanted to know," said the boy, "so I could telegraph ahead."

"Telegraph," repeated the tired passenger whose patience the slowness of the train had exhausted, "I thought you wanted me to stroll on ahead and eat by the time the train would get there."—*Ark. Traveler.*

Love in marriage should be the accomplishment of a beautiful dream, and not, as it too often proves, the end.—*Alphonso Karr.*

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine.

Just His Way.

BY IDA A. HARPER.

This phrase, like charity, is made to cover a multitude of sins. It is the stereotyped excuse for disagreeable people. When a man is so cross and unpleasant it is a punishment to be in his presence, there will always be found some kind-hearted person to say: "O, do not mind him. It is 'just his way.'" And when a woman is so fretful and fault-finding she makes every one about her miserable, some charitable soul will make the excuse: "She does not mean to be so. It is only her way." If people are morose, or selfish, or high-tempered, or reckless, this trite expression is supposed to explain and atone for every deficiency. Of course it is "just their way," but they have no right to have such "ways." Since "manners make the man," it behooves us to be exceedingly careful about these manners, for in this respect, at least, we are all "self-made."

It cannot be denied that a man may have very disagreeable ways and yet be possessed of a sterling character; a woman may have many annoying peculiarities and yet be pure as gold and true as steel, but in forming a general estimate of people we are greatly influenced by their manners. By these we are attracted or repelled. There is something, subtle and undefinable, which causes us to enjoy the companionship of some persons and to avoid the society of others. We cannot explain it; we can only say: "They have such delightful manners."

In the common intercourse of life we are so dependent upon one another for comfort and happiness that it becomes an imperative duty for us to be just as agreeable as lies within our power. This does not imply that we should be continually making an effort to be brilliant and entertaining, but only that we should be amiable and accommodating. Good nature is the oil that causes all the wheels to run smoothly.

We have not all an equal chance in this direction. Some people are born with an even disposition. It is easier for them to be pleasant than not to be. Others inherit an ugly temper which they

must be always struggling to subdue. There are many pre-natal influences that we cannot understand which make themselves manifest through all a long life time. Aside from these unavoidable influences are those of circumstances and surroundings. There is no virtue in being amiable when there is nothing to try one's patience. Some lives seem to float so calmly and peacefully by, not a whirlpool to suggest the depths of sorrow, no sunken rocks where hopes were wrecked and lost, no high and desolate banks, frowning down like an angry fate, only the smooth and sunny waters gliding down to the quiet sea; while others are a long succession of storms and tempests, quicksands that close over love and hope, cruel reefs that break and dash to pieces the life boats of happiness and faith, dark waters, brightened here and there with a fleeting gleam of sunshine, then rolling on with joyless energy to their last refuge, the all-receiving ocean. It requires no particular skill to guide a ship over an unruffled surface, but when the waves are lashed by the winds and the clouds hang black and threatening above, then comes the demand for the clear head, the firm and steady hand. The man or woman who can remain calm, self-poised and sweet-tempered amid the worries and perplexities of every day life is an angel in the household, and will be universally loved.

Aside from a sullen, morose individual, there are none so disagreeable as those persons who take pride in forever "speaking their mind." Such people always have a mind to say something unpleasant. You cannot get rid of them by telling them you do not want to know their opinions. They are determined you shall have the full benefit of them. There is no way to escape save by inglorious flight. They mistake officiousness for independence and, while we admire those people who speak their sentiments frankly when called upon, we hate them for intruding these sentiments when we do not wish to hear them.

And, after all, are not more than half of the difficulties in the world caused by our unruly tongues? Who ever heard of deaf and dumb people getting into any trouble? We speak the hasty word which rankles in the breast of a friend; we repeat the bit of gossip that blights a life; we make rash promises that are hard to fulfill; we say things in the heat of passion which provoke a serious quarrel or demand a humiliating apology.

It is "just our way." With all the

beautiful words in the English language from which to select, we choose those which are sarcastic and unkind; with the precious power within our possession of making people happy and satisfied, we wilfully make them uncomfortable and discontented. Dear friends, in the solitude of night, when we are alone with our souls, let us ask of ourselves: "What is my way? If I am tortured and annoyed almost beyond endurance, do I bear it bravely and uncomplainingly, or do I make all those around me miserable by adding my burdens to theirs? If I am crushed and broken, do I shut my grief within my heart or selfishly ask those who love me to share my sorrows?" The world is not cold or unsympathetic, but it has so many vexations and troubles of its own. Whenever we ask our brothers and sisters to help us bear our trials we are only making our load lighter and theirs heavier. We owe to the world our smiles, for they may bring hope and encouragement to those who are weary and disheartened. Our tears we may keep; the world has already too many.

It is a mistake to suppose that as we are now, we must ever remain. It is possible to make just as much progress in disposition, habits and manners as it is in education or in business. "Just our way" to-day need not be "just our way" a year from now. These lessons of self-control and self-improvement are to be learned every day and are never finished, and it is equally as important that we be pleasant, amiable and agreeable as it is that we be distinguished in arts, science or finance.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 15, 1883.

Baraboo, Wisconsin.

BARABOO, WIS., July 22, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I am a sister of one of the members of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, I thought it not out of place to write a few lines to them, as there has been only one letter written from here.

I really do like to speak encouraging words when I can, although it is rather a difficult task for me to do; but as I heard one of the members say that they did not have much to encourage them, I will make an effort to do my part.

I think mothers, wives and sisters surely ought to be interested enough to make a small sacrifice of their time and talent, and just say a few kind and cheery words to help them on in their grand and noble work. How much good

they have done in so short a time! God only knows the feelings of the bereft ones. May He speed you on in this good work of benevolence.

I always think when my brother goes out he may never return to us. Oh, how many hours of impatient waiting and watching his dear coming! I do not know what we would do without him.

I have *only* six brothers, and I would not know how to spare one of them. Each one seems very dear to me, but this one that is exposed to so much in railroad life seems to me more dear than the rest.

If he should meet with the sad fate that some of the poor fellows have, and we should have to give him up, it would be very hard; it would be heartrending. Oh, it makes me shudder, the very thought that it might be.

Our Father, who cares for us all, has watched over him thus far, and my prayer is that He will care for you all, and keep you under the shadow of His mighty wing. How much we all have to thank Him for.

Oh, boys, I beg of you, prepare yourselves for whatever fate may await you. I should feel sad to have any one of you plunged into eternity without a moment's warning. Let us strive to be prepared to go at any time our Heavenly Father may see fit to call us. It seems very pleasant to think of meeting all our dear friends in a brighter and happier world than this. When all our trials are over, we can rest there forever.

Hoping we may have a chance of reading some other friend's letter from this place to lighten the Brotherhood's burdens, I will close by wishing them abundant success through this life in their care for others.

As this is the first letter I have written to the Magazine, I will beg pardon for taking so much space in its columns.

FROM A SISTER.

Pay Day.

MATTOON, ILLS., June 15, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Numberless and inestimable are the times the above six letters are reiterated daily, in anticipation of that financial benefactor—the bank on wheels—the pay car. Especially is this noticeable within the limits of our own transiently populated town; for here hundreds of men are employed by the railroad companies in manufacturing from the tiniest rivet to the most powerful traction engine, or from wielding the most unctuous oil can

to artistically arranging the rich, soft, velvety plush; from hewing the rough timber to carving the delicate molding; from master of the pick to master of the pen; from supervisor on the section to a master mechanic.

Who are interested in this pecuniary period? The street vagrant? The pretentious dude? The fashionable belle? The busy merchant? The expounder of the Bible? The implacable rum-seller? Yea, all these and countless more.

Would that the money-drawer of the rum-vender jingled less with the ring of the silver coin of the railroad workman, and his home ring the more gleefully with peals of joyous laughter from the lips of happy children and a loving wife, or perhaps the blessing of a devoted Christian mother. Some brave hearts have seen the last earthly pay day and received a pass with the signature of the King of Kings into a home beyond. As heroic hearts have deprived themselves of friends, home and its loved ones, sacrificed a life, tenaciously clinging to their posts of duty on the doomed steam-carriage; we say as heroic hearts as ever faced a cannon's ball, or perished in a "black hole of Calcutta," died under the tyranny of a Nero, or triumphed in the victory of a Waterloo.

Two noble souls, Daniel Harrington and Patrick Welch, have lately crossed eternity's bridge, to await the coming of God's great and final "pay day"—

"And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrows,
Have crossed the bridge since then."

EMMA CLEGG.

Houston, Texas.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, July 4, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been a reader of your delightful Magazine for several months, and seeing no contribution from the ladies of this place, thought I would furnish an article. In celebration of our National Independence Day we have a barbecue at the fair ground. A slight rain fell this morning, but not enough to mar the merry-making of the pleasure seekers. By way of explanation, let me add that rain in Texas means mud about a foot deep; and if one is so unfortunate as to fall it saves a shock or hurt.

The gulf city of Houston numbers 146 members, but my chief interest centers in No. 70, since my brother is a member of that Lodge. Lone Star is in a flourish-

ing condition, but had the misfortune lately to lose Chas. Reitch, Master.

Now, that I have "broken the ice," I trust that other ladies, who may compose better, will feel encouraged to write you occasionally, for your valuable Magazine.

Hoping the B. of L. F. will always prosper, I am ever

A FRIEND.

IN MEMORY OF TWO BRAVE MEN.

BY H. C. TOWNER.

Well, partner, sit down here and listen,
You've got plenty of time to-day,
And I'll tell you about Bill Duncan,
How he threw his life away.

Well, no, I can't say that either,
We can't say his life was lost;
He knew he'd got brave work to do,
And he staid right there at his post.

He was nothing extra, Bill wasn't,
No knight of high degree;
Just a common engine driver,
Working, like you and me.

Or any other laborer,
Earning his bread by his trade;
Yet, somehow, he had within him,
The stuff of which heroes are made.

About four weeks ago it all happened,
Bill was on the passenger line;
He was running old Hundred and Seven,
And everything going on fine.

They were safely out of the Canon,
And over the worst of the road;
But the old proverb say, "Never Holler,
Till you're out of the wood."

One more bridge over the Gunnison,
A trestle high and long,
And Gunnison up and a booming,
Rapid and deep and strong.

Bill brought his train to a standstill,
The conductor and him got out;
And they looked the bridge all over,
And it seed solid and stout.

The conductor gave his signal,
Bill pulled out steady and slow,
And he'd not got more than half way over
When he felt it was going to go.

And all in a holy minute,
And with a terrible crash;
Bridge, engine, tender and baggage,
Went down to eternal smash.

And now comes the best part of my story
Bill Duncan and Emory, too;
They just covered themselves with glory
By acting their part brave and true.

They could both have got away safely,
And it would have been all on the square;
For the bridge broke down first behind them,
And they had some three seconds to spare,

And a man can do lots in three seconds,
When his life depends on it, you see;
They'd only to climb down on the trestle;
And take three or four steps to be free,

In such cases a man thinks like lightning,
There's no limit to mind action they say;
And I've no doubt whatever that Duncan
Just reasoned the thing out in this way.

There's one of two things to do mighty sudden,
It is to seek safety by flight;

The other to stay here by my engine,
I'll do that, for it seems to me right.

Now, Bill might have thought that all over,
And he might not, no one can tell;
But he did one thing, we are certain,
And that was his duty, right well.

He sounded his danger signal
And put on the brake, heavy and stout,
And went down, the whistle shrieking
It's angry warning out.

You may not call it heroic,
Only to set an air brake;
But just think what depended on it,
And the precious lives at stake.

The check the train got stopped its headway,
The air brake set firm, held it back;
And it broke in two at the smoker,
And staid there safe on the track.

And Bill and his fireman went under,
And both found a watery grave;
And out of that train load of people,
They had given their lives to save—
How very few thought of the heroes,
And the brave work they had done,
As they fretted over their forced delay,
And worried the dreary hours away,
In their hurry to push on.

Well, it's been a good while since it happened,
And the bridge is again safe and sound,
And our trains now safely run over
The spot where our brave boys were
drown'd,
The engines were all draped in mourning,
And their fame was sung loud for a while;
Then the public passed on and forgot them,
But we don't, you can gamble your pile.

And I reckon they'll not be forgotten,
Up yonder, in heaven, at least;
For our great and holy Redeemer,
Whose life, among workmen, was passed—
He said, and you can't mistake Him—
His own words are there clear and plain—
"Whoso loseth his life for my sake,
"The same shall find it again."

And if giving one's life for another,
Isn't doing it for Christ's sake,
I'd like to know what you would call it,
For there can't be any mistake
About the words and their meaning,
And I tell you, partner, to-day,
I believe that Duncan, and Emory, too,
Did all that mortal man can do,
Lost their own lives and found them again,
In the Land of Eternal Day.

This railroading is a hard work,
And it's apt to make us hard;
We get rough and reckless like soldiers,
But I tell you truly pard,
That many a rough, hard surface
Only hides a man's true heart;
And there's many a Duncan and Emory,
Tolling on, day by day,
Ready and willing, at Duty's call,
To throw their lives away;
And braving hardships and dangers drear,
Look grim Death in the face without fear,
While doing a brave man's part.

Grand Junction, June 23, 1883.

Correspondence

Marquette, Mich.

MARQUETTE, MICH., June 21, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

About a year ago I stated that I would not sever my connection with No. 52 until I had established a Lodge in this place. My expectations have been realized. Our Lodge was started with a charter membership of seventeen, and thirteen have since been added. Our goat collapsed after the last man went through, but there was trouble ahead between long Alex. and said goat.

The Vice President is a true B. of L. F. man, but he never puts his arms around the camel but the humps fall off.

Bro. Hosier need not slip away so slyly every Sunday; the boys understand his maneuvers.

Bro. Watt has returned from a trip East, but found the center of gravity a St. James.

We owe many thanks to the officials of our road for their sanction of our organization.

Fraternally yours, L. L. HOOD.

A Boon to the Men of the Engine.

BROCKVILLE, ONT., May 11, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is a very long time since anything from Island City Lodge, No. 69, has appeared in the Magazine, but we are not dead yet, as any visiting brothers will find out, should they come this way. We have had a long, hard winter's work, and it was with great difficulty we were enabled to hold a few meetings. A guiding hand has brought us safely through, and we are together again, with none missing. Our employers, to show their appreciation of our services, have built in Montreal, for our benefit, comfortable rooms, where we can rest without going to a hotel. There is a wash room and bath, with hot and cold water, an eating room, kitchen and bed rooms; hot coffee (gratis) at all hours, and men to keep the place in shape. This is a direct benefit to Brockville men, as we nearly all run to Montreal. I will not intrude any more on your valuable space, and hope this may stir up a more able pen.

Fraternally yours, RUSTICUS.

Our Instructor at Waterloo.

WATERLOO, IOWA, April 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We are deeply indebted to Bro. S. M. Stevens for a very pleasant visit on March 18. Our Lodge rooms being occupied that evening, Mr. Wm. Barrett kindly offered us the parlors of the Logan House.

We always find Bro. Stevens the same earnest worker for the good of the Order, and we don't think the B. of L. F. could select a more earnest or efficient member out of her ranks to fill his important position, or one who is so appreciated by all.

Although I never saw any correspondence in the Magazine from No. 30, you need not think she is not alive, for among her good, responsible members the following have crossed to the right side in the last year: Bro. A. E. Girard, our efficient Financier; C. A. Clough, our popular Magazine Agent; A. C. Dubois, A. H. Girard, A. G. Merriman, J. R. and P. R. Griffin. Our worthy Master, C. O. Grossley, is dispatching.

No. 30.

Port Hope, Ontario.

PORT HOPE, ONT., June 15, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I now have a little spare time, I thought I would write a few lines for the Magazine. We were organized on the 13th of January by Brother John Scott, assisted by Brothers Bolton, Reddie and Henderson, of Dominion Lodge.

We are getting along quite well and feel proud of our worthy Master, who takes a great interest in the Lodge.

We now have 21 members, all in good standing. They all attend meetings regularly and are prompt in the payment of their dues and assessments.

We had an assembly on the evening of April 20, which proved to be a grand success, and leaves us with a surplus in the treasury.

Joseph Brown, of Amboy Lodge No. 35, is now among us, and we hope he may soon deposit his card in our Lodge.

We feel very grateful to the members of No. 67 for the assistance they have rendered us.

Brother John Johnston has taken a lively interest in our welfare, for which he has our warmest thanks.

Yours, fraternally,

P. O. GAKE.

A Visit to Chicago.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., May 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It has been the good (or bad) fortune of your correspondent to have spent some fifteen years of his life in the railroad business. From a "wheel knocker" he has worked himself up to the mighty and responsible position of freight conductor, and who (but a passenger brakeman) is mightier than the autocrat of a freight train? After having served the soulless corporation in this capacity for a time, he was summarily shelved for trying to pass an approaching train on a single track. Not wholly disheartened by this best of bad luck, your deponent cautiously approached the master mechanic and asked to be allowed to fire extra for the boys when they went to see their "Hannah Marias." He found the M. M. affable, and was allowed to take pot luck with the other extras. After having manipulated the black diamonds in this capacity for a month or more, the M. M. concluded that his (the stoker's) back was shaped by nature for that calling, and promoted him to an engine of his own. The engine that was pointed out to him looked "bran splinter." But, alas, such was not the case, for your orator remembered having shoveled coal into that self same fire-box in a former experience. This same engine, 'tho, had been painted and varnished up until she looked like a machine on her maiden trip. It soon became apparent to the M. M. that the old mill was on her last pins, and would have to be rebuilt. This was put off from time to time, chiefly on account of a rush of business. Finally, however, the summons came, and it found her ready to go. So, on Tuesday, April 17, pulling a train of thirty-five cars, we set out with this engine that was on her way to the scrap heap, for the Garden City. Into this city, noted for its number of expert "sand-bag" handlers and "best Mayor," we arrived at 10:40 a. m. on the 18th, a stranger and alone. But in this lonesome and embarrassing condition we were not permitted long to remain, for we were met and taken in (charge) by Bros. Stuart, Davison, Hannahan, Parker and Delaney. Now, there were five of them and only one of us, so how to divide ourselves up, and make it agreeable for all concerned, was the question. It was finally arranged that ye stoker should go with Bros. Davison and Stuart to dinner. After this we took the dummy for the city. Upon arriving at the depot we met

Bros. Nichols and Gray, of Rock Island. The members of No. 50 appointed themselves a committee on amusements, refreshments and transportation, and all we three boys from the country had to do was look on. We found such members of No. 50 as we had the pleasure of meeting gentlemen in every sense of that word; real stone ballast, double track, steel rail sort of fellows, and we wish to personally thank them for courtesies received. On the morning of the 19th we met Bros. Chapman, Welsh, Cullen, Applegreen, West and Smith, of No. 48 (Peoria), with whom we spent a short time. Under the guidance of Hannahan, we made a tour of the shops and visited such other places of interest as our limited time would permit. No. 50 was just on the eve of her annual ball, but not being able to attend, we were informed by Bros. Gray and Nichols that it was a pleasant affair, with not a high joint or a low center to mar the flow of happiness. As we said before, we wish to personally rise and thank those members of 50 who were so solicitous of our enjoyment.

STOKER.

London, Ontario.

LONDON, ONT., Aug. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We had the greatest thunder and rain storm recently that has been known in this section for years. The rain fell in torrents; it has washed the track out in several places, while the river here has raised to such a height as to flood London West, drowning a number of people. Bro. Wm. Young had a narrow escape on the night mail by getting into a washout. Bros. Geo. Collinson and R. Lister also had to jump to save themselves. Bro. Collinson's engine went off a switch and turned over; one more turn would have put her in Hamilton Bay. Bro. Lister was in a collision where both engines and a number of cars were mashed, but he got off in good style. We were shut in here completely, with a wooden bridge down on one side, two iron bridges shifted on the other and the wreck from the collision on the only outlet that we had to our Loop Line. There is very few of the boys at home, most of them being stalled on the road.

I had the pleasure of visiting Standard Lodge, No. 158, they are doing well and taking to the work of the Order with a good spirit. They will, from all appearances, make a good showing in our ranks.

BEAVER.

Our Organizer's Labors.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 31, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

No. 94 still lives and remains an earnest worker in the cause of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Although there is little said of her, she is still at her post, doing all she can to build up and increase our most excellent Order. Our numbers are being daily increased by the best of material, and those of long standing in the Order are earnest in the work.

With the visit of our Grand Instructor, a new light seems to dawn on No. 94. Members become more interested and more energetic, and I doubt if there is a Lodge in the land to-day that has a more harmonious feeling among its members. With its membership of 59, many of them scattered to the four winds, all are in good standing. This is in a measure due to the good training they get at home when first they enter the Brotherhood. The old adage, "Train up a child in the way he should go, etc.," applies to all new members of our Order. We believe in giving all to understand that dues should be paid in advance, and by so doing all brothers are kept in good standing. This is not a constitutional law, but should one of that kind be placed in the constitution of our Order, it would be the best one ever made. To be convinced of this, one has only to look at the list of expulsions for non-payment of dues.

Give this matter thought, brothers, and when the next annual convention meets be prepared to instruct your delegates to see that this law is made one of the strongest articles in our constitution. With this law enforced by every Lodge and thoroughly instilled in the minds of all, there would not be one expulsion where there are fifty now. During the two years of 94's existence she has only expelled six members for non-payment of dues. With the above law, she would have expelled none. We believe in making members understand that dues are the most important part of all our duties.

We are highly pleased with the article in the May number of our Magazine referring to our Grand Instructor. Enough good cannot be said of him. Words cannot express the appreciation the Brotherhood ought to feel for him. He that devotes his life to our Order, and is toiling night and day in the interests of the institution he so loves. What George Washington was to our country, Bro. Stevens is to our Order. Correcting our errors, directing our steps and giving us

advice, carefully watching us, ready at any moment to assist and help us, and never afraid to show us our faults. Such a brother stands to-day without an equal, beloved by all true brothers, supported by every member of the Order that has its interests at heart. Let us give him our support, let us stand by him who stood by us when the dark clouds of adversity rolled heavily about us; when the grand old ship, "Our Brotherhood," was sinking beneath the dark waves of trouble, and was nearly deserted, then this noble hero stood by us, battled as no man did or will do again, until we once more ride the calm sea of prosperity. God bless our noble Instructor; he who has elevated the calling of locomotive firemen to that standing where they are looked upon as men; where their noble spirits are allowed to show themselves in the charitable work they perform through the Brotherhood. Let us encourage him in his work by earnestly doing our part, upholding our Lodge, and ever keeping in mind him to whom we look for counsel, and not forget to reward him accordingly to his work.

LATIN.

Reunion at Philadelphia.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 11, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Sunday, June 3d found fifty-two of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, in a special car assigned to them, and attached to the rear of train No. 1 of the New York Division of the Pennsylvania R.R., which leaves here at 8:10 a. m. Conductor, Frank Bush; engineer, Geo. Vanersdale; fireman, J. C. Bois.

We were bound for Philadelphia to return a fraternal visit paid us by Enterprise Lodge, No. 75. The road was new to most of the brothers and I can assure you it was well appreciated, and the brothers of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, B. of L. F., return their sincere thanks to Mr. Robert E. Pettit, Superintendent of New York Division of Pennsylvania R.R., for the courtesy shown us by giving us a special car to and from Philadelphia, on June 3d, also to Mr. G. W. Thomas, Foreman of Engineers, for the favor shown us by him.

Upon our arrival at Philadelphia we were met by a delegation from Enterprise Lodge, No. 75. We then formed in line and were escorted to view the public buildings, which was a grand treat and appreciated by the visiting members. From this we were escorted to the first.

class dining rooms of Mr. Grimes, where a bountiful dinner awaited us, and I would say that all were well pleased with the excellent repast. We were then escorted to the Lodge room, which is a credit to No. 75. We were welcomed by the rest of the Lodge, where the exchange of greetings occupied the time until time of opening. When Lodge opened we made a formal entry as a delegation, witnessed the regular routine of business, including initiation. This completed, "Good and Welfare" was the topic. Appropriate remarks were made by several of the brothers and responded to by Bro. Walton, of No. 75, whose heart is wholly in the cause of the Brotherhood. Thus the feast of reason was kept up, alternating from one to another, including a delegation from Just in Time Lodge, 149, of New York, who added to the enjoyment, which continued until 6 p. m. We then wended our way to the supper table and were then escorted by Bro. Eugene Du-hill through the new City Hall, which was a grand treat of itself, with its fourteen and one-half acres of floor room, then for the train, taking leave of our brothers with a full determination for a reunion in the future, with those who had so kindly entertained us.

We were well pleased with our visit and the occasion will be long remembered by all of us. We returned home on train No. 8—conductor J. F. Burrage, engineer Geo. Headden, and fireman L. Stoddard, of No. 13.

No. 3.

St. Clair Lodge.

FT. GRATIOT, MICH., July 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is almost twelve months since St. Clair Lodge was organized, and we have not been heard from through the Magazine. Some brothers may think we are neglecting our work. To expel this thought from the minds of any brothers who have, from our silence, been led to believe that we had joined the sluggards, do I pen these few lines; although I am by no means an able writer, I will do my best. Fort Gratiot is situated at the head of the beautiful river St. Clair, from which our Lodge takes its name. From our Lodge room we can see the vessels on Lake Huron wending their way to Chicago and other points. Looking a little sideways we can see our brothers coming in on their engines. We are by no means in a place to make us sluggish; we have a double duty to perform. In the first

place, our brothers and their families to take care of; secondly, we have to work hard to redeem the name the brotherhood lost by the old Lodge going down in the manner it did, through want of spirit on the part of some of the brothers. They did not stop to think that by neglecting their Lodge they more than neglected their families, for they allowed some of the less fortunate brothers to suffer, whom they had sworn to protect. Should we lose our lives, having made no provisions for our families, will a stranger or the Railroad Company say to them, "your son, husband or brother has done his work faithfully; here, take this check for a thousand?" No, sir. They would only hire some person in our place. Our engine would go and come, just the same. No person would feel the difference, except our parents, wives, brothers or sisters, who depended on us for their daily bread. Now, brothers, can any one of you neglect your Lodge when your families suffer by your doing so? If yours is in such circumstances that they won't need it, just think how many you can help who do need it. The satisfaction of helping them will repay you for the paltry sum you have expended.

Yours in B. of L. F. ST. CLAIR.

The Golden Eagle.

SEDALIA, Mo., May 27, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have never seen anything from Golden Eagle, I thought a few lines from her would be of some benefit.

Bro. W. H. Walters still holds the gavel and makes the boys stand around. W. H. Clark comes around with a familiar air and asks for a cart wheel once a month, "and gets it, of course." And our quill-driver is just as good a one as you will find anywhere. Bros. Tom Kellien, N. McDowell and John Holland are running switch engines, while Bros. H. A. Miller, C. Kelk, Tom. Coughlin, Tom Reed, Fred McClain, J. A. Wisener, and Wm. Hogg are running road engines, and are getting along nicely, so far as I know, excepting C. Kelp, who got himself in the sweat box for thirty days, because he got into the ditch.

Seventy-eight is growing right along; we have sixty-four names on our list, and very few but what are first-class men. We have just ordered a set of regalia and expect to have them the next regular meeting night. Nothing more of importance until the next time.

Yours fraternally,

78.

Tramp Taylor.

LONDON, ONTARIO, July 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Lodges Nos. 38, 117, 67, 5, 151 and 166 are endeavoring to get up a grand union picnic at Burlington Beach, near Hamilton. If successful, we will have the brethren from Nos. 12 and 99 as guests. Our worthy Master, R. Gownlock, has left the scoop and gone to the right hand side. Long may he keep it, is our wish. Bros. Thornton, Martin and Newcomb have done likewise. There is a tramp named Taylor going through the west, claiming to be a member of this Lodge. He tried to impose on Bro. Wallace, Financier of No. 26, but Bro. Wallace sized him up as a fraud, and wrote to us for information. Members may take warning and escape imposition.

Fraternally yours. BEAVER.

Tribute to an Officer.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., May 7, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

After the regular order of business was concluded at a recent meeting of our Lodge, we presented to our worthy Financier, Bro. John W. Sinclair, a handsome writing desk. The presentation was made by Chas. A. Wilson, of Washington Lodge No. 13, in the following words:

"Bro. SINCLAIR: I have the pleasure and honor of presenting you, to-day, with a small token of the esteem in which you are held by your Lodge, both as a member and as an officer. You have always been faithful to the interests of the Lodge and they fully appreciate your services, and it gives me great pleasure to present you with this writing desk, in the name of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11. In after years I hope it will call to your memory the trials and responsibilities, pains and pleasures, prosperity and adversity you shared with your fellow-members in the good work of building up the Brotherhood."

Bro. Sinclair responded briefly, thanking the members and assuring them that he would always be found doing what he could for the good of his Lodge and the Order at large.

Bro. Sinclair is an honor to his Lodge and is fully deserving the tribute.

Yours fraternally, C. A. S.

Atchison, Kansas.

ATCHISON, KAS., July 16, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

On July 6, Railroad Centre Lodge was called on to mourn the death of one of her best members, Bro. Gardiner V. Holmes, who was killed at Auburn, a small station on the Nebraska extension of the Missouri Pacific railroad, while engaged in coupling an engine and car. He

had made the coupling, but the road bed had been washed out, and he stood on a trestle-work. The cars moved back about twenty feet, and in getting out of the way he stepped in a split switch, which held him fast, and the back wheel of the tender passed over the lower part of his body. He lived about forty-five minutes, and spoke of his wife, son and mother.

The funeral services were held in this place under the auspices of the Brotherhood.

Bro. Holmes was born in Schenectady, New York, April 3, 1861. He commenced railroading as a wiper for the Illinois Midland railroad, at Decatur, Illinois, February 2, 1877. He remained in the service of this company until 1881, being an extra engineer at the time he quit. He came West in September, 1881, and went to firing on the west end of the Central Branch railroad. On March 28 he was promoted to the right side. In February, 1883, he quit this place and went on the Nebraska extension of the Missouri Pacific railroad and went to braking on a through freight train with the expectation of being promoted to a conductorship as soon as he had learned well the road and rules of same.

Bro. Holmes was a sober, steady, industrious young man, and was well liked by all who knew him. He leaves a young wife and babe to mourn the loss of the husband and father, whose care the little one will never know. It seems hard that one so young, and whose past life gave promise of great things in the future, should be so ruthlessly snatched away; but the reasons for many things are (perhaps wisely) withheld from us, and we can only drop a tear to the memory of our departed brother, and remember that it may be our turn next.

R. R. CENTRE.

Cupid at Work.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, June 17, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

At Galveston, June 4, at St. Patrick's cathedral, Bro. James Tarpey was married to Miss Annie Garrigan. The groom is a member of Lodge 115 and the bride is one of Galveston's fairest. The bridesmaids and groomsmen were John and Miss Lizzie Tarpey, brother and sister to the groom, and Bro. Steinhoff and Miss Susie Calhoun. After the ceremony there was nuptial high mass, and the Society of the Children of Mary marched in procession ahead of the bridal party. On the whole it was very impressive. After service they invited their friends to their

future home, where they partook of a sumptuous repast prepared for that special occasion. The bride and groom were the recipients of many handsome presents. They took the 3:30 p. m. Santa Fe train for the interior to spend the honeymoon.

Jim is back at the scoop again. He comes every morning, carrying a big lunch basket, and wearing a happy smile. He stands it well. Now the engineer is practicing a signal whistle to let Mrs. Tarpey know when to prepare supper for her liege lord.

On account of rush of business the boys could not lay off to attend the wedding. They all join in wishing Jim much happiness.

Mr. H. F. Nichols kindly gave Bro. Steinhoff a holiday, and did the dispatching himself.

All the boys say that John will be the next to receive the nuptial blessing. It might be jealous, because they could not get off. I don't know. No. 115 is right side up with care.

MAC.

Adopted Daughter Lodge.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

As I very seldom see anything in the Magazine concerning No. 3, I thought I would drop you a few lines and by so doing let our sister Lodges learn that we still live, and are in a very flourishing condition. All the boys are doing well, and are trying their utmost to make No. 3 equal to any of her sister Lodges, and I am glad to acknowledge that I am one of her members myself; and although I am some fifty miles away from her, and can seldom get there, yet through the Magazine and her members I manage to keep myself posted of her continual prosperity and success. And I must say that great credit is due to her officers for their able management of the affairs of their Lodge, especially to our worthy Master, E. W. Davis, who is ever on the lookout for any and every opportunity that offers itself for the advancement of its members. I do not know the exact number of our members, but that we rank among the first of our sister Lodges is something every member should be proud of and strive to maintain. Also, we have to heartily thank the ladies connected with No. 3 for their help and perseverance in adorning our Lodge as it is to-day, for without them we could not have attained our standing. May we ever be thankful

for their courtesies. I also wish to inform our sister Lodges that I belong with a number of worthy brothers of No. 3 that are employed on the Long Island railroad, on Long Island, under C. A. Thompson, master mechanic, and that it is just twelve months ago last March since our worthy Master, E. W. Davis, came over to Long Island City and spoke to us and introduced the noble Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen amongst us; that we number to-day about twelve members, and that we are doing very well and hope to do better, and I must mention here that I was one of the first to join it.

Our master mechanic seems to have found out that the men belonging to the B. of L. F. are the best and most reliable firemen he has to-day, and he has shown it in promoting Bros. Terence, Quinn, Edward McCarthy and Fred Smith to the right side of the engine, which shows his appreciation and knowledge of good firemen, and may they make it their study to bring their promotion to a final success, and not meet with any failure; for let them remember that the honor of the B. of L. F. is in their hands to uphold and maintain.

I hope my letter will not tire you, and as this is my first attempt I ask you to overlook all mistakes I have made.

We meet the first and third Wednesday of each month at 7 p. m., and second and fourth Sunday at 2 p. m., at Union Hall, corner of Fourth and Grose streets.

Yours fraternally,

J. H. CRADDOCK.

McKeen Lodge.

OTTAWA, KAN., June 21, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

As you have been kind enough to publish what has been written here in the Magazine, and as there are some changes worth noting in this locality, we thought we would try again.

Bro. John Buswell has been promoted, and now flags the girls from the right side of the cab. We wish Bro. B. success, and hope he won't too soon forget the "grief" that falls to the lot of the poor stoker (especially on the west end, where it's up hill both ways), and work her just as fine as possible.

Bro. Frank Platt's usually bright face wears a cloud of gloom of late, and he seems all "clinkered" up with grief. Bro. Frank's girl has gone back on him. That's what's the Mattie with him, and no Lion about it.

A young lady asked us the other day why Bro. Hake's moustache was like the Magazine. We suggested that perhaps it was because Bro. H. was very fond of it. No. Then maybe 'twas because it was very popular with the ladies. Wrong again, she said, and we were forced to ask her why Bro. H.'s moustache was like the Magazine. She answered that it was because they were both so very much red (read). That certainly is so about the Magazine, but Gus. says his moustache is a blonde, and we won't Robb him of this consolation.

It would take a long dive into the future to tell the color of Bros. Nixon or Coleman's moustache, for, like the Irishman's flee, "it ain't there."

We regret to note the departure from our midst of our Master, Bro. William Reese, who has presided over our meetings in so creditable a manner since our organization. Bro. R. was accompanied by Vice Master Ryerson, and they leave this locality and the employ of the company hoping to better their condition elsewhere, and that their expectations may be realized is the wish of every member of 154.

We think that Bro. William Drum, of Cherry Vale, deserves special notice. In a town much smaller than Ottawa he has sold and collected the money for over thirty copies of the Magazine.

NOW AND THEN.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, June 16, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I think it won't hurt anything to say a word for No. 27. She is holding her own, and increasing in membership at every meeting. Business is pretty dull on the road here now, so that at every meeting of course we have a fair attendance, and I hope when there is more business it won't interfere with the boys getting to the front at meetings.

This is my first attempt, so will ease off.

Yours fraternally, J. H. M.

Baraboo, Wisconsin.

BARABOO, WIS., July 22, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

With your kind permission, I will take a little space in the columns of your Magazine to try with what few seeds I may sow to encourage the firemen.

I have not been in the habit of reading your Magazine regularly, but when I have had the privilege of looking over its pages, I have looked in particular for let-

ters from the friends of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, but I have turned its pages o'er and o'er, and have only seen one or two letters from the friends of the firemen of this locality. I have been very much surprised and also grieved that there are not more who are interested in the boys of our place.

Mothers, sisters and friends, write something to encourage the firemen, if it is only a brief letter to show them that you are interested.

I have some dear friends on the road, and God only knows how thankful I am each time that they return safely.

Since death has taken a member of the Order at this place, I have come to realize more fully the dangers that surround those who occupy the same position that the worthy member did, and I hope all will be as faithful as was the deceased.

In whatever position of life we are placed, whether high or low, a responsibility rests upon us, and all should strive to fill the place in life to the best of their ability. "He that is faithful in little things shall be faithful also in much."

I should like so much to do something besides writing for our brave boys, who are daily exposed to so many dangers, but as I know of nothing else I can do, I will wish them success and prosperity; and my most earnest and heartfelt prayer is that God may bless you in your grand and noble work.

Fearing that I have already taken too much space, I will close, hoping these few lines will find a place among their friendly letters.

A FRIEND.

Temple of Texas.

TEMPLE, TEXAS, June 21, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Modesty and hard work have prevented the boys of the "Hedlands" from letting the readers of the Magazine know how we are getting along with our Lodge.

This company, the G. C. & St. Fe, has been shipping an enormous quantity of stock over their road, this spring. The boys, in consequence, have been running pretty hard. We do not boast of having the largest Lodge in this, the most beautiful State in the union, but for sterling worth and integrity, a better set of men could not be found than those belonging to No. 147. Starting with a few of the members of the Gulf City, 115, we are steadily increasing in numbers, taking great pains not to admit any but good, reliable men. A man must stand well in

the community before we have any thing to do with him. By keeping strictly to the advice of our Grand Organizer, Bro. S. M. Stevens, and profiting by the experience of other Lodges, we will try and make the Hedland a model Lodge. By their good, steady behavior, and the influence of the Magazine, the boys have gained the good will of the people all along the line. In fact, any one wearing the B. L. F. badge is admitted at once into the best society. Our officers are all good men. Our Master, Bro. James Stanton, is one of those men who says *little* but thinks a great deal. He is an earnest worker for the Order. Our Secretary, Bro. Easley, is the right man in the right place. Thompson Kelly is not only a good Financier but a true Brotherhood man. Bro. Culpeper is a *rustler* for the Magazine. He is always ready to take a dollar from any one, white or black. Bro. Ricks, though a new member, has proven himself a *true* Brotherhood man. Bro. John Jay is taking a *lay off*, going north to visit friends. We trust he will be well received by the brothers he may meet in his travels. The boys receive every support from the officials of the motive power department. W. H. Riely, M. M., and H. C. McKelvy, foreman, are great friends of the B. L. F. The Midland cannot but be a success, as it is under the stern and watchful care of Bro. James McDonough, of Gulf City Lodge. He is always ready to talk on Brotherhood topics. His pleasant smile and genial countenance is a treat for any one to see; his hand is ever ready to assist a brother in distress. The writer has met, in his travels over the world, good men of all sorts, but none so near a nature's problem as Bro. James McDonough. Long may he live to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Long may the B. of L. F. live and flourish, and enjoy the banner of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" from the frozen seas of the north to the farthest corner of our southern continent, is the wish of one who believes in

PROGRESS.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, July 17, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I should have written you long ago, but failed to do so through negligence. Although No. 125 has had her drawbacks, she is prospering quite nicely. We have a nice Lodge room, and although our attendance is necessarily small, because the boys are so stationed that they cannot

attend every meeting, we always have enough present to make a quorum.

Our worthy Master, Bro. S. C. Cook, is on the right hand side, running a switch engine at Oskaloosa, and can not always be here, but we go on in the good cause just the same. Any brother coming this way will always be welcome.

Sometimes our members fail to attend meetings because they have to go to see their girls. Boys, don't let that occur again. You can see them afterwards just as well. It may be to their interest in the future that you attend meetings.

Trusting this will find space in the Magazine, I will drop my damper and bank my fire for this time.

Wishing the B. of L. F. a prosperous journey through life, I am,

Faternally yours,

L. E. PEMBERTON.

P. S. It is a solemn task for us to record the sudden departure of Bro. F. S. Patton from single blessedness. Miss Babcock is the happy bride.

Instructions to Delegates.

DANVILLE, ILL., Aug. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The time is fast approaching for the election of delegates to the tenth annual convention, and a few remarks would not be out of place regarding the requirements of each delegate; also the proper person to choose as a representative of your Lodge. In making your selection, choose your very best man, "*not your very best, good jolly fellow*". The essential part of a delegate is good, sound sense and judgment. It does not require an orator. This has been proven again and again that the real workers are the most quiet men in the convention room, who know their work and then proceed to perform it. Explanations, speeches, &c., all consume valuable time, and the records of the past annual conventions will show that the first few days are wholly consumed by propositions of delegates for changes of laws, &c., when each delegate should know these propositions should be given to the chairman of the committee governing the same. It is necessary that all such matters should pass into the hands of the proper committee, for this is the express purpose and object for having created such committees. It saves time, and as a rule, a few can discuss more satisfactory than a number of men. After due deliberation, the committee presents its report, "*and then the proper time*" has arrived for dis-

cussion of whatever changes may or may not be proper and for the good of the Order.

There is another important instruction that should be given to your delegate. Give him to understand that you are sending him to do your work, and not for the purpose of sight seeing. If a delegate wishes to examine the country, city, buildings, &c., let it be done after or before the convention. No Lodge can afford to send any one merely for health or pleasure. Any, and all delegates should remember this. Vacant chairs do not look well in a convention room. Require of your delegate a written copy of all that has transpired during each session, and I can assure you that if you receive from him a complete report, you can rest assured he has not idled his time away. Verbal reports are scarcely reliable for a Lodge to work upon. There is no reason why a Lodge should not begin from the close of the convention to be governed by such rules as may have been made, if your delegate brings you a good report. *It can be done from the fact that it has been done.*

Hoping these few remarks may prove of use to your Lodge is the wish of

MAC.

BARABOO, WIS., June 8, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As it is some time since I saw anything in the Magazine regarding No. 26, I thought I would write a few lines to let the brothers know we are getting to the front in good shape. We hold meetings every Saturday evening, and have a fair attendance, although we are very busy on the road at present. We have forty-eight members in good standing and more to come in soon. Of the forty-eight members twenty-one are engineers. Bros. Hammill and Graham are running on the W. & St. P. and doing well. Bro. E. Kolliner is keeping the books straight for a wholesale dry goods house in Milwaukee, while Bro. Mox. Kolliner fills a similar position at Stillwater, Minn. Bro. C. H. Perry whiles his time away in a machine shop at Beloit, Wis., and will be pleased to see any B. L. F. men who happen that way. Bro. A. A. Johnson is running on the C. S. P. M. & O., and doing well. He can never get to meeting but we hear from him regular. We were happy to welcome Bros. F. Keeler, of No. 66, into our Lodge. Fred is going to stay by the United States now, although he will talk a Canadian brother to death if he has a chance; he is a good one and such as we want. A good many of the

boys are gone to the exhibition of railway appliances at present.

Hoping this will cause some more able member than myself to write something for the Magazine, I remain yours in B. of L. F.

W. G.

Perry, Iowa.

PERRY, IA., July 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have not seen any thing in the Magazine about the Pilot, except of fraudulent members, I thought it about time to let the members of the B. of L. F. know that we were not all of that kind, if we did get bit in the start. We think we are getting along first-class; two initiations to-day and balloted on five more good boys, who will make good members. We are going to be careful this year about our officers and we think we have selected good ones for the place. We are going to send Bro. H. A. Draper to Denver and he is a regular old wheel-horse and a thorough B. of L. F. man. The boys here are all coming up to the scratch now, in good shape. I don't know what we will do this year for a Magazine Agent, as Mrs. J. K. Rathbone has left us and is some where in Missouri, but the boys there will find her staunch for the B. of L. F. If you think these lines worthy of publication please give them space.

CLICK.

The Golden Eagle.

SEDALIA, MO., June 17, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have not seen anything in the Magazine for some time concerning Golden Eagle, No. 78, and for fear our sister Lodges might think that we had passed out of existence, I desire to insert a few lines, to let them know that we have not been dormant during our long silence. We have a Lodge here in good working order, and I feel safe in saying that we are second to none in existence. We have about 67 members in good standing, a good number of which are engineers. Those of late promotion are Bros. Miller, Clark, Kelk, Gallivan, and Graham. Bro. Bodecker is running a switch engine and Bro. Addams, is hostlering. Our meetings are generally well attended and an unbounded interest is manifested for the good of our Order. We are now provided with new regalia, of which we are very proud. Our worthy Master, W. H. Walters, is just the man for the position. He is very energetic and brings the boys

to time by imposing a fine for non-attendance, unless they have a good excuse. He is always at his post of duty. Our worthy Financier, Bro. W. H. Clark, performs his duty in an able manner, being a trustworthy man. Our worthy Secretary, Bro. Frank Sprague, has been lately installed into office and under his care the records of 78 will be well kept. Our Magazine Agent, Bro. J. Costin, is always ready with his subscription book to put down names, and all other of our members are good men and earnest workers. We have been compelled to expell two of our members lately, owing to their disobedience to our laws, but in doing so, we never thought that we had sustained a loss but gained a victory by getting rid of unworthy members, for then, at least, they can do no further injury. We have a good organization, and to its principles and teachings there is none that can object. Our cause is a glorious one and we have a right to be proud of it.

Not wishing to use too much of your valuable space, I will close by saying that 78 is in a good, thrifty condition, and that we expect to have as good a representation as any of our sister Lodges at the convention this year.

Yours fraternally, J. H. W.

The Convention of 1884.

TORONTO, ONT., July 9, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

By the time the August Magazine makes its appearance we shall have decided who are to be our officers for what I hope to be the most prosperous year the Brotherhood has yet seen. The delegates will have been elected, and although it may seem like agitating the subject improperly, I think all should carefully consider, among other things, where the convention of 1884 is to be held. Among the most paramount of all claims the Canadians think theirs the highest and most powerful. The welfare of the Order in that country, in which the Order is progressing as rapidly as in the United States, and in which no convention has ever been held since the Brotherhood was organized, we think should hold the attention of the delegates at the coming convention.

No. 67 is doing well. Two of our best members have left us within the last two months. Bro. Mowat is running out of Winnipeg, on the C. P. R.R., and Bro. Scott, although not far away, was far enough to make him homesick and render it necessary for him to come back to

Toronto to get married. Bro. Marshal has also joined the happy Order of Benedicts. We shall miss Bro. Mowat very much at our now rapidly approaching pic-nic. He was our chairman of committee last year and was for that position better fitted, perhaps, than any other member of the Lodge.

Bearing in mind your injunction to be as brief as possible, I will only say thank you for your editorial last month on our Canadian brothers, and close.

Yours fraternally, MOGUL.

Duties of Lodges and Members.

SEDALIA, Mo., May 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We often hear men say, "If I had the opportunities that such a one has, I would accomplish something." It is hardly necessary to say that such men never accomplish anything, because they are always waiting for the opportunity that never presents itself. I would ask, do these kind of men make good, true and honest members in our craft? I say no. In our noble Brotherhood we want members who will make an effort to engage in the good cause with pure hearts and clean hands. We want men who will advocate the glorious principles and realize that our Brotherhood affords the opportunities for an interchange of views and opinions, from which valuable information is often derived; besides, forming the acquaintance of each other, which tends to strengthen the bond of union and binds the ties of friendship. Let us resolve that in the future we shall improve each and every opportunity given us to qualify ourselves for the important trusts confided to our care. Again, we have every reason to feel proud of our organization. We have stood the test. The outlook is a glorious one. The prospects of our Order to-day are encouraging. And I ask why? Because our policy is union and harmony and there rests our strength. A few suggestions and I have done. Let us arouse ourselves, and subscribe for our Magazine. It is one of the first duties you owe to the Order. And do not forget to arouse your own energies to the writing of the Magazine. Let there be diversity of opinions in regard to our Order, show each other our shortcomings, give us the benefit of anything good pertaining to the Order. And we should, as true and honest members, guard with an ever watchful eye, the portals which admit of entrance. We should examine very minutely into the character, standing and

habits of every applicant for membership, and if, upon a careful investigation, he is proved wanting, we should not hesitate to reject him. In failing to do this, we should be remiss in discharging the duties we are solemnly bound to perform. I wish you to understand it is not our duty to be governed by little personal feelings and unfounded prejudices, in acting upon a proposition. But when we enter our Lodge rooms let each and every one remember that we should divest ourselves of all groundless prejudices, and engage in our noble cause with the purest of hearts. How important it is that our presence should be as regular as will permit to our meetings. To prevent the admission of the unworthy: Yea, in spite of all precautions the evil disposed and unworthy will gain admittance, and when once admitted evil is the result. Therefore, resolve that you will do your duty honestly, fairly and impartially.

Fraternally. GEO. W. SMITH.

Notes from Canada.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, July 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have had the pleasure of visiting Maple Leaf, No. 151, at their two last regular meetings. I wish to say that it contains as fine a lot of young men as I have any desire to meet; and it is, although in its infancy, one that the Brotherhood may be proud of. Ever since my acquaintance with them they have treated me with the greatest cordiality. They have their offices filled with the proper men. Bro. Hall fills the Master's chair with the greatest ability and seems to have complete control over his meetings. He also seems to possess natural talent for handling the reins of such an organization. Bro. McHallie, the Secretary, is just the stuff to fill that position. He keeps every thing straight and is a thorough-going Brotherhood man. The Financier, Bro. Allen, is also a good man in the right place, and is very attentive to his business.

They have just moved into their new hall, which, in my estimation, is about as nice as they make them. In all, the boys deserve great credit for the way in which they are progressing. My sincere wish is that they may always remain earnest workers in a good cause; for such it is. Although I would be sorry to sever my connections with Mineral King, yet, if I settle here it would be more convenient for all concerned. If I should make up my mind to do so, I assure my friends

and brothers of 129 that I shall never forget them and the pleasant meetings of the past. I thought it would be a good idea for the boys of Mineral King to let us hear how they are getting along, through the pages of our Magazine.

Thanking you kindly for your space, I remain

Yours fraternally.

G. W. PARMENTER.

Guard Rail Lodge.

LACROSSE, WIS., Aug. 8, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

If you will allow me space I will try and tell you something about our Lodge, that has been in operation nearly four weeks. We have seventeen charter members. Our first meeting was held July 1st, Bro. Don Dunlap, of 152, being present, acting as Organizer and Instructor. We meet at present every Sunday in the month, and shall, until we have initiated all those who are waiting to be admitted. Since our last meeting we have initiated ten members and have four names under consideration. Generally speaking, we are doing well. We have had a number of visitors, whose presence we appreciate equally as much as their advice and counsel. Our charter came to hand and has been nicely framed. During the past week we have had a number of heavy showers, that have impaired the road considerably.

Hoping to hear from some of the more able writers, I remain an earnest worker of No. 152.

THREE STARS.

Presentation.

CORNING, Aug. 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

On Sunday, July 15, an invitation was handed in by Bro. Degoe, from Mrs. Geo. K. Quick, requesting all members of the Lodge to call at her residence. The kind invitation was accepted and the Lodge, represented by Bros. G. W. Degoe, Wm. Brewer, W. Willard, H. Krebs and J. L. Krebs, responded. After the brothers had been rested in the parlor a short time the folding doors were thrown open and we had the pleasure of meeting the following named ladies: Mrs. G. R. Quick, Mrs. O. L. Baker, Mrs. J. F. Roody, Mrs. R. J. Brewer, Mrs. G. W. Deyoe, Mrs. John Holdren and Miss Marion Whitlock. Mrs. Deye then arose, and in a few neat and well chosen remarks in behalf of the wives and sisters of the members, presented them with a purse of twenty gold

dollars, the same to be used as part payment for regalias. Bro. J. L. Krebs responded for the Lodge. Refreshments were then served. The brothers did ample justice to the good things so bountifully spread before them. After refreshments, Mrs. G. W. Degoe and Miss Whitlock and Mrs. O. L. Baker and Bro. Deyoe favored the company with some choice selections of vocal and instrumental music, after which a most delightful evening was spent. It is an occasion that will long be remembered by the brothers present. The thanks of the Lodge are due the ladies for their kindness in presenting the Lodge with so substantial an appreciation of their devotion to the cause of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry.

J. L. KREBS.

From an Old Veteran.

FT. SNELLING, MINN., Aug. 20, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The old saying that no news is good news may be in many instances true, but I shall contribute my letter, and endeavor to make it so interesting that it will be appreciated by the readers. Located as I am in the above named place, I am deprived of the pleasant associations of the brothers with whom I used to come in daily contact; this, however, does not interfere with my love for the Order, and while life lasts I shall do all I can to advance its interests. In 1877, when Scranton Lodge, No. 7, returned her charter to the Grand Lodge, how well I remember that of all her members who swore fidelity only two remained faithful. After the downfall of old No. 7, I became a member of No. 62, where I still belong. I am well acquainted with the members of No. 62, and can vouch for the character of her members. Taking them all together they are truly as fine a body of men as can anywhere be found, and I am proud that my name is enrolled upon her banner. In looking over the Magazine each month I find letters of thanks from the widows of our brothers who have been cared for, and I rejoice that we have a means of banding together and providing for them. Let us contribute cheerfully, for we know not how soon our turn may come. By being industrious and sober we have always the means to be benevolent. What a mint of money flows into our treasury through sobriety. I will now close, trusting that my letter has not grown too long.

Fraternally yours,

J. B. S., No. 62.

Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been looking for something from our little Lodge, but so far nothing has been said concerning us. It seems to me that nobody cares to write to the Magazine from our Lodge.

On June 3 of this year, was organized in Jonesboro, Arkansas, Aetna Lodge, No. 163, with twelve charter members of as good material as can be found anywhere in the country. Each and every member has and is doing his part with a will. We have not increased very rapidly since, simply because we don't go in for a big list. We are very particular about whom we admit into our Lodge. We are of the opinion that a few good paying members are better than a long list of indifferent ones. We have only a membership now of seventeen. Two of these have been admitted on limited withdrawals from other Lodges, and three on application. Taking everything into consideration, we are getting along as well as can be expected. We have elected our delegate to the convention, whose name has reached the Grand Lodge by this time. We are few in numbers, but our hearts are as big as any. We may be the smallest, but I can assure you we are not the least. We have a few dollars in the treasury. We have no delinquents on our list so far, nor don't intend to have any. We will deal with them rather severe sooner than have any. We meet the first and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m., and second Friday night, at 7 p. m., in Engineers' Hall. Now, a few words about our road. By Saturday next there will be 700 miles of road thrown open for business. This will make things lively in this section, which has been heretofore an impassable forest almost.

I will now conclude, hoping to be able to have a few more words to say next month.

Yours in B. S. & I. A MEMBER.

"PLEASE, sir, there's nothing in the 'ouse to eat," said Brown's landlady.

"How about the fish I sent in?"

"Please sir, the cat 'ave eat them."

"Then there's some cold chicken—"

"Please, sir, the cat—"

"Wasn't there a tart of some sort?"

"Please, sir, the cat—"

"All right, I must do with cheese and—"

"Please sir, the cat—"

"Then d— it, cook the cat, and let's have it all at once."—*Ex.*

Miscellaneous.

Union Meeting.

The union meeting held at Omaha July 29th was very successful. Lodges 114, 102, 77, 43, 31, 28, 27, 25, 20 and 16 were represented, and in addition to the members of Overland Lodge No. 123, the attendance was very satisfactory.

All matters pertaining to the Order and its welfare were discussed and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout the meeting.

Bro. W. F. Hynes, of Denver, presided, and of course the result could not have well been otherwise.

Chiefly among the good things that were accomplished, was the meeting that took place between the officials of the Union Pacific Lines and an authorized committee of the meeting.

It was hardly necessary for the committee to explain the purposes of the Order, they being so well understood and approved by the officials.

Mr. Ord, Chief Secretary to Messrs. Clark and Kimball, the General Managers, was exceedingly courteous and attentive to the committee. He gave the most satisfactory evidence of his appreciation of the Brotherhood, and it is safe to say that its interests will not suffer at his hands.

Mr. Ord is quite a young man, but is far advanced in the world of progress. He has the highest esteem of all who know him, and it is safe to predict for him a future rich with the harvest of success.

Mr. P. J. Nichols, the General Superintendent, was visited, and extended the committee a cordial welcome. Mr. Nichols expects every man in his employ to do his duty, but he is not slow to recognize and reward merit. Mr. I. H. Congdon, the Superintendent of Motive Power and Machinery, was also visited and received the committee with the courtesy so general among the officials of the Union Pacific Lines. It is a pleasure to meet such men, for in them we find warm friends in time of need. Nor did the committee fail to call on Mr. McConnell, the hale and genial Master Mechanic. Age has whitened his hair and wrinkled his face, but he is still as active in the discharge of his important duties as the most youthful and vigorous. The kind wel-

come extended by Mr. McConnell and the encouraging words he spoke for the Brotherhood, will not soon be forgotten.

The Round House Foreman, Mr. Day, was found at his post of duty and greeted the visitors with all the warmth of his generous nature. He enjoys the friendship and good will of all his men, and rightfully too, for a better man could not be found for his position. We are proud to have these gentlemen for our friends, and we pledge them that the favors they were kind enough to show us will be gratefully appreciated.

The members of 123 are entitled to much credit for the good work they have done for the Order. Although organized but a short time, they are far advanced in the cause of the Brotherhood. Besides being proficient in their work, they are splendid, genial men. It is a pleasure to meet and mingle with them. Such noble-hearted fellows as John Casey, M. C. Parr, F. Crawford, T. F. Barry, H. G. Andrews, S. Anderson and many others are not found everywhere. They represent, in the fullest degree, the principles of our organization, and we pride ourselves in numbering them among our friends. We were much impressed with the hospitality of the people of Omaha. They were kind, courteous and obliging to us, all of which we shall gratefully remember. The meeting at Omaha served many good purposes and we feel safe in saying that good results will be sure to follow.

A Model Master Mechanic.

On his return from the union meeting at Omaha, Bro. Wm. F. Hynes, our Associate Editor, stopped at North Platte to meet with the members. While there he was introduced to Mr. J. H. McConnell, the Master Mechanic of the U. P. R. R. at that point. The interview with Mr. McConnell was a most pleasant one. He escorted us through the extensive shops and round house and then seated us in his office, where we enjoyed a long and varied conversation, in which the Brotherhood was not an unimportant topic. Mr. McConnell has every element of a successful Master Mechanic. Said he: "If a man is sober and industrious and ready to go when he is wanted, he will have no trouble with me. The most of my men save their earnings and seek to improve their condition, which is very gratifying to me."

Thus it is seen that this gentleman has more than an ordinary interest in his

men, and that he approves whatever tends to promote their welfare.

He has 52 engines under his charge; his passenger engines, 17 in number, aggregate about 70,000 miles per month. The shops, round-house and grounds are a model of neatness and cleanliness, and speak volumes of praise for Mr. McConnell.

Said To Be So.

By the members of Just In Time Lodge No 149:

That our success is an established fact.

That Bro. Hulihan was angry because it was a girl.

That Wm. Culbert and Alexander High, of No. 149, and Arthur Goodwin, of No. 13, will hereafter handle the lever instead of the scoop.

That Geo. Wade, the champion swimmer, is an engineer on the L. Road and a subscriber for the Magazine.

That Engineer Kent was looking for the agent instead of the agent looking for him.

Pioneer Life.

In the literature of the day we frequently meet a genuine surprise—a gem of purest ray—a history impartially written, devoid of dullness, and brimming over with incident and anecdote. Who is not reminded of Macaulay's England by such allusion to historical composition? Probably not one, and yet there has just been issued from the press an American book which will prove of even greater interest to American readers.

This new favorite is entitled "Romance and Tragedy of Pioneer Life." Its author is A. L. Mason, A. M., who has proved his right, in this volume, to stand in the front rank of native historians. It is certainly the best historical exhibit of "the times which tried men's souls" that has yet appeared from any pen.

"Romance and Tragedy of Pioneer Life" is the latest and, unquestionably, the best contribution yet made to this department of history. The reader finds it wonderfully absorbing from the first chapter to the last, and then there is a powerful impulse to go back and read it all again. The trials and successes of the early settlers; their wars and treaties with the Indians; captures, escapes, and almost miraculous recoveries of women and children; great conspiracies, which only lacked success to change the history of the world and turn backward for a whole century the course of civilization upon these shores; romance, sentiment, toil, tribulation, and gigantic achievement of a class of brave

and hardy men and women, of whom their descendants can not learn enough, will probably never find a more complete and attractive record than is supplied in the work under discussion.

It is a record of truth, and assisted by the rare descriptive powers and finely drawn metaphor of this writer, its pages have become a series of word pictures as impressive as the finest specimens of the art of composition. Incident and anecdote illuminate its chapters and make every part of the book attractive. Illustrations of the text in elegant full-page engravings are very numerous, numbering about sixty, and, in the words of the publishers' announcement, are, probably, "the best ever employed to illustrate an American topic."

Let it be understood that this work is a history of pioneer life and achievement from the earliest recorded date of the Anglo-Saxon race upon the Western Continent; that its facts are drawn from thoroughly authenticated sources; that it is full in data, admirable in plan, and almost faultless in execution. It is a book of 1000 royal-octavo pages, printed from new type upon beautiful toned paper, and bound in neat and substantial style. Such a volume, with its attractive text and great wealth of illustration, can not appeal to purchasers in vain.

THE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF PIONEER LIFE.—A Popular Account of the Heroes and Adventurers who, by their Valor and War-Craft, beat back the Savages from the Borders of Civilization, and gave the American Forests to the plow and the sickle, etc. Royal Octavo, 1000 pp., 100 Illustrations, by A. L. Mason, A. M., with an Introduction by John Clark Ridpath, LL. D. JONES BROTHERS & CO., PUBLISHERS, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, and DALLAS, TEXAS. Sold by subscription only.

Edison Says.

In the course of an interview recently Edison gave the following result of a long extended series of observations on the ways of mankind: "There is nothing succeeds in this world unless it is awful, awful practical—so practical that a mule can run it. I remember once going into a printing office and seeing a case which had been carefully distributed by a compositor. Some of the boxes were heaped up too full—while others did not seem to have half enough in them. I thought I would equalize the distribution; but I soon found out what a mess I had made of it and that my theory of equalization was not in accordance with the practical workings of a printing office. Since then I have been very careful to keep my fingers out of other men's cases."



No. 82 reports the marriage of Frank M. Harrison.

JOHN CASEY, of Omaha, is a splendid example of manhood.

J. N. BONNER, of No. 28, is requested to give the solution of the 11.85 problem.

W. C. RANDALL, of No. 37, and brother of A. J. Randall, of No. 112, has been placed on the right side.

ED. WILLIAMS, of No. 10, returns thanks to the members of Lodges 26, 50 and 150 for favors shown him.

On the 30th day of May, Bro. Dell Nichols, of 76, was married to Miss Buckhetty, both of Fergus Falls, Minn.

AFTER a week's vacation, Bro. John Tighe, of No. 84, returned with a blooming bride. We wish you a straight track, John.

THE matrimonial list has swelled with the addition of Bros. Evans, Moore and McBride, of No. 139. Prospects ahead for more.

THE members of Overland Lodge, No. 123, are Brotherhood men in the highest acceptance of that term. Their generous souls are in the work.

THE delegate of No. 112 refused to ride over a narrow guage road, for fear of causing a break down. Two hundred and fifty pounds, avoidupois.

THE latest victim of Cupid's choice is Bro. Martin Carroll, of No. 103, of which Lodge the members presented Mr. and Mrs. Martin with a silver service.

BROTHERS CRAWFORD, Parr, Andrews, Barry and Anderson, of Overland Lodge, are a credit to our Order. We are proud to number them among our friends.

WE were glad to meet J. N. Bonner, of No. 28, and L. Mooney, of No. 43, at the Omaha meeting. They are old veterans in the cause and can always be relied on.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine Mrs. W. Frazer desires to return thanks to the members of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, for a valuable present received at their hands.

"FELLOWSHIP" has matured six new engineers during the past few months. They are Bros. W. G. Deyoe, M. D. Robinson, William Brewer, R. J. Brewer, O. L. Baker and J. F. Roody.

J. D. FISHER, of No. 21, has just returned from a trip to the sea coast, and wishes to extend his thanks to the members of the B. L. F. for the many favors shown him on his trip East.

THE members of Orange Grove Lodge, No. 97, desire, through the Magazine, to return thanks to Bro. Elton for the great interest he took in behalf of their Lodge while acting as their Master.

THE Louisiana small boy lives in mortal terror of the "cypress shingles" that are manufactured in that State by Bro. L. G. Nichols, of No. 24. They are the best in market, and parents should give them a trial.

RUSSELL HULL, of No. 1, has been promoted to the right side on the "West Shore," and Bro. Charles Barnes has "stepped over" on the New England road. Two of No. 1's best men, well deserving their promotion.

JAMES TROTTER, of No. 129, has charge of the 420, a big Baldwin engine, and he gets there with all the ease and grace that he uses in presiding over our meetings. Bros. T. Owens, P. Leavitt and P. Arnold are dispatching at Escanaba.

AFTER a service of three years as Financier, Bro. Mart. W. Jamison has retired. No officer can boast of a more successful career than Bro. Jamison, and we will miss his familiar handwriting in our mails. It was with the keenest regret that his adieu was read.

In retiring from the office of Financier, Bro. W. H. Gray, of No. 39, who, by the way, is quite a *young* man, leaves not a member in bad standing on the Grand Lodge rolls; and with quite a sum in the treasury his successor starts out under the most favorable conditions.

A NOBLE little body of men banded together to rescue No. 41. Suffering as she was from being robbed by a rascally officer, she would have been obliged to disband had it not been for Bros. Allen, Wirtz, Rust and several others, who spared neither time nor money to rebuild her.

THE members of San Diego Lodge, No. 90, desire to express their sincere thanks to Bro. J. P. Vasque, who has so ably discharged the duties of Financier of that Lodge. His good work is fully appreciated by every member, and they earnestly hope that his ability and worth may always be rewarded.

AFTER residing in Cleveland, Ohio, for twenty-six years, Bro. T. H. Sheppard, one of the most able members of No. 10,

has been removed to Norwalk, Ohio, where he has been made overseer of the round house. The success that usually attends industry will surely be with him to encourage him in his new work.

THE members of Fellowship Lodge, No. 121, of Corning, New York, were recently invited to the residence of Bro. George R. Quick, Financier, where a pleasant social was held by the members and their lady friends. After partaking of refreshments, Mrs. Deyoe, in a neat little address, presented the brothers with a \$20 gold piece as the first installment towards a set of regalia.

GEO. CLOUTIER, of H. B. Stone Lodge, No. 122, died July 28, 1883, from injuries sustained in a wreck on the C. B. & Q. R. R. The sad accident in which he lost his life occurred on Saturday, July 28. Bro. Cloutier was firing the Night Express, No. 4, and on account of a switch that had been left open the engine ran into a way car, fatally scalding Bro. Cloutier, who after several hours of intense suffering was released by death. His coffined remains were sent to his home in Minneapolis for interment. No. 122 will sadly miss Bro. Cloutier's honest face from her ranks, he having been one of her truest members.

At a level of the sea, or where the mercury stands in a barometer tube thirty inches high, water boils in an open dish at a temperature of 212 degrees. For every 550 feet we ascend it boils one degree less. Thus at an elevation of 1,100 feet it boils at 210 degrees, and at an elevation of 5,500 feet at 202 degrees. At the City of Mexico water boils at 200 degrees; at Quito at 194; and on the summit of one of the Himalaya mountains at 180. Darwin was not able to cook potatoes by boiling on one of the mountains he ascended in Patagonia, and Humboldt could not cook meat by the same method on top of one of the Alps. In mines below the level of the sea a greater temperature than 212 degrees is required to cause water to boil. If water boils at a very low temperature, the heat is not sufficient to melt fat in meat, to coagulate albumen in eggs, or to decompose tissues in other articles of food. Cooking must therefore be performed by other means than boiling. The circumstance that water boils at a certain place does not show that it contains sufficient heat to cook food in a reasonable time. The less the pressure of the air the lower temperature required to boil liquids.



Silence is one great art of conversation.
Hazlitt.

Set not too high a value on your own abilities.

The best proof of the power of prayer is praying.

The less men think the more they talk.
—Montesquieu.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—*Bacon.*

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Every man is the son of his own deeds.
—Spanish proverb.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—*De Maistre.*

It is better for a young man to blush, than to turn pale.—*Cato.*

When you meet a heart that is true; don't be afraid to trust it.

He who waits to do a good deal of good at once will never do any.

If a dog has money he is called "Your lordship the dog."—*Kroumir.*

A good face is the best letter of recommendation.—*Queen Elizabeth.*

Grumblers never work, and workers never grumble.—*Dr. Williams.*

There is not so much danger in a known foe as a suspected friend.—*Nabb.*

Weigh each day's self-interests in the scales of eternity.—*Wm. Durant.*

The noblest and most useful lives are made up of small acts well done.

Education may not prevent crime, but it is a crime to prevent education.

Plenty of time is given us in life to do all that God intended we should do.

There are troubles enough in life without adding of your own manufacturing.

The whole of our life depends upon the persons with whom we live familiarly.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napolcon.*

Devote each day to the object then in time, and the evening will find something done.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.—*Sir F. Sidney.*

Life, according to an Arabic proverb, consists of two parts—the past a dream, the future a hope.

The claims of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Jonson.*

Passionate persons are like men who stand upon their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus,—seen plainest when all around is dark.—*Crowell.*

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—*Rosseau.*

A good deal is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

There are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper and time.—*Feltham.*

Surmises are not facts. Suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated.—*Abraham*

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—*Charron.*

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—*Lacretelle.*

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.

There are some wicked people who would be less dangerous if they had no good qualities.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—*Lavater.*

There is no sphere of life so narrow or confined that it does not afford opportunities for doing good for some one.

The grand essentials of happiness are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.—*Chalmers.*

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.—*Hannah More.*

Whoever pays you more court than he is accustomed to pay, either intends to deceive you or finds you necessary to him.—*Courtenay.*

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.—*Swift.*

The great secret of getting along with the world, a secret which few have learned, is to know when to speak and especially when to keep still.

We are all more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the character of those among whom we live.—*Joubert*

Live and act to-day. He who spends one-half of his time in enjoying his to-morrows will spend the other half in regretting his yesterdays.—*W. P. Breed.*

Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.—*Sedgwick.*

A man may be judged by his virtues or his faults. As the latter are the easier found and better understood by the world, it is from them that most judgments are made.

Generous during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence; the other from pride or fear.—*Horace Mann.*

If it is foolish to give advice too readily, it is foolish to be ready in seeking it. Advice should only be asked from those whose opinions we value, and by those whose judgment we are willing to be guided.

The dying words of young Commander Rawson, leader of the Highland brigade, to Sir Garnet Wolseley after the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, deserves a place in history. "General, did I lead them straight?"

The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities. These may, for the most part, be summed up in these two—common sense and perseverance.—*Feltham.*

"Almost all the advantages which man possesses above the inferior animals arise from his power of acting in combination with his fellows, and of accomplishing by the united efforts of numbers what could not be accomplished by the detached efforts of individuals."—*J. Stuart Mill*

The following explains the difference between "luck" and "chance": You take a girl out to the theatre and discover that you haven't a cent in your pocket. You are, of course, compelled to invite her to an oyster saloon after the performance. She refuses for some reason; that's "luck" but the "chance" is a million to one that she will accept.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

[This poem appeared in the London Morning Chronicle forty-five years ago. A reward of fifty guineas failed to bring out its authorship, nor is it yet known.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure, long forgot,
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shewn the bright and busy eye;
But start not at this dismal void—
If social Love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright—
When stars and suns have sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent Tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To heave the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Firemen's Department.

AMUSEMENTS.

EAST NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

W. H. Thomas Lodge, No. 159, gave their first annual ball on the night of June 27, at Cherokee Hall, East Nashville. The largest crowd was present that ever was assembled in the hall, there being about 250 couples present. There were really too many present to render dancing comfortable. A more orderly and jovial collection of people never assembled in East Nashville. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and dancing was kept up until the small hours of the morning. The floor managers conducted themselves creditably, and deserve the thanks of the B. of L. F. The B. of L. F. boys return thanks to their worthy master mechanic, W. H. Thomas, after whom the Lodge is named, and also our respected foreman, John B. Michaels, for accommodating the boys by letting as many of them off as possible. They were both present, and seemed to enjoy themselves as much as any of us. Everyone was well pleased with the management of the affair, and wish the Lodge success.

SPECTATOR.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

The Hamilton times gives the following report of the recent excursion of Maple Leaf Lodge, No. 151:

It is a long time since a pleasure steamer on Burlington Bay conveyed to the Beach a larger or happier party, of both sexes, than that which went on board the Queen Victoria last evening to participate in the enjoyment provided by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. There were between 300 and 400 present. The weather was delightful—although there was not as much moonlight as promised—and the sail across and around the bay was charming. About 9 o'clock the steamer called at the piers, and Vint's excellent string band and those who wished to dance to its music proceeded to the Ocean House ball-room, and there spent a few hours most pleasantly. Meantime those who cared not for dancing continued their sail on the lake and bay. It will not be out of place right here to say a word for the Victoria. She is undoubtedly the most commodious and best fitted up steamer which has been on Burlington Bay for years, and deserves the support of the citizens. She brought home her large party at an early hour this morning. Not an incident occurred during the night to mar the general enjoyment.

The committee, to whom all praise is due, comprised Messrs. Thomas McHattie, Chairman; Wm. Allen, Secretary; Wm. Deans, James Reid and Fred Goff. This is the first evening's outing the Brotherhood and their friends have had; it will be by no means the last, and the next one will be on a scale which cannot fail but commend itself to the public.

ALTOONA, WISCONSIN.

Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, gave its second annual ball at Music Hall on Monday evening, June 25. It was a highly successful affair, there being nearly 100 couples present, and the music, which was rendered by Mar's band, was splendid. One could see by the smiling faces that everyone was trying to

make it pleasant for the other. Great praise is due Bros. Stimson, Corrigan and Botsford for the tasteful appearance of the hall. On entering, the first to attract attention was the letters B. L. F. made of evergreens and suspended from the chandelier; farther on and over the footlights was suspended the "working tools" of our Order beautifully wrought in evergreens, with the words "Welcome to 68" appearing in the background. This beautiful emblem was presented to us by our friend, Mrs. Donty. For the many other favors we will have occasion to speak hereafter. Red and white lanterns were hung in every nook and corner of the hall.

The sincere thanks of this Lodge are extended to Mr. Jeffery, our foreman, for courtesies extended by him to the B. L. F., which enabled a great many to attend.

Thanks are also due Messrs. Stimson, Corrigan, Moran, Edgell, and W. H. Thomas, who acted as floor managers. Mr. Thomas, we believe, has no equal in that capacity.

At 12 o'clock we were called from labor to refreshments to be served at the Eau Claire House. The kindness of Mr. Foster, the proprietor, was the subject of much comment, and will not soon be forgotten.

The party then retraced their steps, when dancing was kept up until the programme had been exhausted, and the band played "Home, Sweet Home" when we turned to go our several ways. Some to sleep, others to the throttle and the scoop.

As you requested your correspondents to be as brief as possible, I will close. With success to our Order, I am,

"SCRIB."

NOTICE TO DELEGATES.

A circular of instructions to delegates to the Tenth Annual Convention, in regard to transportation, hotels, time and place of meeting, etc., will be issued by the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and forwarded to all Lodges in due time.

REGALIA FOR SALE.

The regalia of J. W. Richardson Lodge, No. 104, defunct, consisting of 25 or 30 pieces, and almost as good as new, is for sale and can be had on reasonable terms. Address J. A. Hoke, 1012 Washington street, Louisville, Ky.

ALBERT CHAPMAN.

This scoundrel is of Peoria, Illinois, and late of W. F. Hynes Lodge, No. 48, where he served in the capacity of Magazine Agent and embezzler. He collected subscriptions to the amount of \$52, and then left for parts unknown. We caution the public to beware of him, as he will steal every time he gets a chance.

WILL J. COX.

We caution all persons to beware of Will J. Cox, a notorious thief and scoundrel, who has just been expelled from Mount Ouray Lodge, No. 140, for absconding with the funds entrusted to his custody. The amount of his embezzlement is \$118.80, which he had in his possession while acting as Financier. He stole, among other monies, the death assessments that he collected from the members, thereby causing Allen Emery, of that Lodge, who was suddenly killed while in the discharge of his duties, to appear in bad standing on the books of the Grand Lodge at the time of his death. A man so utterly devoid of principle and manhood is fit only for loath-

ing and contempt here and damnation hereafter. To steal such money is nothing less than a crime, and Will J. Cox stands to-day branded as a criminal all over this land. He has made of himself an eternal vagrant and outcast. Who would dare to follow in his footsteps?

LETTERS OF THANKS.

PERRY, IOWA, July 22, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to acknowledge, through your Magazine, the receipt of the draft for one thousand dollars from Mr. Edwin Fox, Financier of Pilot Lodge, Perry, as payment of the policy of my husband, Wm. Henry Seymour. The members of Pilot Lodge know how to stand by a brother who meets with misfortune. My husband, who was sick nine days from the time of his accident until his death, received much kindness from them and I from their wives, and after his death the brothers relieved me of all care regarding the interment. I hope the Brotherhood may prosper and be a long time before they are called upon to mourn another of their members. Bro. Lacy was most kind in assisting me the first few days, but was sent away on duty somewhere. Should this meet his eye he will please accept my sincere thanks.

A husband dear, and father kind
From earth is called away,
Fain would he have tarried here
But God forbade his stay.

Trusting you may find room for this in your interesting Magazine, I remain
Yours,
M. SEYMOUR.

DANVILLE, ILLS., July 28, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day from George Shuster, Financier of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000) on the policy of my husband, David Morgan, for which I extend my heartfelt thanks; also, for the kindness shown me and my children in time of trouble. My prayers shall ever be for the prosperity of your Lodge, that has cheered so many sorrowing hearts by kind words and financial aid.

I remain ever your friend,

MRS. ELLA J. MORGAN.

HIAWATHA, KANSAS, July 9, 1883.

S. Walters, Esq., Master of R. R. Centre Lodge, No. 81:

DEAR SIR: To yourself and members allow myself and family to return thanks for the kindness shown ourselves and friends at Atchison, and also for the sympathy and kind feeling shown us on the occasion of the burial of our dearest son. Although he was not firing a locomotive at the time of his death, the emblem of your Order was found pinned to his vest, and true to the Order, he died with it on his bosom. He loved your Order dearly. May the Ruler of this great universe protect you and the members of the B. of L. F., that you and the noble Order may progress and prosper. I am satisfied, from what I can learn of its teachings, that the Order is of great benefit, not only to yourselves and families, but also to the railway companies who employ you.

Most respectfully,

HENRY,
Foreman Locomotive Department Missouri
Pacific Railway, Hiawatha, Kansas.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., August 1, 1888.

To Subordinate Lodges:
SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending July 31, 1888:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 27 and 28	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 27 and 28	Total.
1	\$2.00	\$30.00	\$32.00	66	\$2.00	\$40.00	\$42.00
2	8.00	22.00	30.00	67	10.00	50.00	60.00
3	7.00	118.00	125.00	68	5.00	28.00	33.00
4	7.00	28.00	35.00	69	1.00	34.00	35.00
5	5.00	17.00	22.00	70	4.00	15.00	19.00
6		9.00	9.00	71	16.00	40.00	56.00
7	2.00	13.00	15.00	72	7.00	63.00	70.00
8	27.00	81.00	108.00	73	2.00	32.00	34.00
9	1.00	18.00	19.00	74	7.00	41.00	48.00
10	15.00	45.00	60.00	75	58.00	86.00	144.00
11		75.00	75.00	76	19.00	16.00	35.00
12	27.00	84.00	111.00	77	62.00	65.00	127.00
13				78		56.00	56.00
14				79		31.00	31.00
15	3.00	37.00	40.00	80		2.00	2.00
16	5.00	107.00	112.00	81	11.00	16.00	27.00
17	9.00	23.00	32.00	82	23.00	62.00	85.00
18	12.00	28.00	40.00	83		44.00	44.00
19		30.00	30.00	84		45.00	45.00
20	3.00	35.00	38.00	85			
21	5.00	44.00	49.00	86			
22	10.00	31.00	41.00	87	14.00	24.00	38.00
23	7.00	23.00	30.00	88	2.00	38.00	40.00
24				89		50.00	50.00
25	6.00	30.00	36.00	90			
26		48.00	48.00	91		30.00	30.00
27	4.00	69.00	73.00	92	2.00	4.00	6.00
28		51.00	51.00	93			
29		2.00	2.00	94	3.00	1.00	4.00
30	9.00	19.00	28.00	95	50.00	78.00	128.00
31	11.00	63.00	74.00	96			
32	1.00	26.00	27.00	97	2.00	45.00	47.00
33	1.00	45.00	46.00	98		29.00	29.00
34		37.00	37.00	99	20.00	45.00	65.00
35	5.00	28.00	33.00	100	2.00	16.00	18.00
36	19.00	113.00	132.00	101	2.00	67.00	69.00
37				102			
38	3.00	66.00	69.00	103		29.00	29.00
39				104			
40	4.00	63.00	67.00	105	1.00	27.00	28.00
41	28.00	4.00	32.00	106			
42		22.00	22.00	107	5.00	21.00	26.00
43				108	19.00	24.00	43.00
44	2.00	25.00	27.00	109			
45	2.00	60.00	62.00	110	8.00	21.00	29.00
46	1.00	27.00	28.00	111	6.00	24.00	30.00
47				112			
48		38.00	38.00	113		17.00	17.00
49	29.00	17.00	46.00	114		19.00	19.00
50	14.00	62.00	76.00	115	3.00	29.00	32.00
51		41.00	41.00	116		28.00	28.00
52	3.00	59.00	62.00	117		43.00	43.00
53		34.00	34.00	118	7.00	15.00	22.00
54	6.00	76.00	82.00	119			
55		29.00	29.00	120		29.00	29.00
56	2.00	21.00	23.00	121		20.00	20.00
57	23.00	136.00	159.00	122			
58	10.00	21.00	31.00	123			
59	1.00	77.00	78.00	124	1.00	20.00	21.00
60	3.00	67.00	70.00	125	15.00	13.00	28.00
61	44.00	65.00	109.00	126			
62				127	1.00	3.00	4.00
63	8.00	34.00	42.00	128	2.00	11.00	13.00
64	4.00	26.00	30.00	129		28.00	28.00
65		36.00	36.00	130	2.00	25.00	27.00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 27 and 28	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 27 and 28	Total.
131		16.00	16.00	148		16.00	16.00
132		14.00	14.00	149			
133	2.00	19.00	21.00	150			
134		21.00	21.00	151		29.00	29.00
135				152			
136	4.00	17.00	21.00	153			
137		21.00	21.00	154			
138				155			
139				156		18.00	18.00
140		19.00	19.00	157			
141				158			
142		34.00	34.00	159			
143	32.00	17.00	49.00	160			
144		14.00	14.00	161			
145	10.00	11.00	21.00	162		1.00	1.00
146	4.00	7.00	11.00	163		1.00	1.00
147		9.00	9.00				

Balance on hand July 1 \$1,823 50

Received during month 5,442 00

Total \$7,265 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65 and 66 . . . \$6,000 00

Balance on hand July 1 \$1,265 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

JAMES L. DEWITT,

Of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, died of typhoid
fever, July 31. His policy is payable to his
wife, Mrs. J. L. Dewitt.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Of Northern Light Lodge, No. 127, was killed,
July 26, by his engine leaving the track. His
policy is payable to his legal heirs.

GEORGE CLOUTIER,

Of H. B. Stone Lodge, No. 122, was killed, July
28, in a wreck on the C. B. & Q. R.R. His
policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. A. M.
Cloutier.

J. I. GETTY,

Of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, was killed, May 13,
by his engine leaving the track, on the C. M.,
St. P. & O. R.R.

JOHN HOWARD,

Of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 59, was killed, May
19, in a collision on the D. & R. G. R.R. His
policy is payable to his legal heirs.

VICTOR BERNA,

Of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, was killed,
May 22, by his engine going through a bridge,
on the Mexican Central R.R. His policy is
payable to Mrs. L. J. Berna, his wife.

ALLEN EMORY,

Of Mount Ouray Lodge, No. 140, was killed,
May 24, by his engine going through a bridge,
on the D. & R. G. R.R.

JOSIAH QUITLEY,

Of Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, was killed, May
24, while on the engine of Bro. Allen Emory,
that went through a bridge on the D. & R. G.
R.R.

PATRICK CONNERS,

Of J. Scott Lodge, No. 136, was killed, July 6,

while cleaning the ash-pan of his engine, on the Midland Railroad. His policy is payable to his legal heirs.

G. V. V. HOLMES,

Of R. R. Centre Lodge, No. 31, was killed, July 6, while coupling cars, on the Missouri Pacific R.R.

J. L. BIRMINGHAM,

Of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, was declared totally disabled with progressive locomotor ataxia, on the 18th of July. His policy will be paid to himself.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

S. A. Pike, of Frisco Lodge, No. 51, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

J. L. Morris, of Evening Star Lodge, No. 112, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

Bro. John Anderson is requested to correspond with his Lodge (21) at once, and he will learn something to his interest.

W. B. Trull and L. H. Grey, of Amboy Lodge, No. 85, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

John Gallagher, Thomas Carter, Charles Schwartz and W. J. Ford, of Hercules Lodge, No. 81, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

Thomas Morrissey, Jacob Greene, E. A. Coulter and Harry Young, of Banner Lodge, No. 56, are hereby requested to correspond with their Financier.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
14	W. Trenary	22
39	R. Holmes	33
54	J. K. Arthur	8
70	W. C. Coleman	92
78	Ed. Giles	61
78	P. J. Burke	65
84	W. Buckley	66
94	Peter Wheeler	65
106	W. P. Danforth	8
181	George Phillips	68
140	M. Manahan	59
143	J. Garvey	91
143	George Vogely	91
143	D. Calderwood	91
143	George Snook	91
143	S. G. Lyons	91
145	Harry Seaman	19
145	P. Voits	146
147	Wm. Delahanty	128
147	Charles Thompson	70
148	R. J. McCool	92
158	John Sheehy	117
158	Wm. Latchem	117
158	Geo. Elsie	117
158	C. Blanning	117
162	S. J. Bell	142
166	A. H. Miles	84

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
8	S. Kerner.	31	Warren Davis.
8	T. H. Motter.	43	M. Renwick.
15	Wm. Lions.	77	John Gleason.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
1	C. Babcock	Non-payment of dues.
1	Edgar Wood	Non-payment of dues.
7	C. Darley	Non-payment of dues.
8	C. T. Scott	Non-payment of dues.
8	James Winsett	Non-payment of dues.
8	John Gibbons	Non-payment of dues.
8	Eugene Flint	Theft.
14	L. G. Willaume	Defrauding Lodge.
22	E. Duncan	Non-payment of dues.
22	W. D. Hampton	Non-payment of dues.
22	G. B. Lott	Non-payment of dues.
22	J. Webb	Non-payment of dues.
22	F. C. Beatty	Non-payment of dues.
22	W. R. Howe	Non-payment of dues.
25	J. C. Harvey	Non-payment of dues.
31	L. W. Wiggins	Non-payment of dues.
31	F. W. Hunt	Non-payment of dues.
35	J. E. McCormick	Defrauding Lodge.
36	Dennis Casey	Non-payment of dues.
36	James Flanders	Non-payment of dues.
36	Wm. Horn	Non-payment of dues.
36	Michael Ury	Non-payment of dues.
36	Wm. Osman	Non-payment of dues.
41	J. W. McQuay	Non-payment of dues.
41	A. W. Sprague	Non-payment of dues.
41	T. O'Connor	Non-payment of dues.
41	Geo. Sulzer	Non-payment of dues.
45	Pat Cummings	Non-payment of dues.
45	A. C. Snyder	Non-payment of dues.
45	Joe. Schellhorn	Non-payment of dues.
45	Jack G. Sell	Non-payment of dues.
45	G. T. Hager	Non-payment of dues.
50	Dennis Ryan	Non-payment of dues.
50	Peter Eagan	Non-payment of dues.
50	Jos. Summons	Defrauding Members.
50	F. W. Smith	Non-payment of dues.
53	Matthew Hayes	Non-payment of dues.
57	F. W. Worthingley	Non-payment of dues.
57	C. C. Forbes	Non-payment of dues.
59	Wm. Spade	Non-payment of dues.
60	J. C. Roberts	Non-payment of dues.
60	Milton Cassiner	Non-payment of dues.
60	John Eder	Non-payment of dues.
61	Geo. Graham	Non-payment of dues.
63	John Coppinger	Defrauding.
72	J. Parsons	Non-payment of dues.
74	J. W. Humphrey	Non-payment of dues.
77	G. F. Morse	Non-payment of dues.
77	M. Kennedy	Non-payment of dues.
77	F. C. LaMountain	Non-payment of dues.
79	L. Mahear	Non-payment of dues.
82	Nelson Dunn	Non-payment of dues.
83	T. H. Baxter	Drunkennes.
84	John Kidd	Non-payment of dues.
84	T. C. Spencer	Non-payment of dues.
108	H. B. Burnett	Non-payment of dues.
109	A. H. Canner	Non-payment of dues.
142	C. C. Lenhart	Violating Obligation.
148	John O'Brien	Defrauding Lodge.
158	W. A. Greenwood	Theft.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
2	James S. Flits.	59	Geo. S. Freeman.
12	C. Horner.	76	Thos. Williams.
41	J. C. Leonberger.	89	Martin J. Kline.
54	C. C. Hamilton.	95	L. Barnard.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
8	J. Osman	11
8	J. K. Arthur	54
22	G. W. Holmes	14
22	W. Trenary	68
30	E. D. Worcester	10
36	T. C. Smith	128
41	Moses L. Plant	78
41	C. W. Bonner	182
50	E. H. Cole	182
50	J. W. Root	182
50	H. D. Bristol	48
53	Wm. D. Kline	83
54	R. Donovan	109
54	C. H. Root	13
60	Thomas Fellows	—
63	John Pugh	—
63	Peter Reiners	—
68	George Phillips	153
74	W. D. Schellinger	—
77	A. H. Chapman	—
77	John Crater	—
83	C. Estman	8
83	Sam Plummer	183
84	A. W. Miles	—
87	Robert Paskell	167
89	L. E. Ferguson	167
89	G. Ferguson	12
99	George H. Schmidt	—
112	A. J. Randall	—

RESOLUTIONS.

MONTREAL, CANADA, July 8, 1883.

At a regular meeting of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to Miss Jessie McIntyre, for so richly and tastefully draping our charter in token of respect to our departed Bro. E. Wood, assuring her that her kindness shall ever be gratefully remembered by the members of this Lodge.

ED. UPTON,
WM. NOWELL,
J. A. GRATRUX, } *Committee.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 26, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been the recipient of two dozen handsome regalia, by the wives of our worthy Bros. H. C. Randall and Wm. Lindeman, therefore be it

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to these esteemed ladies.

Resolved, That it shall be our highest aim to so live and conduct ourselves as to be worthy of the continued good will and friendship of the esteemed donors.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the donors, also recorded and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. A. ENSEY,
ED. ELMS,
WM. HUGO, } *Committee.*

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, MO., July 15, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Frisco Lodge, No. 51, held July 14, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to A. Wagner, Esq., of the B. of L. E., for his

kindness in presenting our Lodge with a very large pane of glass for our beautiful picture, which adorns our hall, and may we so conduct ourselves to be worthy the friendship of the esteemed donor.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Mr. Wagner, under the seal of the Lodge, and to the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN HULSE,
M. A. FRAME,
D. STEVENSON, } *Committee.*

MONTREAL, CANADA, July 8, 1883.

At a regular meeting of St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 15, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Bro. E. Wood, of this Lodge, one of its most respected and esteemed members, was accidentally drowned while bathing, at Ottawa, on the morning of July 1, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Wood this Lodge has lost an interested and most worthy member, his sisters a most devoted and kind brother, and his employers a faithful servant.

Resolved, That the most sincere sympathy of this Lodge is hereby extended to his bereaved sisters, upon whom this affliction falls so heavily, hoping that they may be enabled to cheerfully resign themselves to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our departed brother, the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for sixty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his sisters, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

ED. UPTON,
WM. NOWELL,
J. A. GRATRUX, } *Committee.*

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO., July 12, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, whose wisdom is beyond our comprehension, we have been deprived of our beloved brother, William O'Neill, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved family in their sad affliction; and furthermore be it

Resolved, That Industrial Lodge has lost one of its best members, and his family a dutiful and affectionate son and brother, and we recommend them to Him who alone can console and heal the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect for Bro. William O'Neill.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased brother's family, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. RAGLAND,
MELVIN BAKER,
JOHN H. CLARK, } *Committee.*

MASON CITY, IA., July 14, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29, held June 1, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been made the recipient of a beautiful silk tudy to ornament our worthy Master's chair, by the most esteemed young lady, Miss May Daucett, of Appleton, Wisconsin, a sister of our Secretary, therefore be it

Resolved, That we most respectfully regard this gift as a mark of great appreciation in

which our noble Order is held by this worthy lady.

Resolved, That we extend to Miss May Daucett our most sincere thanks for the kind remembrance received from her hands, and for the well-meaning interest she has taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Miss May Daucett. Also, same resolutions be spread upon the records of our Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN DUNN,
JOHN SCHUSTER, } Committee.
WM. N. HAYES,

ATCHISON, KANSAS, July 15, 1883.

At a regular meeting of R. R. Center Lodge, No. 31, held at their hall Sunday, July 15, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our highly esteemed and dearly beloved brother, Gardiner V. V. Holmes, while in the discharge of his duty on the Missouri Pacific railroad, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere sympathy to his wife and parents in their sad bereavement; also, that our Lodge loses a valuable member, and that their loss is our loss; and we commend them to Him who is all-wise, and does all things for the best.

Resolved, That R. R. Center drape their Lodge room and charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, as a token of respect to Bro. Gardiner V. V. Holmes; also, be it

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and have them published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. B. GALLIVAN,
FRANK JOHNSON, } Committee.
L. EGGLESTON,

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO, July 18, 1883.

At a regular meeting of J. Scott Lodge, No. 136, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to send his messenger death into our Lodge, and removing from our midst our worthy Bro. Patrick Connor, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life, and

WHEREAS, By his daily walk and conversation he exemplified, in an eminent degree, the tenets of our profession, brotherly love, relief and truth, being ever guided by the cardinal virtues: "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry;" therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved brother the Lodge has sustained an irreparable loss, society has lost a just and upright citizen, and the mother an affectionate son.

Resolved, That we extend to the mother and friends of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of affliction, and fervently pray to God to give them strength to bear the sad bereavement. We trust that the same benevolent Savior whose tears of sympathy watered the grave in Bethany will fold the arms of His love and protection around those who put their trust and confidence in Him.

Resolved, That our Lodge and charter be covered with black for thirty days as a symbol of our sorrow, and that the members wear the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That the mother of the deceased be presented with a copy of these resolutions and also that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns, Vice Grand Master
1726 Indiana Ave, Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary . . . Centalla, Ills
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Shelle, 505 Robert St. . . St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
38th and 37th Sts Galveston, Tex
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave . . . Jersey City, N. J
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St . . Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. . St. Joseph, Mo
W. R. Dean, Box 365 Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 . . . Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, Box 22 Ravenna, O
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
Meets 2d Monday.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. . . Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 80 Jewett St. . . . Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave . . . Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 914 E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. . . . Master
A. J. Reagan, 63 Alder St. . . . Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . . Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. . . . Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Utter Mag. Agent

- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. S. E. . . Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. . . Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. S. E. . . Mag. Agent
- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Tex.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
T. J. Edward, L. Box 298 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. . . . Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. . . Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. . . Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. . . Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. . . Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. . . Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . Master
W. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. . . Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. . . Financier
I. H. Crossman, 244 N. Division St. . . Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. . . . Master
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. . . Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. . . Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw Ave. . . Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Master
E. K. Whitselt, 292 Virginia Ave. . . Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. . . Financier
H. C. Randall, I. B. & W. Shops. . . Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Can.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. . . Master
E. Upton, 82 St. Etienne St. . . Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. . . Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. . . Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1328 Sycamore St. . . Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. . . Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops . . Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbay, Box 8 Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Eddy, 2d and Blow Sts. . . Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between
Primm and Tesson Sts. . . Secretary
John Clark Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between
Kraus and Nebraska Sts. . . Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
M. Stillwell, Box 64 Financier
G. C. Pittenger Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
J. Kelly Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
Geo. Howe Secretary
W. G. Wallace Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 660 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doncett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, 791 Clay St., Dubuque,
Iowa Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent

- 31. R. B. CENTRE**; Atchison, Kan.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
F. Johnson, bet 9th and 10th Sts.,
near A. T. & S. F. Round House. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDEE**; Ellis, Kan.
F. J. Schuyler, Box 188 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS**; Trenton, Mo.
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 358 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON**; Clinton, Ia.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY**; Amboy, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
A. Schermerhorn Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE**; Lafayette, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Brewer, 100 N. 6th St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W.
Shops Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE**; Centralia, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. G. Weiden, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON**; Stratford, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ben. Yapp, Box 818 Master
G. Nuresey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY**; Rock Island, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1228 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING**; Bloomington, Ills.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, 603 N. Allen St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD**; Mandan, Dakota.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
T. Rust Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO**; Madison, Wis.
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, Box 1903 Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH**; St. Joseph, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
P. Lawless, 1514 11th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ills.
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger, Pine Bluff
Depot Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Summerhill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 9th & Division Sts. Secretary
H. Ettinger, Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1823 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1482 Indiana Ave. Financier
L. Burns, 20 Gano St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES**; Peoria, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, 2501 S. Adams St. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
T. Gates, 2501 S. Adams St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND**; Decatur, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 500 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 500 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 500 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St., Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO**; North Springfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulise Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
W. Gelster, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL**; Logansport, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Financier
Wm. Neupher Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA**; Emporia, Kan.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 957 Secretary
G. E. Brooks, Box 1172 Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR**; Moberly, Mo.
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
G. Zang, Box 687 Master
J. Everitt, Box 687 Secretary
F. Nebergall, Box 687 Financier
W. Carlisle Mag. Agent

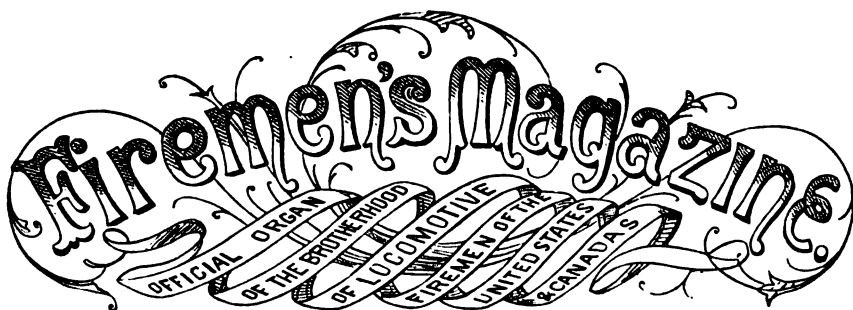
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops . . . Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops . . . Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. . . . Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 . . . Master
P. McDermott, Box 92 . . . Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 . . . Financier
J. B. Miller . . . Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands, Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cam-
bridge, Mass. . . . Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District . . . Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. . . . Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. C. Brown . . . Master
L. Jeardeau . . . Secretary
A. H. Curtis . . . Financier
C. W. Myers . . . Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 . . . Master
A. Wyhe . . . Secretary
L. E. Wade, L. Box N, El Moro,
Col . . . Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 . . . Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Felters, 814 Dickinson St.,
31st Ward . . . Master
T. McCaun . . . Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. . . Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. . . Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHARA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. . . Master
J. M. Shefre, 505 Robert St. . . Secretary
B. Bradley, 1045 Farquhar St. . . Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. . . Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. Ellis . . . Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 . . . Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 . . . Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 . . . Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772 . . . Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 . . . Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 . . . Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 . . . Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 . . . Master
W. H. Roberts . . . Secretary
A. J. Goodrich, Box 724 . . . Financier
E. A. Bennett . . . Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 . . . Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. . . Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 . . . Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 . . . Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. . . Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry. . . Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. . . Financier
H. Lavole . . . Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Vananley St. . . Master
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. . . Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. . . Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Stinson . . . Master
A. McKay . . . Secretary
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis . . . Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona,
Wis . . . Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 . . . Master
F. Barr, Box 294 . . . Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 . . . Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 . . . Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reitch, L. Box 384 . . . Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 384 . . . Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 384 . . . Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 384 . . . Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Houghton, Box 472 . . . Master
F. Spencer . . . Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 . . . Financier
E. R. Barnes . . . Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 583 Carman St. . . Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 583 Carman St. . . Financier
H. Higgins, 426 S. 3d St. . . Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. . . Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court . . Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. . . Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. . . Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. . . Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. . . Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. . . Financier
M. Hurley . . . Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. . . Master
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. . . Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. . . Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. . . Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 . . . Master
G. B. Dickinson, Box 67 . . . Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 . . . Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 . . . Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 . . . Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 1588 . . . Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. . . Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Walters, Box 1091 . . . Master
F. M. Sprague, L. Box 579 . . . Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 . . . Financier
J. Costin, L. Box 958 . . . Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ills.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 . . . Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 . . . Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 . . . Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 . . . Mag. Agent

- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larison, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 8 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
C. D. Stevens, 608 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Hall, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1003 10th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. H. Smith, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Higgs, Box 1825 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
I. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
G. A. Moncton, Box 188 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Peterson Master
J. J. McCain, Box 69 Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego. Secretary
R. V. Dodge Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. W. Harrigan, 1478 5th St., West Oakland, Cal. Master
T. W. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops. Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops. Financier
G. Perrin, W. Oakland, Cal. Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.**
J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palesan St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
F. Smith, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 240 Fulton St. Master
J. Pierce, 171 W. Huron St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 31 Emma St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Sheets, Box 395 Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Sheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
J. Fruit Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 28 Foehner St. Financier
Geo. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
Thos. Creusdon Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
M. J. Collins Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
P. Combs Secretary
J. C. Musgrove, 209 Hillside Ave. Financier
J. Clarey, Box 159 Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
J. Flowers, 1800 7th and Church-hill Sts. Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. Ahearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
T. E. Green, 941 S. Seminary St. Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, 529 Churchhill Ave. Financier
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent

- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1873 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between
Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 186 Financier
W. E. Armor, L. Box 83 Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
W. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Master
K. B. Rheim Secretary
J. C. McCabe, Box 20 Financier
T. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Hackett, 617 Ewing Ave. Master
W. J. Pourcellie, 2718 Gamble
Ave. Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2311 Adams St. Financier
P. Molter, 206 1/2 Chouteau Ave, Mag Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland Secretary
E. Sampson, Box 972 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 235 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. J. Randall, Box 543, East St.
Louis, Ill. Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy, Box 568 Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull Master
G. H. Maitland Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madson, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Pralme, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, be-
tween 19th and 20th Sts. Mag Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
E. G. Hibbard, Box 154 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 364 South St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road. Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P. O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P. O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Master
W. J. Gorham Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. R'y, River du
Loup Station Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197
Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Secretary
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 183 Financier
J. E. Hurley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts., Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
H. A. Draper Master
G. Gregg Secretary
E. G. Fox Financier
M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. C. Cook, Box 1,507 Master
G. S. Tubbs Secretary
J. Burke Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
F. McWhorter Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 150 Ross St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. S. Gill, C. P. Shops Financier
H. Lyles Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Fluge, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Trotter Master
T. Owens, Box 298 Secretary
L. R. Blake Financier
W. H. Blake Mag. Agent

- 180. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 181. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
E. Murray Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliff, 73 Meadow St.,
Oshkosh, Wis. Financier
J. Brown Mag. Agent
- 182. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan Master
Jno. Canfield, Box 90 Secretary
J. A. Correll Financier
C. A. Bates Mag. Agent
- 183. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
T. J. Allen Master
Wm. Madden Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
G. Williams Mag. Agent
- 184. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
C. E. Jones Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
H. E. Cowan Mag. Agent
- 185. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
C. J. Luft, Box 182 Master
F. B. Windlate Secretary
A. C. Mast, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 186. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry. Master
G. Campbell, Box 273 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry. Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 187. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
J. C. Nelson Secretary
W. T. Brown, Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 188. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. F. Jones, 900 Centre St., Racine,
Wis. Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
J. Bruid, Care of Kraft Bros. Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 189. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
S. M. Storer Secretary
J. L. Brooks Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 190. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 130 Master
M. J. Rutland, L. Box 509 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 309 Financier
A. F. Ducey Mag. Agent
- 191. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
R. M. Jones, 84 Van Buren St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St. Financier
Geo. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 192. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. and 2d
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Kelley, 115 Broadway St. Master
F. Welliver, 275 Wallbridge Ave. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 186 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower
Sts. Mag. Agent
- 193. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood st. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 194. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Bruns-
wick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
F. Mathison, Box 448 Secretary
James Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. Mag. Agent
- 195. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
Wm. Forbes, Box 429 Secretary
J. Lytten, Box 429 Financier
M. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 196. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
J. J. Sangster Mag. Agent
- 197. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 198. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 199. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Sat-
urday at 8 P. M.
O. Gillen, 206 Newark St., Hoboken,
N. J. Master
W. J. McColl, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogal Call, 209 1/2 W. 40th St. Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 200. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
C. A. Witt, L. Box 142 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 201. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 12 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St. Mag. Agent
- 202. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
John Ryel, Box 94 Master
Don Dunlap, Box 94 Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 203. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. A. Greenwood Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent

- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Reese Master
E. R. Dickson Secretary
Arthur Hill Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Price, Box 74 Master
W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Secretary
W. B. Maydwell, Box 74 Financier
J. D. Mercer, Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. E. Mott, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
Sam. Duncan Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
James Smith Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Hamlin, 521 Forte St., E. Detroit Master
D. O'Connor, 616 Sixth St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St., E. Detroit Financier
Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St., E. Detroit Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
D. J. Daly, 310 Foster St. Financier
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- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
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J. L. Armstrong, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Secretary
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- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
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The Gibraltar of America.

Charles H. Farnham.

Quebec impresses one as being almost too veritable, too unobtrusive, to be talked about. In its grave dignity it seems a part of nature, simple and elemental. Upon more intimate acquaintance it presents an epitome of a past century, with its monasteries, fortified walls, antique architecture, and the simple, courteous, and conservative society of the Old World. It is, in fact, an American city of Frenchmen governed by England. It is only a quiet town of commercial and ecclesiastical life, although crowned by the ramparts of a citadel. It is picturesque from every point of view, covering, as it does, the end of a high, narrow ridge, rising between the St. Lawrence and the mouth of the St. Charles. Viewed from the harbor it seems a populous cliff,—a confused mass of roofs, rocks, walls, and fortifications, high above the river. The Lower Town lies like a narrow belt, encircling the ridge; here and there a flight of steps, or a street, zig-zags up the bluffs, between the climbing rows of houses and through the fortifications. The view from the citadel is most impressive. You look down, over the jumble of gabled roofs and dormer windows pierced by the minarets of the naval university and many a graceful spire, and past the city walls which crest the cliff, upon the seaport town below. A great river flows through a vast rolling plain bounded by a horizon of mountains. You are high above the ships, the wharves, the gleaming flood; above the surrounding plain of fields, forests, and villages. The landscape fills you with a sense of its vast proportions, and, as your eye travels over the intervening space to the extreme horizon, your vision is scarcely interrupted, the imagination takes up the clue, and in fancy you

penetrate the vast wilderness lying beyond the mountain, and reaching in unbroken calmness to the pole.

"The Walled City of the North" is the heart of a wilderness,—and a heart warm and mellow with European culture. I began a nearer view of the place by taking a *caleche*; and driving from the citadel down through the crooked streets, to a point some distance from the Lower Town; this rapid descent gave me a bird's impression of the place. We seemed, indeed, to be on the wing, following narrow streets and whirling around the most unexpected turns. We flew along the eaves of low houses, skimmed through the air on the ramparts, and felt as if we might, at any moment, make a dive into the chimneys below; we darted in and out of the oddest places—nooks and corners that delighted a swallow. The whole flight leaves on the mind a confusion of cliff, wall, and rampart; of street, stair, and terrace; of cannon and cloister; of gable and dormer; it is all a spiral confusion; that may or may not uncoil itself at your bidding.

At last I alighted from my flying *caleche* in one of the suburbs, and began my return walk. It was a pleasant summer day, and the St. Lawrence and its shores were astir with life. This suburb, called "The Coves," is a string of small houses close under high bluffs, with a road running in front of them, and wharves at intervals along the beach, the intervening basins inclosed by booms out in the current. The basins are covered with rafts of square timber, and ships lie along the booms. Each ship has a busy group of men on her fore-castle and under her bows, who shout and hoist and send the timbers in through the port-holes. After passing some miles of this timber region I reached the city, where the road nar-

rows into a street, with houses on either side. The lofty and massive docks have a certain homely dignity about them, as they stand unmoved by the great tides and the rush of the mighty river. This Champlain street is the Irish quarter, and the region of Quebec riots. A tavern near by displays on its roof a figure-head of McMahon, and also the characteristic motto, "Irish rule, or no rule at all." This is the only part of Quebec where you feel distrust; and the rough populace seem entirely out of place in these quaint, modest, old stone houses. You walk on, under the foot of Cape Diamond, at the end of the ridge on which Quebec stands, where Montgomery fell in 1775, while following the same route to capture the Lower Town. It is remarkable to find in the midst of a city, and towering above the houses, a mountain of such proportions, carved into battlements and crowned with an impregnable fortress. The cliffs are engines of destruction, even in times of peace, for every now and then they send down avalanches of snow, or even of rocks, that do great damage.

Although everybody seems to have sufficient leisure for courtesies at the busiest times and busiest places, nobody seems quite a native in this quaint place. The Englishman, in his smart suit and lofty air, is foreign to the old, narrow streets; the British tar, with his devil-may-care independence, is a stranger; the Swede is only a looker-on; the Norwegian is waiting to embark; the Yankee is trying to "sell out"; only the French Canadian seemed at home, and even he is somewhat misplaced in the stir of trade. In your wanderings about the wharves you stumble upon the market-place, filled with a dark mass of people, who are overtopped with small heaps of produce arranged in rows between the groups. The buyers, dressed in black or dark colors, wear a critical air, and go many times about the market, seeking the best bargains and purchasing small quantities. You see at once that the domestic life of Quebec is carried on with economy.

They are a courteous, unpretending lot of people, mostly women, with here and there a bright French or rosy English face to break the monotony. The rougher English tongue sounds every now and then above the babble of polite French. The peasants who come to sell are more original than the buyers—they are real peasants in homespun, many of them wonderfully like the Normandy and Brittany people. The men wear gray homespun suits, long-legged moccasins, and

felt hats. Their wives are comfortable-looking women, in straight skirts, loose sacques, and broad-brimmed hats,—all home-made,—and although the girls may wear a ribbon or a feather, yet the whole effect is remarkably peasant-like, very primitive and thrifty.

The French-Canadian farmer does not raise large crops, but he generally has at every season some superfluous things to sell. He kills a sheep now and then, or a pair of fowls; he picks up odds and ends from the garden, and various things made by the industrious women of the household. These are packed and taken to market by the wife and sold for what she can get. This market of the Lower Town is reached by steam-boats from up and down the St. Lawrence. The peasants spend the night on board, sleeping here and there, on benches, or on their bags and chests. In the morning porters wheel the produce up to the dock. Here the various packages are opened and the stuff is piled up about the chests. The market is full of suggestions of Canadian country life. One sees that most of the labor is done by hand, in small jobs, by the aid of unimproved tools and methods, and that the domestic life of the people is still as primitive as that of peasants in the past century. The inflation of modern life has never reached here. A farmer or his wife will drive thirty or forty miles and back to sell two dollars' worth of potatoes. But as these are the superfluities of his home, he regards such twopenny sales as profitable. A farmer's pile of produce often displays the most incongruous, assortment: eggs, mutton, woolen socks, butter, hanks of yarn, pieces of rag-carpet, onions, choke-cherries, and straw hats.

There are also heaps of articles that are commonly the object of some special and permanent business, such as shoes, pottery, brushes, toys, cloths, linen—nearly all home-made, rough, and cheap. As you stroll about, you notice that their intercourse is quiet and courteous; there is no hawking of wares or importuning of passers, though no purchase is made without an astonishing beating down of the price. The winter market is more picturesque still; the horses look like bales of blankets; the snow-covered ground is strewn with meat, game, and fowls; and the peasants are bundles done up in fur caps, coats, and overshoes. The little church Notre Dame des Victories, which is near this market, was one of the first churches built in America; its walls date from before 1690. The first

building in Quebec and the first garden in Canada were near the same spot, where Champlain founded Quebec by building his residence in 1608. By crossing the business streets of this Lower Town, and going to the foot of the cliff, you find one of the most picturesque little nooks on this continent. The Petit Sault au Matelot is a very narrow alley along the foot of the crags, and right beside the chief business street. It is composed of rickety little houses, used as stables, store-houses, and tenement quarters for chickens, goats, children, and poor families. Here and there a piazza or a gallery across the street gives a view up the crags to the sky; but it is a walled-in region of deep-shadows and quaint forms under the battlements and cannon of the Upper Town. This lane, the chief thoroughfare between the Lower Town and St. Roch, was barricaded in 1775, by the English and French to oppose the advance of Arnold. But the American troops took it and held it for a time, expecting to be reinforced by Montgomery. But both expeditions failed.

The Lower Town at this point completes its turn around the end of the ridge on which Quebec stands, and extends along the right bank of the St. Charles River. The mouth of the river has been inclosed by a breakwater to make a basin for schooners and coasting craft. The narrow flats between the cliffs and the river are covered with store-houses, lumber-yards, and factories. But in a few steps you leave this commercial waterfront, and enter St. Roch, the pure French quarter of Quebec. It is for the most part a quiet region of modest homes, where you peep now and then into the domestic life of the people. Quebec has been destroyed by fires, and rebuilt since 1845; but the people each time, according to tradition, have rebuilt the houses, and even the crooked streets, very much according to the old plans. In wandering about the city you constantly speculate about the interior of the homes; for the houses are of the utmost irregularity in size, and of various simple forms to suit the angles of the streets and the means or taste of the builders. They have a general type: low walls, one or one and a half stories high, small windows, steep, high roofs, with one or two stories of dormer windows, and massive chimneys at the gable-ends. The picturesque of the houses lies as much in the diversity of their sizes and positions as in their strong and effective forms. And then they have a pleasant, moral

aspect; for, although they are small, yet they are built of brick or stone, and there are no suggestions in them either of the shanty or the pretentious city house. St. Roch, off the main street, is a region of these modest homes where small industries are carried on. The *porte-cochères* standing open afford glimpses of shadowy court-yards, where artisans are working at their trades in the midst of their children; or you may see a horse passing and repassing an open door, while he turns a tanner's bark-mill, crunching in the darkness beyond. Now you look through a window and see a blacksmith's forge, or a wheelwright's bench, strewn with tools. These shops are under the living-rooms. One sees here and there the angular, wrinkled face of a Normandy grandmother framed in a white cap. The notary and the architect also work at home. There are scarcely any signs on the streets. Even the corner grocery-store does not blaze with golden letters; it displays in a window a broom, or at the door a bunch of birch-bark; it does not seem a hard, commercial place of business, but an informal, friendly house, where you might borrow a little tea or sugar.

Quebec is, in fact, a quiet village of 68,000 people; you might think it much less of a place than it really is when you see the lamp-lighter cleaning the chimneys and trimming the wicks of the street-lamps.

The French Canadian people have had the rare taste or luck to keep their surroundings in harmony with their character. I imagine the city would be dull, or even distasteful, if its drowsy and romantic spirit were replaced by a coarser life. The women of Quebec are attractive by their appearance or good health. Few of them are pretty, but many are good-looking and pleasant. You meet them at almost any hour, returning from mass or confession, dressed always in dark colors, and walking with a slow gait that might be taken for a sign of meditation. Their manners are unobtrusive; their voices are low and pleasantly modulated. The young women, as you brush close by them on the narrow sidewalk, look up frankly, without either boldness or shyness, and pass on with a direct and modest manner. You see on the cathedral steps some ladies of the old French type, with high-bred features and a dark complexion rich with color. Their walk, though dignified, is graceful and free from haughtiness; and their manners suggest characters at once strong, sympa-

thetic, and dignified. But the most beautiful objects in Quebec are certainly the children—rosy, bright, and cherubic.

You leave St. Roch at last with its French life, and climb up the side of the ridge to visit the suburbs on the plains back of the Upper Town. The chief attraction of this region is the extensive views it commands, either southward over the St. Lawrence and its opposite bluffs, or northward across the valley of the St. Charles and the slopes beyond running back to the mountains. You see in the distance Indian Lorette, Beauport, and many other French-Canadian villages; Montmorency Falls, many lakes among the foot-hills, and other attractive resorts, are scattered about, within the limits of the vast horizon. Indeed, few cities in the world may boast of such suburbs as Quebec; for the scenery through which you drive is not only beautiful in details, but large and noble in proportions; and the French-Canadian villages and farmers are devoid of the raw, inharmonious, or glaring elements that mar so many country scenes on this continent. But these suburbs on the plains back of the Upper Town are of quite another sort. They are country-houses and extensive places in the English style, lying along the edge of the bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence or the St. Charles. In some of them, as Spencerwood, the official residence of the Governor of the Province of Quebec, you see good examples of landscape gardening.

On approaching the town you come to the Plains of Abraham, where a monument marks the place of Wolfe's last battle, his victory and death, in 1759; also to the battle-field of Ste. Foye, where Prince Napoleon Bonaparte erected, in 1854, a monument in honor of the fruitless French victory of De Levis over Murray in 1760. You pass also the massive Martello towers, built in 1805—and then are almost startled by coming upon the new Houses of Parliament and a few ornate modern houses, utterly out of keeping with the surroundings. At last you reach the walls of the city, which inclose it by following the edge of the cliffs all around the end of the ridge, and then crossing the plains about a mile back of Cape Diamond. The old gates of the city have unfortunately been torn down, but new ones are building, and the walls are to be preserved and made into a boulevard encircling the Upper Town. The first fort at Quebec was built by Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, in 1535; batteries, palisades, walls, and forts were

built at various epochs after the founding of Quebec by Champlain, in 1608; and at last the present walls and citadel were begun under the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, in 1823. The citadel, with its cannon, its unique gate of chains, and its massive walls, is filled with a different sentiment from that of the cosy home region of Quebec; here you shrink from the glare, the silence, and the pall-like gloom that hover about the engines of death. We have almost completed our walk about the city, and now stand on the Durham Terrace, on the verge of the cliffs that rise above the Lower Town. You may lean over the railing and look down the face of the crags into little winding streets, scarce dividing the masses of extremely irregular roofs and chimneys, into back yards, here and there, with verandas along the rocks, or even into the dormer windows of garrets.

The surface of the plateau where the Upper Town stands is very rolling, sloping toward the St. Charles at many different angles. The narrow streets, with narrow sidewalks, wind about these slopes in the most erratic way, still following the paths of the Indians or the first settlers. To walk about Quebec is to turn the pages of a book full of pictures of the past. The view changes at each corner.

The cloisters of Quebec have always been its most important feature. They were indeed the heart of Canada; for the colonization of the country depended far more on the zeal of priest than on the cupidity of the fur-trader. Quebec, under the French *regime*, was practically the capital of a theocracy. These institutions, among the very oldest on this continent, are still the chief power molding the character of the French-Canadian people; and they still preserve within their massive walls the life of the seventeenth century. With trifling exceptions they administer the educational and the charitable affairs of the city, and they indirectly, but not less efficiently, control the Government.

Tourists visit the convents of the Ursulines and the Hotel-Dieu, dating from 1639, the Basilica or cathedral, 1647, the Seminary, 1663, the Naval University, the Libraries, and some other edifices, to see their paintings—among others a Christ by Van Dyck—their relics of heroes and martyrs, and their museums. Historians, however, will best enjoy these institutions, for their fancy will cover the walls with some of the most striking scenes known to history. The Jesuits' college, recently torn down, was especially ven-

erable, in memories of the extraordinary labors and martyrdoms of the Jesuit missionaries over two hundred years ago. It was the seat of the most important power directing the destinies of the country. Yet it is only at this late day that the Canadians are collecting a national fund to build a chapel on the site of the college in honor of the Jesuit fathers, and to erect, at last, a monument to the memory of Champlain.

I spent a morning at the Ursuline Convent, talking through an iron grate with a nun. Another nun was kneeling behind the next grate and conversing in a low tone with a man who wept silently. The white walls and the bare floor seemed bleak and chill to the spirit; and the cell-like space behind the grates was in shadow and silence. The serenity of the cloister was to me like the peace of the grave. The man was a peasant lad, whose dark face was set in hopeless grief. The kneeling nun, barred from human touch, was a motionless figure, draped in austere robes of black and white falling in unbroken folds from her head, and showing only her pale face. Now and then a word floated to my ear, as the bare walls ceased to echo our own talk:

"She was so good," said he again with a despairing sob.

"Yes, but she is an angel now," she answered with a smile, and a voice almost calm. They were brother and sister, talking of their mother's death; he in thought of his desolated home, she in the serenity of the cloister. When I left the austere and silent place and returned to the quiet old streets of stone, I scarcely felt a change of scene, for you continually meet with priests and nuns, who form a pleasant element in the city, for its whole aspect is in harmony with their courteous and simple bearing.

The grandest season at Quebec is mid-winter. Then the great northern wilderness advances from the horizon of mountains and blockades the town. But the people light their fires, and make the city a social nest under the snow. The mountains and the plains are a desert of snow, tufted with a forest-fur of bare trees, and the white villages seem to be buried. The St. Lawrence grinds up vast fields of ice, and the sound of its resistless force is the only sign of life in the deserted port, and down its vistas, of polar desolation. The town itself is a polar scene. The walls and glacis of the fortifications are now great slopes of snow; the cliffs are bearded with enormous icicles; and the gables, dormers,

and chimneys are almost all that look out of the great snow-drift covering the city. The street-life of Quebec, meanwhile, goes at its merriest pace. The market-place is thronged with country sleighs, with peasants that seem only masses of furs and wraps, and with city folk saluting their acquaintances and trading.

There are bearded, burly, fur-coated figures walking along the streets. Out on the glacis and the plains young people are snow-shoeing and tobogganing; picnics go to Montmorency Falls to slide on the cone of ice. Everybody seems cheerful and hearty.

Low sleighs, called "carriages," are driving about the streets. Each is furnished with fur robes, under which the passengers nestle in comfort. Some of them, as those of the Tandem Club and many other private turnouts, are very elegant, with fine-blooded horses and with masses of rich, dark furs framing rosy faces. There are also the baby sleighs, some with downy lamb's-wool and crowing cherubs; and others a single soap-box, in which two babies and a molasses-jug are stowed with astonishing compactness. The public hack-horses take the least comfort, I fancy, though they are well blanketed. They are moved about the squares to suit the weather, getting shelter where they can and turning tail to the storms. The cabmen in winter are quite picturesque in their fur caps, and their long coats of coon, wolf, or buffalo skins, with a red sash tied about the waist.

A snowy twilight gives Quebec a still more striking aspect. The distance is hidden in the gray obscurity; gables, dormers, and chimneys loom out in single groups; and the view of picturesque, individual forms changes suddenly at every step. The place is muffled and veiled. People creep into their collars, bow their heads, or even turn their backs to the wind to get breath, as they hurry on to shelter, and life seems in risk from the fury of the elements even here in the sheltered streets. When you come out on the verge of the cliffs the citadel looms still farther above you, erect amid all the unchecked storms of heaven, and every brow shakes a hoary streamer of snow out into the night. As you go on, you pass close to the high walls of a cloister overtopped by snow-drifts, beside cannon pointing above the confusion of roofs at the foot of the crag, and into the impenetrable veil of the storm. The gloom of the great northern wilderness bears

down into your very soul, but the dormer windows over the wall of the cloister light up as friendly eyes, the Angelus sounds from the chapel of the nuns, and you feel again that you are near to the beating heart of the old city. Then let the clouds pass and the moonlight come, and the scene becomes enchanted. The street is as silent as a polar sea; its broken, jagged lines of gables, dormers, and chimneys, in alternate light and shadow, rise against a sky of dark blue; wherever the moonbeams touch the roofs, icicles and snow crystals gleam out in response. But, as the white earth reflects the light, the air itself seems luminous, and you see everything below the sky-line as if in a dream.

The bells of a sleigh sound for a moment from the busier thoroughfare into your retired lane; and now and then a muffled figure crosses in the distance; the creaking of steps on the snow dies away, and all relapses into an unbroken silence. On Christmas-eve you would find the same scene of rare and delicate beauty, only that on that sacred night the city heart would be all aglow—though little would escape through doors and windows into the silent streets. Now and then the strains of some ancient Christmas carols would sound faintly through the double sashes, as from some under-world, preluding the midnight music when the chimes break out, and the still air beats with the world's emotion. You look up, and the old city on the crags seems to lie close to the glory of the midnight sky.

The Mocking Bird.

The mocking bird commences to sing at the age of seven or eight weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass, and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, bold, varied, and in his native woods he surprises every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight; his constant graceful motion, expanded wings and tail, and flashing eyes add to the music of a vivacity and elegance of rendering given only by this wonderful bird.

His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in his captivity, owing to absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the habitation of man. He loses none of his power of energy of

song in his confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much enhanced by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him, and takes as much delight in imitating a buzz saw or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes.

His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything, from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage-birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them, and his clucks oftentimes can make the lost chicklet forget its mother.

Mocking birds are very tough and hardy, and with good care live to be twenty years of age. Their ailments are few and simply cured; a change of food occasionally is good, the variety seeming to please them and keep them in constant song. They sing all the year, except during the moulting season and two weeks of the breeding season. They are easily molted, the chief care being to keep them out of draughts while shedding, and to feed an abundance of fresh green food and insects. The cage should be carefully kept clean, and plenty of gravel strewn on the bottom, so as to keep the feet in order. They are very fond of bathing, which desire should be daily gratified.

The prepared food, either moist or dry, should be the regular diet. When the dry food is used, grated dry carrot must be mixed with it. For variety, feed the potato and egg mixture with a little Indian meal or grated carrot added. Ants' eggs soaked and added to the food are always beneficial; a meal-worm or two should be daily given.

The ailments these birds are most liable to are constipation and diarrhoea. For constipation, change the food, giving plenty of lettuce or other green food and berries, and give a couple of meal-worms dipped in olive or sweet oil; the latter will usually effect a cure. Diarrhoea may be cured by feeding bread soaked in boiled milk and sprinkled with cayenne pepper.

MANY cruel things have been said by Americans about their public men, but the acme seems to have been reached in the case of the Rev. Mr. Talmage. It is related that he gaped in a car recently, the process being reproduced in a mirror, whereupon a young married lady opposite encircled her husband's arm with the remark, "George, there's another of those horrid tunnels."

PHILIP BARTON—ENGINEER.

DIED DECEMBER 18, 1882.

George R. Parrish.

Philip Barton, of Denver—have you ever heard the name?
Sleeps to-night in his icy tomb, wrapped in the martyr's fame.

Philip Barton, of Denver, slender and fair and young,
Never such deeds of daring has spirit or mortal sung;
Only the great white mountains watch where the hero lies,
Only the stars of heaven look down from the darkened skies;
Yet to-night mid storm and darkness, to-night mid wind and rain,
I read of his act of daring, I read of his death and pain.

You do well, oh, western mountains, to guard his resting place—
Silent his merry laughter, and white his boyish face—
Surely, you wind-swept cedars bent in their rocks and sighed,
That night of storm and darkness, that night when Barton died.

Who was he? Simply an engineer, and the youngest on the line;
But many a year he held his place in the cab of "49."

Many a trip had he looked ahead, over that icy track,
Stretching about the mountains and across the "Foster Back;"
Many the time had he made the curve—never again he will.

Around the edge of Miller's bend, just as it mounts the hill—
An ugly bit of mountain road, whenever the upper snow
Chances to slide from its rocky nest, onto the rails below.

Sixty miles from Denver, and the rock, in solid wall,
Rising to the very stars—hung as if to fall
Down to where the swift Arkansas, in sullen flow,
Sweeps against its stony banks, a thousand feet below.

And that night down the canon—running at "forty" no less—
Plunged the two great engines, dragging the night express;
On over the bridge at the river and into a forest of pines.

With Barton's face at the window, watching for danger signs;
Behind was the second engine, ahead was the wall of snow,

Which the prong of the great plow lifted and hurled to the rocks below.
Black was the midnight darkness over the curve ahead,

Save for the little gleam of light which the rushing engine shed,
Firm was the hand of the engineer, clear and cool his brain,

As leaning out of the swaying cab he peered before the train,
On into the awful silence and darkness like a wall.

As if the mantle of the Dead lay stretching over all,
Straight ahead the rushing engines, swinging, swaying on the track.

Gallant riders in the saddle, flying chambers at their back,
Sudden a shout of horror, wild as a cry of death,

Came, while the train swept forward—swift as hurried breath—
Sharp rang a warning whistle, from "49," ahead,

"Danger—down brakes!" the signal that quick whistle said
Danger—for that moment from the summit of the hill,

Barton, watching out ahead, saw with sudden thrill,
A mighty shadow deepen, and heard a muffled roar,
Like the deep-toned beating of surf upon the shore.

An instant, and he understood—some broken cars of freight
Were rushing down that incline, hurled by their heavy weight.

Along the slippery track! a dozen, more or less,
Black in the Drummond light, full at the night express.

Never one moment for halting, scarcely a moment for fear,
Firmer the grasp on the lever, calmer the engineer.

He heard the rasping of the brakes, the slowing of the train,
But only pulled his throttle in to pull it out again.

"Jump!" he cried to his fireman, "jump for the landing, Phil!"
I'm going to stop the runaway, and break my coupling pin!"

Out goes the trembling throttle—crack, and with a will,
Old "49" and her engineer went charging for the hill;

Up to meet the coming of those deadly dealing cars,
Just as a gallant hunter spurs ere he leaps the bars,

Just as a charging trooper, with white but earnest face,
Clings to his horse's saddle, as Barton kept his place;

Swift as the equinox, wild as a whirlwind's breath,
"49" and her rider swept up to that awful death.

The grandest charge of cavalry the world has ever known,
The solitary Roman made who faced such odds alone,

But now without an order, without one word or cheer,
With half a prayer upon his lips, swept on that engineer,

Up to the terrible crash, there 'mid the mountain snow,
That hurled the cab, like an arrow, on the icy rocks below.

Crushing the gallant body, till the wreck burst into flame,
As martyr's spirit rise to God beyond man's praise or blame,

Till the stars sent waving back their white signal ray,
To tell that engineer below he had the right of way.

Such is the story I read to-night, read in wind and rain.

Till Philip Barton's face looked in from each wet window pane,
Until the wind seemed bearing, where're its fury blows,

The virtue of his hero deed from off the mountain snows;
Where wrapped his icy mantle, but bright with martyr's flame,

They guard with vigilance their dead—he of the Baron name.

The Value of Work.

"What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy." "Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." "There is but one method," says Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor, and a man who will not pay that price for distinction, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox." "Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. 'Is that necessary?' 'That shall be.' This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew something that you knew not?" "The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on his rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I am no believer in genius, but I believe that labor, judiciously and continually applied, becomes genius."

Gambetta's Power with Words.

G. W. Smalley.

The speech (November, 1877,) was but just over an hour long. I have always been disposed to think it the greatest single effort of oratory I ever heard. Five years have passed and the impression is hardly less vivid in my own mind than it was the next day, though I am only too well aware that the difficulty of conveying it to others is vastly greater with the lapse of time. The broad outlines one can still reproduce; the more delicate lights and shades of that strangely picturesque scene are hardly to be caught. I asked Gambetta's friends, who had heard him often, if he had ever made a greater speech. "Never," was the uniform answer. He was then 39 years old, and his oratory answered exactly and fully to that maxim of the great orator of

Greece, who demand first, second and third as the condition of successful speaking—energy. But I don't conceive that any of us at that moment thought of Gambetta as an orator. No critical attitude could be taken or kept until afterward. It is not meteorological observations that you care about at the height of a hurricane in mid-Atlantic. The consummate art, the finish of diction, the argumentative weight, the perfection of delivery and method of speech became impressive to you after the speech was done. But at the moment it was the tremendous sincerity, earnestness and force of the man which absorbed everything else. It was not a debate, it was a battle, and this man was leading the legions of France, his life in his hand, and the life of the Republic bound up with his. That crowded and brilliant assembly, those benches where sat the Deputies of the Republic, those galleries where the beauty and chivalry of France, her youngest loveliness and her oldest nobility, were gathered—over all these passed the spell of that resistless eloquence and far more resistless force of character, and of that all surrendering devotion which, during that hour, inspired orator and audience alike.

Great Inventors.

Cincinnati Commercial.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Edison first saw the light in Milan, Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847, so that he is still a young man. The number of patents already granted him is in the hundreds. He is of mixed Hollander and English blood, his grandfather having been a Dutchman who settled near Newark, N. J., and who married into the Ogdens, a family of English descent. Edison began his working life as a newsboy when only about eight years old, at Port Huron, Mich. Five years after he succeeded in procuring a contract for the exclusive sale of newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada, to which fact is due the report that he is a Canadian. His business grew rapidly under his management, and was supplemented by an essay in journalism, the Grand Trunk Herald, which he printed with his own type and his own hands. The progress of the war at this time assisted his paper, which had at one time four hundred and fifty subscribers. Dropping his publication, he began the study of chemistry, prosecuting it in connection with his newspaper business. When his experi-

ments on the train had resulted in his setting fire to a car by the ignition of phœphorus, he was forced to abandon it. He next pursued telegraphy as a means of livelihood, and became extraordinarily apt as an operator. In 1867, while living in Cincinnati, he began experimenting with the view to send two messages at once over one wire, and succeeded in doing this in Boston not long afterwards. This was the first of his many inventions. His phonograph first attracted the attention of the leading scientific men of Europe by reason of its exhibition at the French Institute in 1878. No better idea of the multiplicity and value of his inventions can be given than by mentioning leading features of his exhibit in Paris at the Electrical Exhibition, 1881, where his was the largest, most important and most varied of the many exhibits. It includes his system of electric lightning by incandescence, his disc dynamo-electric machine, his microtusi-meter, which measures the smallest changes in temperature; his odorscope, which renders visible the presence of certain essential oils and hydrocarbon vapors, and also registers their action; his electromotograph, which reproduces the human voices at a distance, like the telephone, but with a greater intensity, and so forth. As the head of the Edison Electric Light Company, he is now busy providing illumination for offices, etc., in the busiest portions of New York City.

ISAAC PITMAN.

The inventor of phonography, Isaac Pitman, was born at Trowbridge, England, in the year 1813. He was educated to be a public school teacher, and after passing his examination at the Borough Road Training Institution, London, became the principal in what is known as a British school. The British school system was intended and served excellently to cheapen and improve the means of elementary instruction. Mr. Pitman invented and published his system of phonography, which may be said to have superseded the old systems of short-hand, in the year 1837. The radical difference between them and it consists in this: while the old systems retain the use of the alphabet, which, phonetically regarded, is both redundant and imperfect, he disregards the alphabet excepting so far as it includes the sounds employed in speaking, and provides signs for the sounds in which it (the alphabet) is wanting. Mr. Pitman's phonetic alphabet—if the expression may be allowed—has a

character for every sound used in speaking, and its advantage as the basis of a system of short-hand consists in its accuracy and adequacy on this account, and the fact that all the characters, representing every consonant sound, are written in straight or curved lines with a single stroke of the writing instrument. In January, 1840, the inventor of phonography published a second edition of his book, containing some improvements in the forms of letters. By 1849 phonography had taken nearly the shape it now wears, but Mr. Pitman has published a good many editions of his book since that year. He still lives, at Bath, England, a publisher doing a good business, and with an enormous correspondence. Various systems of phonographic short-hand based on Isaac Pitman's, but varying from it somewhat, have been published, all, in the judgment of their originators and followers, superior to his in some respects. Such are Ben Pitman's—Ben is a brother of Isaac. Verbatim reporters innumerable are indebted to Isaac Pitman's invention for the means of their dexterity, but old newspaper men are occasionally to be met with who equal them in accuracy and rapidity of writing, and employ the old characters, letter for letter, of the alphabet, which until Mr. Pitman introduced the most perfect way, was found adequate, in the use of exceptionally quick and clever men, to verbatim reporting. These old systems are still of great use, because by their means a good rate of speed in writing is practicable, after a comparatively short time of practice, and the forms employed are made familiar in a few hours.

RICHARD MARCH HOE.

The subject of this paragraph was born in New York, September 12, 1812, the son of Robert Hoe, an Englishman who, in the year 1803, founded in the Empire City the great business which, for upwards of half a century, has been known as that of R. Hoe & Co. Robert Hoe was the first man in the United States who made saws of cast steel, and the first in New York to drive the machinery in his factory by steam. In 1805 he began the manufacture of printing machines, and in 1827 that of cylinder presses. About the same time Richard March Hoe, who had received a common school education, entered his father's workshop, where he acquired a practical knowledge of mechanism. In the year 1837 he invented the double-cylinder press, an improvement on the cylinder press invented

by his father, who died at the early age of fifty-three. In 1846 the firm of R. Hoe & Co. consisted of Richard M. Hoe and his brothers Robert and Peter. The Rotary, invented by the first named in that year, soon acquired the name of the "Lightning" press, by reason of its rapidity of working. By the use of its largest size twenty thousand impressions can be printed in one hour; but the Web Perfecting Press, which prints, cuts and folds from fifteen to twenty thousand complete newspapers in an hour is the latest and best of the Hoe presses. It prints from a continuous roll of paper from four to five miles long, or both sides at one time. Sixty-nine thousand copies of the Philadelphia Public Ledger are printed in an hour by means of this machine.

A Crushed Esthetic.

Lockport Union.

A few months ago the daughter of an East Lockport man, who had grown comfortably well-off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and recently she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide brimmed hat dashed from the car and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed, "I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms and planted a kiss where it would do the most good with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with a puzzled air, "quite excessively beyond what?"

"Oh, no, pa; you don't understand me," the daughter explained. "I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony or even a single poem, and appear as in-

tensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be traveling in such a lonesome direction that he pitched in and gave the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiatess, as they drew up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shon—I mean I consider it too far beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—O, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man, as he reached for his third cup, 'half full,'—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule of three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't!" exclaimed the daughter, reproachfully; "the rule of three and grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine in art that have made my school life the bos—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything" gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum preserves is simply a poem in itself."

The old man arose abruptly from the table and went out of the room rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table next morning he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife and remarked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much

nonsense. Me and her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you've finished eating that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust up stairs in less 'an two seconds and peel off that fancy gown an' put on a kaliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be any more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long as your superlative pa an' your lovely and consummate ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria!"

Fifty Years a Jockey.

New York Times.

Gilbert Watson Patrick, the famous jockey, who has been known as Gilpatrick on all the famous racing tracks of this country for the past half century, is dead. He caught cold at the meeting at Jerome Park, on election day, and this cold resulted in a sever attack of pneumonia, from which he died on Thursday afternoon, at his residence, in a tenement house at No. 433 Second avenue. During his nearly fifty years on the turf, Patrick made over 5,000 mounts and was a winner in four-fifths of these—a record equalled by no jockey that everlived. He won over \$2,000,000 in stakes, in the races in which he rode for the gentlemen whose horses he mounted, and yet was himself in absolute want of the necessities of life at the time of his death. To their discredit be it said, that when appealed to for assistance, the gentlemen for whom he had won thousands of dollars absolutely refused him assistance. Gilpatrick was made famous as the rider of Boston and his famous sons, Lexington and Lecomote, and also of Alice Corneal, the dam of the former. He rode Lexington in the last race in which that famous sire contested, which was a four-mile heat race, run at the Metairie Course, at New Orleans, April 14, 1855, when Lexington beat his famous brother, Lecomote, making a record of 7:23½. Gilpatrick also rode Lexington a short time previous to this race over the same course in a contest against time for a stake of \$20,000, when Lexington made his famous four-mile record of 7:19½, which stood as the best record for twenty years, until Fellowcraft beat it by a quarter of a second. Patrick also rode in the famous international race for the Goodwin cup in England, being mounted on Richard Ten Broeck's Prior-

ess. The race was won by the English horse, Monarch, and Patrick always claimed that his being ordered to run a waiting race was the only reason why he did not land a winner. Patrick rode Post Boy in a great race between representative horses of the North and the South for a post stake of \$5,000, in which Bascomb, who represented the South, was the winner. He again mounted on the Northern representative, Boston, in a four-mile heat match against Fashion, the Southern representative, for stakes worth \$20,000, which race the latter won, Boston being in such an ugly temper as to be uncontrollable during the contest. Boston, at that time, tried to bite Patrick, but only succeeded in tearing a gash six inches long in his own side. Mounted on Kentucky, he won the first race for the Travers Stake at Saratoga in 1863, beating the famous Tipperary. In 1839 Patrick was employed by Colonel Wade Hampton and rode his Emily and Monarch as winners in all the three and four mile races in which they contested in Columbia and Charleston, S. C., and Augusta, Ga. From 1844 to 1856 he rode during the seasons of the Canadian tracks at Montreal, Toronto, Niagara, Ontario, Hamilton and Quebec. Planet, Arrow, Skedaddle, Highlander, Lady Clifton and Ruthless were among the other famous horses he rode past the post in the lead.

Patrick was born of English parents at Fishkill Plains, Dutchess County, near Poughkeepsie, in 1817. His first race was ridden when he was only fourteen years old, and when his weight with saddle was only sixty-five pounds. This was run over the Union Course, on Long Island, and was run for mile heats, the stakes being a pipe of wine. He was mounted on a colt known as Wild Bill, and owned by Mr. John Coster, of this city. He carried his horse to victory in two straight heats. Since that time he has sat on the backs of over 2,000 different horses while they were contesting on the track, his last race being ridden at Brighton Beach in 1879, when Mr. Patrick was over sixty-two years of age. Funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock this morning at the late residence of the deceased man, the Rev. Dr. Walker officiating, and the body will be taken to Poughkeepsie for interment. Mr. Patrick leaves a widow, who is a sufferer from cancer, and whose health is such that it is feared the death of her husband will result fatally to her. She is to be removed to a hospital, and an effort will be made to raise money among the horse-

men of the city to provide for her comfort during the remainder of her life. She was a constant attendant at the bedside of her dying husband, whose last days were spent in a wandering recital of the great contests in which he participated.

Perils of the Evening.

George D. Prentice once wrote: "To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and the stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to the rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of the pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulse becomes a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home to the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will influence you with their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits in the middle ages were exercised and driven away by bell, book and candle, and you want but two of these agents—the book and the candle.

A Clever Thief.

Vidocq, in his "Memoirs," tells some of the exploits of one of the most famous robbers of that epoch, Jossas, better known as the Marquis de Saint Armand de Faral.

Jossas was an ignorant country boy, who, when very young, became the valet of a wealthy colonel in the French army. He remained several years in this officer's service traveling with him everywhere and acquiring so well the manners of good society that he found no difficulty afterward in passing himself off as a nobleman. He was an extremely handsome man and dressed and lived in great splen-

dor. While Paris was resounding with the news of one bold and skillful bank robbery after another, and the police were looking everywhere for the thief or thieves, the pretended Marquis was leading society, dining with the beaux and flirting and dancing with the belles.

He was supposed to be a Cuban with a most fabulous wealth, and many of the oldest and most distinguished families of France offered him their daughters in marriage.

If Jossas did not have the advantage of the science of this century to enable him to blow open safes he had wonderful patience. He meditated and prepared a robbery sometimes as long as a year beforehand. Operating principally by means of false keys, he began first by taking the impression of the lock of the outer door. That key made, he entered the first apartment and if stopped by another door, took another impression, and so on until he gained the object of his plotting. He lost much time in such a proceeding as this, as he was only able to work in the absence of the occupant. He only had recourse to this laborious expedient when he could not introduce himself into the house. When he could obtain admittance on a social footing he soon got impressions of all the locks. When the keys were ready, he would invite the people he intended to rob to dine with him, and while they were making merry with him his accomplices stripped their houses, from which he had also lured the servants, either by asking their employers to bring them to help wait at table, or by having his confederates make love to the women-servants.

The porters saw nothing, for the robbers seldom took anything but jewelry and money. If any large parcel was to be removed, they wrapped it in solid linen and threw it out of the window to an accomplice in waiting with a washer-woman's cart.

Jossas, as the Marquis, had the habit of engaging himself to be married to young girls with a large dowry. In the course of the many conversations he took care to have on the subject of the marriage portion, he would contrive to learn where it was deposited, invariably carrying it off and absconding at the time appointed for signing the marriage contract.

He made up his mind once to rob a certain banker at Lyons. He contrived to get acquainted with the ways of the establishment by banking a considerable sum, and under the pretext of arranging accounts and negotiations, took an im-

pression of all the locks except that of the safe, of which a secret ward rendered all his attempts unavailing. As the safe was built in the wall and cased with iron to break it open was impossible. The cashier never parted with the key. In order to overcome this obstacle, Jossas inveigled himself into the good graces of the cashier, and one day invited him to take a drive into the country with him and dine at a rustic hotel.

The cashier accepted, and they set out. As they approached the bank of the river they saw a woman lying down, apparently dying with the blood spouting from her nose and mouth. Beside her knelt a man in great distress. Jossas seemed much concerned, and getting out of the carriage seemed anxious to aid the suffering woman. He said at length that the key applied to her back would stop the bleeding. The cashier offered that of his room, but it had no effect.

The woman grew worse, and the cashier hurriedly pulled out the only other key he had about him—that of the safe. It stopped the effusion of blood and the woman, with the assistances of her friend, said she thought she could get to her home. Jossas and the cashier drove on.

Three days after the robbery of the bank occasioned a wild sensation. The whole scene at the river side had been planned by Jossas; a piece of modeling wax was concealed in the back of the supposed dying woman in order to take the impression of the key of the safe.

Some Big Things.

The highest range of mountains is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being estimated from 16,000 to 18,000 feet.

The biggest royal eater since the death of the Emperor Maximinus is Cetewayo, King of the Zulus. He ate thirteen pounds of steak for a dinner.

The greatest cornet player is Levy. He measures fifty-six inches around the chest, and is said to have the largest lungs of any musician in the world.

The largest diamond cutting house is in Amsterdam, where they employ 400 men. The famous Kobinoor diamond was cut there. The cutters make from \$7 to \$12, and even \$14 a day.

The largest suspension bridge is the one between Brooklyn and New York. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches. The entire length of the bridge is 5,989 feet.

Mr. John Sayer, of Danielsville, Ga., recently killed a large hawk. It meas-

ured 4 feet 10 inches from tip to tip of its wings, and 5½ inches from the tip of the front to the tip of the back claw.

Jumbo is the largest elephant in the civilized world. He is 11 feet 6 inches in height. The measurement of his ears when outspread is 15 feet, and he can reach upward 26 feet with his trunk.

Probably the biggest feet are those of a Chicago girl named Lizzie Mertz. They are said to measure 16½ inches each. It is reported that she once kicked a young man and fractured his spine.

Fortress Monroe is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost the Government over \$3,000,000. The water battery is considered one of the finest military works in the world.

The largest university is Oxford, in Oxford, England. It consists of twenty-five colleges and five halls. Oxford was the seat of learning in the time of Edward the Confessor. It claims to have been founded by Alfred.

The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen, Denmark. The enclosure contains about 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river. The largest pleasure ground in this country is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 2,740 acres.

Orange county, New Jersey, and Sussex county, New Jersey, make more applejack in one year than any other two counties in the United States. Last year 120,000 gallons were made, and the Government got \$100,000 revenue. This year the estimate is 40,000 gallons.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior. It is 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and has an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 200 feet, and its greatest depth about 900 fathoms. Its surface is 635 feet above the sea.

The largest inland sea is the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 180,000 square miles. Great Salt Lake in Utah, which may be properly termed an inland sea, is about 90 miles long and has a varying breadth of from 20 to 25 miles. Its surface is 4,200 feet above the sea, whereas the surface of the Caspian is 84 feet below the ocean level.

The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,557,658 square miles, more than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third,

containing 3,580,242 square miles, including Alaska; in population it ranks fourth with its 50,000,000 people. Russia ranks second: 8,352,940 square miles.

The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak, Egypt. Karnak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies a part of the site of ancient Thebes. The obelisk is ascribed to Hatasu, sister of Pharaoh Thothmes III., who reigned about 1600 B. C. Its whole length is 122 feet, its weight 400 tons. Its height, without pedestal, is 108 feet 10 inches. The height of the obelisk in Central Park, without pedestal, is 68 feet 11 inches; its weight about 168 tons.

The Chinese wall is the largest in the world. It was built by the first Emperor of the Tain dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of 5 feet, the total height of the wall is 20 feet, thickness at the base 25 feet, and at the top 15 feet. Towers or bastions occur at intervals of about 100 yards.

Among the most remarkable natural echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments; and that on the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblenz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that in the Castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet, and its height more than 21 feet. In its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung, and was probably cast on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been occasioned by water having been thrown upon it when heated by the building erected over it being on fire.

"ARE you aslape, Pat?" "No, indeed, I think it's awake I am." "Well, then, oblige us with the loan of 5s." "Och, if that's the game it's sound aslape I am."

The Arkansas Farmers.

Arkansaw Traveler.

A cattle dealer stopped at the house of an Arkansas small farmer, and called to a man who was drawing water with an old-fashioned windlass that cried out with an alarming scream at every turn of the crank.

"Light!" shouted the drawer of water.

The man dismounted and approached the well. "I am a cattle buyer," said the man, "and I'd like to talk business to you."

"Can't talk business till I give those steers as much water as they want."

"How long will it take you?"

"Blamed if I know. They hain't had no water for two days, and the well's 75 feet deep, and the bucket leaks. Now make the calc'lation."

"How long have you been drawing?"

"Since sun up; and they're just as rampant now as they was when I commenced. I don't 'low to do nothin' else for several day yit, fer by the time one gits 'nough the other one is spilin's for some."

"Why don't you drive them to the creek?"

"Thar ain't no creek in the neighborhood."

"Why don't you drive them to the river?"

"Cos they'd rush in and drown themselves."

"Why don't you drive them to the pond?"

"They won't drink that sorter water."

"Don't you want to sell them?"

"I would if I had the ole woman's consent, an' I think she's willin'."

"Where is she?"

"She's jes' gittin' ready to go over and see one of the neighbors."

"You'd better consult her before she leaves."

"You don't know that woman like I do. It ain't safe to pester her when she's gitting ready to go anywhar. We'll hafter wait till she gits thar."

"How far is it?"

"About nine miles."

"I see you don't care to talk business."

"No, I ain't so powerful keen."

"If you'd pay more attention to business you'd live better."

"Don't wanter live no better'n I am. Suits me."

"Are you making any attempt to educate your children?"

"Yes, an' they're gitten' along fine. Jim hit a nigger with a rock yisterday, Bob sassed a jestic of the peace, and

Buck aint afeerd of the devil. That's a mighty good showin', let me tell you;" and the windlass screamed and the steers walled their eyes.

"Are all of your children boys?"

"They might have been ef it had'nt been fur one thing."

"What was that?"

"One of them was a gal."

"Where is she now?"

"Married to the triffin'est feller I ever seed."

"Well, there is no use fooling with you; good day."

"Good day." And he turned the crank, muttering to himself: "Nosin' 'round here tryin' to find out whose got whisky. A man haster be mighty smart these days."

American Manners.

St. Louis Republican.

While American manners are doubtless susceptible of much improvement, they are not nearly so black as they are frequently painted by foreign fools and native snobs. If by good manners are meant the "small, sweet courtesies of life," then ours will bear comparison with the foreign article. An American may not bow as gracefully as a Frenchman, but he will sacrifice quite as much personal convenience and comfort for a stranger as the Frenchman—perhaps more. An American may not be so elegant at a dinner party as an Englishman, but he will not ride half a day in a railway car without speaking to the fellow passenger at his elbow, as the Englishman will. A lady—whether young or old, pretty or plain—may travel from Boston to San Francisco without an escort, and receive all the needed attention from men whom she never saw before and will never see again. Would the same lady be equally fortunate in a trip from London to Paris or Paris to Rome? In our street cars a laboring man, wearied out with his day's toil, will give his seat to any woman who enters. How many European gentlemen would do as much? There is more chivalric respect shown to women in America than anywhere else on earth, and such respect is inconsistent with "vulgarity of manners."

In drawing room accomplishments and the graces of the dancing master, and in those indescribable products of high breeding found in the circles of hereditary aristocracy, America must now—and always, perhaps—yield the palm to Europe; but in genuine courtesy, unaf-

fected and unselfish politeness, disposition to accommodate, readiness to go out of one's way to help others—Europe has much to learn from America. Our manners are "in the rough" and need polishing; but the material of which they are made is gold, not pinchbeck. Vulgar manners are bad, but artificial worse. Let us hope and believe that, by diligent minding of our own business and making the best of ourselves without servile copying of European models, we shall some day reach a point in education, manners and morals which will meet the demands of the most fastidious taste, foreign or domestic.

What Girls May Learn.

There are innumerable things in the course of both nice and narrow house-keeping not generally known, and not laid down in books, but which are handed down traditional; and if the young girl does not observe them in her mother's house, she will not have them to bequeath when she leaves it for a house of her own. Perhaps they do not signify a great deal, but they do signify a certain amount of comfort, and if no one thinks to call her that she may see them done, she does well to keep her own eyes open. Let her learn thus orally, and she will thank her teacher daily for years to come—learn that lamp-wicks soaked in vinegar and dried will not smoke afterward; that there is nothing better to remove grease spots from carpets than oxgall from the butcher's, used in water, and swelled as little as possible in the using; that an ounce of alum will purify a whole hogshead of foul water; that a furred tea-kettle may be cleansed by boiling in it a few spoonful of ammonia; and that, if yeast is bitter, it may be sweetened by thrusting into it a red-hot poker. She may learn in school that wood ash makes hard water soft by means of its carbonate of potassa uniting with the sulphate of lime, and forming othersubstances, which fall to the bottom, and leave the water all right, and be glad of the knowledge in some situations where she can not buy washing-soda; but she will not learn there, even though the principles be taught, that a steel pen heated in gas-light and dipped in cold water becomes as good as new, nor know anything about it unless she sees somebody do it. And she may generalize from her books the fact that if shot is used in cleansing wine-bottles, and is left by accident, the acid of the wine acts on it poisonously; but unless she sees her mother cover port

and claret stains with salt, and wet them with sherry before washing with hot water, she will be helpless when some awkward elbow turns her best white damast a ruinous red. Nor, when she is in a furious hurry to boil some preparation for dessert in her "bain marie," or in one kettle set in the hot water of another, and, fire up as she may, it will not boil, is she likely to know, unless she has seen it done at home, that if the outside portion of the boiler be filled with brine, the inside will boil immediately, owing to the much higher temperature of boiling brine than of boiling water.

A Maiden's Request.

Texas Siftings.

An Austin young man has been boring a young lady with his attentions for some time past, although on various and sundry occasions she has given him to understand that he was distasteful to her. A few evenings ago he assured her that he was anxious to fulfill her every wish.

"Is it really a fact that you will do whatever I ask you?"

"Your slightest wish is my law. Command me, and I shall obey."

"Well, then, I wish you would see if you can induce my mother to marry you. She is a widow and is not so particular about whom she marries as I am."

Alaska.

The vast extent of Alaska is very little known. Its length from north to south, is as great as the distance from Maine to Florida, and its breadth from its eastern boundry to the end of the Aleutian Islands, is equal to the distance from Washington to California. The farthest of these islands is as far west of San Francisco as Maine is east of that city. The area of the territory is nearly one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. If its coast were extended in a straight line, it would belt the globe, and its mountains are the highest in the United States.

The chief resource of the territory is its seal-fur fisheries, which furnish nearly all the seal skins used in the markets of the world, and have paid a revenue into the United States Treasury of over three million dollars since January, 1871.

The other resources are fish, minerals and petroleum. Alaska is said to be the great reserve lumber region of the United States. When the forests of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have been denuded, a use will be found for the

thousands of miles of yellow cedar, white spruce, hemlock and balsam fir which covers the southeastern section of Alaska.

The climate varies in different parts of the territory. At Fort Yukon the thermometer often rises about one hundred degrees in summer, and sinks as low as seventy degrees below zero in winter. But the winter climate of Southern Alaska, for the past forty-five years, has been the average winter climate of Kentucky and the average summer climate of Minnesota. The population includes about one thousand five hundred whites, mainly traders and miners. The natives number thirty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-six. About 9,000 of these are claimed by the Greek Church, and but little has been done by the United States for the education of any part of the population.

What it Means.

THE DEFINITION OF "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

Laramie Boomerang.

When Billy Root was a little boy he was of a philosophical and investigating turn of mind, and wanted to know almost everything. He also desired to know it immediately. He could not wait for time to develop his intellect, but he crowded things and wore out the patience of his father, a learned savant, who was president of a livery stable in Chicago.

One day Billy ran across the grand hailing sign which is generally represented as a tape-worm in the beak of the American eagle, on which is inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Billy, of course, asked his father what "E Pluribus Unum" meant. He wanted to gather in all the knowledge he could, so that when he came out West he could associate with some of our best men.

"I admire your strong appetite for knowledge, Billy," said Mr. Root. "You have a morbid craving for old hunks of ancient history and cyclopedia that does my soul good, and I am glad, too, that you come to your father to get accurate data for your collection. That is right. Your father will always lay aside his work at any time and gorge your young mind with knowledge that will be as useful to you as a farrow cow. 'E Pluribus Unum' is an old Greek inscription that has been handed down from generation to generation, preserved in brine, and signifies that 'the tail goes with the hide.'"

Effect of Sunshine.

From an acorn weighing a few grains a tree will grow for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing many tons. If an orange twig is put into a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit there will be very nearly the same amount of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is received from the sun, from the air, and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements, equally essential to both vegetable and animal life—magnesia, lime and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives it its sparkling red color and its strength. It is the lime in the bones which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to any of the tissues. Thus it is, that the more persons are out of doors, the more healthy, the more vigorous they are, and the longer will they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter and in the early forenoon in summer.

The Prevention of Scale in Boilers.

A writer in the Lumber World says that officers of the French navy, who have been experimenting for several years, have come to the positive conclusion that the fatty acids created by the decomposition of lubricators, and all lime deposits in boilers, may really be largely obviated by the continual use of zinc plates deposited within the boilers. It is asserted that the zinc in contact with the metallic iron of the boiler, forms a mild voltaic circle which not only prevents lime deposits, but also gradually decomposes small quantities of the water, thus liberating its component gases, oxygen and hydrogen. The oxygen combines with the zinc, forming oxide of zinc, which combines with the fatty acids, mingled with the feed water, forming soaps of zinc, which adheres both to the shell and tubes of the boiler, and effectually prevent the adhesion of the salts left by evaporation. When the boilers are cleaned out, which should always be done once a week, or certainly not less than once in two weeks, the fixed matter will be found in a soft, grainy state, in-

stead of being hard and crystalline. The hydrogen combines with the water, and it is asserted that the latter is thereby prevented from being superheated, and thus rendered liable to explosion. There are many mysterious and unaccountable phenomena connected with boiler explosions, which as yet, are undiscovered. It is known that by long boiling all air and gaseous matters become expelled from the water, which when superheated, introduces an element of danger. But by using zinc in a boiler, a continual supply of gas is kept up, and all danger of superheating is obviated. The hydrogen not only starts the boiling but keeps it up. It is, of course, necessary to take the zinc plates or slabs out of the boiler occasionally, and thoroughly clean them from all the adhering matters, or this galvanic action must cease altogether, when no clean surfaces are offered for chemical action. Zinc is cheap, and should be used in slabs not less than half an inch thick, several inches wide and at least a foot long.

How the American Doctor Evans Gained His Wealth and Honor.

London Truth.

Dr. Evans hails from Philadelphia. He is of Welsh extraction, and belongs to a family half Quaker, half Methodist, who were well-respected folks in the city founded by Penn.

Dr. Evans became a dentist, and took a wife when he was a very young man. He then came to Europe to assist his countryman, Brewster, who had been asked to look after the teeth of the Prince-President, and had more business than he could well attend to. Evans was an extremely handsome and well-made little man. His features, though large, were so neatly cut as almost to give them a pretty character. An English tailor dressed him in the best style. He always in the daytime looked the man of business, although it was easy to see that he was used to rub shoulders with the foremost personages of the world.

A tincture of American independence ran through his quiet manner. In smiling, he showed, as if unintentionally—and it may have been *sans intention*—a white and even set of teeth. A small and nicely-shaped hand manipulated instruments of torture with firm dexterity. There was genuine kindness in the manner, and there was something in the face which expressed an obliging disposition. Soon after the *coup d'état*, Brewster sold

his business to Dr. T. Evans. It included a virtual monopoly of court practice, which, as the new Emperor was omnipotent, soon brought a throng of patients to the office at the Rue de la Paix. It had got out that Evans was in high favor at the Tuileries. The Emperor, who hated fuss, and dreaded being, like Hortense and Josephine, his mother and grandmother, prematurely toothless, liked his dentist's quiet and civil way of discharging his morning duties.

The Doctor attended daily, when in Paris, at 8 A. M., at the Emperor's toilet, and then proceeded to the dressing-room of the Empress. Eugenie spoke French with facility, but never like a well educated Parisienne. She knew that she was often mentally criticised by members of the *entourage* for her inelegant locutions. It was, therefore, agreeable to her to chat in English—a tongue of which she was quite mistress—with Evans, who retailed to her the news of the town and the current gossip about the court, with an amount of truthfulness that was refreshing to ears tired of flattery. He also treated her teeth as if they were pearls of great price, and kept them for seventeen years in excellent condition.

Napoleon III. was, on the throne, unable to give up his Carbonari habits, which were seen through. For instance, when the Czar had a bad tooth and sent for Evans, Bismarck, King Leopold, the Queen of Holland, Prince Metternich and Nigra were on the alert to find out what was brewing at St. Petersburg. The fortunate dentist was accordingly summoned to attend, in many capitals, to royal teeth. Unwittingly he made revelations, the importance of which he did not see. He was given diamond-studded snuff-boxes, rings, pins and valuable furs.

Condescension was in many an instance pushed so far as to send him the likeness of a royal or imperial patent, executed expressly for him. The Empress (then Queen) Augusta did not go so far as this; but she gave the Doctor two superb Dresden vases, with painted views on them of her Potsdam Schloss and Stolzenfels. The Doctor has every kind of decoration, except the insignia of the English and Prussian orders and the Golden Fleece.

Under the empire, Dr. Evans remained a citizen of the United States. He is very American in feeling. During the civil war he went in strongly for the North. Thurlow Weed, to counteract the influence of Slidell and his charming daughters, took care to secure the co-operation at the Tuileries of Evans. The dentist

had a Quakerly dislike to slavery. He knew how and where to take the Emperor, whose irresolution he increased when the Court set, interested in the Jecker affair, wanted the blockade of the Southern ports to be broken.

Evans was the only familiar of the imperial couple who acted in a brave and chivalrous manner on the 4th of September. The Empress was deserted by all the grand members of the household and the high functionaries. Even her cousin, M. de Lesseps, who had often proffered good counsel, which was not heeded, but who owed the success of the Suez Canal to her, did not remain at her side. In her desolation she thought, when on quitting the Tuileries the Italian Minister put her and Mme. Lebreton into a cab, of driving to the house of Dr. Evans. The idea was a happy one. Her Majesty arrived in her dressing gown. Mrs. Evans was at the seaside; the Doctor was out. When he returned, he saw the fugitive had not been recognized, and treated her as if she had been driven by an aching tooth to call upon him at his private residence. The locks of his wife's clothes presses were forced to obtain a change of raiment for the Empress, who, with her lady, was taken by the Doctor in his own carriage to the Norman coast. A good friend in adversity to the imperial couple, Evans had, when they were triumphant, the courage to give them wholesome but unpalatable advice. Knowing thoroughly the organization of the Prussian army, he again and again warned the Emperor and Empress that in going to war with Germany they would court ruin. The Empress probably remembered this advice when she was sitting in his house awaiting his return home.

A Touching Incident.

A poor little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell beneath the car and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was at once sent to bring her to him.

When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," whispered he, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor hardworking mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

“That within which passeth show.—[Hamlet.

There is a song within the lyre
That never yet was sung;
Unborn it lies upon each wire
That loosely hangs unstrung,
Until the minstrel's hand shall strain
The slackened cords in tune again,
The bard's creative spirit give
That song a vocal soul to live.

There is a form the marble holds
Beneath its surface rude,
Deep in its unhewn heart it folds
Beauty no eye has viewed,
Until the sculptor's hand shall scale
Each layer off that stony veil,
Until at last shall stand displayed
The perfect form of loveliest maid.

There is a poem never told
Within the poet's soul,
Like fabled streams o'er beds of gold
Beneath the earth that roll,
Until some spell restless wake
The soul in rhythmic song to break,
As bursts the stream into the light,
Bubbling with golden glory bright.

There is a love—nor tongue nor lips
E'er told its deep desire;
Burning the heart its silence keeps
Like subterranean fire,
Until some mighty passion-gust
Breaks through the outward icy-crust,
And burning lava-words reveal
That love the heart would fain conceal.

The song's unsung, unhewn the stone,
The poet's rhyme untold,
The hidden fire of love unshown
Beneath the surface cold.
'Tis better thus: the secret kept
The wound unseen, the woe unwept,
The outer life's deceitful show,
The inner life that none may know.

The Parson's Donation.

H. S. Keller.

It was one of those cold winter nights when men wrap up warmly ere going out and women and little ones sit closely about the fire. The sleet rattled against the window panes and the wind howled along the eaves. Outside the shadows danced upon the glittering crust, and the boughs of the trees waved and bent and tossed in the blast. A little woman's heart is sorely troubled, for the parson has been called to attend a dying church member. She knows that her good man is poorly clothed to meet the chilling wind; she knows that his cough has been worse than ever this winter, and the pain in his chest more severe. She thinks of all this, and as she goes to the window and looks out upon the dismal landscape, she utters a short prayer for her husband, who urges his tired, bony horse toward home.

“Papa's come, papa's come, cry the lit-

tle ones as they hear the sound of horse's hoofs crunching the snow.

The little woman helps her tired husband to put his horse under shelter; and then, when he comes in helps him off with his outside garment. He kisses his wife and the children.

“Will you have something to eat?” she asks.

“No, dear; I'm too weary. I want rest, rest.”

That night, when all is still in the little parsonage, the parson touches his wife's cheek with his cold hand, and as she awakens, he whispers softly.

“Good little wife, I—this pain here in my chest is suffocating me. No—don't stir, I'm—sweet little wife—Father take care of—babies—wife—”

Thus, ere the good woman could arise to succor her husband, he died.

The subject of a donation had long been talked over among the farmers. Some were in favor of doing something for the good man who preached Sunday after Sunday, year after year in the little church. Others said that times were hard, and a donation could not be thought of. But the majority ruled, and in this case the ones in favor of giving the parson a donation were in the majority.

Early the next morning, following the meeting, three or four of the farmers drove up to the parsonage door. The children were crying; the little woman's eyes were sad.

“We've come to tell you that we're going to give you a donation, and that—”

“Stop!” softly said the little woman. “Come?”

She led the way to the chamber. There, upon the bed with his white face, thin and wan, laid the parson dead.

“Too late, my friends—too late! He died, as he lived, a man with a heart so large that he saw the wants of his fellow-creatures and helped them—ere it was too late!”

John Leary, aged fourteen years, and James Lewis, aged twelve, have been committed for trial in Hoboken on the charge of stealing an ash kettle. The prisoners admitted that they had taken it, and they said they had sold it for fifteen cents. “What did you do with the money?” asked Recorder McDonough. “We divided it, sir,” said Leary. “I got seven cents and Lewis the same.” “Well, what did you do with the odd cent?” “We bought a cigarette and broke it in two.”—*N. Y. Herald.*

Fifty Years of Fame.

On the 13th of December William Ewart Gladstone completed the fiftieth year of his continuous service in the British House of Commons. A half a century of public toil, of almost unbroken oratorical triumph and of most fruitful statesmanship, finds this "grand, gray old man" at the summit of political power.

This anniversary comes at a peculiarly fortunate time for Mr. Gladstone. He has just reaped the glory of having presided over a great English victory in Egypt; and in the House of Commons he has won a signal triumph by the adoption of his new rules of procedure. Never did a Prime Minister seemingly enjoy greater popularity and authority than he does at this moment.

Mr. Gladstone's career has been most eventful and in many respects most dramatic. He began public life as a Tory of the old school. He developed into the zealous leader of the advanced Liberals. He has never allowed consistency to stand in the way of a change of opinion when he has decided that change to be just. He has effected more broad reforms than any English statesman of the century.

To him England owes the ballot, the abolition of purchase in the army, the abolition of the Irish Church, the reform of the Irish land laws, the freedom of the Universities, to a great degree the French Treaty of Commerce, the Geneva arbitration, and a wise system of finance which has again and again proved his genius as a public economist.

Not only has Mr. Gladstone proved himself a truly great and effective statesman, but as an orator he took from the first, and has steadily maintained for fifty years, the very first rank. He is the foremost of Parliamentary orators; indeed, it is doubtful whether the House of Commons ever listened to his equal in all respects as a political debater.

His first speech, fifty years ago, on the abolition of the slave trade, was a brilliant success; and his speeches of to-day show no falling off in fire, vigor and persuasive force, from the period of his eloquent prime.

As an orator, Mr. Gladstone possesses an inexhaustible command of language; a gift of strong, persuasive, often vehement, rhetoric; a complete thoroughness in dealing with whatever subject he discusses; a singularly attractive delivery, in which a voice of silvery sweetness is combined with an intense earnestness of manner which has an almost irresistible

effect upon his hearers. He is always ready, always full and always eloquent. His oratory lack humor, but has ample resources of indignation, sarcasm and critical keenness.

Mr. Gladstone's greatest quality, however, consists in the moral elevation of his character, aims and political methods. He has taught his countrymen to have implicit confidence in his sincerity, in the loftiness and the purity of his views and actions. His bitterest antagonists yield tribute to this noble trait of his nature.

Earnestness is the keynote of his character, his career, his statesmanship and his eloquence. He plunges into every task of statesmanship, and indeed, even into his recreations, with all the ardor, strength and absorbing attention of his soul.

In his seventy-fourth year this great man seems still in the full possession of his masterful faculties of intellect and body. He works at his public labors like a Titan. He gives himself little rest. He is as eager for the progress of Britain, as fervid in his pursuit of reform, as if he were a budding young statesman starting in the race for power.

Fifty years of hard, continuous public work have not impaired his usefulness, and he bids fair to confer upon his country yet many more beneficent acts of justice and practical benefit ere he goes to join the long procession of illustrious Englishmen who have conferred honor upon their country and placed it in the van of human progress among the nations of the world.

Stephens and Grant.

Washington Special.

Mr. Crawford, of the Sunday Herald, relates the following as the late Alexander Stephens' estimate of Grant. "I shall never forget my first interview. It was when I came up in 1864 with the peace commission from Richmond. I had been reading a great deal about Grant in all our papers during the war. I had read of him as "Butcher Grant" so long that involuntarily that idea became pretty firmly established in my mind. I could not get out of my head a picture of a coarse, boorish brutal man. We had with us a leading officer of Lee's staff. He was in full uniform, well gotten up for a visit of extreme ceremony. When we reached Grant's headquarters it was nearly night. We had been passed by the sentinels with a great deal of ceremony. We thought, when we reached Grant's

headquarters, to find a military scene. I expected to find Grant, the then commander of an army of a million men, in a splendid position, surrounded by all the display that great military power makes possible.

But what was my surprise when I reached the headquarters to find only a log house, with not even a sentry in front of it. I doubted if this could be Grant's headquarters. It was now nearly night. I advanced with my party, and knocked. There was no servants, even, in attendance, to announce callers. The door was opened by a plain, medium-sized man in civilian clothes. He held a lighted lamp in his hand.

I said: "I wish to see General Grant."

"I am General Grant," he said, in the simplest possible way. "Will you not walk in, gentlemen?"

We walked in and were seated by him. He was alone in the room. From the first he evinced the greatest possible interest in the object of our mission. I observed him closely during the hour we were with him. Grant's simplicity and modesty were objects of my most profound admiration. I noticed also, when orderlies came in to receive orders, that these were given in an ordinary voice. There was nothing of the commander in his directions. He usually concluded an order with the words "go quickly," delivered in a conversational tone.

When our first consultation ended, Grant insisted upon our sleeping upon his headquarters boat. We asked where the boat was. Instead of summoning an orderly or a servant, Grant said:

"I will go with you myself."

The night had now become very dark. We came out of the log house and went stumbling along after Grant, who skipped ahead with the lightness and agility of a boy. Every now and then we would meet a sentinel. To his call of "Whose goes there?" Grant replied "The general of the army." He conducted us personally to the boat, and then assigned us to state-rooms. I think one of the best traits of his character was the great anxiety shown by him, on this occasion, to further the interests of peace. Instead of finding him hard and uncompromising, he was ready to make every concession in the interests of this peace.

The next morning when I awoke and had dressed, I went out upon the deck of the vessel, and there I saw Grant running along on the bank, jumping like a boy, as he waved a dispatch in his hand. I soon found out that this was a dispatch from

Lincoln, agreeing to receive the commission. Stanton had opposed it, but Grant's influence had been strong enough to overrule Stanton. "That the commission finally failed in accomplishing its mission," said Mr. Stephens, "I credit entirely to Mr. Stanton's opposition."

THE FIREMEN.

Providing Against Accident and Death. Philadelphia Labor World.

"For the purpose of effecting a unity of the Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas, and elevating them to a higher, social and intellectual standard and for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been organized," says the preamble. The Labor World has been favored with a call from S. M. Stevens, the Grand Organizer and Instructor of the Brotherhood, and was discussing the history and prospects of the Order.

PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTS.

"It is unfortunate for all concerned," said Mr. Stevens, "that the real purposes of our Order are so little understood or appreciated by the railroad officials. Some of them appear to think that a strike is sure to follow the organization of lodges on their roads, when the real fact is that one of the chief objects of the Order is the avoidance of strikes through the settlement of all difficulties by arbitration. We teach sobriety, without which there would be no security for the property or precious lives entrusted to our care. We ask our brothers to put the interests of home and family before all else, and urge upon them the wisdom of providing for wife and children in case of accident or death. We urge the necessity of education to the end that neither the interests of the men or their employers shall suffer through ignorance. It is the chief aim of the Order to make its members good husbands and fathers, and good citizens, hence it cannot be hurtful to society or to the true interests of employers."

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

The Brotherhood of Firemen was organized in 1873, at Port Jervis, N. Y., by a few spirited firemen who were employed on the Erie Railroad. Originally the insurance feature of the Order was made optional, but is now part of the general plan and is compulsory. The Indianapolis Convention of 1877 made a rule compelling subordinate lodges to pay an as-

assessment of 25 cents per capita on all their membership, but this system was found to be unpopular and unsatisfactory, as it compelled subordinate lodges to pay assessments on a large number of dead-heads. At Buffalo, in 1878, the office of Grand Organizer and Instructor was created, and S. M. Stevens was appointed to the position. His work has been remarkably prosperous. The new system of insurance was adopted at Boston, in 1881. Assessments are now made to cover an insurance of \$1,000 for loss of life or limb, costing the members only about 80 cents a month, including all incidental expenses. Assessments to support local and Grand lodges add \$3 to \$5 per year, making a total of less than \$15 for maintaining a splendid industrial society and covering a substantial insurance against loss of life or limb. The cost per capita from the Terre Haute Convention of 1880 to the Denver Convention of 1883 was only \$10.

THE FUTURE OF THE ORDER.

The duty of providing for loved ones who are dependent on the members having been incorporated as one of the cardinal objects of the organization, the future is looked forward to, without fear, as full of promise for even greater and nobler achievements. One of the plans now being discussed is for the establishment of a home for disabled and superannuated firemen. In connection with this institution it is proposed to provide a school of telegraphy in which disabled men can be taught a useful art, in which they can re-establish themselves in life. As the history of the Order has been harmonious and progressive the future is believed to be full of promise. The Firemen's Magazine is the official publication. Vol. 7, No. 7, which is just received is a beautiful volume, brim full of the most appropriate editorial and contributed matter, replete with information and sound advice. In point of literary merit and typographical appearance it is the peer of any kindred publication in the world. It has attained a circulation of fifteen thousand, is established on a paying basis and is a credit to the Brotherhood.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Eugene V. Debs, the editor, is Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order. He is ably assisted in his efforts for the advancement of his fellow workmen by S. M. Stevens, the Grand Organizer and Instructor, who has been known to the writer for many years as one of nature's

noblemen. In his native district in Massachusetts, Stevens was the candidate of the people for Congress and was only defeated by the combined efforts of partisan politicians whose rascally records would have been uncovered by the election of an honest man. With such purposes, such leaders, and such a record for usefulness, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen must be accorded a front rank in the opinion of all who respect noble aims, and hope for the advancement of the cause of the toiling masses.

Dooflicker's Ride.

Chicago Herald.

"Yes," said Mr. Dooflicker, as he drew his chair out on the porch to the family circle, "I had some wild experiences when I was a locomotive engineer. I remember one night I was ordered to take a doctor from Chicago to Mendota in the quickest possible time. To make my engine lighter I uncoupled the tender and left it on a side track. When the doctor took a seat on the fireman's box I threw the lever down in the corner and gave her steam. Away we jumped like a scared kangaroo. The doctor's eyes bulged out like a pair of porcelain door knobs as we hustled over the prairie toward Riverside.

"What's that—a post?" asked the doctor, as we passed something in a jiffy.

"It was a coal shed 120 feet long. So you see how fast we were going.

"What's that funny looking fringe on our left?" asked the doctor.

"Them's the telegraph poles," answered the fireman, as he stopped half a minute from shoveling coal, just as we zipped through the shop yards at Aurora.

"Well, we made Mendota without a stop in forty-one minutes and a half, just two miles to the minute, and I boiled the coffee in my dinner pail on the driving boxes."

"What a long-armed fireman you must have had, pa," put in young Theophilus Dooflicker, as he looked up from the copy of *Æsop's fables* that lay on his lap.

"How's that?" asked Dooflicker.

"Why, to shovel coal in Aurora from a tender that stood on a side track in Chicago."

Dooflicker went in the house.

When a cow-boy goes into a Western newspaper office to demand satisfaction, the editor always explains that the assistant who wrote that article "has just gone out to kill a man, but will be back in a few minutes." The cow-boy never waits.

Firemen's Magazine.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of Locomotive Enginemen.

TERMS: One Dollar per year, in advance.

Advertising rates given on application.

Entered at the Post office at Terre Haute Indiana, as second class matter.

EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

OCTOBER, 1883.

The Denver Convention.

This number of the Magazine went to press too early to give an extended report of the Denver Convention. Our next number will contain a very full account of all that was done and said. From letters received since the Convention we can say this much, however, that it was a grand success. Denver, although a young city, is a great place and our representatives received a hearty welcome from its big-hearted citizens. The local lodge of our Order at Denver is composed of a noble set of men, with true Western grit and liberality. They did the honors of the occasion in grand style, and we feel satisfied that the Denver Convention will always be remembered among us with pride and gratification.

Our Enterprise.

In view of the almost phenomenal success of our Magazine, a few words of self-congratulation will be excused us by our many readers. In less than three years we have increased its circulation from a few thousand copies to fifteen thousand. And by the time our next Convention meets we have reason to believe that its circulation will reach twenty-five thousand.

At the Exposition of Railway Appliances held at Chicago recently we had

representing us a special correspondent—a well-known scientific writer of the city of New York. In this and the succeeding issue will appear articles from his pen giving a description of that Exposition and the many objects of interest there exhibited. Our November number will contain cuts illustrating our correspondent's articles; these will represent faithfully some of the crude enginery in early use upon the railroads of this country. From them an experienced engineman can learn at a glance what a difference there is between the clumsy engines of fifty years ago and the magnificent Moguls and passenger engines of to-day.

We promise our readers that in the future we expect to keep our Magazine fully abreast with the times and it will contain a full history and description of any and all matters of interest to railway men of all classes.

A Pleasant Meeting.

We had the pleasure recently of meeting Mr. O. S. Lyford, Superintendent of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railway. We found Mr. Lyford very busy, but as soon as he learned that we represented the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen he pulled us down into a chair at his side and entered into a friendly discussion of the Brotherhood, its objects and results. He had heard about our Order through the Master Mechanic, Mr. Cook, and was very glad indeed to learn of its beneficent influences. All over the country we learn of the same reports concerning our Brotherhood. Officials inform us that our members are soberer and more faithful men than those outside of the Order. Mr. Cook informed us that in the last two years he has not been compelled to discharge one of our members for drunkenness and unfaithfulness, whereas before that time, before his men became members of our Order, discharges for drunkenness were a constant occurrence. It is a record like this that is making us a power in the land. The day will soon

arrive when it will be necessary to be a member of our Brotherhood in order to get employment. Railway officials will soon learn, in fact, they have already learned the value of our organization. We are not organized for the purpose of striking. We become brothers in order to help each other along in days of trouble and misfortune, and for the purpose of learning fully our duties to our employers.

Railway Officials.

We have had opportunities recently to be brought in contact with some of our superior officers. The result in all cases have been mutually pleasant and gratifying. The fact was made manifest that they are interested in our work and that they are willing to assist us in performing it. In all cases they received and treated us with cordiality, consideration and respect. They were not so busy that they could not listen to what we had to say in behalf of our Order. In fact, many of them were anxious to learn all about its condition, and then generously proffered their assistance to the cause. The railroad official who is alive to the interests of the corporation he represents, is bound to be our friend. In helping us, he is helping himself, for, surely, the efforts we are making to give him faithful and reliable men, are in his interest as well as our own. Railroad officials generally are aware of this fact. They understand that in proportion as we succeed in carrying out our objects, their engineers and firemen will become sober, reliable and faithful men. Of course, all railroad officials are not so considerate, and even if they knew that we were toiling to advance their interests, they would not have the candor to admit it. Their hearts are calloused with prejudice and their souls narrowed with selfishness, arrogance and conceit. But they do not represent the ideal railroad official of today. In fact, they are only fossils and are looked upon as the relic of a past generation. We neither crave nor care for

their friendship, for the reason that it is not worth having. We want to deal only with men of warm hearts, broad views and liberal ideas, and there is no question but that they are rapidly supplanting the fossil element. The time is coming when the employer and employee will stand upon one basis of equality, so far as their common rights are concerned. There will be kind treatment on the one side and obedience to duty on the other, and the result will be a mutual bond of sympathy and support.

True Heroism.

We clip the following special from the Commercial Gazette:

"MEMPHIS, TENN., August 22.—The brave locomotive engineer, Martin Higgins, of the Elizabethtown Railway, wounded last Thursday, was in a dying condition at Covington, forty miles north of here, this forenoon. When Higgins' engine was thrown from the track by colliding with a cow, he fell under the boiler, and when the train hands ran to dig him out from beneath the scalding steam and heat, he said: "Leave me, and flag No. 7, just behind, right away."

This saved the approaching train, less than a quarter of a mile distant, and approaching the wreck at full speed, the engineer knowing nothing of the trouble ahead."

History has placed upon the columns of glory the names of Alexander, Leonidas, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Grant. Our hearts thrill when we read of the "charge of the light brigade;" we grow wild with enthusiasm when we hear the stories of the grand exploits of the Blue and the Gray "marching to the wild, grand music of war;" but what feelings have we for the dying hero who lay scalding and blistering to death beneath his engine with the words upon his lips—"Leave me, and flag No. 7, just behind, right away?" Our hearts worship such heroism. It is far grander than the heroism that dies in the wild fight with the eyes of the world upon it. Poor Martin Higgins did not consider himself a hero; there were no theatricals surrounding his death; he died horribly by steam and fire, still the grand heroic soul within him rose supreme above that awful moment and his last thoughts were of the lives of others. Words are wasted on such men

as Martin Higgins, they are grander than human speech. What a noble soul he possessed; a soul that recognized the call of duty even in the presence of death. Poor Martin Higgins; he was simply a locomotive engineer, straightforward, honest, hardworking and poor, yet in the last supreme moment his soul soared above the greatest names of earth, and no doubt his troubled heart now rests peacefully on the bosom of Him who also died for men.

The Magazine.

Our Magazine has become one of the standard railway publications of the age. Its circulation extends into every State in the Union and nearly every part of the dominion of Canada. It is necessarily a part of our organization and has aided us, to no small extent, in carrying out the purposes for which we are organized. In fact, we are justified in saying that the Magazine has been an important factor in our success. It has done much to bring about the gratifying condition of affairs in our Order, and nothing is more certain than that the Order will thrive and advance in proportion as the Magazine increases in merit and circulation. In view of this fact, we should strive to improve our little book in every way possible and then give it a circulation that will justify the labor and expense required to produce it. We should aim to give our readers as much choice matter for as little money as possible, so that we can successfully compete with any similar publication in the land. We favor the issue of a monthly of sixty-four pages, to contain the choicest miscellany, together with well organized departments for the discussion of social, religious and scientific subjects. The editorial department is all important and should be kept alive with the best thought of our times, upon all matters that interest the general public. A Magazine of this character would commend itself to all classes of people. The mechanic, the

accountant, the business and professional man would find something within its pages to make their subscription an object other than that of mere charity. They will then subscribe from choice and not from necessity. We want to see the Magazine made so perfect that those who once subscribe for it will want it forever after and that it will be a welcome visitor to every one of its readers. We can then solicit patronage without feeling that we are soliciting alms, and the response will be so liberal that every agent can secure a handsome circulation without special exertion. It is our opinion that we should have a circulation of 25,000 copies in 1884. This will only be increasing in proportion to the increase of the past three years. The magazine can and must be made the champion of our cause. It must stand second to none in the promulgation of its principles and then it will have the power and influence to elevate our Brotherhood to the highest possible standard of perfection. We shall not be satisfied with the Magazine until the summit of our ambition is reached. When its circulation numbers 50,000 copies and every page is filled with love and light, intelligence and joy, then, and then only can we feel that our work has been accomplished.

CONTRARY MEN.

Norristown Herald.

Some men do write when they do wrong,
And some do live who dye;
And some are "short" when they are long,
And stand when they do lie.

A man is surly when he's late;
Is 'round when he is square;
He may die early and dilate,
And may be foul when "fair."

He may be "fast" when he is slow,
And "loose" when he is "tight,"
And "high" when he is very low,
And heavy when he's "light."

He may be wet when he is "dry;"
He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when he wont go by;
Have naught when he has awl.

He may be sick when he is "swell,"
And hot when he is cold;
He skilful so he on earth may dwell;
And when he's young he's sold.



The Chicago Exposition of Railway Appliances.

Special Correspondence Firemen's Magazine.
I.

It is exactly at this instant that I realize to what extent a man can compromise himself through rash presumption. It seemed an easy task to undertake to go the rounds of that grand panorama of the greatest industry in America, the exposition of railway appliances lately held at Chicago, and to come home and tell "the boys" all about it in the Magazine. I started out with the calm confidence that fortifies the small boy when he prepares to write his first composition. I went, I saw, I wondered. Yes, I wondered, that is to say I wondered if ever I would have eyes enough to see all that was worth seeing, and if I would have room enough in my head to stow away the fine and pleasurable impressions which passed over me as I made my way from one exhibit to the other. The first impression which I received I will never forget, because it was so grand, so sublime, and I can at least relate it to you if I fail to recall the others. The whole art of railroading was there spread before my gaze, and I could follow from alpha to omega the locomotive and the thousand and one accessory appliances which follow it. To my wondering fancy, the railroad seemed to be a huge, ponderous, majestic machine, the heart of the country, the vast organ which promotes the circulation of the elements of life, civilization and progress through the great arteries that ramify over the whole face of our continent. There was indeed the engine that makes the world move; and oh! how I longed to exclaim, as did Col. Maynard at the last convention. "All hail! Firemen, you make the world move!" But then, I presume, the boys would probably be too modest to exult as I did over the distinction which this exhibition showered unconsciously upon the firemen, because they feel that the credit is due in great measure to a more fundamental source—the noble brotherhood which itself in turn moves the firemen—as they should be moved.

Well, dear friend and editor, I am here to make an attempt at keeping my promise. We have both reckoned without our host. You did so when you requested

me, and I when I made the promise to approach such a huge monster as the Exposition with my pen.

I will candidly acknowledge, before going further, that I have made a failure of it.

There was a vast inclosure, surrounding an area of eleven acres, almost every inch of which was heaped with all sorts of appliances having affinity to the art of railroading. To examine closely the group of wonders exhibited by every one of the thousand and more exhibitors would have required more time than the duration of the Exposition even would have permitted. One was disposed to wonder where all these different marvels could have been gathered from to fill this space, but it seems that there was not nearly space enough to accommodate all that sought to find place there.

It is just as hard to begin to describe such a magnificent display as it would be to stop if once one got fairly started. In this limited space there is only room to reproduce a part of the "show," and it is a difficult matter to determine which part to select and which to neglect where there are so many good things to select from.

The floor of the main building was a wonderful and a lively sight, with its machinery of a thousand and one kinds that made the air resound with rattling, crashing and buzz and wrestling—from thousands of visitors. One would at first fancy himself in some vast repair shop to have seen the lathes, drills, planers, the steam hammers and all the paraphernalia of the machinist's art, which must have made master mechanics dream of heaven. But a glance in another direction revealed some grand exhibit that reminded one of a wholesale hardware store with complete stock. Then a paint store, prepared for wholesale business, judging by the size of its exhibit. Beyond was a display of switches. Here again would be some wood-working machinery, and near by some car wheels, fencing materials, mining appliances, and heaven knows what not. It seems as if everything under the sun was there that was connected with railway construction, equipment and operation, from a rail spike to a snow plow. Besides this, there was a good deal that had only a remote connection with the art. For instance, here was a display of handsome office furniture, and there a fine assortment of gold watches and a hundred other similar objects about which you had to stop and think before you discovered a place for

them around a railroad. In addition to all this there were features intended as attractions, which were numerous. I can only specify a few: Water fountains, fish ponds, newspaper men (oh! there was a pest of them), electric lights, tropical plants, and a brass band that nobody could hear in the confusion of other noises.

But this will not do. I might keep on enumerating the various exhibits, and telling about the different kinds of gauges, indicators, frog switches, injectors, and smart talkers that were on exhibition, but after all, when I would get through the result would only be a kind of catalogue full of names of firms which have the best—every time, you bet!—of railway supplies, and I venture to say that the beloved young editor of the Magazine, whom we all delight so much in calling brother, would feel that I was trying to spring some advertising dodge on the Magazine or on him, and I am afraid I would be sent elsewhere in search of space wherein to ventilate my literary accomplishments. Speaking of smart talkers, I must not forget to give some of them a little editorial notice in this communication. My conscience would not permit me to slight them, especially one class of them, the car coupling men. There were only about 150 in all. I counted over 100 different car couplings myself while going around. A man told me there must be thousands of these fiends in human shape, and I was preparing to beat a hasty retreat when he cooled down and consented to discount 50 per cent. on his statement, and so I braced up for the encounter. At first I did not know in what shape the fiend would pounce upon my unwary self, but I soon found out, to my great annoyance. There he was with his beloved toy, coupling and uncoupling by the hour and talking by the cubic foot. All he wanted was to have you see it. It spoke for itself, he said. It was so simple, so easy to work, so safe. It is only a mere question of time as to when they will be adopted by all the roads. He had heard Mr. So and So, of this and that road, say it was the greatest marvel of mechanical art on exhibition. By the time you felt suffocated or gagged, to put it more aptly, you moved on a few steps in search of a breath of quiet, calm, fresh air, with no car coupling afloat in it, lo and behold, here was another. This time there was no mistake about it; you there beheld the triumph of inventive genius. "Yes, indeed, gentlemen, it is impossible to in-

vent a simpler, better and safer coupling." A pace further, and here was another. This man was more enterprising, for he had full size cars on a real track, and of course the thing "spoke for itself" to better advantage. His neighbor, a little further, would scornfully remark that his coupling did not need so much parade. Every intelligent man could see its merits without that. Go wherever you would in the Exposition, you would meet the car coupling and its champion. Every once in a while, when you imagined yourself out of range of the thing that spoke for itself so well, there would come a sound over the noise of the Exposition as if some chorus were lustily singing "the best, simplest and safest car coupler in the world." I was informed by a patent solicitor that over 1,700 patents have already been granted at the Patent Office on car couplings, and they are coming out every week by the half dozen. If this keeps on, it will soon be time to hold an "exposition of car couplings." I can predict a lively time, and there will be a lot of second hand lungs for sale when the rumpus is ended.

One of the interesting features to a railroader was the handsome display of cars of all kinds and description. There were cars for carrying coal, wood, sand, box cars for merchandise, cars for cattle, caboose cars for "the boys at the other end of the train," baggage cars, postal cars, passenger cars, parlor cars, sleeping cars. These formed a group in a special annex building. To firemen and engineers the display of "iron steeds" would no doubt have been the most magnificent feature of all. There were as many as twenty-six locomotives, each differing from the rest in type or pattern, and adapted for all gauges and all purposes.

It would be preposterous for me to attempt to describe minutely these marvelous specimens of engineering skill, each of which would require the space of a book the size of the Magazine. I must confine myself to a mention of the most interesting and peculiar ones. There were ponderous six-wheel and eight-wheel freight engines, one of which it is said reached the enormous weight of ninety-three tons; also, a huge passenger locomotive with immense drivers. One of the most interesting was the "Henry F. Shaw," built by the Hinkley Locomotive Works, which attracted general attention by its peculiarities of construction. It was jacked up and kept running nearly all the time. It has two cylinders on each side, one above the other, of 10½

diameter and 24 inch stroke, which are worked in combination. There are two cross heads, two piston rods, and two connecting parallel rods upon each side, and so arranged that one piston advances while the other recedes, so that the supply of steam to the cylinders is controlled by one slide valve only on each side. This locomotive has four drivers, five feet nine inches in diameter, and weighs sixty and one-half tons. The following inscription or advertisement, which ever we may wish to define it, was painted on each side of the tender:

"No counter-balanced drivers; ergo, no hammer-blows, and no nosing around. Steam is the motor of balance as applied to the reciprocating parts."

The engine has attained the speed of one mile in forty-seven seconds, or nearly seventy-seven miles an hour, when drawing two cars. It is claimed by Mr. Shaw, the inventor, that on jack screws, to test the principle of balance wheels and their connections, which is the main feature of the improvement, a speed of 100 miles per hour was shown. It is said that at sixty-five miles per hour she exerted a 664 horse-power.

It is claimed that the "Shaw" overcomes the retardation of the velocity of an engine caused by sliding or slipping of the wheels, which is said to be about 20 per cent., thereby adding this percentage to the ordinary speed. It is also claimed that the "Shaw" has no "hammer-blows"—that is, that it delivers no blows or shocks on the rail or the structure over which it may be passing. The importance of this matter, it is said, has been hitherto but little understood, and to this the Tay bridge and Ashtabula bridge disasters are now attributed.

A locomotive of as much interest was one which burned petroleum instead of coal. The inventor was on board, and he was constantly surrounded by a throng of curious inquirers. I regret that my memory is so treacherous or my notes so defective that I cannot record his name or that of the road on which the very engine exhibited has been in successful operation. I depended somewhat on my genial friend, Bro. Barrows, of No. 50, who kindly escorted me on this occasion, to note these things, and probably he did, for he always sees everything and remembers it, too, but the trouble is that I forgot to pump him dry on the subject before leaving his agreeable company. I am certain that for a while I was greatly interested in the petroleum locomotive, and the inventor argued its merits in such

an emphatic and apparently logical manner that we both began to think of voting in favor of its early general adoption. As I stepped down from this wonder I actually dreamed of a good time coming for the fireman when he could dispense with blue overalls and frock and wear boiled shirts and kid gloves, with hardly anything to do except to "turn on the oil" once in a while. Farewell to the scoop and the shovel! That looked like progress. Like the railroading of the future, indeed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMPLE-ROOMS.

Samples of wine and samples of beer,
Samples of all kinds of liquors sold here;
Samples of whiskey, samples of gin,
Samples of all kinds of "bitters"—step in.
Samples of ale and porter and brandy,
Samples as large as you please, and quite handy.

Our samples are pure, and also you'll find
Our customers always genteel and refined;
For gentlemen know when they've taken enough.

And never partake of common stuff.
Besides these samples within, you know,
There are samples without, of what they can do:

Samples of headache, samples of gout,
Samples of coats with the elbows out,
Samples of boots without heels or toes,
Samples of men with a broken nose,
Samples of men in the gutter lying,
Samples of men with delirium dying,
Samples of men cursing and swearing,
Samples of men all evil daring;
Samples of lonely, tired men,
Who long in vain for their freedom again;
Samples of old men worn in the strife,
Samples of young men tired of life,
Samples of ruined hopes and lives,
Samples of desolate homes and wives;
Samples of aching hearts grown cold
With anguish and misery untold;
Samples of noble youth in disgrace,
Who meet you with averted face;
Samples of hungry little ones,
Starving to death in their dreary homes.

In fact, there is scarcely a woe on earth
But our "samples" have nurtured or given them birth!

Oh, all ye helpers to sorrow and crime,
Who deal out death for a single dime,
Know ye that the Lord, though he may delay,
Has in reserve for the last great day
The terrible "woe" of whose solemn weight
No mortal can know, till the pearly gate
Is closed, and all with one accord
Acknowledge the justice of their reward.

A polite little girl was shown a set of playthings and a doll, and was asked which she would have. She looked at the doll, which was a fine one, and then drawing her mother's head down she whispered: "I would rather have the playthings, but please don't tell the doll."
—*The Continent.*

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine:

A Leaf from Chautauquan Groves.

BY IDA A. HARPER.

I have been five weeks at this social-religious-intellectual resort, thoroughly enjoying every moment but feeling more tired every day. This is a place for improvement and recreation but not for rest. From early morning till late at night there is a constant round of occupations and you are drawn into the whirlpool almost involuntarily.

Chautauqua Lake is situated in north-western New York, nine miles south of Lake Erie. It is about twenty miles long and three miles wide, surrounded by gently sloping hill, beautiful groves, fruitful farms and rich pastures. At the head of the lake stands Mayville, the summer home of Judge Tourgee, author of *A Fool's Errand*, &c. At the foot is Jamestown, containing over four hundred manufactures, including the celebrated Jamestown Alpaca mills. Along the shores, at intervals of a few miles, the land extends out into the lake in grassy points, covered with groves of oak, maple and chestnut and upon each of these is nestled some pretty and leafy summer resort.

The particular one occupied by these Assembly Grounds is the loveliest of all and has long been known as Fair Point, although the P. O. address is Chautauqua, named from a tribe of Indians who formerly held their pow-wows and war dances where now the songs of praise from thousands of voices float over the peaceful waters. These grounds were for many years occupied by the N. Y. Methodists for their yearly camp meeting. Ten years ago one hundred and thirty-six acres were purchased under the supervision of Dr. J. H. Vincent, D. D., of New Haven, Conn., and Lewis Miller, of the great Buckeye Reaper Company of Akron, O., for the purpose of holding a yearly S. S. Assembly and for organizing the best methods of religious study. The development and success of the experiment are almost wholly due to these two men. But it soon grew broader than the Methodist church and, this year, thirteen different denominations have their headquarters and are represented here. And

the scope of instruction soon reached out beyond mere religious teaching and took in the different branches of art, science and literature.

Five years ago the C. L. S. C., Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, was formed, all of which is comprehensively called the "Chautauqua Idea," a great Summer University, a College for the People. Since then, many smaller institutions of a similar kind have been started at different places, but the original plan belongs to Dr. Vincent. Railroad people should be especially interested in this course of instruction for, by that stern law of necessity which so many of us well understand, this class of men have been deprived of the advantages of an education. Nor do they ever find time in their busy lives to attend a school of any kind after they have commenced to earn that daily bread which may be prayed for but must be worked for. This C. L. S. C. embraces a very thorough course of study of historical and scientific works, and to complete it requires one hour's reading each day for four years. At the expiration of that time a man or woman has a better education than many of our college graduates, and at an expense for text books of about five dollars a year. Questions are sent by the committee, answered and returned and the student may graduate and receive a diploma without coming to Chautauqua, although of course it would be a great pleasure to be here on Commencement day. More definite information may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. I hear with much pleasure, at the daily "Round Tables," that many railroad people are coming into the Circle.

Persons coming here may study Theology to their heart's content, but if they are not interested in Theology, they may take up Hebrew, Greek, German, French or Anglo-Saxon. Or, not wishing to wrestle with the languages, they may devote the time to drawing, clay-modeling, music or lessons in cookery. Each of these departments is under the charge of the most eminent Professors in that specialty. But if you are too weary to study anything go into the grand amphitheatre, which seats six thousand people, and listen to a lecture by some of our best orators, or watch the wonderful experiments by the great scientist, Richards, or close your eyes and hear the magnificent organ, accompanied by two hundred trained voices, peal forth the old anthems that are ever beautiful. Do you crave a lighter entertainment? Go to the old-

fashioned singing school or the spelling matches of your childhood days; wander through the museum filled with curiosities; or hunt up the miniature model of Jerusalem and study the quaint old city; or stroll through the valley of Jordan and locate the places immortalized by religious history. But if you are too tired even to think, swing your hammock under the trees down by the shore where, all day long, the waves make sweet and soothing music; and when the sun drops down behind the hills and a crescent moon swings in the eastern sky, take a little boat and float out on the rippling waters of the lake. Laughter and song are on every hand, but you may be all alone if you choose. And after awhile, the moons and the stars begin to grow pale and behold, the shore is ablaze with electric lights. Hundreds of people are strolling under the trees, bands are playing, the happy voices of children make still sweeter music and, presently, the rich tones of the Chautauqua bells, which may be heard twelve miles away, shut out all other sounds and you think, for a moment, that you are in a city and the chimes are ringing for evening service. There are no days richer in all that is acceptable to a good man and a true woman than those we spend among the sacred groves of Chautauqua.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., September 15, 1883.

Centralia, Ill.

CENTRALIA, ILL., August 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It has been some time since I have written anything for the Magazine, but, if you will spare the space, I would like to say a few words concerning "Our Brotherhood," and why can I not say as properly our Sisterhood, although Sisterhood may seem odd; if our Husbands are Brothers we, of course, must be Sisters. Although we cannot meet in the Lodge Room, or attend the Conventions in person, yet, in spirit, we can be with them and do many things to encourage the noble Order. We can see that the dear boys don't grow careless about attending their meetings and in keeping them square on the books, that they subscribe, pay for and read the Magazine, which is the connecting link of all Sister Lodges. It contains so much sound sense and good advice that it may be justly called a square book, as the square author said about the square man. We, the wives and mothers, may glean much knowledge from its pages. We can exchange opinions as how

to prepare the best lunch with the least expense, how to practice economy in cooking, how to make good bread, etc. Some experienced might give a receipt for managing stubborn, willful little boys. Such a receipt would, by me at least, be thankfully received. It makes us glad and proud to know that the noble Order of the B. of L. F. has grown so rapidly. Wives, mothers and sisters let us do all we can to encourage and help them in the year to come.

YOUNG WIFE.

Longview, Texas.

LONGVIEW, TEX., Sept. 4, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I am the wife of a member of the Lone Star Lodge, of this place, I thought I would write a few lines for the Magazine, not having seen anything from our ladies for some time. The Lodge seems to be in a prosperous condition, numbering fifty members. We notice, with pleasure, the promotion of Chas. Higby, W. P. Samples, J. H. Allen and Frank Redman—they are all worthy of success. This Lodge gave an excursion to Jefferson, on the 7th of July, which was a grand affair. I think the Brotherhood is a noble Order and ought to be encouraged by the wives, mothers and sisters of the members. For one, I always do all I can in that direction. The Magazine is a source of much pleasure to us and I take delight in reading it to my husband when he comes in from the road, tired and worn. May God always bless the noble Brotherhood is the earnest wish of

W. E. P.

Triumphant Lodge.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 29, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As a constant reader of your journal, I take a lively interest in the "Correspondence." Although much has been said to encourage the ladies to write and assist in making the good book still more interesting, they seem to be too timid to make even a venture. My husband is an active member of No. 47 and I do all I can to encourage the interest he takes in this work. No. 47 is doing exceedingly well, and I hope that every wife will make an extra exertion if necessary to have her husband attend meetings promptly and take hold of any work that the Lodge may call for.

With every wish for the future welfare of the Brotherhood, I am

A FIREMAN'S WIFE, L. D.

Houston, Texas.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, August 18, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been a reader of your valuable Magazine for the past few months, and in the August number I noticed with delight that one of our ladies of Houston had the courage to say something in behalf of this locality. It is right that ladies should encourage the members of the Brotherhood in their work and, therefore, I feel as though I should do what little I can in that direction.

My brother belongs to the Order and is deeply interested in its success. I sincerely hope the Brotherhood may always prosper and that all of its members may assist in the good work in which it is engaged.

ETTE M. R.

IN ANSWER.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

"Madam, we miss the train at B—,"

"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.

"Impossible; it leaves at three,

"And we are due a quarter past."

"Is there no way? Oh, tell me then,

"Are you a Christian?" "I am not."

"And are there none among the men

"Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—

I think this fellow over here,

Oiling the engine, claims to be."

She threw upon the engineer

A fair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."

"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,

All the long way, that God will stay,

That God will hold the train at B—?"

"Twill do no good, it's due at three

And"—"Yes, but God can hold the train;

My dying child is calling me,

And I must see her face again.

Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod

Emphatic, as he takes his place.

When Christians grasp the arm of God

They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train,

On time, swept on past wood and lea;

The engineer, with cheeks aflame,

Prayed, "O Lord hold the train at B—,"

Then flung the throttle wide, and like

Some giant monster of the plain,

With panting sides and mighty strides,

Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;

Along those burnished lines of steel,

His glances leap, each nerve is strained,

And still he prays with fervent zeal.

Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,

Work while his pray'r ascend to heaven,

"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,

And I'll make up the other seven.

With rush and roar through meadow lands,

Past cottage homes, and green hillsides,

The panting thing obeys his hands,

And speeds along with giant strides.

They say an accident delayed

The train a little while; but He

Who listened while his children prayed,

In answer, held the train at B—.

Correspondence

Indifference.

SEDALIA, Mo., Aug. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

O, how often are we forcibly impressed with the indifference of members towards each other. Hence, I think the indifference of members will richly repay a personal through the columns of our magazine. The word indifference should be banished from the heart and mind of every member of the organization. And, I ask why? Because this indifferent, uncharitable feeling will and has been a chief instrument to decimate our ranks and create and foster an intolerable conduct. How often it is this lack of sympathy with an unfortunate brother that has caused him to doubt the wisdom of his connection with the organization. It is this indifference that has led many a brother, innocent of charges preferred against him, to arraign the Order and condemn it as utterly useless in its tenets and benefits. How often has selfishness among members created an opinion, even among loyal ones that the Brotherhood has never done them any good, and that the assumption of brotherly solicitude was a sham and a delusion, and that its members were not entitled to any respect not given to those not members of the Order. Is it this selfish indifference that has often brought public odium upon us, upon various occasions? If it is, I say, brothers who are guilty of indifference, go at once to your altar and again bend the knee and renew the vow that made you a man and a brother. A brother, for some unaccountable reason, neglects to comply with all the requirements contained in our by-laws, and a brother is suspended or expelled from the Order from a misapprehension of the facts that attended his case. The officers in charge have not thoroughly investigated his case and hastily formed opinions and pronounced the decision. The brothers have committed an error of judgment that could be easily reversed if properly appealed to, but indifference towards and a want of sympathy with the brother had neglected performing a simple acts of justice. Brothers, you know not what you do. You are destroying the power your organization would provide for you. How many worthy brothers have de-

nounced the Brotherhood because they could not get one kind word, one moment's assistance from those to whom they were bound by the most sacred ties? Now, these are facts that have come under my own personal notice. I am not writing for a mere morbid fancy. No, I am writing that we may resolve to put behind these unmanly, unchristian, selfish thoughts and acts, and with our motto for a watchword, resolve that a brother, though unfortunate, is, nevertheless, entitled to our sympathy. Let every selfish distrust and indifference be removed from our midst, and let us unite in a common interest for the good of all. In unity there is strength, and when determined to do right, no organization in the land will yield a more potent influence or compel a more generous recognition. Men, when convinced by our acts that we are a union of men bound by the most sacred bond to alleviate distress, sustain the weak, defend the right, and condemn the wrong, will recognize the true strength of our organization. Hence, when a brother has been subjected to unreasonable punishment resulting from a misapprehension of facts, he should receive our especial attention, his case carefully investigated in a respectful manner, to the end that the brother may be restored to his place. Let us not be at any time controlled by passion or prejudice. Arrogant, tyrannical men are cowards. Honorable, generous men are brave.

Fraternally. GEO. W. SMITH.

From an Engineer.

SPRAGUE, W. T., August 21, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

For several months I have been a reader and subscriber of your valuable journal. As I seldom see any letters in it from this section of the Northwest, I feel that a few lines from this place may be acceptable to your journal and read with some degree of interest by many of the readers of the Magazine who live in our Eastern and Southern lands. The attention of firemen is called to a few facts in the following, which are intended for their benefit, in aiding them in the early securing of a promotion in case they desire it. Nearly all engineers have an appreciation for a clean engine, for it is the machine with which they earn their living. The locomotive cab is the office of the engineer who pulls the train from city to city and ocean to ocean. The cab and exterior parts of an engine is to its engineer the

same as the office is to the General Superintendent. We, as employers of a railroad company, very well know that all offices must be kept clean and tidy during office hours and everything appropriately arranged in the offices before the officers resume their duties for the day. So it should be in the cab of all locomotives, especially those used for pulling passenger trains. When an engine is coupled onto a passenger train it should present a clean and tidy appearance, for it is a part of the Company's equipment, for which they have paid a large sum of money. The Master Mechanic intends when an engine leaves the yard that it is clean and merits the admiration of both passengers and men who stand on the street corners waiting for something to turn up. The cleanliness of locomotive cabs and their contents and certain exterior parts of the engine depends much upon the interest the fireman takes in his occupation. The fireman of a locomotive is the engineer's helper; I may correctly say he is an apprentice to the trade or profession of locomotive engineering, for he is supposed when he accepts the position as fireman that he means to qualify himself for running and taking care of an engine after a reasonable term of firing. His duties are, indeed, numerous. He has many little things to do, such as filling oil cans, wiping them off, keeping tools in place, cleaning and filling lamps, etc. He is supposed to help his engineer when he (the engineer) has anything of importance to do on his engine. If the fireman means to become a successful runner he must at all times strive to relieve his engineer of as much work as he can conveniently do, for while he is a fireman he should learn to do engineer's work and acquire the slight and skill of doing it in haste, so as to avoid all delay on the road. But instead of finding firemen who possess a willingness to give a hand in many cases of need, we find them sitting in the cab reading literature which is in no way refining to their morals nor improving to their intellect. Many firemen seem to defer all opportunities for learning the profession of locomotive engineering until they are promoted to the position of engineer. Such should not be the case; all firemen should cheerfully discharge their duties in a manner that will command the admiration of the engineer for whom they fire and the attention of the M. M. I remain yours, etc.,

A. N. P. ENGINEER.

Longview, Texas.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS, August 31, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having seen nothing in the Magazine from Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, for some time, I thought I would drop you a few lines in regard to her. Only a short time ago No. 70 was in a bad condition generally, but by the perseverance and hard work of Bros. Chas. Reitch and J. A. Gremm she has been raised to a standard of excellence in every respect. She is now in a flourishing condition, with a handsome sum of money in the treasury. We have a good lot of men and they are thoroughly appreciated by our superior officers. Bros. Chas. Higby, W. C. Sample, J. Allen, F. Redmon and O. Brown have been promoted and are fully worthy of the honors. We have much confidence in them and feel assured that they will be an honor to their employers and the Brotherhood. We expect No. 70 to do some good work in the near future.

Yours fraternally.

FRIENDSHIP.

Death of Vic. Berna.

CHICAGO, ILLS., August 13th, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Intelligence of the death of Bro. Berna cast gloom among the members of our Lodge, and, in fact, among all those who had the pleasure of knowing him. Honored and respected by all, he was a Brotherhood man, in fact, as well as in name. He possessed those principles that would perpetuate an institution such as ours. He was employed by the P. Ft. W. & C. R.R. when they issued their iron clad laws, prohibiting their employees from joining a Brotherhood or any labor organization. Let it be said, to his honor, that he had the manhood to retain his membership in No. 47, while a number of others took withdrawal cards, or went on the black list. He was truly a hero, for in those days our Order was merely an experiment, and there was very little inducement for him to take such a stand.

LODGE No. 47.

Query.

OTTAWA, KAN., Aug. 15, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Will Mr. E. J. Noyse be kind enough to give an analysis of ice, through the columns of your Magazine? If it freezes with poison in it, is it safe to use it? I refer more particularly to glucose refuse in a river not running in fall and winter.



BORN to Bro. and Mrs. K. B. Rheim, on the 9th of August, a son.

No. 84 doing well. Bro. Hoyt rejoicing over a daughter and Bro. Weir over twins.

We regret to learn of the death of the infant daughter of Bro. Geo. Phillips, of No. 116.

A BRIGHT-EYED little girl has been added to the family of J. J. Rae, of Fort Gratiot.

No. 157 made returns on sight on September assessments. They were the first to report.

A NEW wife has been added to the worldly possessions of Bro. W. E. Brooker, of No. 38.

AMONG recent promotions are L. W. Barrett, Gus Hake, O. E. Moore and Ed Dean, all of 154.

BRO. Al. Thebo, of the 109, has taken charge of the right hand side of the 580, in the Wabash yard.

THE first annual ball of Guard Rail Lodge, No. 168, North La Crosse, Wis., takes place October 9th.

GOOD Williamson is now numbered with the engineers. He is a steadfast member of Mineral King Lodge.

"HONEST Dick," whose proper name is R. McClain, and T. Smith, both of No. 135 have been promoted.

ON account of a change in the division, Mount Hood Lodge No. 167 was changed from Blalock to The Dalles, Oregon, on the 10th of August.

P. C—, of No. 84, denies the soft impeachment, but the boys suspicion him of having gotten married on the sly. Own up, Bro. C—.

By taking a vacation and getting married, Bro. Strong, of No. 84, accomplished much in little time. The happy bride was Miss Ida Bellows.

FRANK WESCOTT, of No. 59, is grinning like an end man at a minstrel show, because it is a boy and weighs 12½ pounds and is called Ernest B.

ANOTHER of our boys has fallen a victim to Cupid. Ed. W. Armor, of No. 107, and Miss Kittie Mastick were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents at 8:30 p. m., September 6. Mr. and Mrs. Armor start in life with the best wishes of the Brotherhood.

AMONG the newly married of our Brotherhood are Bro. H. Smith, the efficient Magazine Agent of No. 108; also T. J. Buckley, of same Lodge.

IN consequence of a big boy just arrived at his household, John Delaney, of No. 50, is the happiest man in Chicago.

WE note, with pleasure, the marriage of Bro. E. Clark, of No. 110, and wish him and his chosen partner long life and happiness.

HENRY KRUSE, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, was married August 21 to Miss Lizzie Lyons. The members of No. 14 wish them a happy voyage through life.

P. H. SULLIVAN, the North Platte humorist, is about to embark in the newspaper business. Bonner, of 11.85 fame, has been employed as chief of the editorial staff.

MRS. Jemima Drewry, wife of Bro. John Drewry, of No. 61, died, after a long and painful illness. The members of No. 61, offer Bro. Drewry their warmest sympathy in his affliction.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine the members of Pioneer Lodge, 108, desire to return thanks to Bro. William Davis, for a very nice secretary, which he donated to the Lodge.

THE members of Self Help Lodge, No. 80, desire, through the Magazine, to return thanks to Division No. 32, B. of L. E., for favors granted them at various times since their organization.

CARDS are at hand announcing the marriage of Bro. Elmer E. Partlow, of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, to Miss Mattie E. Collins, of Grayville, Ill., on the 28th of August. We join in our congratulations with their many friends.

WE give credit to Bro. R. Reynolds, of No. 81, for taking up a traveling card recently that fell into the hands of an outside party. A certain member of No. 18 will please take better care of his traveling card in future.

A MAGNIFICENT gold ring, with the initials of the Order set in gold and diamonds upon a background of black onyx, was presented by the members of Self Help Lodge, No. 80, to Bro. Geo. Goding. This beautiful present was most worthily bestowed.

THE 109 is looming up with her 45 members in good standing, with the exception of one or two, and we hope they will come up to the front and square up. Her new Financier, Bro. Leathers, will keep her that way, if any one can.

C. B. HART, of No. 87, has been promoted to the right hand side and is doing good work in the Rock Springs yard. Bros. Thompson, Turner and Jonson have been promoted and doing good work with a Baldwin Consolidated on the road.

THE good condition of No. 54 is greatly due to the efforts of Bros. Zang, Everitt, Nebergall and Carlisle. These brothers had charge of affairs last year and did their whole duty, as the members of their Lodge will testify. Bro. Nebergall is entitled to the lion's share of the praise.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine, Bro. John Scott, of No. 67, desires to thank the members of J. Scott Lodge, No. 136, for a beautiful bible, received at their hands; also the members of Dominion Lodge, No. 68, for a handsome ice pitcher and tray, with monogram engraved.

JOSEPH FARRAR, of Falls City Lodge No. 103, was married to Miss Mary McManus on the 29th of August. A large number of guests were present and presented the young couple with many elegant gifts. Falls City Lodge came to the front, and with their congratulations they presented the couple with a fine silver set.

AT last it has come to pass that Fred. L. Harvey, the crushed strawberry of No. 82, has taken unto himself a partner for life. He was married August 9th to Miss Maria C. Eggleston, one of Minneapolis' fairest daughters, the service being performed by the Rev. Mac Lorian, of the Baptist church. Fred and his lady have our best wishes on his journey through life.

LERMAN, of No. 59, met with a painful accident on August 12; while out hunting he was in the act of shooting at a "jack rabbit," a species of wild animal common in Colorado, when the left barrel of his gun exploded, almost completely severing the thumb of the left hand and otherwise making a very bad wound in the palm of the hand. He is doing finely, however, and the rabbit mentioned above has climbed the golden stairs.

THE boys of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, gave an excursion and ball at Lake Elmo, August 21st, and notwithstanding the fact that the elements were against them all had a good time. The day was spent in boating and fishing, and after a bountiful repast at Elmo Lodge, the party repaired to the spacious hall, where dancing was kept up until the "special" train provided by the kindness of the C. St. P. M. & O. R.R., arrived to convey the tired party to their homes in the city.

T. BUFFINGTON and H. W. Rossiter, of Old Guard Lodge, No. 110 have been deservedly promoted to the right side.

AFTER nine years of faithful service on the rail, in which the position of passenger engineer was reached, Bro. H. H. Lindemberger, of Rose City Lodge No. 45, has resigned his place on the road to go into business with his brother at Detroit, who is First Vice President of the American Ticket Brokers' Association. We are very glad to know that Bro. Lindemberger will still remain in the Brotherhood. His record is too well-known to require comment, and we hope he may be as successful in his new enterprise as he deserves to be.

J. D. SULLIVAN, of No. 59, has lately purchased an elegant diamond ring, a superb ladies gold hunting case watch, a beautiful gray riding horse and saddle and numerous other trinkets of different nature, which lead us to believe that Jerry is going to get hitched. He also represented the Barnes hose team of Burlington, Vt., at the Colorado State Tournament at Trinidad, and was master of ceremonies in a little entertainment at La Veta not long since, but the night he left his watch and vest on the front steps takes the bakery.

It is reported, on good authority that W. K. Boyd, of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, made the best time on record the other night. His engine collided with another at Kearney Junction and he jumped (while his engine was standing still) and notwithstanding his small feet (14s) made for the prairie, but somehow brought up against the B. & M. Round House, or he would be going still. His engineer, Mr. Lovell, says he made a mile a minute. Damage to engines, two broken pilots, one front end and one head-light. Damage to round house and the front end of Bro. Boyd (the dude) not yet estimated.

We are in receipt of cards announcing a double wedding, in which two of our most worthy members take leading parts. Bro. Harold C. Fox, of Guiding Star Lodge, No. 130, betrothed to Miss Flora L. Rolleston, and Bro. Chas. W. Greene, of Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29, to Miss Florence E. Rolleston, make up the contracting parties. The ladies are twin sisters and reside at Portage, Wis., where the nuptials took place on the 5th ult. Altogether, the affair is as novel as it is pleasing and we hope the happy couples thus linked together may be attended on their journey through life with infinite prosperity and joy.

Firemen's Department.

WM. WADHAM.

Pine City Lodge, No. 81, has expelled Wm. Wadham for defrauding the Lodge and its members, and we are authorized to publish him as a man devoid of honor.

FRANK McDERMOTT.

The above dead beat was expelled from Black Hills Lodge, No. 88, for defrauding the Lodge and all persons who trusted him. He has "skipped out" from that locality and left for parts unknown. Beware of him!

GEORGE GRAHAM.

We are authorized by New Era Lodge, No. 76, to publish George Graham, lately expelled from that Lodge, as a fraud and dead beat. He collected dues and assessments from the members and appropriated the money to his own use.

FRANK BURNHAM.

The papers of Columbus, Ohio, denounce Frank Burnham, of that city, as a bummer and a libertine. He has just been expelled from Franklin Lodge, No. 9, for disgracing the said Lodge by his lewd associations, and we wish it understood that he is no longer in any way connected with our Order.

TO SECRETARIES AND FINANCIERS.

The attention of Secretaries and Financiers is called to the fact that in reporting the admission of members, by card or otherwise, their withdrawal, expulsion, rejection or suspension, the date thereof must be given in each and every instance, as the Grand Lodge is required to keep a record of all such dates. But few of our officers heed this requirement, although we have called their attention to it, again and again. We hope this notice may have the desired effect in the matter.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

NOTICE TO OFFICERS.

We call the attention of all officers of Subordinate Lodges to their Lodge addresses in this issue. The changes of officers and their addresses for the ensuing year have been made—as far as they have been reported to us. If the officers of any Lodge are not correctly given or if any name or address is incorrect, it is requested that immediate notice of the fact be given to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge. It is very important that these addresses should be correct. Where a free delivery system is in vogue, the house number should invariably be given. The name of the street and general locality is not sufficient. We shall not be responsible for the loss of any mail in consequence of imperfect or incorrect addresses.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Tucson Citizen.

Cactus Lodge, No. 94, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, have elected the following officers: E. F. Smith, M.; F. M. Wiley, V. M.; F. P. Sargent, F.; Harry Gray, R. S.; James Kelley, W.; O. J. Brown, Chap.; Thos. North, C.; J. J. Lucy, I. G.; A. L. Ardis, O. G.; F. D. Simpson, P. M. Trustees: C. W. Wilcox, George Aldrich and Frank Dietz. F. P. Sargent was elected a delegate to the 10th National convention, which will meet in Denver September 18th, and will last five days.

The order has a beautifully furnished hall, just built, on the corner of Toole avenue and Pennington street. It is a one-story adobe, of plain outside appearance as houses built of adobe always are. The interior is 18x35 feet. A neat little ante-room is at the east end. Its floor is covered with matting. It has wash-stands, hat-racks, chairs, etc. The main hall is elegantly carpeted. The walls are hung with beautiful paper containing figures of flowers and tendrils. The altars are covered with cloths embroidered with pansies and violets, the work of some of the wives of the members. The charter and sample member's certificate adorn the walls.

The objects of the order are purely benevolent. One thousand dollars is paid to a disabled member or to his heirs at death. Sick benefits, nurses and physicians are furnished. Only those actually engaged as locomotive firemen can join, and they must be sober and industrious. The order has over 8,000 members in the United States. The railroad companies encourage the organization, as it is composed of a class of men upon whom they can depend. Cactus Lodge has seventy-two members, and it is in a very prosperous condition. The order has nothing to do with the regulation of wages, as good labor always commands a good price.

FIREMEN'S BROTHERHOOD.

Elkhart Journal.

Prospect Lodge No. 162, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, have leased for five years the third story of the new building being erected by T. L. Peer's, on Main street, and will furnish it and occupy it as a Lodge and reading room. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized December 1, 1873, at Port Jervis, N. Y., and to-day has a membership of nearly 10,000, which is a little over one-half of the whole number in the United States and Canada. They are organized for the purpose of effecting a unity of the locomotive firemen of the United States and Canada, and elevating them to higher social and intellectual standard, and for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families. They recognize an identity of interests between members and their employers, and it is made a special object of the Order to bring them in perfect harmony with each other. Benevolence (the first word in their motto, which is Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,) is the principal object of their existence, and in their hazardous calling it is almost daily brought into requisition by the husbandless and fatherless, whose protectors have gone down at the post of duty. This Order insures each and every member in the sum of \$1,000 in case of death or total disability, and since its organization has distributed its bounty to many whose homes would certainly have been desolate had it not been for this grand and noble Order. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Fire-

men's mission is that of charity and peace and its work commends itself to all mankind. They are taught that a drunkard is not a safe man in any position in life and that in theirs he becomes a terrible danger. They are also taught that industry is the foundation stone of all success and by being industrious and by paying strict attention to duty at home and away they will gain the confidence and respect of both employers and the community in which they reside. "Our Boys" of No. 162 promise a grand time for the citizens of Elkhart soon in the way of an entertainment, something new and novel, and should be well patronized, for their object is to obtain money with which to furnish their new quarters.

AMUSEMENTS.

ELKHART, IND.

The Elkhart Journal gives the following account of the festivities of Prospect Lodge, No. 162, at Island Park, August 30th and 31st:

The festivities of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which were opened very auspiciously on Thursday night, were continued yesterday afternoon and evening with increased hilarity. About fifteen hundred persons were on the Island yesterday afternoon to witness the carrying out of the programme, of chasing the greased pig, etc., as advertised. Soon after three o'clock his pig-ship was heard squealing plaintively in his pen, and it was easy to infer that he was being greased. In a short time he was carried out of his pen and turned loose. The crowd was kept back until the pig had time to breathe himself and then Ed Cole shouted, "Go for the hog! go for the hog!" and about two hundred went for him. After a short but exciting chase he was caught by Oscar Shoup, who took him by the hind legs and wheeled him off the grounds.

The next feature was the three-legged race. Seven three-legged men and boys entered the contest, and after a deal of hilarity and fun they were declared ready for a start. The crowd surged back and made an opening about twenty feet in width and fifteen rods long. The contestants were to run to the other end, turn and come back, and the first three-legged man was to have two dollars and the second one dollar. The word was given and away they went. Their gait was no more expeditious than graceful, but it made fun for the looker-on. The race was won by Messrs. Smith and Pettingill, with Stoffer and Thomas second.

Upon going on the Island we had noticed an ominous looking pole sticking in the ground with the big end in the air. This had been neatly peeled. A great shouting was now heard about it and we went with the rest to see what was the matter. The pole had been greased, and on the top was a five dollar gold piece, which was to belong to whoever would get it. A couple of boys worked faithfully and desperately for about half an hour to reach the top of the pole, to the infinite amusement of the rest of the people. Several times they got within about two feet of the top, when slip! and they would come to the ground as though shot out of a gun. No one was able to get the five dollars, and the pole was cut down and the money secured by the Brotherhood.

There were three entries for the fat man's race, being Messrs. Levy, Blake and Henry. They ran the same course that was run by the three-legged men. The first prize, two dollars, was won by George Henry, who de-

clared that he should give it to "Old 162." Blake got second money.

The tub race was competed for by the two Foster boys, Earle and Johnnie. The course paddled was nearly the whole length of the southern side of the Island, and the race was won by Master Earle, Johnnie being but about ten feet behind him.

The sack race did not fill and the festivities for the afternoon were declared to be concluded. The utmost good nature and the best order prevailed, and all present seemed to hold the Brotherhood in high regard.

The exercises in the evening were opened with a speech from Hon. M. F. Shuey. This gentleman spoke with the fluency and intelligence which is characteristic of his speeches on all occasions and on all subjects. He was followed by Post band, and then came Mr. Hardy in his clog dance, which was loudly encouraged. Mack Wilson sang a song with accompaniment by Miss Caldwell, and was followed by Mr. Kline, with harmonica solo, which was loudly applauded. Hardy then gave a song and dance, after which the laughable farce of "Paddy Miles" was rendered. Johnny Hazel as Paddy Miles took of the Irishman to perfection. The Misses Etta Barger and Cora Sherwood are well known to the public as the best of our amateur stage characters, that no comment is necessary on their performances. E. K. Cole, who has worked like a tiger for the last week getting the entertainment ready for the public, also took a hand in the comedy. The exercises were closed with dancing.

We are gratified to learn from Mr. Cole that the Brotherhood will clear about one hundred and fifty dollars. Their receipts the first night were seventy-five dollars, and yesterday afternoon and evening they amounted to two hundred and ten or fifteen dollars. The first of the annual festivities of the firemen has been an eminent success. They have furnished the public with good entertainment at a trifling cost, and put money into their treasury. It will be an easy matter to double the enthusiasm and profits next year, and we predict that long before the time comes people will begin to ask, "How long before the B. of L. F.'s second annual festivities?"

CORNING, N. Y.

Elmira Tidings.

CORNING, Sept. 8.—The grand ball of Fellowship Lodge, No. 121, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, occurred at the Opera House last Wednesday evening. For a long time, in fact ever since it was known that the Lodge was to have its first annual ball, Wednesday evening had been looked forward to with delightful expectancy by the pleasure-loving people of the village. Well, the ball has come and gone, and what is the verdict? Only this, that the result did not belie the anticipations.

The Opera House presented a beautiful appearance. On the outside, a headlight was conspicuous, as was also one in the rear of the stage. Inside the place looked rejuvenated. About the first thing that met the eye was a cordial "Welcome" in large letters. On the eastern wall was the motto of the Lodge, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," and on the opposite side was "Fellowship Lodge, No. 121." The bareness of the gallery was relieved by a profusion of bunting, from which was suspended pink, blue and red lanterns. On the stage, which looked charming, was a large lump of hard coal and a novelty in the shape of a perfect engine in miniature, which attracted many compli-

mentary remarks. Various pictures of interest were to be seen on the walls, while scattered here and there throughout the room were couches where those who desired could find a comfortable as well as luxurious resting place. It was the general opinion that the hall "hardly ever" looked better, and the taste displayed was enviable.

The dancing began a little before 10 o'clock. The scene was a brilliant one, the handsome toilets of the ladies being a subject of remark. At the close of the fourteenth dance there was an intermission.

The party then adjourned to the Barry House, where one of the finest of suppers was served. Ample justice was done to the abundance of good things, and the ball was then resumed with a grand march. In this over one hundred and fifty couple participated by actual count. This fact alone shows what a success it was in the point of numbers. Everyone was provided for, and there wasn't the slightest hitch. The energies and unfailing courtesies of the managers were more than equal to the occasion. It was about 5 o'clock before the twenty-eight dances were concluded, and although many persons were naturally tired, yet all bore overwhelming testimony to the great success of the affair. As one was heard to remark, "I've had so enjoyable a time that I wish the firemen, instead of giving a ball annually, would make it a quarterly or a semi-annual matter." It is probable that had a vote been taken, this wish would have been confirmed unanimously.

Committee of arrangements: F. E. Hammer, William Brewer, G. R. Quick. Reception committee: O. L. Baker, R. J. Brewer, G. L. Dixon, John Coneverly, Henry Krebs. Floor committee: M. T. Insko, Miles Terrill, William Brady, John Krebs, F. E. Hammer, G. R. Quick. Honorary committee: A. H. Gorton, O. C. Patchill, H. W. Lounsbury, G. G. Hallenbeck, A. Lathrop, Jr., Harry Kriger, E. A. Garrison, George Marland, James May, T. S. Pritchard.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

CARTHAGE, Mo., July 20, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from M. Hurley, Financier of Kansas City Lodge, a draft of one thousand dollars, due me on policy of insurance held by my late son, B. F. Worlery, for which I return my sincere thanks; also for their kind sympathy at the burial of my son. May prosperity always attend the Brotherhood is my sincere wish.

Yours, &c.,
MRS. C. A. WORLERY.

ROODHOUSE, ILL., June 25, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, B. of L. F.

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from the hands of William Donnelly, Financier, a draft for one thousand dollars, the full amount of insurance on the policy of my son, A. B. Smith, for which I return my sincere thanks, also for your kind sympathy at the burial of my late son. I shall ever hope and pray for the prosperity of the B. of L. F. We shall always hold the Brotherhood boys in high esteem for so kindly remembering to visit us when we were so lonely. May God's choicest blessings be with you all.

MRS. MARTENA SMITH.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., September 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending August 31, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.
1	\$2 00		\$2 00	66	1 00		1 00
2	6 00		6 00	67	26 00		26 00
3	8 00		8 00	68	14 00		14 00
4	2 00		2 00	69	2 00		2 00
5	7 00		7 00	70	20 00		20 00
6				71	4 00		4 00
7	9 00		9 00	72	9 00		9 00
8	6 00		6 00	73			
9	12 00		12 00	74			
10	18 00		18 00	75	39 00		39 00
11				76	22 00		22 00
12	28 00		28 00	77			
13				78			
14	2 00		2 00	79			
15	5 00		5 00	80			
16	7 00		7 00	81	60 00		60 00
17	8 00		8 00	82	27 00		27 00
18	9 00		9 00	83	2 00		2 00
19				84	3 00		3 00
20	2 00		2 00	85	18 00		18 00
21	10 00		10 00	86	5 00		5 00
22	9 00		9 00	87			
23	3 00		3 00	88	4 00		4 00
24				89			
25	7 00		7 00	90			
26				91	2 00		2 00
27	11 00		11 00	92	9 00		9 00
28				93	6 00		6 00
29				94			
30	8 00		8 00	95	34 00		34 00
31	13 00		13 00	96			
32	6 00		6 00	97	4 00		4 00
33	1 00		1 00	98			
34				99	19 00		19 00
35	5 00		5 00	100	3 00		3 00
36	12 00		12 00	101			
37				102			
38	1 00		1 00	103			
39	1 00		1 00	104			
40				105	1 00		1 00
41				106	4 00		4 00
42				107	13 00		13 00
43				108	1 00		1 00
44				109	7 00		7 00
45	21 00		21 00	110			
46				111	2 00		2 00
47	94 00		94 00	112			
48	2 00		2 00	113			
49	12 00		12 00	114	2 00		2 00
50	13 00		13 00	115			
51	1 00		1 00	116			
52				117			
53				118			
54				119			
55				120			
56	13 00		13 00	121			
57	13 00		13 00	122			
58	6 00		6 00	123			
59	1 00		1 00	124	3 00		3 00
60	7 00		7 00	125	11 00		11 00
61	59 00		59 00	126			
62	1 00		1 00	127	2 00		2 00
63	10 00		10 00	128			
64	49 00		49 00	129			
65				130			

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.
131				148			
132	5 00		5 00	149			
133	3 00		3 00	150	1 00		1 00
134				151			
135				152			
136	4 00		4 00	153			
137				154			
138	7 00		7 00	155			
139				156			
140	2 00		2 00	157		20 00	20 00
141				158			
142				159			
143				160			
144				161			
145				162			
146	5 00		5 00	163			
147							

Balance on hand August 1 \$1,265 50

Received during month 946 00

Total \$2,211 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 67 and 68 \$2,000 00

Balance on hand September 1 . . . \$211 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

QUARTERLY PASS-WORD.

The quarterly pass-word for the quarter ending December 31st has been forwarded to all Lodges. Any failure to receive it should be promptly reported to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
9	Thomas McCullough	52
10	T. P. Smith	36
11	J. Osman	3
12	George H. Schmidt	99
13	Thomas Fellows	60
17	Charles Hollister	111
27	William H. Coffey	54
33	William Eckerman	83
46	Charles Stoker	35
47	E. J. McQuirk	28
48	W. D. Kline	58
74	W. D. Schellinger	74
76	G. P. Irwin	61
82	William Nixon	126
83	R. Donovan	54
85	F. A. Woodard	39
95	C. E. Wilkins	57
99	John Capittson	12
120	J. J. English	6
162	John Bristol	50
162	John Root	50
162	L. A. Stephenson	84
170	Chris Maties	65
172	G. Ford	69
172	J. S. Ferguson	69
174	B. Austin	75

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
3	J. Gallagher . . .	Non-payment of dues.
3	Wm. Ott . . .	Non-payment of dues.
7	J. M. Springman . .	Non-payment of dues.
7	P. W. Birch . . .	Drunkenness.
7	G. F. Reynolds . . .	Non-payment of dues.
17	Charles Duncan . . .	Non-payment of dues.
17	John M. Drake . . .	Non-payment of dues.
17	Geo. Houghtling . .	Non-payment of dues.
17	F. Hefle . . .	Non-payment of dues.
17	T. Stater . . .	Non-payment of dues.
19	James Purcell . . .	Non-payment of dues.
22	W. H. Neville . . .	Non-payment of dues.
22	D. M. Wills . . .	Non-payment of dues.
27	Ed. Humphrey . . .	Non-payment of dues.
27	R. Hager . . .	Non-payment of dues.
29	Wm. Reagan . . .	Non-payment of dues.
29	Harry Dow . . .	Non-payment of dues.
30	G. W. Greenwood . .	Non-payment of dues.
30	E. D. Shook . . .	Non-payment of dues.
34	John Sullivan . . .	Defrauding Lodge.
37	F. Maley . . .	Non-payment of dues.
43	C. B. Baker . . .	Non-payment of dues.
43	B. Watson . . .	Non-payment of dues.
43	H. Barton . . .	Non-payment of dues.
44	A. Key . . .	Non-payment of dues.
46	Michael Tully . . .	Drunkenness.
48	Albert Chapman . .	Defrauding Lodge.
52	Frank Douglass . . .	Non-payment of dues.
61	Jno. W. Flaherty . .	Non-payment of dues.
64	Pat O'Herron . . .	Disipation.
69	J. Shields . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	E. W. Frantz . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Scott Glass . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	George W. Hunt . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	E. C. Johnson . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	J. E. Larrison . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Geo. A. Middleton . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Thomas Simpson . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	E. S. Vaughn . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	David Miller . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	John Henry . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	J. P. Strebig . . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Nathaniel Trout . .	Non-payment of dues.
75	Harry Trainoy . . .	Non-payment of dues.
86	George Temple . . .	Non-payment of dues.
86	Paul Demars . . .	Non-payment of dues.
95	J. Tansey . . .	Non-payment of dues.
95	A. Dffenbach . . .	Non-payment of dues.
97	Thomas Gray . . .	Non-payment of dues.
97	John Fleming . . .	Non-payment of dues.
108	James Murphy . . .	Non-payment of dues.
108	W. A. Morrison . . .	Non-payment of dues.
109	F. P. McDonald . . .	Board bill beat.
110	Edgar Whitcraft . .	Non-payment of dues.
114	M. F. Artist . . .	Non-payment of dues.
119	M. D. Brown . . .	Non-payment of dues.
134	F. M. Webb . . .	Drunkenness.
135	R. G. Scott . . .	Non-payment of dues.
138	G. H. Pfeil . . .	Non-payment of dues.
140	Will J. Cox . . .	Embezzlement.
154	R. Fetterolf . . .	Non-payment of dues.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
31	Fred. Shippee.	86	John Hickey.
50	Jerry Baker.	89	M. Dempsey.
54	L. Willott.	108	George A. Porter.
59	G. S. Freeman.	137	J. M. Knox.
61	G. A. Hawley.	142	E. A. Doke.
82	Fred. Tydman.		

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
14	J. R. West.	70	G. W. Rains.
16	Will Payne.	75	Joseph Larson.
22	W. R. Howe.	75	Nathanial Trout.
22	W. F. Devore.	75	G. F. Middleton.
22	G. Matthews.	75	George W. Hunt.
36	M. Ney.	75	Harry Tranoy.
36	Dennis Casey.	75	James McGovern
40	Joseph Austin.	75	David B. Miller.
61	J. D. Stewart.	91	William Duncan
68	P. Bresman.	97	H. Longstaff.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
12	J. Capittson . . .	99
18	William J. O'Neil . . .	23
25	W. H. Parkhouse . . .	170
28	H. L. Buckley . . .	—
32	William McElfish . . .	—
36	Dennis Casey . . .	63
36	George W. Washburn . .	165
37	A. F. Eely . . .	176
54	A. U. Brown . . .	74
54	Wm. H. Coffee . . .	27
56	F. J. Collins . . .	54
61	G. P. Irwin . . .	76
65	C. Mathias . . .	—
65	M. Murray . . .	170
68	L. C. Gorsuck . . .	170
69	G. Ford . . .	173
69	J. S. Ferguson . . .	172
75	Byron Austin . . .	—
75	H. J. Roberts . . .	—
77	William Ogg . . .	—
84	L. A. Stephenson . . .	162
87	Jerry Ross . . .	—
95	O. Straus . . .	180
111	Charles Hollister . . .	17
124	W. J. Cahill . . .	—
124	F. Cooper . . .	187
126	W. E. Nixon . . .	82

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Charles A. Witt, of No. 50, is hereby requested to correspond with the Master of his Lodge.

H. Perkinson, of Red River Lodge, No. 8, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

RESOLUTIONS.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 26, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge No. 95, held at their hall July 29, 1883, a motion was unanimously adopted to extend a vote of thanks to our beloved brother, Chas. A. Miller, for the efficient manner in which he discharged his duties as Financier of this Lodge during the past year.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Magazine for publication.

WM. MCPHEE,
L. D. KINNE,
JAS. LEAHY. } Committee.

STUART, IOWA, July 24, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Stuart Lodge No. 20, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been presented

with some beautiful bouquets by Mr. and Mrs. A. Smart and vases for same by Mr. T. E. Crooks, for the purpose of ornamenting our hall, to receive the members of No. 102, who visited us in a body;

Resolved, That we regard these acts as marks of appreciation in which our Order is held.

Resolved, That we extend to them our sincere thanks for the interest they have manifested in our welfare.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Lodge, published in the Firemen's Magazine and copies be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Smart and Mrs. Crooks.

FRED. HUNTINGTON,
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, } *Committee.*
W. REYNOLDS,

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 10, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Welcome Lodge, No. 72, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our heavenly Father has in His wisdom permitted death for the first time to enter our Lodge and remove from our midst our Bro. W. A. Thomas, who died at South Amboy, August 30th, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Thomas we have lost a true and honored member.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be tendered to the family of the deceased, in whose death they lost a kind son and affectionate brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family and they be published in our Magazine.

J. COLTON, Secretary.

PHILIPPSBURG, N. J., Sept. 1, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Excelsior Lodge No. 11 the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge were the recipients of a kind favor at the hands of Mr. W. W. Stearns, the generous superintendent of the N. Y. C. & R. R., by granting us a special car between Phillipsburg and Jersey City to visit Washington Lodge, No. 13, therefore be it

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to Mr. Stearns for his kindness, and that we shall always hold him in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Stearns, that they be entered on our minutes and published in our Magazine.

J. R. MELROY,
C. W. VANNATTA, } *Committee.*
J. W. SINCLAIR,

CHICAGO, ILL., August 27, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge No. 95, held at their hall July 29, 1883, a motion was made and unanimously adopted that we extend to Mrs. Sargent a vote of thanks for presenting to our Lodge a beautiful picture of a pillow of flowers, as a memento of her husband's death; who, although he was not a member of our Order, was a locomotive fireman and was killed by his engine exploding her boiler; deceased was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and it is the wishes of every member of Chicago Lodge No. 95 that the widow will be able to bear up under the terrible affliction that has befallen her;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Sargent, widow of Orrin Sargent, and that a copy be sent to Magazine for publication.

L. D. KINNE,
W. E. HARWOOD, } *Committee.*
EDW. TUTTLE.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., August 17, 1883.

At a regular meeting of H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful piece of work, in the shape of a banner, by Miss Miller, sister of our esteemed brother, C. H. Miller; therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this gift as a mark of appreciation in which our noble Order is held by this esteemed lady.

Resolved, That we extend her many thanks and good wishes, and we shall strive to prove worthy of the kind favor shown us.

C. C. CATLIN,
CHAS. SIBERT, } *Committee.*
S. A. MAYALL,

CHICAGO, ILL., August 15, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, August 12, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our circle our highly esteemed brother, Victor Berna, who was killed by his engine going through a bridge on the Mexican Central Railroad in Mexico; and

WHEREAS, Our Order has lost a staunch supporter of its principals and his wife an affectionate husband; be it

Resolved, That the members of Triumphant Lodge No. 47 tender to his bereaved wife their heartfelt sympathy; while she has lost a devoted husband, we have lost an honored member whose memory will long be cherished by us.

Resolved, That we tender Mr. Gil. Ashman and Mr. Alexander Patterson our sincere thanks for the interest they took in the burial of our departed brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days as a token of esteem for our deceased brother, that these resolution be published in our Magazine and a copy be sent to the bereaved widow.

W. E. BURNS,
ALFRED WINWOOD, } *Committee.*
M. C. HEYDENBURG.

EVANSVILLE, IND., August 24, 1883.

At a meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held in this city August 19, 1883, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Having learned through the city press of the resignation of C. J. Hepburn, Esq., as Superintendent of the E. & T. H. R. R., therefore be it

Resolved, That in the resignation of Mr. Hepburn the E. & T. H. has lost an able manager, the employees a kind and just employer, whose actions under all circumstances have been characterized by fairness and impartiality; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of C. J. Hepburn Lodge No. 160, of Evansville, Ind., while sincerely regretting to lose so good a Superintendent, we most heartily congratulate him on his accession to a similar position on a larger road, and extend to him our best wishes for his future prosperity, trusting he will meet with that success in life that his principles as a true gentleman entitle him to enjoy; also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the city papers and Firemen's Magazine, a copy presented to C. J. Hepburn, and also a copy be placed on the minutes of our next meeting.

WILL J. TORRANCE,
ANDREW WAKNER, } *Committee.*
JOHN F. CLARK,

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Sept. 7, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the good fortune of this Lodge to be presented, by Mrs. Lea Douty and friends, with a beautiful silver water pitcher and three goblets, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. Lea Douty our sincere thanks for the beautiful gifts and kind wishes expressed in our behalf, and that it shall be our highest aim to so live and conduct ourselves as to be worthy of the continued good wishes and friendship of the esteemed donor. We also feel that it is by such kind expressions and good wishes we are encouraged to push on the noble work of benevolence and charity. This memento shall always be highly prized and cherished by us as a gift of a noble woman, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Lea Douty, also spread upon the records of this body and published in the Magazine.

C. MILKER,
R. M. WHITE,
A. KINGSBURY, } *Committee.*

ELKHART, Ind., Sept. 10, 1883.

Prospect Lodge, No. 162, B. L. F. Elkhart, Indiana, desire to extend their most sincere thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen who so ably assisted us in making our first annual festivities a success both financially and otherwise: To the Misses Etta Barger, Dora Sherwood, Libbie Colwell (daughter of our general passenger conductor of the L. S. & M. S.) and Miss Carrie Wilkinson who so admirably rendered the parts cast to them; to the Hon. M. F. Shuey, H. C. Dodge and Perry L. Turner for addresses delivered; to Mr. Sam Hardy, who furnished the song and dance, clogs, &c., to the delight of the immense crowd assembled both evenings; to Mr. Mack Wilson, whose songs were one of the principal features of the programme; to Elmer Post, No. 37, G. A. R., for the use of their beautiful island and for their valuable assistance in arranging our stage, &c.; to our genial M. M., Mr. George W. Stevens, for our "Pig" and for the use of headlights, &c.; to Mr. Charles Long, our livery man, who kindly donated the use of a team for us to use in getting the "Greased Pig" from the farm of our M. M.; to the members of Nos. 50 and 142 B. of L. F., who worked so hard to help us prepare and fulfill the programme; to the Post Band and Walter's Harp Orchestra for their most excellent music; to the citizens who patronized us so well, and last, but not least, to our worthy druggist, Mr. J. P. Brinley, and Mr. J. Goldberg, who sold so many tickets for us.

E. K. COLE,
W. A. STEPHENSON,
P. A. HAMILTON, } *Committee.*

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., July 31, 1883.

At a regular meeting of H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held in their hall, Tuesday evening, July 31, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to take from our midst our beloved Brother Cloutier, thus reminding us of life and the certainty of death. This admonishes us to prepare for that life which is to come; and

WHEREAS, Brother Cloutier by his upright, manly bearing, strict attention to business and kindness to all made himself a general favorite, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122, B. of L. F., has lost one of its brightest lights, and that each and every member has indeed lost a brother.

Resolved, That we extend to the mother and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this their greatest affliction. May they not be as those without hope, ever bearing in mind Him who giveth and who taketh away, and may our Heavenly Father care for them until they meet him, who is only gone before, in our earnest and heartfelt prayer.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to our departed brother we drape our hall and charter for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the officers of the C. B. & Q. R. R., St. Louis division, for their kindness in furnishing transportation to the brother's home in Minneapolis.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered of record upon the minutes of this Lodge, and a copy be presented to the parents of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine and Beardstown Illinolan-Democrat.

S. A. MAYALL,
C. C. CATLIN,
CHAS. SIBERT, } *Committee.*

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
W. E. Burns Vice Grand Master
1728 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ills.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
F. M. James, Secretary Centralia, Ills.
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan.
D. E. Barry Buffalo, N. Y.
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont.
J. M. Shetre, 505 Robert St. . . . St. Paul, Minn.
J. McDonough, Ave K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex.
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St . . . Boston, Mass.
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich.
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Will R. Dean, Box 365 Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills.
S. C. Myers, Box 22 Ravenna, O.
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. L. Van Orden Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
Meets 2d Monday.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. . . Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. . . . Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent

- 2. ADOPTED DAUGHTER;** Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
Asa Dolan, 238 Eighth St. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Mag. Agent
- 4. GREAT EASTERN;** Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
- 5. CHARITY;** St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
Geo. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
G. Utter, Drawer 853 Mag. Agent
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST;** Desoto, Mo.
Meets every Monday at 1 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
- 7. POTOMAC;** Washington, D. C.
J. S. Black, 30 Sixth St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St., S. E. Mag. Agent
- 8. RED RIVER;** Denison City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
T. T. Edward, L. Box 293 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN;** Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Piqua shops Master
F. L. Ellis, Piqua shops Secretary
F. W. Arnold, Pioneer Block Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua shops Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY;** Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR;** Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
P. Cummins Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO;** Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 385 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON;** Jersey City, N. J.
Geo. Hull Master
Robt. Mulford Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
Wm. Rhodes Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA;** Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington St. Master
W. S. Screens, Box 66, Brightwood Ind. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE;** Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 82 Seigneux St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneux St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- 16 VIGO;** Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST;** Vincennes, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END;** Slater, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE;** Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART;** Stuart, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
Wm. Williams, Box 213 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL;** South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kilmswick, Mo. Master
J. Lynch, I. M. Round House, St. Louis, Mo. Secretary
J. Clark Financier
J. D. Fisher, Cor. 3d and Haven Sts. Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL;** Urbana, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. M. Garrett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
G. C. Pittenger Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX;** Brookfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN;** Parsons, Kan.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK;** Boone, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Seiling Secretary
J. Wood Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA;** Baraboo, Wis.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
P. B. Denney Secretary
C. H. Williams Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE;** Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent

- 38. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
 Andrew Struthers Master
 S. D. Wadsworth Secretary
 C. W. Baskins Financier
 S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 39. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
 A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
 C. M. Doucett Secretary
 J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
 F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 40. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
 R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
 A. E. Girard, 791 Clay St., Dubuque, Iowa Financier
 C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 41. E. E. CENTEE; Atchison, Kan.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Avenue Master
 F. Johnson, bet 9th and 10th Sts., near A. T. & S. F. Round House Secretary
 J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
 S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Mag. Agent
- 42. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
 E. G. Pearson Master
 J. McMahan Secretary
 A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
 A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 43. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
 H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
 W. J. Iler Secretary
 G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
 T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 44. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
 J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
 J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
 C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 45. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
 A. Schermerhorn, Box 123 Master
 G. W. Balnter, Box 498 Secretary
 A. Schermerhorn Financier
 W. Gascolgne Mag. Agent
- 46. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. Ernst, 159 Salem St. Master
 J. D. Wright, L. E. & W. Shops Secretary
 W. H. Willoughby Financier
 F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 47. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 R. H. Murphy Master
 C. H. Randall Secretary
 F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
 H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 48. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. Lamb, Box 318 Master
 W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
 F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
 E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 49. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
 T. K. Holmes Secretary
 G. J. M. Colburn, Box 118 Financier
 S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 50. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
 Meets every Tuesday evening.
 E. Browning, 714 1/2 W. Wash. St. Master
 C. Young, 711 W. Mulberry St. Secretary
 J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
 J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 51. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Fridays of each month.
 A. C. Wirtz Master
 C. E. Allen Secretary
 T. Rust Financier
 E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 52. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
 Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
 A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
 W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
 M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
 C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 53. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
 E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
 H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Financier
 H. Dunn, Ellwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
 H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 54. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
 Meets every alternate Tuesday.
 T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
 F. Quirk, Box 282 Secretary
 T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
 C. Timblin, Box 118 Mag. Agent
- 55. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
 Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 T. B. Shane Master
 W. O. Shelley Secretary
 W. O. Shelley Financier
 H. H. Lindenberger, Pine Bluff Depot Mag. Agent
- 56. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 A. Cunningham, Western Hotel Master
 E. McCormack, 1402 E. Washington St. Secretary
 J. Warboyo, Cor. Cook and 10th Sts. Financier
 J. Webster, 8th and Scarlett Sts. Mag. Agent
- 57. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 A. Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
 M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. Secretary
 J. Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
 L. Burns, 20 Gano St. Mag. Agent
- 58. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. Cullen Master
 G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
 G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
 G. Gates Mag. Agent
- 59. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
 F. S. Connon Secretary
 F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
 Wm. J. Purwell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 60. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearbo St. Master
 J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
 A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dearborn St. Financier
 J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 61. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
 M. G. Hall Secretary
 M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
 W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 62. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 H. Du Plone, L. Box 628 Master
 H. Green, L. Box 628 Secretary
 E. H. Leing, L. Box 628 Financier
 W. Neupher, L. Box 628 Mag. Agent

- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. L. McGill Secretary
G. E. Brooks, Box 1172 Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 867 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnkam, Box 667 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 667 Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
G. A. Burnkam, Box 667 Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cam-
bridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
B. H. Estabrook Secretary
C. B. Dilley Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
J. A. Hill Master
Irvin Prebble Secretary
H. S. Hinman Financier
W. Henthorn Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2-10 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Shelle, 505 Robert St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
A. J. Goodrich, Box 724 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. Anselline, Waseca, Minn. Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
H. Lavole Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Kew, 46 Tecumseth St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona,
Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 384 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 384 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 384 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 384 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. A. Canning, Box 504 Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
A. DeLong, Box 679 Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 593 Carman St. Master
W. Higgins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
C. T. Burr, 593 Carman St. Financier
H. Higgins, 428 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1825 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1823 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 837 Haverford St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, Box 2 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, Box 1588 Master
G. Wilson, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Coslin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent

- 79. J. M. DODGE;** Roodhouse, Ills.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
V. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
E. H. Beeraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP;** Aurora, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
C. H. Dumphy Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY;** Brainerd, Minn.
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larison, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN;** Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicollet Ave. Master
C. D. Stevens, 903 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. K. Iroll, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1003 10th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY;** Forth Worth, Tex.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
G. T. Gaynin, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN;** Battle Creek, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 1084 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO;** Fargo, Dakota.
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Secretary
S. P. Olson, Box 1144 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS;** Laramie City, Wyoming.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. H. Haskins Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
Hans Olson Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT;** Rawlins, Wyoming.
C. B. Hart, Box 60 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
F. F. Cronke, Box 88 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR;** Evanston, Wyoming.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Master
J. Sights Secretary
J. J. LeCain, Box 89 Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE;** Carlin, Nev.
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
C. H. Oliver, Box 22 Master
W. B. Tuney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO;** National City, Cal.
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE;** San Francisco, Cal.
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
Frank Ould, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wickoff, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. Dieterich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE;** Texarkana, Tex.
J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY;** Keokuk, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
G. Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS;** Tucson, Arizona.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO;** Chicago, Ill.
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Hayes, 681 Elston Ave. Master
J. Pierce, 31 Schnell St. Secretary
J. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA;** Wellsville, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE;** Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardson, Box 72 Master
J. Fruit, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith, Box 72 Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE;** Terrace, Utah.
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER;** Rochester, N. Y.
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR;** Bowling Green, Ky.
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
G. F. Duttlinger Secretary
G. F. Duttlinger Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE;** Creston, Iowa.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE;** East Des Moines, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
A. Burnham, 203 Court Ave. Secretary
F. S. Payne Financier
C. M. Krull Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY;** Louisville, Ky.
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. O'Hearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS;** Galesburg, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 529 Churchill Ave. Financier
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent

- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallion, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. C. McCabe Master
A. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
W. M. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Financier
W. E. Armor, L. Box 33 Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
K. B. Rheim Secretary
W. M. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Friday at 7 p. m.
L. Fischer, 2811 Adam St. Master
W. Davis, 2911 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau Ave. Financier
P. Molter, 2806 1/2 Chouteau Ave. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Doppell, Box 565 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 295 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sursa Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
G. L. Oram Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire, Box 625 Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Fraime, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
S. B. Kirwin Secretary
E. G. Hubbard Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangin, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
A. Cummings, 52 Laurel St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
F. Hammer, Box 492 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 3b Financier
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
J. E. Hurley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
W. Rait Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
W. Harrigan Secretary
M. Kelliher Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillesce Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. S. Gill, C. P. Shops Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Flage, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
L. R. Blake, Box 183 Financier
W. H. Blake, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent

- 131. GOLDEN RULE;** Stevens Point, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M. Master
T. McPhail Secretary
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliff, 73 Meadow St.,
Oshkosh, Wis. Financier
J. M. Brown Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT;** Eagle Grove, Iowa
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE;** Sprague, Washington Ty.
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
G. Williams Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN;** Richford, Vermont.
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
C. E. Jones Master
E. R. Remington Secretary
F. C. Langdon Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR;** El Paso, Texas.
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
M. Campbell, Box 182 Secretary
Wm. P. Smith, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT;** Port Hope, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnston, M. Ry. Master
G. Campbell, Box 273 Secretary
M. McNeish, M. Ry. Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION;** Eldon, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION;** Freeport, Ill.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY;** Tulare, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY;** Salida, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
R. Gough Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 569 Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER;** Fort Wayne, Ind.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
F. J. Penoyer, 178 W. Berry St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St. Financier
G. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE;** Toledo, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. and 2d
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. H. Brown, Elkhart, Ind. Master
F. Welliver, 275 Wallbridge Ave. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 186 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower
Sts. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS;** West Oakland, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 829 Wood st. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF;** Campbellton, New Bruns-
wick.
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N.B. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT;** San Antonio, Texas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
M. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY;** Houston, Texas.
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
J. J. Sangster, 196 Washington
St. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND;** Temple, Texas.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH;** Tyler, Texas.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME;** New York, N. Y.
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Sat-
urday at 8 P. M.
E. Freeman, 280 E. 10th St. Master
W. J. McColi, 328 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogul Call, 309 1/2 W. 40th St. Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS;** Marquette, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
C. A. Witt, L. Box 142 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF;** Hamilton, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP;** Wells, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD;** Fort Scott, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. D. Schellinger Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN;** Ottawa, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent

155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville Texas.

Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
 W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
 W. B. Maydwell, L. Box 74 Secretary
 W. B. Maydwell, L. Box 74 Financier
 J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent

156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.

Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
 H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
 J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
 Sam. Duncan Mag. Agent

157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
 John Mallin Secretary
 Chas. Welr Financier
 James Smith Mag. Agent

158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. Master
 B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
 Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
 Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St. Mag. Agent

159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.

Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. Bateman, 41 N. 2d, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
 J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
 D. J. Daly, 310 Foster St. Financier
 J. C. Cunningham, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Mag. Agent

160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.

W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
 W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
 J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
 C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. Mag. Agent

161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.

J. W. Galvan, 412 S. Main St. Master
 C. C. Price, 412 S. Main St. Secretary
 J. D. Hawksworth, S. 6th St. Financier
 F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent

162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.

Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Mondays and 2d Sunday.
 E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
 G. M. Winegardner Secretary
 P. A. Hamilton Financier
 E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Mag. Agent

163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
 P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Master
 W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
 J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
 J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent

164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.

G. E. Crider Master
 E. A. Loughrau Secretary
 J. B. Gossage Financier
 J. H. Crider Mag. Agent

165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 A. C. Pettengill Master
 P. H. Powers Secretary
 J. W. Ivy Financier
 A. C. Pettengill Mag. Agent

166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.

J. E. Hagerty Master
 P. Burns Secretary
 J. R. Dickinson Financier
 G. Marston Mag. Agent

167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.

Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 G. A. Ferguson Master
 L. E. Ferguson Secretary
 F. Wall Financier
 T. Brinson Mag. Agent

168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
 W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
 E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
 J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent

169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellesville, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening.
 H. Laushey, Box 1179 Master
 A. C. Vandermark Secretary
 W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
 G. B. Cloyston, Box 918 Mag. Agent

170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 C. Mattes Master
 S. P. Malone Secretary
 A. S. Craik Financier
 J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent

171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.

Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
 P. Peterson Master
 T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
 F. Forrest, 227 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Financier
 R. Wilson Mag. Agent

172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
 J. L. Armstrong, Rochesterville Secretary
 P. O. Ottawa Financier
 J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville Financier
 S. Porter Mag. Agent

173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 P. A. Neely Master
 W. H. Farnsworth Secretary
 W. H. Farnsworth Financier
 W. H. Farnsworth Mag. Agent

174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.

H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
 H. S. Gluegrich, 1412 Wallace St. Secretary
 H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
 H. A. Mateer, 1619 5th St. Mag. Agent

175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.

J. S. Buckingham, Box 1007 Master
 H. R. Brown Secretary
 F. M. Howard Financier
 J. Floyd, Box 602 Mag. Agent

176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ills.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
 C. H. Porter Secretary
 J. Hart Financier
 A. F. Ely Mag. Agent

177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 W. W. Winnick Master
 L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Secretary
 L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Financier
 J. H. B. Campbell Mag. Agent

178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. E. Stewart, L. Box 1186 Master
 P. T. Tibbs, L. Box 1186 Secretary
 P. T. Tibbs, L. Box 1186 Financier
 C. E. Stewart, L. Box 1186 Mag. Agent

179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
 W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
 H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
 W. T. Shryock Financier
 W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent

180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.

C. Houghtaling Master
 D. Crofton Secretary
 J. Grundy Financier
 S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent



VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

NO. 11.

Faithful and True.

A MOTHER'S TOUCHING STORY OF HER BOY.

"The young man you met at the gate, sir? Yes, that is my son—my boy Jack.

"You noticed the scars on his face, sir, and thought, maybe, that they spoiled features meant to be handsome?

"Ah, sir! that was because you did not know! Why, those red marks make him more beautiful to me now than when, a baby in my arms, with yellow curls and laughing eyes and a skin like a rose-leaf, the people hurrying in and out of the trains would turn to look and smile at him, and praise him to each other, speaking low, may be, but not too low for a mother's quick, proud ears to hear.

"For we lived in a little house close by the station, and when I heard the whistle of his father's train, I used to snatch the boy from his cradle, or off the floor, where he sat with his little playthings, and run down to the farther end of the long depot, where the engine always halted, to get the smile and loving word that my heart lived on all day.

"Not the least bit afraid was the baby of all the whistling and clanging of bells, and groaning of the wheels and puffing of the steam. He would laugh and spring so in my arms that I could scarcely hold him, till his father would reach down sometimes and lift him up in the engine cab and kiss him for one precious moment, and then toss him down to me again. "When he grew a little older, he was never playing horse or soldiers, like the other little fellows around; it was always a railroad train that he was driving. All the smoothest strips out of my billets of kindling-wood went to build tracks over the kitchen floor, hither and thither, crossing and recrossing each other.

"Don't move my switch, mother, dear!" he used to cry out to me. 'You'll wreck my train, for sure!'

"So I had to go softly about my work, with scarce a place sometimes to set my foot. And all the chairs in the house would be ranged for cars, the big rocker, with the tea-bell tied to its back, for the engine; and there he would sit perched up by the hour together, making believe attend the valves and shouting to the fireman.

"I shall never forget the first time his father took him to ride on the engine. Jack had begged over and over to go, but his father always bade him to wait till he was older. So I had said:

"Don't tease father any more, Jack, dear!" and like the true little heart he was, he had not said another word about it for a matter of six months or more.

"But that day such a wishful look came into his face, and he pulled himself up tall and straight, and said quite softly, his voice trembling a little, 'Father, do you think I am grown enough now?'

"Looking at him, I saw two tears in his pretty eyes. I think his father saw them, too, for he turned to me in a hurry, and said he:

"We meet the up train at Langton, Mary and Will Brown will bring the little chap back all straight, I know. What do you say?"

"What could I say but yes? At supper-time he was back again, but he could not eat. His eyes were like stars, and there was a hot, red spot on each cheek, so that I feared he would be ill. And I had thought he would never be done talking, but now he said scarce a word.

"What was it like, Jackie?" I asked him.

"Oh, mother!' he said, 'it wasn't like anything!' He sat for a minute thinking,

then he said, 'unless it was like—that you read last Sunday.'

"And what was that, Jack?" I asked, for I had quite forgotten.

"Don't you know, mother? 'The wings of the wind!'"

"That was not his last ride on the engine by many times, for, as he grew older, his father would take him on Saturdays, or other half-holidays. He was perfectly trusty and obedient. I believe he would have his right hand cut off sooner than have meddled with anything; but he knew every valve and screw and gauge, and watched every turn of his father's hand, and learned the signals all along the line, so that my husband said to me more than once: .

"I believe in my heart, Mary, that if I was to be struck dead on the engine, Jack could run her through without a break!"

"He was in school and learned fast, but out of hours he was always studying over books about machinery and steam. Such an odd child as he was, with thoughts far beyond his years! Sometimes, sitting here by myself, I go over in my mind the strange things he used to say to me in those days.

"I remember that one evening he had been reading for a long time in some book that he had got out of the public library; but by-and-by he stopped and leaned his head on his hand, looking into the coals. All at once:

"'Mother,' said he, 'isn't it a wonderful thing that God could trust men with it?'"

"'With what, Jack?'"

"'With the steam—the power in it, I mean! It was a long time before he did. But when the right time came and somebody listened, then he told.'"

"'Oh, mother!' said he, with his eyes shining, 'what must have it been to be James Watt, and to listen to such a secret as that?'"

"In a minute he spoke again.

"'And it's never safe to forget to listen, because we can't know when he might speak, or what there might be to bear.'"

"I could not answer him for a choking in my throat, but I laid down my knitting and put my arm around him; and he looked up into my face with something in his eyes that I never forgot.

"We were getting along then. The little house and garden were almost paid for, and we thought that nowhere in the world were happier people than we, or a brighter, cosier home. My husband and I were always talking of this and that to

be done for Jack as soon as the last payment should be made. But before the money was due, my husband came home sick one day.

"'Don't be frightened, Mary,' he said, 'I shall be better to-morrow.'"

"But he only grew worse next day, many days we thought he must die. Yet he rallied after a time—though he kept his hacking cough—and sat up and moved about the house, and at last thought himself strong enough to take his place again. But that was too much, for at the end of the first week he came home and fell fainting on the threshold.

"'It's of no use, Mary,' he said, after he came to himself. 'I can't run the engine, and if I could, it isn't right for people's lives to be trusted to such weak hands as mine!'"

"He never did any regular work after that, though he lived for a year.

"Consumption is a terrible disease, sir! To see one you would give your heart's blood to save slipping, slipping away before your eyes, and you helpless to hold him back for so much as a hair's breadth from the black gulf of death; ah, sir! I trust you have never learned how hard it is!"

"Young as he was, Jack was my stay and comfort through the dark time. My husband had matters in his mind that he longed to speak to me about, but I always put him off, for I could not bear to listen to anything like his going away from us.

"But at last, the very day before the end came, as I sat by his side, holding his hand in mine, he said, very gently but firmly: 'Mary, wife, I think you must let me speak to you to-day!'"

"I fell to crying as if my heart would break, and he drew a pitiful sigh that went like a sword through my breast; yet I could not stop the sobs. Then Jack rose up from the little stool, where he had sat so quietly that I had almost forgotten that he was there, and came and touched me.

"'Mother!' he said again, 'please go away for a little while. I can hear what father wants to say.'"

"You will think me cowardly, sir, but I did as the child bade me. I left the door ajar and I could hear my husband's weak voice, though I could not understand the words, and then my brave boy's answers, clear and low, not a break or a tremble in the sweet voice. And at last Jack said: 'Is that all, dear father?' and 'Yes, I will be sure to remember it—every word!'"

"After it was all over and we had time

to look about us, we found some debt left and very little money. It was a hard thing for me, that had had for so long a strong, loving arm between me and every care, to have to think and plan how to make ends meet, when I could not even start evenly at the beginning. But Jack came to my help again.

"Father said you were never to work hard, dear mother, because you were not strong but I must take care of you in some way. He thought you could let out two or three rooms to lodgers, may be, and that the best thing for me just now to get a train-boy's place. He said the men on our road would be sure to give me a chance for his sake."

"I do not know that I had smiled before since his father died, but when I heard him say 'our road' in that little proud tone he had, I caught him to my heart and laughed and cried together.

"And I spoke to Mr. Withers about it only yesterday," he went on, "and he said that Tom Gray is going to leave and I can have his chance, and begin next week, if I like. What do you say, dear mother."

"Oh, Jack!" I said, "how can I get through the long, lonesome days without you? And if anything should happen to you, I should die!"

"Don't mother," he said, gently, for the tears were in my eyes again. But I would not heed him.

"And you to give up your school!" I cried. "And all our plans for you to come to naught!"

"Father thought of that, too," he answered. "But he said that the whole world belonged to the man that was faithful and true. And I promised him. You can trust me, mother."

"Trust him? Ah, yes! he had struck the right chord at last, and I lifted my head and dried my tears. Whatever unseen dangers I might fear for my boy would be of the body, not of the soul. 'Faithful and true!' I thanked God and took courage.

"It was wonderful how he succeeded with the books and papers and the other things he sold. There was something in him that made him a favorite with everybody. I have been told by more than one that the sight of his frank, handsome face was like sunshine, and that people bought of him whether they wanted anything or not.

"Well, the years went by and he grew up, working his way from one position to another on the road—trusted everywhere. He was my own boy still, though he was

so tall and strong, with his bright curls turned chestnut-brown, and a silken fringe shading the lips that kept their old, loving kisses for me alone.

"It was not very long until he had the place of engineer, which he had wanted so long. He had a day off, and was doing some little things for me about the house and garden, when one of the depot hands came running up the path, calling for him.

"Mr. Harding wants you instantly, Jack!" cried the man. "The Jersey express should have left the depot five minutes ago, and the engineer has just fallen down in a fit. Curtis and Fitch are both off on leave, and Mr. Harding says there's nobody left but you that he'll trust with the train."

"I!" cried Jack in amaze. "The Jersey express! And I never drove anything but a freight-train!"

"Well! well!" cried the man, impatiently, "don't stop to argue! Orders is orders, and here's a minute and a half gone already!"

"Jack seemed to come to himself at that. He darted one smile at me, and was off like a shot, drawing on his coat as he ran. In less time than I take in telling it, I heard the signal of the outgoing train, and knew that my boy was trusted with a task that was used to be given only to the most intelligent and careful men in the service.

"They brought him back to me that night, sir, and laid him on his father's bed; and, by piece-meal, then and afterward, I learned what had happened that day.

"An awful thing had happened! The great connecting-rod of the engine-wheel on the right of the engine broke. Jack seemed to live all his life over in that one terrible instant when he saw the end of the rod swing upward. It struck the cab under him and dashed it into a thousand pieces, and he knew no more till a horrible agony awoke him where he had fallen senseless on the engine.

"Burned, and almost blind, with the flesh scalded and torn from his hands, he remembered his engine, with its open throttle, leaping on to certain destruction. He seemed to see the passengers inside the long train, as so many times in the old days he had called the morning papers.

He knew how they looked and what they were doing—the men reading, smoking, talking of the election, the price of grain, or how stock went up last week; women, with crowing, dimpled babies in

their arms; little children crowding to the windows, vainly trying to count the whizzing telegraph poles; young, happy couples going on wedding journeys maybe, and others coming home who had been long away.

"He remembered that, as he hurried to his place at the front that day, a little girl with a cloud of golden hair leaned from a car window, to give one more good-by kiss to her father on the platform. Take good care of mamma, darling!" he had heard the gentleman say.

"The fireman—no coward, either, was Tim Harbrook, but with wife and babes at home—let himself down from the tender and escaped. So might my Jack have done. But he crept along the side of the leaping engine, carefully and painfully he swung himself into his place, and with every motion of his hands an untold agony, he reversed the engine and put on the air-brake.

"Then the train stopped, snatched back from the pit's mouth, and they took my boy from his post—'faithful and true!'

"It was a long time before Jack's burns were healed. The road people came often to see him—no men could have been kinder—and every week his wages came in full.

"But one evening, after he had begun to get out a little, one of his mates came in. 'Come, Jack, old fellow, you'll be moped to death here! he said. 'You want a change. There's a big meeting of the roadfolks over at the hall to-night. I'm on my way. Come along!'

"What sort of a meeting?' said Jack.

"Oh, I can't say exactly—something interesting, they told me, and everybody invited.'

"He stole a queer look at me, and I knew he wanted me to help him. So, as I really thought it might do Jack good, I said:

"Yes, Jack, go along with Tom.'

"But I'm not presentable with this face!' said Jack.

"Pshaw, man! it's evening, and nobody'll notice. Leastways, they needn't!'

"With a little more coaxing, Jack set off with him. I had hardly heard the gate click, when the door opened again, and Jenny Brown came in like a spirit.

"Quick, quick, Mrs. Burton! Put on your bonnet,' she whispered.

"Where? What do you mean?' I said, for I was frightened.

"To the meeting! Hurry, or we shall be late!'

"She was tying my bonnet-strings under my chin as she spoke, and she had

the house-door locked and me down the garden path and out of the back-gate, fairly without my will. She hurried me across the square and pushed me through the crowd around the hall entrance.

"I was out of breath with nervousness and fast walking, so we sat down in a back seat. The room was full. There were a great many ladies there, and on the platform sat the Superintendent and several of the Directors of the road. Everybody seemed to be whispering and smiling and looking backward toward the door, and I looked, too, though I didn't know why.

"Then the door opened and Jack came in with Tom. I heard somebody on the other side of me whisper, 'That's he!' and another and another, and a rustle crept through the Directors of the road. Once, such a cheer went up as I can truly say, I never heard in all my life before—no, not even when the troops came home from the war. The people stood up, and the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs.

"The Superintendent tried to speak, and rapped on his little table, but all in vain, until the crowd had had their three times three. And through it all I watched my boy. He looked around him, dazed at first by all the tumult, and trying to know what it meant; but wherever he might turn his eyes he met a hundred others smiling on him, and a score of hands stretched out to him as he passed, and, all at once—he knew!

"Oh, sir, I cannot tell you about it! How they carried him up to the front, though not on the platform—there he would not go—how they found me out and made me sit beside him; how there were speeches and hand-shaking and laughing and crying.

"And, at last, the Superintendent said that there was a little child there, the granddaughter of the President of the road, who had been with her mother on the train that day, and that she had been selected by many grateful friends to present a little token to the man whose faithful courage had saved so many lives.

"Then a beautiful lady, in soft rustling silk, came up the aisle, leading the loveliest child I ever saw, with a great glory of golden hair around her head, like the picture of an angel. I felt Jack start, for it was the very child whose face had come to him in that awful moment on the flying engine.

"The little thing let go her mother's hand as she came near, looking up, with shy blue eyes, and in her small fingers,

was a purse of gold. You could see the great coins shining through the silk netting. She held it up to him, and all the room was still as death. I heard one great sob rise in my boy's throat, and then he lifted the girl in his arms, and stood up, holding her straight and tall.

"But he did not take the purse. 'No, darling!' he said in a low, tender voice, so clear that everybody heard. Then he kissed her, and lifted one long curl from her neck.

"This is the only gold I want!' he said, and looked at the child's mother with a question in his eyes.

"The lady nodded, and my boy took out a little pair of scissors from his vest-pocket, and cut the curl off gently, and put it carefully away.

"And, sir, if they had cheered before, what was it now? The arched ceiling rang, the gas-jets flared and flickered, and the very pendants on the chandeliers clashed together.

"But he would not take the money—then nor afterward.

"It is not ours! What can we do with it? We cannot throw it away!' the Superintendent said.

"I'll tell you then, sir,' said Jack, at last. 'Brakeman Jim Flaherty was killed last week. He has left a sick wife and six little children. Give the money to them!'

"And so they did.

"Now you know, sir, what the scars on my boy's face mean to me. I read in the red marks, 'Faithful and true!' and I would not have them changed for the coat of arms of any King on any throne!'

THE ROCHESTER ROBIN.

New York Tribune.

A Rochester robin has built its nest on the main frame of an engine of the New York Central Railroad. The engine runs daily between Rochester and De Witt, but the bird occupied the rest.

A Rochester robin alighted one day
On a bar or a brace of the wonderful thing
That mills the swift miles like grain in its way,

And flies like a bird though it never takes wing.

And the Rochester robin said to herself,
What place for a nest, so strong and so warm,
As neat as a pin and as shiny as delf,
Up out of the danger, in out of the storm."

And her mate by the roadside struck up the old lay,

He sang for the apple-tree blossoms to dance,
The girlish white blossoms in pink *applique*,
More fragrant and fair than the lilacs of France.

The heart of the engine was cold as a cave,
The furnace door grim as the grate of a cell,
And dumb as the church under Switzerland's wave,
Like a tulip of gold the glittering bell.

Then the stoker swung wide the furnace's door,
Stirred up the dull fire, and the robins just said,

"Summer weather to-day!" Then rumble and roar
Played the water's hot pulse in white clouds overhead.

"I am sure it will rain," he sang to his mate,
"It thunders and lightens, but work right along.

The house but half done and the season so late—
How cloudy it grows!" So he kept up the song.

And the twain fell to work, bore timbers of straw,
And fibres of wool caught on thistle and thorn,
And wrought them all in by the Lord's "higher law,"
With threads of the laces some maiden had worn.

The clang swung the bell and the warble was hushed,
And the crazy sparks flew as if the storm tore

The small constellations aside and asunder,
While the engine along the steel parallels rushed.
The birds watched it all with innocent wonder—

"Who ever saw stars in the day-time before!"

Then she cried, and he said, "The gale is so strong

I think the whole world must be blowing away!"

She trusting replied, "Cannot last very long."
And kept on with her work far sweeter than play.

To and fro, far and near, their fiery world went,
The cup of their loves brimming over with life,

And the engineer stood at his window intent
And watched the steel rails, the red-breast and wife,
And declared by his engine and honor, he would

Be the death of the man, big or little, who should
In the height or the depth of his gracelessness dare

"To meddle or make" with his passengers there.

Ah, brave guests of the foot-board, ticketed through
All weathers and times to the end of the run,

The Lord of the sparrows who is caring for you

And the Lord of all realms for ever are one.

In conversation, humor is more than wit,
easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or, if not, easy.—
Sir William Temple.

A Tenderfoot at Tombstone.

Middletown Transcript

A few days ago a flash young man from an eastern college arrived at Tombstone, A. T., and registered his name at the principal hotel. A socially inclined person in a blue shirt and wide-rimmed hat, who chanced to be in the office, good naturedly answered every question and volunteered a vast amount of interesting information about Arizona in general and Tombstone in particular.

"Do you see them hills?" asked the Tombstoner, pointing through one of the office windows. "Well, them hills is chock full of pay dirt."

The young man from the east looked shocked.

"My dear sir," he said, proudly, but kindly, "you should say those hills are—not, 'them hills!'"

The Tombstoner was silent for a moment. He looked the young man from the east critically over as if he was estimating the size of coffin he would wear. Then drawing out an ivory-stocked seven-shooter of elaborate style and finish, he said, in a soft, mild, musical tone of voice that sounded like a wildwood brook coursing o'er its pebble bed: "My gentle unsalted tenderfoot from the land of the rising sun, this here's a pint that you and me disagrees on and we might as well have it settled right now. I haven't looked in a grammar lately, but I say 'them hills is' is correct, and I'm going to stand by that opinion while I've got a shot left. I'll give you just three minutes to think calmly over the subject, for you probably spoke in haste the first time, and then I'll hear your decision."

The young man from the east looked down the delicately-chased barrel of the revolver into the placid depths of the eye of the Tombstoner and began to feel that many points in grammar are uncertain and liable to grow more so. Then he thought of the coroner's inquest and the verdict, "came to his death by standing in front of Colorado Tom's seven-shooter," and of the long pine box going east by express with \$69 charges on it, and before half the three minutes were up he was ready to acknowledge his error. "Since he had thought it over calmly," he said, "he believed that 'them hills is,' is right. He had spoken on the spur of the moment," he added, "and begged a thousand pardons for his presumptuous effort to substitute bad grammar for good."

The Tombstoner forgave him freely, and grasping his hand, said:

"I know'd you'd say you was wrong after you thought a moment. I admire a man who gives right in without arguing when he knows he's wrong. Come along and irrigate." And they irrigated.

Atlantic Telegraph Stations.

A Frenchman, M. Menuisier, has just proffered a novel and bold plan for enabling vessels crossing the Atlantic to communicate with the mainland. Lay, he says, a telegraph cable between St. Nazaire, Bordeaux, and New York, with branch in mid-ocean to Panama. Every sixty leagues (the average daily distance covered by a ship) connect to the principal cable a vertical cable, ending in a buoy at the surface. To the right and left of the principal cable lay two branch cables, ten to twenty leagues each, ending in a vertical cable with buoys. These branches would form two crosses with the main cable. The chances of ships sighting buoys would thus be frequent. Each buoy has a number, and its position in mid-ocean is known from special tables. When a ship passing near a buoy wishes to telegraph, it connects its apparatus wire—one with the wire of the buoy, the other with the buoy itself, which serves as an earthwire. Thus the ship might communicate with a central post, which should be established on an island or rock, or a ship moored, according to M. Menuisier's system. A vessel in distress near one buoy might, through the central station, get help from a ship passing near the next buoy. The difficult matter would be the buoy. How would it resist storms that have broken cables? M. Menuisier has not yet described it in detail, but says it is pronounced quite successful by competent navigators. It is luminous by night, sonorous in a fog, and easily accessible in any weather.

Flying-Fish.

St. Nicholas.

In the sea there are three flyers that really, from the extent of their flights, deserve the name. Those of our readers who have been at sea, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying-fish, with its blue-and-silver body and lace-like, sheeny wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves, and returning to the water with a splash—perhaps to fall a victim to some watchful bonito (or dolphin) that has been closely following them beneath the water. These priva-

teers of the sea are their greatest enemies, as they rise in the air following them under water, and emerging just in time to catch the luckless flyers as they descend. The dolphins will take great leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor flying-fish, which, notwithstanding their long wings and wonderful powers, often fall victims to their tireless pursuers. They frequently fly aboard vessels at night, perhaps attracted by the lights, or, it may be, caught up by the wind from the crest of some curling wave, and carried high in air against the sails.

The gurnard, though it has also long, wing-like fans, presents otherwise a totally different appearance. Its head is inclosed in a bony armor, from which project two sharp spines. Some of these fish are of a rich pink color, while others are mottled with red, yellow, and blue, and as they fly along over the water, and the sunlight falls upon their glittering scales, they seem to glow with a golden luster. With such hard heads, it will not be surprising information that they are disagreeable fellows to come in contact with; at least, so thought a sailor who was standing at dusk upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, near one of the West India islands. Suddenly he found himself lying upon his back, knocked over by a monster gurnard that, with a score of others, had darted from the water, this one striking the man fairly in the forehead. The gurnards are also chased by dolphins, and they are frequently seen to rise in schools, to escape from the larger fish, while hovering above them are watchful gulls and man-of-war birds, ready to steal them from the jaws of their enemies of the sea.

In company with these flying fish may often be seen curious white bodies, with long arms and black eyes. They are flying-squids, members of the cuttle-fish family, and the famous bait of the Newfoundland cod-fishermen. On the Banks they are often seen in vast shoals, and during storms tons of them are thrown upon the shore. When darting from wave to wave, they resemble silvery arrows, often rising and boarding ships in their headlong flight. So valuable are they for bait, that four or five hundred vessels at St. Pierre are engaged in catching them by means of jiggers.

Many of the squid family leave the water when pursued. Even the largest of them, often forty or fifty feet long, have been seen to rise ten or fifteen feet in the air, and sail away as if propelled by some mysterious force, their hideous

arms dripping and glistening. They are certainly the largest and strangest of the flyers without wings.

Jeff Davis and Ben Butler in Tears.

In his speech to the old Sixth Massachusetts regiment, the other night, the southern secessionists did not think there would be a war because the north would not fight. He told them: "The north will fight," and "Don't you make a mistake about it. I'll fight for my own side." He called on Jeff Davis in the summer of 1860 and asked him if he could not do anything to stop the catastrophe that was impending. Davis said: "I shall go on my side. What course will you take?" Butler replied: "I shall go with my side and my side will go with me." "There was no anger," says Butler, "but more of sorrow between us, and while the tears stood in his eyes, Mr. Davis said: 'Is it possible that next time we meet we shall meet as enemies?' I sobbed in my reply: 'That depends on you.'"

Hayes and the Conductor.

Boston Traveller.

Mr. Hayes was traveling, absorbed in the affairs of state, when he was politely waited upon by the conductor of the train and his ticket requested. The president explained who he was, but the conductor said that his orders were imperative. He was obliged to show something at the end of his route for every passenger who traveled with him, and it did not make any difference who the man was, he must either have a ticket, a pass, or the money. As President Hayes had neither a ticket nor a pass, he reluctantly pulled out his pocket-book and counted enough money to pay his passage.

Hayes was a very close man in money matters, and he was highly indignant at the treatment which he had undergone. At the end of the road he stalked into the office of the president of the railroad and laid the facts before him, with a request that the conductor be either discharged or reprimanded. The railroad official calmly paid him back the money which he had given the conductor for his fare, and Mr. Hayes continued his journey in a much happier frame of mind. The conductor, when he found out that the president of the United States had made a complaint against him, was very apprehensive, and his fear of dismissal was by no means allayed when he received a

summons from the president of the road to come at once to headquarters.

When he arrived, Mr. Hayes's story was repeated to him, and he was asked if he had anything to say. Mr. Conductor took the rules out of his pocket and read them, saying that he saw nothing which exempted any passenger, even so high a personage as the president of the United States. He was then told that it was not the purpose of the president of the road to dismiss him for a breach of the rules, but that he was to be promoted to a more responsible position, with a much higher salary, for his faithfulness.

THE HAUNTED ENGINEER.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

'Twas 'long in the Summer o' seventy,
I was runnin' the 99,
The liveliest locomotive
O' the whole M'souri line.
Yes, now an' then I ditched a train
Or killed a colt or cow,
Accidents al'n't uncommon,
They'll happen anyhow.
I've cut off legs o' climbin' kids
But I've never killed a man
Tho I've come about as near it
An' missed, ez a feller can.
I don't go much on spirits
But the boys who hang 'round here
Hev got in the habit o' callin'
Me the "Haunted Engineer."
How did I come to be christened so?
It don't take long to fix
An ornery name on a feller
That somehow stays or sticks.
There once wuz a country sucker
Who lived near Bixby's mill
That a hundred times I reckon
Hez made my heart stand still.
Whenever he seed me comin'
He wuz alwuz bound to cross
In front o' the flyin' train
Instid o' pullin' up his hoss.
I worried so much about him
An' he kept in such a fear
The boys all got to callin' me
The "Haunted Engineer."

He'd alwuz stop an' look around
Ez the train went whizzin' by
He'd shake his whip at me an' grin
With a mean look in his eye
That seemed to say in a sneakin' way
Ez I ticked his wagon tire
"When you fool your uncle Ichabod
You must come a leetle nigher."
I knew a reckonin' time would come
To a feller with sich cheek
That some 'un wuz bound to knock him
Into the middle o' next week.
One day I got behind hand
On 'count o' a smashed up train,
Ole "99" zipped 'long the line
Like a Kansas hurricane,
But jist ez I seed the smoke stack
O' Bixby's mill appear
An' glanced at the highway crossin'
To see ef the road wuz clear
I seed the greenup comin'
With his ole hoss on the hop
I gin a toot with the whistle
But he didn't car' to stop;
An' quicker'n blue-tail blazes
Around me every whar'

War buckles, hoofs an' splinters
A flyin' thro' the ar.
I tugged away at the throttle-valve
With all my might an' main
But we went half a mile or more
Before we stopped the train.
We soon backed up to the crossin'
Whar the brakemen looked around
Thar wuzent a bone or splinter
O' his riggin' to be found.
Did it pulverize that granger?
Not much; he wuzent dead,
He riz up out o' poodle
With a big bump on his head;
He shook his fists at the brakeman,
He wasn't in a mood for fun;
He said that he'd sue the railroad
Fur damage we had done.
Sich smarties, they ain't uncommon,
They show their lack o' brains
By thinkin' their ole bob-tail hoss
Can distance railroad trains.
An' when one gits run over
The newsboys holler here
"Another railroad murder
By a careless engineer."
I reckon when up in Heaven
Sich cases ar' justly tried;
The rule will be with angels
A verdict o' suicide.

Gems With a History.

New York Sun.

"There are the \$100,000 twins—brought together by chance after more than a quarter of a century of separation, now we've got them.

The speaker was a German gentleman, the head of a wholesale diamond importing house in Maiden lane. As he spoke he took a packet of silken tissue paper from a big safe behind him and dropped it upon a counter covered with green baize, at which the reporter seated himself. A wire gate slammed to and locked the visitor in without seeming to have imprisoned him, and the German gentleman began to open the tissue paper packet. Two lustrous gems, which blazed with a pure bluish white fire, gleamed side by side. Each was about as big around as a three-cent piece, but what was more striking than their size was their identity of appearance and beauty. They are cut alike, weigh alike (eight and one-half carats each) and are veritable mineral twins.

"I could create a sensation and make a fortune with them in Paris," said the diamond merchant. "They are old Indian mine diamonds, and have a history that puts them in the catalogue of the famous gems of the world. I have proofs that establish their identity. They must have been in the possession of Warren Hastings when he was Governor General of India. Previously they have been the jewels of a rajah, and after they left Hastings' jewel casket they were secured by a Russian nobleman during a mutiny

in India. He took them to Amsterdam, where a skilled Dutch lapidary recut them, thereby greatly enhancing their beauty while only slightly decreasing their weight. The nobleman lost possession of one of them at the celebrated gaming table of M. Blanc, at Manaco. At least, it is supposed he lost it gaming, for it was only recovered at the auction sale of the effects of Mme. Blanc, widow of the famous gambler in Paris, a year ago. I secured it through an agent at the sale.

"Its mate," continued the jeweler, "had a no less eventful career. I found its way to a French jeweler, who sold it to the Duke of Brunswick, who, with eccentric prodigality, lavished money on precious stones, which he left to the city of Geneva. The history of the first blue diamond was published in Paris when I bought it, but search made afterward for the mate, which the Duke of Brunswick had bought, revealed the fact that it had disappeared.

"We found it two months ago—and how do you think? Why, my partner saw it sparkling in the shirt front of a Chicago merchant. He could hardly believe it. But by a stratagem he secured the means of comparing the gems, and proved their identity to his satisfaction. The merchant said he had bought the stone in England from a Jewish diamond merchant of London. He was induced to part with it at a handsome figure.

"Thus they came together," said the owner, as he rewrapped the sparks of mineral fire with tender care, "and thus they stay. They'll never be separated again if we can help it."

A Puzzled Driver.

"Driver, what time is it?"

It was at El Paso, and I was on the omnibus going from the Sante Fe depot across the ford of the Rio Grande to the Mexican Central Station. The driver, a typical New Mexican, looked up as I asked the question, but shook his head.

"We're all broke up on time here," he said. "All broke up. What kind of time do you want, sir?"

"What kind have you got?"

"All kinds. That's what the matter with us. That's local time. That varies somewhat 'cordin' to gents' watches, yer know; but I calls it"—pulling out his watch and looking at it—"7.50 A. M. But the Sante Fe folks here runs their trains on Jefferson City time. It ought to be 8.48 by them, I expect. But mebber, as yer goin' by the Central Road, yer wants

their time. That's City of Mexico time, and it's now 'bout half-past eight, I should say.

"But lots of gents want Chicago time, an' keeps ter that. 'Tis sommers about 8.56 by them, I reckon. But ask most any of these Western through gents, over the Southern Pacific, an' they'd probably tell yer 6.50 A. M., fer they haint changed their watches an' give yer 'Frisco time. Though 'bout as many more might say 9.50, fer they're right through from the East and have New York time."

"It's very puzzling and vexatious," I said.

"Wal, I should suggest it war. We figgers it as snug's we can on 'em, an' we tries to fit 'em all. But gents gits left every day on us, an' thar's no end of hard talk. I dunno what we'll do—onless, perhaps, the boys all goes and gits watches that keeps all the kinds of time ter wunst. Fer it's a fact, jest let a gent get a leetle hurried and flustered like, an' he's dead sure ter go an' add the difference of time onto the wrong end.

"But I can tell ye, at the hotel we has the wust times," continued the driver, with a pathetic gesture, "a callin' gents ter take the trains. Ye see, they leaves word at the office to be called at five o'clock, or half past, or six mebber. We goes ter knockin' fer 'em as nigh the time they say as we can figger it. But often as any way they all comes down madder'n snakes. Some's an hour too airy, an' some's got left an' lays over all day, a-fumin' about it. That's no gauge on it. We're all broke up."

The driver was evidently wrestling—not very successfully—with that troublesome problem which vexes better instructed heads than his, and bids fair to continue to do so.

Every one who has read Jules Verne's story of a tour of the world in eighty days will remember that a traveler going around the earth, eastward, may gain a day on local time.

It is also a fact well known that the difference of time between New York and San Francisco is about three hours. But it is at the many cities and towns where railway lines end—each line running its trains by different time—that the trouble begins for travelers. In these days of rapid trips, the tourist must needs be constantly correcting his watch, and almost concludes that the sun and the almanac are no longer reliable.

It almost seems as if the present system of solar time would ere long have to be abandoned, and some international time

gauge agreed upon. Meantime, one cannot help wishing that some genius could invent a watch which—guided like a compass, by the altitude of the sun in the heavens—would be a true *solimetre* and give correct solar time at every railway station in the world.

Character in the Family Circle.

Home life is the sure test of character. Let a husband be cross and surly, and the wife grows cold and unamiable. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, and hard. The wife bristles in self-defense. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. This is not what the family circle should be. If rude to any, let it be to some one he does not love—not to wife, brother or parent. Let one of the loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and green ground are cruel magnets. They draw us further than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved. It is a pitiable picture of human weakness when those we love best are treated worst.

Webster's Mistake.

New York Ledger.

Daniel Webster had a bad memory in money matters whether it was a case of money owed by him or money owed to him. He handled thousands of dollars, but often never looked at the amounts paid him, and in a few seconds would forget where he placed the money he had received. Probably there is some foundation for the story that he gave a troublesome beggar a hundred-dollar bill, to get rid of him, taking it out of his vest-pocket in mingled absent-mindedness and vexation. Another anecdote tells how awkwardly his bad memory caught him once:

The late J. T. Fields used to relate in the most graphic manner the particulars of his first interview with the god-like Daniel. Mr. Fields was at the date of the interview a lad fresh from the country, serving as junior clerk in the book-store of which he afterwards became the head.

Being the junior clerk, he was despatched upon the most difficult and hopeless errand which the business of the store afforded, namely, to collect a long-standing and ever-growing bill against Daniel Webster. Every one else in the store had tried and failed. It was now the turn of the new hand.

Mr. Fields went into Mr. Webster's office, made his most polite bow, and handing the bill, said, in his politest tone,—

"The firm present their compliments to you, Mr. Webster, and beg to remind you that their account has been running for a good many years, and they would be extremely obliged to you if you could settle it this morning."

"Young man," said Webster, "how can a man pay a bill who has no money? Look here, see for yourself."

Saying this he opened his desk, and lo! there lay a heap of bank-notes, which he had received some time before, and had totally forgotten.

"I beg your pardon," young man; I have some money. I was not aware of it. Help yourself."

The young man counted out the money, signed the receipt, and went back to the store with the light of victory in his eyes.

Warm Feet.

Mary Wager Fisher, in Rural New Yorker.

Children and all feeble folk whose feet become cold in bed, should be provided with a foot-blanket. An ordinary woolen blanket will make four, if cut in two and then across at right angles; hem or bind the edges and the blankets are ready for use. To insure complete comfort, warm the blankets at bed-time. The habit most children, and many adults, have of drawing up the limbs in bed for greater warmth, is a bad one, as when the body is in a constrained position the circulation of the blood is greatly retarded. Children in particular should be taught to lie straight in bed, and when they sleep in a very cold room it is but common comfort to give them a foot-blanket. It is one form of safety to warm foot-blankets ready for such members of the family as have been out in the cold at night. Rubbing the feet smartly is better than warming them at a fire. For sick persons, warm shoes as hot as the feet will bear, and put them on; it is a much better and quicker way than using a bottle of hot water, or heating a brick. To go to bed with cold feet, or hungry, is idloicy, when both can be avoided.

Firemen's Magazine.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of Locomotive Enginemen.

TERMS: One Dollar per year, in advance.

Advertising rates given on application.

Entered at the Post office at Terre Haute Indiana, as second class matter.

EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

The Souvenir.

The souvenir each delegate and his friends received at the Convention was an elegant expression of attention at the hands of our friends at Denver. The souvenir and the Denver Convention will always be inseparable recollections in the minds of our members.

Conduct of the Delegates.

Nothing occurred at the Denver Convention to mar its harmony and complete success. Every member carried himself like a gentleman. Dignity and good order reigned supreme and it was the universal comment of Denver's best citizens that they had never before seen such an orderly body of well behaved men.

Canada.

Our next Convention will be held in Toronto, Canada. This will be the first of our Conventions held outside of the States. We must make the next Convention a great success and make the Canadian people feel proud of our Order. We have an extensive membership in the Canadas and we expect to increase it very much in the coming year.

The Press of Denver.

We must not forget to say a kind word for the press of Denver. Our deliber-

ations were published in full, as were all the speeches and doings of our friends and members. Editorially, we were warmly welcomed to Denver and many pleasant wishes expressed for our success, and much of this success we attribute to the kindly manner in which we were treated by all the papers.

Beecher.

This grand old man, with his world-wide reputation did not deem it beneath him to address our delegates. His remarks were witty but full of meat. When such men as Beecher know of us and appreciate our work we may rest assured that we have not organized in vain. He called our convention one of "brain and brawn" and we feel that the compliment in this instance was well deserved, for a finer body of laboring men never met in this or any other country.

Col. J. B. Maynard.

Col. J. B. Maynard, of Indianapolis, is one of the grandest men it has ever been our pleasure to meet. Big-hearted and big-brained he is necessarily in complete sympathy with the laboring classes of this country. The Colonel has been a special friend to our Brotherhood. He stood by us during the dark days of 1877 when our Order was looked upon with suspicion, if not actual hatred. He is a very popular man and a magnificent public speaker. As he said when attending the Convention at Denver: "I am one of the boys." He feels for us and has done us much good by his voice and pen both. We are glad to hold him as one of our staunch friends.

Division 186, B. of L. E.

The public thanks of our Order are due to the men who compose the above named Division of the B. of L. E. They joined heartily with the members of Rocky Mountain Lodge, B. of L. F., to make our Convention a pleasure and a success. Especially are our thanks due to Edgar C. Bradford, of this Division. He laid

aside his own duties to help us. From the time our delegates arrived in Denver till the last man left, Mr. Bradford did all he could in his manly, frank way to make every one of us feel glad that we visited Denver. Engineers and firemen are naturally friends, and these men of Division 186 have made us feel it more than ever. Success to the B. of L. E.

Citizens of Denver.

We feel like devoting this entire issue of our Magazine to the praises of the men and women of Denver. They treated us more like royal guests than as plain, simple enginemen. Their houses were thrown open to us, they gave us a grand ball and banquet, at which the prominent men and women of the city joined hands with the hands of our delegates with a heartiness and cordiality that made us feel as if we belonged there. Mayor Routt and Congressman Belford did all in their power to make our convention a success. And one and all we have the kindest recollections and the highest regard for the noble men and the sympathetic women of Denver.

Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77.

The members of the above Lodge covered themselves all over with glory during the late Convention. The duties of receiving the visiting delegates and making arrangements for the Convention rested with them, and nobly and beautifully did they perform them. Every delegate and their friends were made to feel at home by the hearty welcome they received at the hands of these big-hearted, energetic brothers of No. 77. Nothing was left undone by them that would add pleasure and success to the Convention; everything was ready and just right. We think the Order may well give Rocky Mountain Lodge the credit of the grand success of the Denver Convention. Well done, boys.

Home for Disabled Enginemen.

The late Convention empowered Grand Master Arnold to appoint a committee of

five to inquire into the probable cost, the plans and location for a Home for Disabled Enginemen, said committee to report to the next Convention at Toronto. This will be a grand undertaking for our Brotherhood, but it can be accomplished, as we have accomplished other and greater things—by determination and good faith. We have no doubt that from our Magazine alone we can create a sufficient surplus to maintain this home. We ask our members to think the matter over and come to the next Convention prepared to discuss the question of the feasibility of turning over our surplus Magazine fund into this "Home" project.

Harmony.

In an order as extensive as ours it is next to impossible to prevent the growth of faction and local discontent. There was some dissatisfaction among the delegates which had grown up since the Terre Haute Convention, but at Denver everything was forgotten in the enthusiasm of our work. Differences were laid aside and every man made promise to work the next year as he had never worked before. Before the late Convention there were some weaknesses in our organization, but these have been strengthened, and we now stand a full-grown, self-reliant, one-purposed body of men that nothing can turn aside from the noble path we have worked out for ourselves.

The Pioneer.

One of the pleasant remembrances of the late convention is the Pullman sleeper "Pioneer." This elegant car was placed at the exclusive disposal of our delegates from Chicago to Denver and return by Mr. Robt. Barry, Assistant Superintendent of the Pullman Palace Car Co. It went to Denver via the C. R. I. & P. and U. P. and returned via the U. P. and C. & N. W. On the sides of the coach, in large letters, were the words "Denver convention, B. of L. F. All along the route, even at night, the "Pioneer" was cheered as it passed through the stations. Such

attentions as these make the boys feel proud, and they are among the pleasantest remembrances of the Denver convention.

Generosity of Railway Managers.

If it had not been for the prompt response made by railway officials all over the country to our requests for transportation for our delegates, our Denver convention could not have been the great success it was. In but rare instances did we meet with a refusal of accommodation. This kindness to us we believe to arise from the fact that our work has become familiar to these men and they intend in the future to do all they can to further our interests. All that railway officials have to learn in order to become our fast friends is the great work we have done and are doing. Capital and labor united, is our motto. Good, honest, sober workmen are the result of our teachings. Railway managers are learning this fast, hence they encourage us all they can.

A Noble Act.

The insurance department of our Brotherhood is not carried on for any personal gain. Our objects are charitable, pure and simple. At the late convention it appeared that there were \$19,000 of surplus in our treasury. It also appeared that since the organization of our insurance department about \$15,000 in claims had been disallowed for various good reasons. We were under no legal obligation whatever to pay these outlawed claims, but the late convention passed a resolution to the effect that all of these old and outlawed claims be paid, not as just claims, but simply as a donation from liberal hearted men to the suffering and the needy. We point with pride to this action of our convention and feel thankful that as an Order we were able and willing to bring help and comfort to so many hearts. An Order that is capable of doing so noble an act of charity is worthy of the respect of all mankind.

The Ladies.

Our convention was graced by the presence of many ladies, the wives and other relatives and friends of our delegates. We were pleased to see them there. Their enthusiasm in the work of our Brotherhood is not second to our members. They love our work and it is a great pleasure to hear them talk about "our Brotherhood." They have a good right to be present with us, for it is for them that we have built up our noble charity, and they are interested in seeing that we do it right. Their presence at Denver gave a dignity and beauty to our gathering it would not have had without them, and besides they were a restraint upon that feeling of irresponsibility among men away from home that made every delegate respect himself and conduct himself as if he were "way back in the States."

Change of Law.

Our convention accomplished one object that will meet with general approval. Formerly if a financial agent of a subordinate Lodge failed to report to the Grand Lodge the dues of members, such members lost their good standing. Now every financial agent of the Subordinate Lodges is an authorized agent of the Grand Lodge, and a receipt from him will be regarded as evidence of good standing on the books of the Grand Lodge. Every member will see at a glance the wisdom of this new law. Now members need not depend upon the good faith or promptness of the financial agents in making their returns. If they have the proper receipts they are fully protected and their claims will be promptly met.

Our Excursion Trains.

While at Denver the officers of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific placed at the disposal of our delegates and their friends two excursion trains; the first left Denver on Thursday and took us all to the Smelting Works, the

second left on Saturday morning and came back Sunday night. One of these trips took us through the justly renowned Royal Gorge. There it was our pleasure to see the most magnificent scenery mortal eye ever looked upon. Both trains were filled with the delegates and their wives and lady friends. The train men had decked their trains with flags and bunting and everything was prepared for us upon a grand scale. We are under great obligations to the officers of the D. & R. G. and the U. P. Railways. Also to the train men of the two excursion trains. We would like to thank them by name individually, but lack of space forbids. We will always remember these men and we assure them they have our thanks and gratitude.

Our Future.

Our past has become history. Every member knows the struggles we have undergone, the difficulties we have overcome, the obstacles we have surmounted. What lies before us? All is summed up in the one phrase—grand success. We have entered upon a career, the noble results of which, the wisest of us cannot foretell. We have confidence in ourselves, our employers love and respect us, we are out of debt, we are solidly organized, and the enthusiasm of our members is like the enthusiasm of soldiers marching down to battle to the "wild grand music of war." Widows and orphans bless our names, disaster and death are robbed of their terrors by our acts of charity. What need have we then to fear the future? Over 8,000 strong, with a promise of doubling our number in less than two years, we may expect to go to our next Convention at Toronto such a body of organized laborers as the world has rarely seen. Organized upon those solid rocks—industry, sobriety, charity. Men of our Order, do not let your courage fail you. Lose not one whit of your enthusiasm. We must go to the next Convention with the eyes of the whole nation upon us.

THE ORIGINAL "HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[As originally written the famous song by John Howard Payne was as follows:]

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other,) Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There's a spell in the shade,
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time and deeper than despair.
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds and the lambskins that came at my call,
Those who named me with pride,
Those who played by my side,
Give me them, with their innocence, dearer than all.
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

AS PUBLISHED BY MR. PAYNE IN NEW YORK IN 1831.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds sing gaily, that come to my call—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

[As arranged for music the version is the same as the last, with the exception of the last two stanzas, which are omitted.]

Scientific

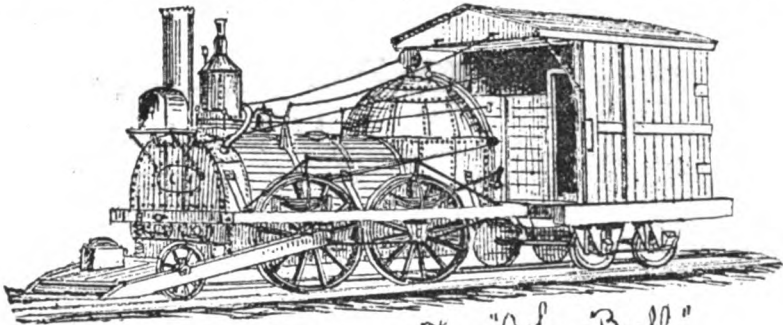
The Chicago Exposition of Railway Appliances.

Special Correspondence Firemen's Magazine.

II.

Our worthy Editor probably feels that I have already occupied too much space, but even his frown will not make me stop short here. No exhibition is complete without a museum, and in this case the "museum" or the "old curiosity shop" was a right good one, and I know the boys would never forgive me if I neglected

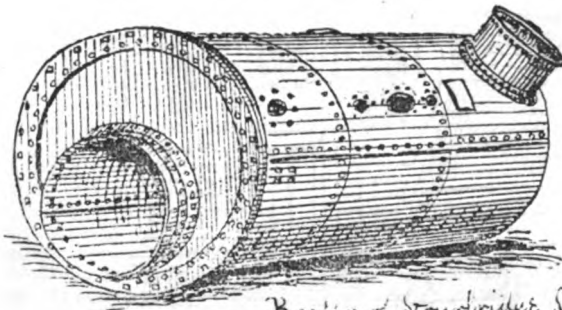
to show them the good old relics which it contained. It gave a railroader as much satisfaction as to meet an old friend to walk past these old veterans which constituted the very A B C of railroading. The directors of the South Kensington (England) Museum had kindly sent for the occasion what is claimed to have been the first locomotive that ever moved, "The Rocket," of the immortal George Stephenson. I regret that I cannot place this interesting antiquity before the eyes of the readers of the Magazine, nor the "America," which was the first locomotive ever brought to America. I have succeeded, however, in securing illustrations of some of these specimens. The "John Bull" was lent for the Exposition



The "John Bull"

by the Smithsonian Institute, of Washington. It bears the date of 1831. As a specimen of the boiler making of these times, I have procured a figure of the boiler of one of the first locomotives used

in this country—The Stonebridge Lion. This hardy boiler has lasted even after the rest of the engine has gone to oblivion or to the dickens, and still it is "good and smart." But it will not be likely to tempt



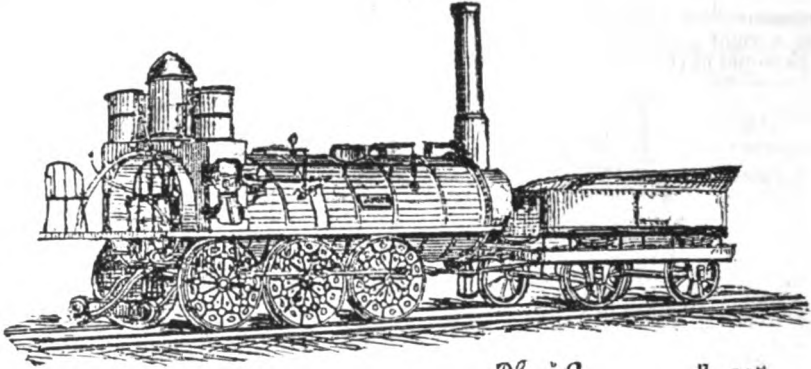
Boiler of Stonebridge Lion 1829

the modern railroad locomotive builder, even if it should prove its lasting qualities by lingering in the world for a thousand years. It is behind the times. But now let us pass it by and turn our attention to

the "Samson." This locomotive and the box-shape affair called coach which went with it has a brilliant history. It is not only a pioneer, but it is the veteran *par excellence*. It was built in 1838, at Shel-

don, England, but was subsequently brought to Nova Scotia by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, where it has been running until August of last year, always under charge of the same engineer, Mr. George Davidson, who helped to build it in England. Mr. Davidson is now eighty-four years old, and was to be seen in the annex with the engine, just as hale and hearty as many a younger engineer. The Samson is constructed on the cart-before-the-horse principle, the tender being attached to the front part. The cylinders are vertical and placed at the

upper part of the rear end of the boiler, the piston rod being attached to the last driving wheel on each side. In the side rods of this engine could be seen what was doubtless the original split key. Instead of being held by a set screw the key is prevented from backing out by a wedge driven into a split which extends nearly to the top of the key. Among the veterans I must mention the "Arabian," built for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad by Phineas Davis, and still in active service in the Mount Clare shop-yards, at Baltimore. It is forty-nine years old, having

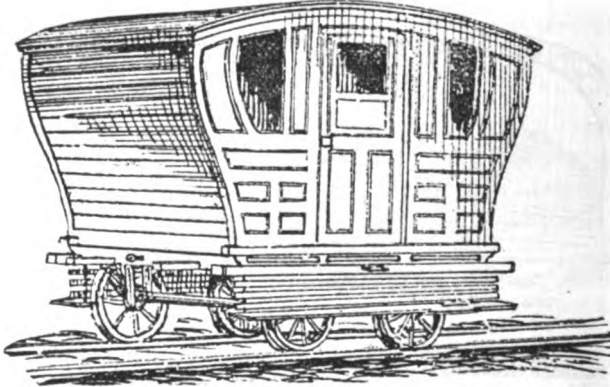


The "Samson" 1838

been completed in 1834. The "Pioneer," another ancient engine, was built in 1836 by M. W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, for the Utica & Schenectady railroad. It now belongs to the Chicago & Northwestern road, and has been greatly modified from what it was originally, iron

frames and drivers having been substituted for wooden ones.

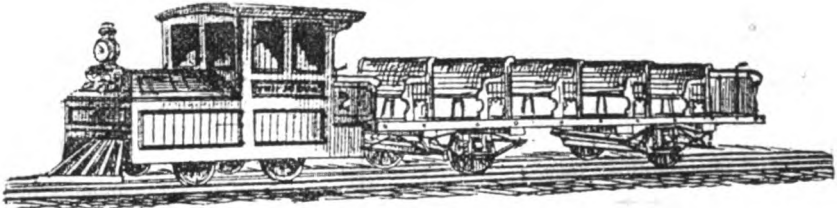
This must complete my review of the old curiosity shop, for I have no more illustrations of the veterans to display, and I know my theme would not be interesting, for these old things must be



Coach attached to locomotive "Samson" 1838

seen to be appreciated. But now that I have terminated my rounds and that I have shown the present and contrasted it with the past, that every one may realize for himself the vast strides of progress which the art of railroading has made in its career of less than fifty years, I must point forward to the future by introducing what is at once the latest and the most remarkable development of railroad science—the electric railroad. Around the margin of the gallery of the main building was a three foot track, on

which the visitor, by paying ten cents, could make a trip in an open car propelled by an electric locomotive at the rate of nine miles an hour. For a locomotive fireman to gaze at this wonder of the youngest of sciences was to feel a new revelation. Here was the locomotive reduced to its simplest essence. No tender, no coal, no water, no smoke, no steam, no noise, and—no *fireman!* Surely he would incline to shed a tear and say with the poet:



The Electric Railroad 1881

"And O you mortal engines; whose rude throats
"The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfelt,
"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

There stands the engineer, with his daintily gloved hand, that pulls what looks like a throttle valve, but which is a switch that regulates the supply of electricity to his noiseless steed. A reversing lever, apparently just like that operated by the man on the "right side," serves to reverse the motion at will. But whence comes the power that thus so silently moves the train in response to the bidding of the youthful engineer? It comes along the rails on the wings of lightning even as a message on the telegraph line—from a distant station. There are three rails; the two outside ones are connected to one pole and the inside one to the other pole of a dynamo-electric machine placed somewhere in the building, and which delivers a supply of current to the "electric road." The wheels, forming contact with the rails, and a set of wire brushes rubbing on the central rail, form the device for "picking up" the current, which is conveyed to the electric motor placed in the cab of the electric locomotive, and whose motion is conveyed to the drivers. The locomotive weighed about three tons. The length of the track, measured on the central rail, was 1,553 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile, with a sharp curve on a radius of

fifty-six feet at each end. The power realized must have been at least seven horse power. This was the first electric railroad constructed for business purposes in the country. It was scarcely in operation two weeks, but it made 1,588 trips and carried 26,805 passengers. Of course this locomotive was a mere toy compared with its older brothers of the steam "persuasion," but it was enough to show what can be done and what we may expect from this mode of locomotion. But lest it may worry some of the boys, and perhaps lead them to look about for another situation, I will say here that Othello's occupation will not likely be gone for many years. I dare say that all the good members of the Brotherhood will have passed over to the right hand side long ago when that time comes, because the days of the steam locomotive are not nearly numbered yet.

I do not consider that I have made more than a crude sketch of the Exposition, which, I forgot to state, opened May 24 and lasted exactly one month, much to the disappointment of all, who would have been satisfied to have had it remain open longer. I regret that I did not succeed more to my satisfaction at least in giving the reader a succinct idea of its magnificent features, which made the Hon. E. B. Washburne, in his address at the formal opening, May 24, say: "When we look around and about us and behold

this marvelous and wonderful display, we are lost in admiration at the strength of the human understanding and the inventive genius of man."

I trust, however, that I have enabled the reader to form at least a feeble conception of the brilliant developments which mark the progress made in an industry of such importance as the railroad, and to feel with me the sentiment expressed by Mr. Washburne in the same address: "In the presence of all these wonderful and varied inventions, fashioned into shape by the cunning hand of the artisan, revealing novelties and improvements unknown in bygone ages, and of the extent of which the widest imagination never dreamed, we bow in admiration to the genius of the age. Uniting intelligence to science and virtue, there seems to be no limit to the advancement of the human race."

BAD HABITS.

Texas Siftings.

The habits and vices we practice and love,
Like chronic diseases, are hard to remove,
The smoker will smoke and the toper will drink,
Not caring what others say of them, or think.

The swearer whose language is coarse and profane,
Is bound by his habits, nor can he refrain
From cursing, blaspheming and damning his soul,
Urged on by a habit he cannot control.

The liar who lies with intent to deceive,
Will lie, tho' he knew that you do not believe
One word that he speaks, for he learned in his youth,
The habit of lying and hating the truth.

The thief and the robber who pilfer and steal,
Declare what their devilish habits reveal,
And all who dishonestly try to get gold,
Their greed, through their covetous habits unfold.

And those who give way to their passions impure,
Who oft are allured while they try to allure,
Are chained to their habits, repulsive and low,
Which lead them to darkness, destruction and woe.

All vices when suffered to enter the heart,
Are hard to evict—they are loath to depart;
And so the poor sinner is kept in control
By all the vile habits which master the soul.

One way—and but one—of escape is revealed
From habits and vices, exposed and concealed;

'Tis trusting in Him who is mighty to save
From habits and vices—from death and the grave.

The Denver Convention.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas met at Denver, Col., Tuesday morning September 18th. The delegates began arriving on Sunday morning and by Monday evening the city was fairly alive with members of the Order. Committees of the home Lodge were faithfully on hand receiving the guests and assigning them to their respective quarters. So perfect were the arrangements that not the slightest confusion ensued, but everything moved with the regularity and system of clock-work.

The delegates and visitors were principally assigned to the St. James Hotel, the Markham Exchange and the American House, where all arrangements had been made for their reception and accommodation. A goodly number of ladies were present, manifesting a deep interest in the welfare of the Order.

Monday was spent in hand-shaking and getting acquainted—it was a day of reunion and rejoicing, bringing together old friends and uniting many new ones in the fraternal fold.

On Tuesday morning the committees began to assemble the hosts at the respective headquarters, and by ten o'clock those of the Markham and American had joined the delegation at the St. James and there they were marshalled into line preparatory to marching to the City Hall, a new and imposing structure, where the opening exercises were to take place.

The procession then moved and when it arrived at the City Hall, Prof. Wolff's orchestra began to discourse beautiful music, the selections being highly appropriate to the occasion and eliciting the most enthusiastic applause.

We present the programme prepared for the occasion:

Music, Grand March, dedicated to the B. of L. F., by Prof. Wolff.

Overture Rosamunde Schubert

Call to order by the Chairman Gen. S. A. Shepperd.

Opening Prayer Rev. Father Brennan

Address of Welcome to the City . . . Hon. John L. Routt, Mayor. (6-4)

Music . . . Selections: Queen's Lace Handkerchief . . . Strauss.

Address of Welcome to the State . . . Hon. J. B. Grant, Governor.

Music . . . Potpourri from Orpheus . . . Offenbach

Address . . . Col. Maynard, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Music Railroad Galop Crowe

Address Hon. T. M. Patterson

Address . . . Hon. Jas. Belford, Colorado, Representative in Congress.

Address Hon. H. O. Wolcott
 Annual Address . Grand Master F. W. Arnold
 Music by Orchestra.

The following report of the opening exercises is taken from the Denver papers:

The hall was magnificently decorated. On either side of the platform were choice groupings of potted foliage and flowering plants. At the back of the stage and extending all around the hall were flags, bunting and mottoes. At the top and rear of the stage were the bannerets representing Mexico, the United States and Canada. Below these and extending over the whole width of the hall were the words: "Our Motto—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Beneath this hung a magnificent American flag and below it the letter "B" in red and the American and British flags over a Union shield. On the sides of the room were such mottoes as these: "Capital and Labor—Our Interests are Identical," "The Property of the Employer is the Property of the Employed," "Capitol is What Labor Makes It," "Well Paid Labor is Well Paid Capital," etc. Over the entrances were drappings of flags, while stands of bunting met in the center of the hall around a grouping of flags. It is probable that the City Hall was never more tastefully decorated.

Quiet having been restored, General S. A. Shepperd, who acted as President of the occasion, advanced to the front of the platform and said:

GENERAL S. A. SHEPPERD.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen: The time for calling this gathering together has arrived. There are so many distinguished speakers that I don't feel like taking up more than an hour and a half of your time. When I ride on the train I almost always ride in the engine and the fireman gives me his seat. For this reason, I suppose, the boys thought that I ought to do them a favor and so asked me to preside to-day. But I am rather embarrassed at being selected for this place, and have concluded not to make any speech at all. The regular speakers of the occasion will tire you out readily enough, and I don't see any reason why I should take up your time myself.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Father Brennan.

The address of welcome was to have been given by Mayor Routt, but as that gentleman had failed to put in an appearance his speech had to be passed over and a selection by the orchestra took its place.

While the orchestra was playing Aldermen Brooks and Watkins entered the hall and were escorted to the platform.

Governor Grant was to have delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the State, but being obliged to go to New York on business was unable to be present. He sent a letter explaining his absence.

Edgar C. Bradford, a well-known Union Pacific engineer, and a representative of Division 186, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, made some remarks, welcoming the firemen to Denver. He spoke in substance as follows:

We extend to you a hearty welcome to the Queen City of the Plains. Ever since the organization of Lodge 77 in this city there has been a very pleasant feeling between it and Division 186, and I hope that your stay here may be pleasant. Again, gentlemen, I bid you welcome and I assure you that it is joined in by every one in the city.

General Shepperd then said:

It is my pleasure now to introduce to you a gentleman connected with a paper in Indian-

apolis, Ind., whose paper has always worked for the best interests of railroad men. This gentleman used to live West, that is, he used to live on a little stream called the Missouri river. But he never expected he would be able to come out here in a palace car and would find such a city here. He has been here three or four days and has nearly had his arm taken off by hand-shaking. It is my pleasure now to introduce to you Colonel Maynard, of Indianapolis.

Colonel Maynard was greeted with a storm of applause. He said:

COLONEL J. B. MAYNARD.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is reported of Horace Greeley that once upon a time, addressing a young man who applied to him for advice, he said: "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country."

"Go West" has been the shibboleth of Anglo-Saxon civilizers on this continent, and the grand army of path-finders, since the days when Puritan, Chevalier and Huguenot first landed upon our shores, has ceaselessly tramped towards the land of the setting sun. For more than two hundred years the drum-beat of the advancing columns of wilderness subduers, mountain climbers, corn and wheat planters, gold and silver hunters, home and city builders, State architects and Indian exterminators has been heard. "Way down East"—to the Eastern boundary of the Pine Tree State—in all New England, above the sounding symphonies of ocean billows, the tumbling splash of cataract and cascade, whirl of spindles, click of shuttles and ring of anvils, all along the course of years, has been heard on every farm, in every hamlet, village and city, the exhortation, "Go West." From New England, from all the States of the Atlantic Coast to the southernmost headland of Florida, the ears of the people have been ceaselessly saluted with the persuasive advice "Go West." In the Middle, Southern and Central States of the great Republic the cry has been and is still heard, "Go West." What has been the result? From the East the people have gone West.

It is only required to look abroad over "the West" mark its extent, its wealth, its fertility, its boundless resources, its mountains filled with precious metals, its valleys of fabulous productiveness, its giant energies, which every day develop and which seemingly defy exaggeration, to impress the beholder with the idea that sober fact has taken on all the glamour of fiction. In response to the summons "Go West," a continuous tide of population, native and foreign, has been and is still rushing westward, sweeping away the wilderness, waking up industry and civilization in its progress, dotting the boundless prairie with human habitations and studding the rivers with marts and cities; penetrating every green nook and vale, climbing every fertile ridge and mountain barrier; and this has been going forward until the wilderness where the Oregon rolls his majestic flood, and once heard no sound save his own dashing, is no longer a solitude. It has yielded to the inevitable, and now blooms with fabulous productiveness and the songs of its harvest homes have become National anthems.

Permit me to say, Mr. President, that before the days when Horace Greeley announced his "Go West" philosophy, when a boy fifteen years of age, I heard the inspiring call "Go West," and in 1835 I landed on the western border of Illinois, at a time when the "clearing" was giving place to the farm and the log cabin to the more pretentious "frame building," when the Indians were not far

away, when the antlered deer roamed secure in the forests and on the prairie, and the pioneer still relied more upon his rifle than his herds to supply his larder. I was in the West and near the frontier in ample time to grow up with the country. For almost fifty years a resident of Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Indiana, I have seen the people of the West still going West, Northwest and Southwest. I have seen the few grow to a mighty people, as the star of empire rose grandly to the zenith and pursued its luminous way westward, until the great Republic has marched across the continent, and the sounding billows of two mighty oceans, tossing high their white caps, seemingly rejoice while holding in their embrace an Empire of boundless responsibilities.

I have heard it asked, Mr. President, by what bonds will be held together so mighty a people and such an immense domain? What safeguard will be required against danger which must inevitably grow out of so vast and complicate an organization? In the swelling tide of prosperity who shall guard against political corruption? The answer has always been ready—the law, the virtues and intelligence of the people, the genius of our institutions, the lofty patriotism which influences and governs the masses, the school, the Church, the traditions of the Republic, shall forever be equal to any emergency, and whatever may be the ordeals through which it shall be called to pass, however fierce the heat of affliction's furnace, I verily believe there shall ever be a rescuing power at hand, and that when the smoke of battle shall have cleared away the country will still be one and indivisible, with one flag and one destiny, a Government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Mr. President, permit me on this occasion to felicitate myself. I am now in the very center of the far West.

I am in Denver, a city of fabulous growth in wealth and importance, elegance, culture and commerce, the capital city of the State which but yesterday was a wilderness, a *terra incognita*, but which is now known throughout the civilized world for the steady stream of gold and silver which is pouring down her mountain elevations, to vitalize the commerce and industries of the world.

I am here, Mr. President, the guest of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, and no guest of prince or potentate was ever prouder of the partially bestowed than I am to-day, surrounded as I am by these representative men, than whom none are more worthy of the courtly hospitalities and generous recognitions which the broad gauged people of this justly renowned city are bestowing.

I realize the dignity, the high privilege of being accounted the peer of men whose calling demands courage of the loftiest character and the most unwavering fidelity to trusts, the importance of which defies exaggeration. For sixty hours I have been at the mercy of men who manage the locomotive—day and night, in the darkness and in the light—sweeping along with the speed of the wind, through forests and cultivated fields, and across the plains, over rivers and chasms, around curves and through cuts, I have been, as you all have been, in the hands of men who build the fires and hold the iron horse on his tracks of steel, marking ceaselessly his temperature and respiration. I have known, as you have known, that dangers were lurking along the track, but knowing also that ceaseless vigilance was on guard and that all that human endurance, skill, courage and fidelity could do to avert disaster was being

done, we have dismissed our fears and felt secure.

I should dwarf these reflections out of all just proportions, were I to simply consider yours or my own interests in referring to the trusts which railroad officials repose in locomotive firemen and engineers. In contemplating the subject, the mind at once grasps the vast system of railroads extending across the continent, which cross and recross each other at thousands of intersecting points in all directions and in every section, until the map of the continent discloses a network of railroads labyrinthian in its construction to all except the students of such mysteries. These roads, within the United States and Canada, now exceed 100,000 miles, and upon a fair estimate there are 22,000 locomotives in operation, each requiring the services of a locomotive fireman—hence we have an army of locomotive firemen in the United States and Canada of more than 22,000, almost equal in number to the regular army of the Republic.

Some ten years ago an effort was made to organize this large number of locomotive firemen into a Brotherhood—into relations of mutual kindness—an association of sympathy, harmony, unity and protection. To what extent success has attended the effort is shown by the fact that 8,000 members now belong to 180 lodges of the Brotherhood, whose representatives are now in Denver to transact business for the good of the Order. In the preamble to the Constitution of the Brotherhood I find the following:

"For the purpose of effecting a unity of the locomotive firemen of the United States and Canada, and elevating them to a higher social and intellectual standard, and for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been organized.

"We recognize an identity of interests between our members and their employers, and it is made a special object of the Brotherhood to bring them in perfect harmony with each other.

"Benevolence is the principal object of our existence, and in our hazardous calling it is almost daily brought into requisition by the husbandless and fatherless, whose protectors have gone down at the post of duty."

Mr. President, I am of the opinion that it would be difficult to improve upon the affirmations of that preamble—I think they are wonderfully suggestive. I am persuaded that the great public is as profoundly interested in the success of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen as are its individual members. This, I am confident, will appear upon even a cursory glance at the vast interests involved. Assuming that there are now in operation in the United States and Canada 100,000 miles of railroad, there would be about 14,000 passenger cars in the service. Assuming that a passenger car will seat sixty persons, these cars would accommodate 840,000 persons. Guarding against over-estimates, we assume that 500,000 persons are daily in these cars for the purpose of transportation. Accepting these estimates as within the boundaries of actual fact, the grand sum total of passengers annually transported in railroad cars would reach 182,500,000, or more than three times the entire population of the country.

In contemplating this phase of the subject, it would be difficult to overestimate the interest which the public has in an organization which, as a fundamental principle, insists that a man qualified for membership "shall be of good moral character, industrious, sober, and sound in body and limb." Here we have declarations of vital

importance to the traveling public—to all who commit their lives and their property to the custodianship of "enginemen."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen declare: First—That an applicant for membership shall be a man of "good moral character." Who is capable of estimating the value of "good moral character?" A man possessed of such a treasure will do to trust anywhere. He is an honest man. He stands forth everywhere as the crowning work of Jehovah's creative fiat.

Second—The applicant for membership in a lodge of Locomotive Firemen must be a "sober man," free from the vice of drunkenness. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, by declaring that only sober men shall wear the regalia of the order, have sounded the keynote of safety to the lives of millions of men and women. "Good moral character" is not enough. The world misjudges in that regard sometimes; but the term "sober" affords less margin, or no margin at all, for discussion. Sober men the Brotherhood demands for the work of firemen and engineers, and for doing that they are entitled to approval and applause. Let the world know that the men who are in charge of the fire and the steam of the locomotive are men of good moral character and sober, and at once, and with loud acclaim, the verdict: "They are safe men," is pronounced—royal men in their right, and thrice royal by virtue of the elevating and dignifying declaration, that only men of good moral character, sober, industrious and sound, shall ever become members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Mr. President and representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, I congratulate you and your Association for the courage which enabled you to incorporate into your Constitution such declarations of approval of qualities that underlie success in every department of the world's activities.

In carrying forward the grand enterprises of this practical and utilitarian age, men such as can enter the charmed circle of a Lodge of Locomotive Firemen are in demand. They are men who can pass muster when the highest standards to test human excellencies are brought into requisition. They have a right to be known as *Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*—a royal priesthood qualified to serve at any altar or shrine consecrated to noble aims and ambitions.

Mr. President, as I contemplate the sturdy men around me, decorated with the badge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and ponder the aim of their organization—the elevation of themselves to higher social and intellectual planes—for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families, I confess that the sentiments inspired rise to exaltation. I have before me an exhibition of the best phase of our boasted civilization. The champions of labor and skill in council, conscious of the dignity of their calling, working together to achieve triumphs for themselves in the world's broad field of battle—the blessings of which, in a large measure, descend upon society and the public at large—inspires faith that social and industrial problems are to be prudently solved.

Mr. President, I am not surprised that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen annually grows in favor with men who have in charge the vast railroad interests of this country and the continent. These young and courageous men, in seeking their own social and intellectual elevation, are giving positive assurances that they are the friends of railroad owners, that they appreciate char-

acter, ability and fidelity, and if there be virtues that shine with a more satisfying effulgence, name them, and I will designate some of your Colorado mountains whose summits above cloud land are forever kissed by sunbeams, as their eternal monuments. These men tell us that one of the noble aims of their Brotherhood is the protection of the families of their associates; that benevolence is the chief object in view—to look after the "husbandless and fatherless whose protectors have gone down at the post of duty."

Sir, within the wide realm of generous purposes nothing can be found better calculated to commend the admiration and respect of the world. Such sentiments are inspired by love of home, devotion to wife and children. It is a key note, attuned to the holiest desires that ever found lodgment in the human soul. Sir, with such feelings animating the workmen of this country, the Republic is safe. While the hearts of American toilers throb responsive to home affections, duties and joys, the Republic shall stand.

Byron sang the Roman legend:

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world."

It suits my purpose to say, while stand American homes, the great Republic shall stand. When fall American homes the great Republic shall fall, and when the great Republic falls the most glorious light of liberty that ever flashed its rays athwart the world goes out forever.

Mr. President, it has been a fancy of mine that the time would come in the onward march of ideas suited to our civilization, when railroad magnates, Presidents and directors, holders of stock, bonds and mortgages, all who are interested in earnings, interest and dividends would apply for honorary membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Why not? Why may not the time come when the leveling up and the leveling down process shall bring men of good moral character, who are sober, industrious and sound in body and limb into such relationship that the rich and the powerful shall deem it a dignity to wear the badge of honorary membership in a Brotherhood which has for its purpose the moral, social and intellectual elevation of its members, and be proud to contribute for the "help of the husbandless and fatherless when their protectors have gone down at their post of duty?"

Where is the plumed knight, the titled dignitary, who stands a thousandth part of an inch above the man who has a good moral character, who is striving to elevate himself socially and intellectually, and who is sober and true to every trust?

The grand old apostle Peter, who is said to be entrusted with the keys of the kingdom, declared that "God is no respecter of persons," and if there is one Christ idea abroad in the world, possessing undying vitality, it is that good, moral character, sobriety and industry constitutes the man the peer of any other man who is capable of the conception that God made him. Those who indulge the scientific fancy that apes were their progenitors need not be considered.

Mr. President, unless the signs of the times are enigmas too occult to be solved by modern seer or soothsayer, the present is the age of brotherhoods, combinations and corporations. The individual is disappearing, the organization speaks. Capital combines and impossibilities are attacked. Capital com-

bines with skill and labor, and the seeming impossibilities of yesterday become effete themes to-day. Capital and skill combine, and rivers and chasms are spanned, mountains are tunneled, the iron track encircles the rocky mountains of the world, and the iron steed rests on elevations above the eyrie of the condor. Capital and skill combine, and the electric fluid brings the Nations of the earth into conversing proximity. Capital and skill combine, and the waters of distant seas embrace, and ships go cross-lots to their destined ports. Capital and skill combine, and the hum of machinery becomes a National anthem in honor of the nuptial tie. Capital and skill combined, and the eternal mountain safes, where the Creator stored His gold and silver, are blown open and made to give up their treasures. Capital and skill and labor combined, and the gang-plows move, followed by the wheat and corn-planter, then the bearded wheat and tasseled corn, caressed by the sun and baptized by the rain, invite the reaper and the mower and the song of the harvest home, blending with the music of lowing herds on a thousand hills, sends forth through all this God-favored land such melodies as heaven and earth rejoice to hear. Capital and labor—labor and capital—the wisdom of the age is equal to their honorable adjustment, and I am persuaded that locomotive firemen demand nothing more.

But, sir, there are combinations other than capital and labor which have claims demanding favorable verdicts. Mind forces, soul aspirations, heart sympathies, which have for their object the mitigation of human ills, from whatever source they spring, are coming to the front—the world is giving them a hearing, and humanity is rising, coming up, climbing, marching to higher social, intellectual and political elevations.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

You remember, on one occasion in the far-away days when the Christian era was in its dawn, that John the Baptist, whose raiment was unostentatious, whose home was the wilderness, whose meat was locusts and wild honey, but whose voice was the harbinger cry of coming events, the shadows of which as they fell athwart his pathway he interpreted, sent his disciples to Christ to inquire if He were the promised Messiah that should inaugurate a new civilization, or should he look for another? The answer made no reference to the past, no prophecy nor promise was quoted. No allusion to priest, altar or sacrifice; simply, "Go tell John what you behold, what you see and hear—the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, but, above all, the poor are recognized and taught."

We are living in the closing years of the nineteenth century. As God reckons time—a thousand years as a day—less than two days have elapsed since the lifting power of Christian civilization began its work. Its sun, rising grandly to the zenith, is flooding the world with the truth that the poor have rights which Constitutions, laws and rulers are bound to respect. Much has been accomplished. The outlook is inspiring. "Dinna ye hear the slogan?" Croakers to the rear.

What do you see and hear? Despots are trembling, thrones are tumbling, crowns are crumbling. The sovereignty of man is being recognized. The case on trial is "the ballot vs. the bayonet," and in the Court of final adjudication the ballot will win. The school

is doing its work; it is preaching the gospel of liberty.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands."

The glad tidings are borne on wind and wire that the prostrate are lifting up their heads, breaking their fetters, claiming their birth-rights and asserting their power.

When a week shall have passed, according to Jehovah's method of marking the flight of days, the indications are that mankind will stand redeemed from the thralldom of ignorance, superstition and oppression. Brotherhoods are multiplying, social ties are being strengthened, intellectual enjoyments are in demand. Good character is being estimated at its real value. Benevolence, which beautifies the world and gladdens all hearts, counts its champions among the gifted and good of the earth, and the world is growing brighter and better.

All hail the day when despots fall—when man, taking courage of his divinity, inscribes on all the banners of the Nations in peace and in war: "Give me liberty, give me equality, give me citizenship, give me the ballot, or give me death."

At the conclusion of Col. Maynard's address and amid tumultuous applause, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was escorted to the platform.

The orchestra then played Crowe's very lively "Railroad Galop." At the conclusion of their performance, General Shepperd said:

Firemen, the regular train hasn't arrived, but we have got a special all ready. It is my pleasure to introduce to you the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He runs the next train.

Rev. Mr. Beecher then advanced to the front of the platform and said:

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I count myself highly fortunate in being present in this surprising city, and on such an occasion also as this. I spent an hour trying to find the city of Denver as I used to remember it five years ago, and I am like the man that visited New York and said that he could not see the city for the houses in it. If I believed in sorcery and magic I should say that this was the city of magicians for extent and completeness, and beauty of buildings, both private and public and all the elements of prosperity that lie upon the very face of it.

To a man that loves his whole country it cannot but make him proud of the enterprise that has constructed so beautiful a city in what almost might be called a wilderness, and to meet such a convocation of men here, men whose character should command the respect and gratitude of every man who has consideration for his fellow men, is a great pleasure to me this morning.

There are two machines that represent the triumph of human ingenuity, the great and the small, and yet each in its own way perfect the perfection of modern mechanical skill. There is the watch we can carry without danger of change in the arctic and at the equator. There it notes the months and years and almost regulates the movements of the heavenly bodies by its accuracy. That is the perfection of a machine in small. The locomotive is the perfection of power and beauty and fine adaptation, and the engine appears to have revolutionized the world. This continent

would have lain hidden in darkness for yet half a thousand years but for the system of railroads. The accuracy, the safety, the amazing industry that have come in with the railroad defies the imagination and outruns speech. I am in the situation of one to speak feelingly on this matter. I left New York on the 9th of July with a list of engagements to speak every night, with one or two exceptions, to the end of October. I passed, turned north, returning through Portland to Puget Sound and back again and round about by the detestable sea, which I wish was frozen up and a railroad built upon it (laughter), to San Francisco and then down to Ogden, and then through that incomparable little railroad, the Denver and Rio Grande, to Denver, and never have made one miss, or come within sight of one, speaking every night and meeting my appointments certainly, until it is about as certain as the rising and the setting of the sun, that a man can make calculation with mathematical nicety. And as to safety, I have been for more than forty years at home and abroad a constant traveler on railroads, and have never even seen an accident, and I can say also that I don't desire to. (Applause). When I look at this great railroad system, when I see what has been done, the capital that has been commanded, I have come to the conclusion that whatever may be true of Congress, whatever may be true of the Legislature, whatever may be true of teachers, including ministers, it takes the biggest heads in the nation to be railroad men. (Applause). Big heads, I mean, well furnished. (Laughter). We might look at the whole system in its interior, at the men that manage all the details, the freight, the tickets, the conductorship, of them all I do not know any class of railroad men that deserve more than the firemen and the engineers in the railroad service. (Applause). I regard the fireman as nothing but a man that is worthy of being an engineer after a little while. And as to the engineer, what can be said more than that they are the body of men with whom it is safe to trust that which is dearest to us in all the world, our children, our wives, our husbands, our brothers? They are the men with whom it is safe to trust human lives. It is not always safe to trust men in the care of a doctor. There are a great many professions that are called useful, but with gaps in them. But, take them as a body throughout the United States, the firemen and the engineers are the men in whose care it is safe to put millions of property and millions of human lives. And no test of their fidelity can be better than this, that to-day it is safer to travel on the railroad than to stay at home. (Applause). When going from Portland once to Boston I rode with the engineer, for there they are very courteous and I got invitations that I have never gotten in the West. It didn't hurt, you know, for Phillip to get up and ride with the Eunuch of Ethiopia. Riding with the engineer he was giving me some confidences of his own, and inveighing against the passengers. "Why," said he, "only last week a fellow got out of the car and came to me when I had a pretty heavy train on, and said, 'Now, engineer, you have a responsible position; you have a good many lives in your charge and ought to be very careful.'" "But," said he, "I looked him in the face, and said I, 'Damn you, I have got a wife and two girls at home, and don't you suppose that if I don't care about them I care about you fellows?'" If there is any danger the engineer and firemen have the first taste. They are in the lead in almost every respect, but certainly in the element of peril, and whether it be in the midst of snows in winter, or if it be the sweeping freshet, the gaping bridges, or

in the night when there are no stars and no moon and the lights have gone out, it is in every condition that the railroad engineer and railroad fireman meet the music of death, and meet it with a heroism that has no equal on record.

For they are men who have perilled their lives, have stood and given themselves for the safety of the charge behind them, with a heroism never surpassed on any battle field or in any other scenes of human life.

Men have trusted their goods to them, their little household gods, their children and things dearest to them.

You should no more pass the fireman or engineer without raising your hat to him in token of respect and honor than you would pass General Grant or General Sherman.

Among the great things of civilization is the power of men to live together and organize themselves into living machines. The sublimest thing in this world is that millions of men of millions of different pursuits have learned how to live together harmoniously. It is a good thing for every class of laboring men, for all intermediate classes of laboring men, it is a good thing for them to associate themselves together and know each other better and take better care of each other. Scattered over the continent there is yet a chord that unites them all. The great end that is to be attained by civilization, the final effort and the true religion is to bring men together into a gradual sympathy for each other, of love one for another, of care for one another, and by every means in their power to build them up in love, in fidelity and in true manliness.

I, therefore, accord to you all gratitude for the success with which you have conducted this great association that stretches out into every State and every Territory not only of our own land, but to the adjacent nations and people. We are all one substantially. I take great pleasure, therefore, I have felt complimented in being asked to address you. I take great pleasure in meeting you, and take no spite because so many of you are handsomer than I am. (Laughter). May the fire never scorch you, may the engine never break down under you, may the road be always good and well spiked, may the respect and gratitude of our fellow-citizens surround you and may the blessing of Almighty God make your life peaceful and your immortality glorious. (Loud Applause.)

Hon. Jas. B. Belford, Representative in Congress, was then introduced by the chairman and spoke as follows:

HON. JAMES B. BELFORD.

The world moves slowly, after all. It required 6,000 years for mankind to learn the simple fact that a wagon would run better and faster on two iron rails than on a macadamized road, and the man who discovered this fact was regarded, generally, as a heretic and an iconoclast—one who was ridiculed in Parliament and laughed at on the street. Within your lifetime and mine the first steamship crossed the Atlantic ocean, and as a part of its cargo carried a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Lardner in Exeter hall, London, in which in a philosophic way he demonstrated the utter impracticability of navigating the Atlantic ocean by steam, and assigned as one of the chiefest grounds on which his faith and assertion rested, that no vessel could be constructed large enough to carry the coal necessary to generate the steam and make the voyage. To us who live in this day and generation it seems strange that the introduction of steam and the great and innumerable offices it performs should have

been so strangely regarded in the past. A regard for ancient institutions leads me to recognize the fact that I am really to-day addressing the aristocracy of the republic. A genuine, heroic aristocracy founded upon distinctions which have existed in the history of the world for more than two thousand years. When Roman society was formed, and classes were divided, he who owned and managed a horse ranked as a knight, and was admitted into the cavalry of the incipient Roman empire as one who was justly entitled to assert aristocratic pretensions. He who was unable to own a horse or to drive one was denominated a plebeian, was mustered into the infantry service and compelled to march on foot to those great battles which made that country famous in the political and spiritual history of the world. If the ownership of a horse in that age entitled the owner to aristocratic distinction and pre-eminence, what should be said to those who control a horse of stronger muscles, and greater speed, and vaster strength—whose shoulders are pressed by a collar to which is hitched the commerce of the world—a horse which traverses the whole continent, and in less time than Cæsar could march from Rome to the village of Lucullus, or Napoleon from Paris to Belgium, or Washington from New York to Mount Vernon in the days of the Revolution. You are as much knights as the Ancient Romans, and clothed with vaster responsibilities, not in the interests of war, but in the interests of peace and commerce. There are thoughts which naturally suggest themselves in this presence and which may very properly be uttered at this time. You represent the great body of the American people—the bone and muscle of the nation—the foundation on which rests the pyramid of our material and moral greatness. Yes more than this, you represent the nation itself, for without well directed and intelligent labor the American republic would not occupy its present pre-eminent position in the family of nations. There are those, I know, who imagine that the comparatively few who have aggregated large pecuniary wealth are the representative men of America, the men to whom the United States owe all that it is, and to whom it looks for the maintenance of its present grandeur and its future achievements. There never was a greater fallacy. I would not have you understand that I believe a man who has accumulated wealth is the less deserving of consideration on that account. On the contrary, the man who has gained wealth by the labor of his hands or his brains, and has thereby added to the national greatness and to the well-being and happiness of his fellows, is worthy of all commendation, and furnishes the highest incentive for the successful efforts of others.

But the wealthy, non-producing class, and that unfortunately small class whose wealth comes by inheritance, who toll not, neither do they spin, whose idleness is destructive to all the attributes of American manhood; whose pretensions are ridiculous and whose assumptions of superiority are "a fond hallucination and a theme for laughter," these are the classes who have no place in our governmental system, and whose combined value would not outweigh that of a single family of those sturdy emigrants who are constantly seeking our shores in quest of privileges and opportunities denied them elsewhere.

Wipe out these classes and all their valuable pecuniary possessions with a single stroke and our progress would not be delayed a single instant of time. Destroy any particular branch of our industries, paralyze for a sin-

gle day the 50,000 tollers who drive our locomotive engines, and for every moment that such paralysis should continue the internal commerce of this great nation would stand still; yea, the great globe itself would experience a shock from which it would not recover for one hundred days. National greatness and national wealth are inseparable. Wealth makes a nation great and powerful, but there can be no wealth and no greatness without labor. This is a truism which cannot be successfully assailed. What would the possession of our varied and inexhaustible resources avail were it not for the application of the labor that is constantly developing them? These Rocky mountains, beneath whose shadows we now sit, with their granite heads, their veins of gold, their ribs of silver, their bowels of iron and coal, would not contribute a particle to the world's wealth, nor a scintilla to the happiness of its people, were it not for the indomitable pluck and persistent efforts of the laborers, whose rude cabins hang upon the brows of the mountain peaks like rich jewels in an Ethiope's ears. It is labor alone—persistent, educated labor—that ennobles and dignifies man, promotes his happiness and well being, and builds up and fortifies an enduring greatness and prosperity for that nation that possesses and fosters it. With what force and beauty did Oliver Goldsmith state this truth when he wrote,

"Woe for the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made,

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Labor being so essential to the prosperity of a nation and the happiness of a people, it is the highest duty of statesmanship to care for and foster it. This may not be done by the enactment of sumptuary laws, but it can be successfully accomplished, in a country like ours, where intelligence is equally possessed by all classes of the people, and where genuine patriotism is a natural inspiration by a healthy public sentiment. There should be no conflict between labor and capital. There is no tangible cause for promoting such a conflict. The one cannot exist without the other. They are the essential parts of a whole system, the lever and fulcrum which move the industrial and commercial world. Capital should not oppress labor, because capital would shrink and waste away if the sustaining force of labor be withdrawn. Labor should not seek to tyrannize capital, because capital supplies the means to support and promote labor. Unhappily, however, conflicts do spring up between these two naturally fraternal forces, and it is the part of wisdom to seek some generous and comprehensive principle upon which a lasting treaty of peace and good will may be negotiated and maintained. And in my judgment such a treaty will be brought about when kindness becomes the rule of practice on the one hand and forbearance on the other. Those individuals who employ large numbers of men can solve this problem that so frequently causes general annoyance and widespread suffering, but in order to do this they must banish all attempts to cheapen labor, and exhibit a willing disposition to reward it to the full measure. Competition is the life of trade, but a competition based on the degradation of labor will prove the death of American enterprise, a barrier to American achievement, and a deluge to the present prosperity and future hopes of the American people. We have but to look at the condi-

tion of the working people of Europe and Asia to fully appreciate what is the full force and effect of cheap labor. The laborer should be paid fair wages for his work, and should at the same time be made to realize that his employer is not unmindful of his welfare. In a recent casual discussion of the conflicts that so frequently occur between capital and labor, I said:

"The question is a very serious one to all classes of people, and should be receiving the careful and thoughtful attention of leading minds. Unless some steps are taken with a view to adjusting the differences that now exist and which spring up with periodical regularity, a conflict will be precipitated that may become wide-spread and produce bloodshed and anarchy. I think we have reached the time when individuals and corporations, employing large numbers of mechanics and laborers, should introduce some system into the conduct of their business by which the general welfare of those people would be looked after and provided for. This should be done on general business principles as well as from motives of philanthropy. Every manufacturing establishment, every railroad corporation, has an organized division to specially look after the machinery, the motive power, the rolling stock, the quadrupeds, and every detail necessary to keep the plant in a healthy condition. Why not supplement this system by establishing a division to look after the well-being of the human force that is necessary to direct and keep in healthy motion the mere machinery of labor? No corporation gives a thought to the men who are necessary to carry on their business beyond providing the money to pay wages. If employers would bestow some thought upon their employees; if they would adopt some system by which the employees would feel that their comfort was studied; that an estimation was placed upon their services beyond the mere commercial value represented by their monthly wages, would it not tend to make men feel more contented, and be a step toward removing causes for strikes? Under existing relations between employers and employees the latter regard the former with suspicion if not with positive animosity, and this is so because the working man believes that instead of studying to improve his condition, and to encourage his efforts, employers are constantly studying methods to reduce his wages. Now, if this state of things could be reversed, and working men made to feel that the converse of this was practiced, would not some of the causes of the existing conflict be removed? Suppose, for example, the Pennsylvania railroad company, the Union Pacific and similar corporations would introduce a system of rewarding their faithful and industrious workmen by adding to their wages, say 10 per cent., after the first five years of service; or suppose that each man who faithfully performed his duties for a given period of years was given a share of stock at the end of each year following the first five years of continuous service, would not this act as an incentive and induce the workmen to make every endeavor to remain in the company's employ?"

These expressions have been widely copied by the newspaper press of this section, and have been received with general commendation. I fully believe that if some such system was adopted by employers the desired remedy would be secured. Experiments have been made in this direction with entire success. I know of one large industrial establishment in the city of New York in which this system has been introduced with most

satisfactory results to employees and employers. The establishment alluded to employs several hundred men. The employers suggested to their men that they form an association on this basis. The employers agreed to keep in employment all men who attended promptly to their work, and to pay them at all times as high wages as were paid for similar work by other parties. Each workman was to contribute weekly to a general fund such a sum of money as might be agreed upon, the employers agreeing to contribute a sum weekly equal to the aggregate contributions of their men. The fund thus contributed to be devoted to paying the wages in full of such as might be unable to work by reason of sickness. This proposition was accepted, and the association has to-day a fund of several thousand dollars controlled by themselves and for themselves. And what have the employers, you ask? They have a force of steady, careful workmen, who feel that they have an interest in the business of the firm, and they have a long list of applicants, employed in other establishments, to fill vacancies that seldom occur. These employers have solved the problem for themselves, and so long as their system is maintained, a strike cannot take place in that establishment. Here is an example that is worthy of imitation. It is simple because conceived in natural kindness, practicable because founded on common justice, and advantageous because its benefits are equal and reciprocal. It seems to me that there can be no good reason why every individual and every corporation employing large numbers of men should not devise a system based on the principles I have spoken of and adapted to their particular circumstances.

It would be a movement in the direction of elevating labor to the plane upon which it should always rest. It would reduce to a minimum the friction that now exists, and, by creating a bond of union between the employer and employee, produce results which would render labor a pleasure on the one hand and make its fruits more constant and profitable on the other.

The republic was never more happily situated than at present for the consideration of purely economical and material questions. The nation has been consolidated—the causes of past differences have all disappeared. What were known years ago as domestic institutions have been consumed by the fierce fires of war, and we realize for the first time for many years that the destinies of the country will be safe in the hands of either party that may succeed to power.

The relations of labor and capital must constitute the platforms of the political parties in the future. God made this world for all of us, and the millennium will never be reached until each man, woman and child can secure the needed portion of its product. No man is as rich as all men should be, and instead of leveling down let us level upward, and while through your energies you advance and promote the vast external and internal commerce of the country, let your representatives see that you procure for your labor an honorable and adequate remuneration and a fair and a just share in its profits.

THE HON. JOHN L. ROUIT,

Mayor of Denver, had come in while Mr. Belford was speaking, and at the conclusion of Mr. Belford's address he was introduced and spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:
I owe you an apology for not being here

earlier. I had not supposed that the meeting occurred till to-night. I am not here to discuss before you the relations of labor and capital. Mr. Belford has done that in a very able and eloquent manner. But I come to extend to you a hearty welcome in behalf of all the citizens of Denver. I am glad to see your faces, which are the faces of men who have been tried and are better than any recommendations on parchment. I knew for a great many years what it was to labor hard with my hands. I know of no men who have greater and more delicate responsibilities entrusted to them than the locomotive fireman and engineer. This is all and more than anybody could write or say. Words can do but little in adding to your laurels. We entrust the care of our wives and children to you.

Again, I welcome you, and in doing so I feel that I but express the feeling of every man, woman and child in the city of Denver. [Applause.]

A letter was received from Hon. Edward O. Wolcott expressing his regret at not being able to attend. A similar letter was received from Hon. Thomas M. Patterson, both gentlemen being kept from attending by a pressure of legal business. Hon. Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, wrote another letter regretting his enforced absence.

At the close of the Mayors' address, F. W. Arnold, Esq., Grand Master of the Brotherhood, was introduced and spoke as follows:

MR. F. W. ARNOLD.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen and Delegates Assembled.

It is a moment of profound pleasure to me to see such a generous outpouring of delegates to deliberate in convention, all with the common end in view of seeking to better our condition.

Is it not an occasion to make one feel proud when we look back over the past ten years of our existence as an order, and contemplate the wonderful success we have met?

It thrills me with the most pleasant feeling. Why are we so successful, you may ask? I will tell you. We first seek to advance every man's moral condition. No matter how perfect it may have been, we still aim at its further improvement. We try to give satisfaction to our employers, men of whom we are proud; and to say that man is my brother and associate.

We are assisting each and every member to make some provision for those whom he may leave behind through the result of an accident or from natural causes.

We are banded together for the purpose of assisting one another. The year 1873 witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of our organization, and from it sprang the structure of to-day. It was then we selected the material with which to build, and the basis has proven to have been a good one and substantial.

Our growth, steady and healthy through the years 1874-5-6, was emblematic of the solidity of our material.

In 1877, when the labor troubles were in agitation, notwithstanding the fact that this Order kept aloof, as an order, yet the fact that some few of its members saw fit to associate themselves with those professing grievances, the superstructure of the Brotherhood was shaken to the very foundation. And the misfortunes it suffered at that time, being

followed by others during the next two years, of a different character, but of an equally severe and damaging nature, came near laying waste the little material then left; but by a herculean effort, and the assistance and encouragement of honest and willing hands, we retrieved our losses, and to-day stand forth proudly conspicuous as one of the largest and strongest labor organizations known. Why, when we take into consideration the fact that in 1880 we were reduced to eighteen Lodges, and that we have to-day—in three years' time—one hundred and eighty-one, it will be seen how marvelous has been our success.

Let us take the report of our convention and compare it with the present actual state of affairs, and it will be apparent to every one that we are enlisted in a good cause. When we left Terre Haute one year ago this month, we had a membership of, as we thought then, mammoth proportions, a list of one hundred and twenty-one Lodges composed of over five thousand members. We now have a membership of over eight thousand, an increase of three thousand and a corresponding increase of sixty Lodges. Last year our magazine had a circulation of only eight thousand while to-day we have on our books over fifteen thousand subscribers. Are not these figures indicative of prosperity and wonderful success?

During these twelve months we have not been negligent of our duties to the widows and fatherless. We have paid out during this time on death and disability claims, the magnificent sum of \$53,000.

We are not hoarding our money and investing it in stocks, bonds or government securities. We are bound together for a far nobler purpose. We relieve the worthy distressed and do it with a willing hand. Then again our benefit fund for the sick accomplishes a vast amount of good and keeps distress and hunger from many a door that would otherwise be no stranger to misery. All in all, we have every reason to be proud of our Brotherhood.

With the same generous assistance on your part in the future I feel safe in saying that in one year from to-day we will have a membership of fifteen thousand and be as proportionately prosperous in other respects.

In conclusion, I will say that it is a very pleasing honor to me, to be able to, in a feeble but sincere manner, return the heartfelt thanks of this organization to the people of this beautiful city of Denver, through their honored representatives, His Excellency, Governor Grant and His Honor, Mayor Routt, for this generous reception. I am confident I voice the feeling of each individual member of the Brotherhood, when I say that we will lose no opportunity to show our fullest appreciation of their kind attention. The hospitality of the people of this great Western country is proverbial, and I think I am making no misstatement when I say that, when it is extended to railroad men it is exercised to its fullest capacity, for the Western people are loth to forget that in a great measure their success is dependent upon railroad men, employer and employe alike.

MR. S. M. STEVENS,

was presented, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Brethren, Ladies and Gentlemen:

So much has been said here to-day, and so eloquently said, by those who have preceded me, there is little additional space to occupy. All that is wise in counsel, beautiful in sentiment, noble in heroism, pathetic in condolence and heavenly in charity, has been so skillfully painted upon memory's canvas, that we seem to be standing in a gallery

where the masters have wrought their immortal creations. For all these warm words of sympathy, confidence and respect, I know I voice the feelings of every fireman present, and the great Brotherhood they represent, when I say every heart responds in that deep sense of emotion with which homage always clasps the hand of faith on the great battlefield of life. That we may have more worthy of all this, has been a task no more difficult than our struggle in the future will be to magnify and perpetuate the integrity of our Brotherhood, dedicated to the cause of sobriety, industry, charity and public safety. When our annual roll was called at this meeting, there were some who answered not; we look around now and see their vacant seats. Some have fallen in the battle, but the shadows of the tomb have not darkened the smile of consecration upon the cold, bruised, pathetic faces which come not here to look upon this feast of fellowship and brotherhood. They died at the post of duty. Their rest is peaceful and eternal. We cover them with flowers, wet with the tears of our tenderest love.

But let us turn away from these sad memories to living questions. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is a great army in the field. It is a consecrated host. Its coming battles must be hazardous and severe, and some may fall—but our cause will stand as long as one faithful man remains to avow and defend it. There is one thing which cannot be urged too strenuously—that this is a convention for business and not for pleasure. We have been sent here to execute the will of the great body we represent. All our powers are delegated powers. What we do must be done in the interest of the Firemen of the United States and the Dominion beyond the St. Lawrence, or we will receive, as we deserve, the censure which always follows any trust neglected or betrayed. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of our mission here. Do the best we can, when we have gone hence many regrets will come to us that there is so much more yet to do. Our work can never be finished. Like the recurring seasons, with their alternating winters and summers, their heat and cold, verdure and frosts, sunshine and storms, the preparation, the planting, the culture and the harvest—it will continue on and on, all the time becoming more important, because of its vast proportions and more widely extended benefits.

Only ten years ago our organization began its work at Port Jervis, N. Y. It was the work of less than twenty men—to-day we have 180 Lodges and more than 8,000 members. Its lights stream out from our windows over more than two million square miles of territory, and may be seen all along the way from Nova Scotia to the Southern gulf, crossing the continent from ocean to ocean, and extending from Winnipeg to the Rockies in the British possessions. We are protected by the laws of the most humane monarchy and enlightened and powerful republic the civilization of the nineteenth century has revealed to man. Our growth and influence are marvelous and unprecedented. If our progress goes forward in the ratio of our early beginning, who can measure our extent, influence and power in future years? Let me say to you all, this is not an accident. It has resulted from earnest, unremitting, patient work.

But I must not trespass further. More important expectations chide me for every moment I am wasting. Our convention could not have been inaugurated more auspiciously. It is no small honor to be greeted in this manner within the silvery gates of this

jeweled daughter of the mountains. The clarion tongue of eloquence, and the bounding heart of hospitality have no fixed abode on the American continent. They are here and everywhere. They are the outgrowth of a civilization born of revolution, nourished by the ministering hand of popular liberty, purified in the fires of war—to endure, we trust, as long as American manhood remains pure, and just, and faithful.

THE BENEDICTION

Was then pronounced by the Rev. Father Brennan and the audience dispersed.

General Shepperd announced that the executive sessions of the Brotherhood would not be held in Euclid hall as it had been found too small, but would be held in the hall of the Patriotic Sons of America, where there would be plenty of room for all the delegates.

EXECUTIVE SESSIONS.

The convention went into executive session at 2:30 p. m., on the 18th inst., in the hall of the Patriotic Sons of America, and remained in session until Friday night, the 21st, at 11:30, and then adjourned to meet in Toronto, Canada, on the third Tuesday in September, 1884.

BALL AND BANQUET.

The complimentary ball and banquet tendered to the visitors on Thursday evening, like everything else connected with the convention, was a magnificent success. The affair took place in the city hall, which was still fresh with the decorations of the opening day and presented a most charming appearance. The music was of the very choicest and the guests in the happiest possible mood.

A most excellent programme had been arranged, which was carried out to the last and kept mirth awake until the "wee sma" hours of the next morning. The banquet was spread on the floor beneath the dancing hall and when supper was announced the tables quickly filled with the happy participants. Good fellowship was marked upon every face, and the expressions of delight that greeted the ear on every hand gave unmistakable evidence of the thorough success of the affair.

The committees in charge are entitled to the greatest credit for the perfect arrangements they made in entertaining the large assemblage of invited guests, both in the ball room and at the festive banquetting tables. It was a social gathering of a high order, bringing together in the most friendly relation the kind and generous people of Denver and the swarthy veterans of the footboard and their families. We shall long remember this occasion with gratification and pride.

THE EXCURSIONS.

Through the kindness of the officials of the Union Pacific R.R. a special train was placed at the disposal of the convention and on Thursday afternoon the party left the Union Depot to visit the mammoth Smelting Works at Argo. The managers were very courteous and obliging to the visitors and escorted them through the various departments of these interesting works. In the evening the party returned to the city, having spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon.

On Saturday morning, the work of the convention having been concluded, the delegation was marshaled together for the excursion into the mountains, as a fitting close to the eventful occasion. A special train was kindly provided by the officials of the Union Pacific R.R., and at 8 o'clock in the morning the happy party left Denver over the South Park Division of the said road, with banners flying and amid the most enthusiastic cheering. The engine was beautifully draped, cedared and festooned and seemed herself to be in full sympathy with the occasion. The train was soon among the mountains, where the most magnificent scenery was presented that the eye had ever beheld. The incomparable grandeur of the landscape afforded ample theme for the imagination. It seemed startled, bewildered, overawed and enraptured by turns. It is not our purpose to attempt a description of the marvelous regions through which we passed, but simply to sketch the trip for future reference. At Como the train stopped for dinner and there we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. D. K. Smith, the Superintendent of the South Park Division of the U. P. R.R. Mr. Smith was extremely courteous to us and made our stop at Como so pleasant that we shall not soon forget it. After dinner the train sped on its journey, arriving at Buena Vista at night, where the party changed cars and took a train in waiting that had been kindly provided by the officials of the Denver & Rio Grande. From there the train was soon whirled into Salida, where the party was to remain over night and refresh themselves for the trip on the morrow. The members of Mount Ouray Lodge, No. 140, had arranged a reception and ball for the visitors and those who were not too much fatigued from the day's excitement were escorted to the Salida Opera House, where the "light fantastic" was tripped until the "golden hour was gray."

The next morning the train left for

Marshall Pass, the highest point on any part of the line. A "double-header" was required and the ascent, even then, was necessarily slow, for the grades are incredibly heavy. We would like to say something about the remarkable scenery upon that road, and the great triumph of engineering skill by which the D. & R. G. is made to traverse the mountain peaks and part the very clouds, but time and space will not permit.

Marshall Pass was reached at last and there the party was allowed to remain an hour to wonder how in creation they ever got there and how they were going to get back again. The majesty of the surrounding peaks, covered with perpetual snow, challenged the admiration of all. Then began the downward course and soon we were winding back over the crests of the mountains, proceeding cautiously, so as to prevent the train from getting beyond control, and in a little while we were landed down into Salida again. Here dinner was taken and then the train started on its way to South Pueblo. Between Salida and South Pueblo is situated the world's greatest wonder—the Royal Gorge. It is a perfect marvel of grandeur and overshadows every other attraction that one has ever beheld. On either side the rugged mountains rise perpendicularly to the very clouds. How insignificant a railroad train seems compared to those towering monuments of the infinite! One is impressed with the impudence of the project of pushing a railroad train into such a sublime and yet such an awful presence—it seems like entering upon the sacred precincts of the Creator. The Royal Gorge has never yet and never will be described. It defies the power of expression and we will not waste words in the attempt to convey even the slightest idea of its overwhelming majesty to our readers. We pass on to South Pueblo, where we stop for supper. Here we have the pleasure of meeting John Kelker, Esq., Master Mechanic of the D. & R. G., who is well known to most of our readers. He is the warm friend of our Order and in return is universally esteemed by our members. After supper we speed on again, bound for Denver, after our two days' feast upon the rich and luxuriant scenery of the Rocky Mountains, unequaled anywhere upon the continent. The train arrives safely and we are again at the Queen City of the plains. The excursion is ended but the interest and pleasure it afforded us will not be forgotten in this life.

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

The day is won.—*Hynes*.
 A big thing.—*F. W. Dyer*.
 Let us unite.—*Hannahan*.
 Toronto at last.—*Vaughn*.
 Bully boys.—*E. C. Bradford*.
 What's in a watch?—*Thomas*.
 Destiny smiles on us.—*Arnold*.
 We got there at last.—*Sullivan*.
 No offense, gentlemen!—*Mayo*.
 Give us your hook!—*Boedecker*.
 Stand by the Constitution.—*Tucker*.
 The Brotherhood forever!—*S. M. Stevens*.
 Down with the sluggards.—*McDarragh*.
 One hundred and forty-two is with you.—*Davis*.
 The strong must not prey on the weak.—*Vawter*.
 Did any of them get away?—*Geo. McGarrahan*.
 'Tis not the size that makes the man.—*J. Shepherd*.
 The smoke of battle has cleared away.—*W. E. Burns*.
 A long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.—*Heenan*.
 Let us be charitable and we are sure to be just.—*B. Gregory*.
 There are times when both pen and tongue fail us.—*Dumphy*.
 We're at the bottom of the Chinese question at last.—*Jim Smith*.
 The present is aglow with hope and the future with success.—*Sargent*.
 Local discontent must not be allowed to stand in the way of our advancing columns.—*McDonough*.

CONVENTION NOTES.

Hurrah for Canada!
 All honor to the Rocky Mountain boys!
 We came, we saw and, well! how is it Mayo?
 Dr. Dumphy is a capital fellow and a good story teller.
 The Boston man came to represent his Lodge—and he did.
 Geo. McGarrahan was one of the faithful—he did his work well.
 The managing committee are entitled to all credit, they made no mistakes.
 Walter McGarrahan proved to be one of the ablest representatives on the floor.
 T. P. O'Rourke, the Rocky Mountain

poet, graced the assemblage by his presence.

Thomas Creudson, the Bowling Green man, made many friends among the delegates.

"With all due respect, gentlemen," Mr. Mayo has the floor. "No offense intended."

When Frank Smith travels again he will probably provide himself with a valise that don't leak.

How far is it to Grand Island, porter? We's don past dah, Bro. Clough! Gee whiz! (Tableaux).

Hynes is small in stature only—in tact, judgment, ability and nobility he has no superior in our Order.

Sullivan has "staying qualities" that are rarely equalled. North Platte had a delegate at the Convention.

Frank Dyer is said to be out on the plains yet; the last heard from him he was trying to catch a buffalo—with salt.

E. C. Bradford endeared himself to every visitor. He is a faithful representative of the big-hearted men of his Division.

John Hannahan has the courage of his convictions, but while he does his duty without fear or favor, he is the most manly of opponents.

THE CONVENTION.

Denver Tribune.

It was a happy combination of brain and brawn—that at the Locomotive Firemen's Convention yesterday. Such a congregation of bright, fresh, young faces was never seen in Denver before. The addresses, the comments thereon, the quiet and intelligent way in which the business of the order was transacted, was evidence that at some time some of those assembled will be heard of as "coming men." These young men, who came to Denver from all parts of the United States and Canada, are made of the right kind of stuff to make their mark. The eminent persons who addressed them yesterday carried the proof that their moral worth, their willing and comprehensive intellect and their great possibilities are appreciated.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is an association which has long since won respect for itself. Its deliberations have been governed by moderation and wisdom, and its members, young as they are—some just starting out in life—seem to have grappled successfully with the vexed problem—capital and labor. They are ever on harmonious terms with their employers, and they never lower their banner of right to bring about that harmony. They ask for everything they deserve; no more, no less. Denver is ever ready to receive men who have endurance, who are brave, and, more than all else, who are wise, charitable and just, and Denver welcomes the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

FIREMEN'S CONVENTION.

Denver News.

Denver should and will extend its warmest welcome to the two hundred delegates now here representing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada.

Some day, in the course of the year, every one of us places his life in the safe keeping of the hardy and heroic men who guide and control the swift railway trains which rush with restless energy across the land in every direction. Prominent among these guardians of safety is the fireman. He does not cut much of a figure in politics; he is not often selected as the theme of the poet; he is seldom selected as the hero of a romance, but in real life he is more useful and more faithful to the trust reposed in him than the politician, the poet or the romanticist.

The order whose delegates are now in session in our midst, is a most important organization. It numbers upward of 8,000 members and its objects are all worthy. It is designed to protect the rights and to promote the interests of the Brotherhood in health, and to care for them and their families in sickness and misfortune.

We hope that the stay of the delegates in Denver, and their tour of Colorado, may be pleasant and that they will long have cause to remember the hospitality of the Far West.

SPARKS AND CINDERS.

Denver News.

The Brotherhood believes especially in sobriety. Only sober, industrious men are admitted to membership.

The Brotherhood never attempts to antagonize employers and never encourages strikes. It holds that the interests of labor and capital are identical.

The delegates represent Lodges situated as far north as Nova Scotia on one side and Portland, Oregon, on the other, and as far south as Los Angeles.

The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, published at Terre Haute, Ind., with W. F. Hynes as Associate Editor at Denver, has a circulation of 15,000, and this is constantly increasing.

W. F. Hynes, of Denver, is a Grand Trustee of the Brotherhood, and though not now in the service of any railroad he is one of the most active and wide awake members of the Order.

Mayor Routt was not to blame for being so late yesterday, as he did not understand the time of opening the Convention. His address of welcome, though hastily prepared, was a very happy effort.

Beecher was right yesterday in speaking of the assembled body of delegates as a magnificent body of men, but he might have added that the ladies present were even better looking than the men were.

F. W. Arnold, Grand Master of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, appears to be more modest than most men holding such a high position. His annual address was well-worded, graceful and pleasing.

The address of Colonel Maynard, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, was an extremely happy effort. Colonel Maynard is a veteran western journalist, and is a firm believer in two things—the railroads and the new West.

The locomotive firemen are one of the finest looking bodies of men ever called together in Denver. They are representatives of the best industrial classes in the country and as such

deserve a hearty welcome from every citizen of Denver.

The address of S. M. Stevens, the Grand Organizer and Instructor of the Brotherhood, was a singularly able effort. Mr. Stevens has traveled several times the distance round the world in his trips through the United States and Canadas and has done much to build up the Order.

RESOLUTIONS.

The committee on resolutions submitted the following report, which was concurred in by a unanimous vote of the convention, viz.:

DENVER, COL., Sept. 21, 1883.
To the Grand Master and Delegates B. of L. F., in Tenth Annual Convention Assembled:

Your Committee on Resolutions beg leave to report as follows:

WHEREAS, Your officers and delegates have been tendered a cordial reception and have been made the recipients of many esteemed favors by the citizens of Denver, including some of the representative men of the land, and

WHEREAS, We desire to manifest our gratitude for such favors, therefore be it

Resolved, By the officers and delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in Tenth Annual Convention assembled, that our warm and heartfelt thanks are hereby returned to the following persons:

To His Excellency Gov. J. B. Grant, of Colorado, for the words of advice and encouragement in his letter of the 17th inst., and we regret his forced absence from our opening exercises.

To the Hon. J. L. Routt, Mayor of Denver, for his address of welcome.

To the Rev. Father Brennan, for his invocation and words of counsel at our opening exercises.

To the members of the Common Council of Denver, especially Major Brooks and Alderman McGalvery.

To the good citizens of Denver for the innumerable favors shown us while among them.

To the press of the city of Denver, for the thorough manner in which our cause was presented to the public through their columns.

To the officials of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific Lines, for kindly providing us with excursion trains over their respective lines.

To the Hon. J. B. Belford, Colorado's Representative in Congress, for his able address at the opening exercises.

To the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, for being present at our opening exercises and giving us so much encouragement in our work.

To that old champion of labor, Col. J. B. Maynard, of the Indianapolis Sentinel. We tender him our heartfelt gratitude and sincere affection for his loyalty to our interests. We recognize in him a firm supporter of our cause and we promise him that our banner shall not only "Go West" but East, North and South until the whole world recognizes in us honest, sober and industrious labor.

To Gen. S. A. Shepperd, chairman of our opening exercises, for the graceful and efficient manner in which he performed the duties imposed upon him.

To the different lodges of the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, for kindly providing us with a hall, in which to hold our executive sessions.

To Col. Wilson, the veteran auctioneer, and his associates connected with the hall we occupied.

To Division No. 186 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and especially to Messrs. E. C. Bradford, Ed. Scrafton, Uncle Joe Calvin, A. Mahoney, J. J. McGill, Wm. Reed and Thomas Carroll, for their kind assistance and interest taken in our behalf. We assure them that the favors they rendered us shall never be forgotten.

To the members of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, and especially to Bros. Wm. F. Hynes, Thos. Fitch, Geo. McGarrahan, O. W. Richardson, C. D. Brooks, J. A. Williams, and J. Monahan, members of the Executive Committee of that Lodge, for the labors performed by them in entertaining us so royally, and providing suitable halls for our opening ceremonies and executive sessions, and for the excursion tendered us through them and for the many other courtesies and hospitalities enjoyed at their hands.

To the officers of the Boston and Colorado Smelting Works at Argo, for the invitation to visit their works and the courtesies shown us by them.

To Bro. W. Weller, for his services as Chaplain during the convention.

To the officials of the mammoth railway systems of the United States and Canadas, who, recognizing in us interests identical with theirs, have shown us, in allowing our delegates transportation over their various lines that they esteem the work in which we are engaged. In tendering our heartfelt thanks we express our deep regrets that we can offer no further testimonial of our appreciation of the favors spoken of, and we wish to call favorable mention to the following railway officials: R. R. Cable, General Superintendent; W. H. Baucraft, Supt.; G. W. Cook, Div. Supt.; N. W. Sample, Supt. M. P. & M.; John Kelker and S. C. Smith, Div. M. M. of the Denver & Rio Grande R.R.; S. H. H. Clark, Gen. Man.; T. L. Kimball, Asst. Genl. Man.; Mr. Orr, Private Secretary; O. H. Dorrence, Asst. Supt.; D. K. Smith, Supt. South Park Div. and A. Metshelmer, Supt. M. P. at Denver, of the Union Pacific R.R.; G. B. Nichols, M. M. of the G. C. & S. F. R.R.; A. A. Hayes, Supt. M. P. of the Texas Pacific; H. M. Hoxie, Vice Pres. and A. A. Talmage, Master Trans. of the Missouri Pacific; S. S. Merrill, Genl. Man. and T. A. Fraser, Genl. Foreman I. & D. Div. of the C. M. & St. P.; A. N. Towne, Genl. Man. and J. A. Fillmore, Genl. Supt. of the Central Pacific; John Adams, of the Fitchburg R.R.; W. E. Chamberlain, Supt. Providence & Worcester R.R.; E. W. Winters, Vice Pres. C. St. P. M. & O.; Marvin Hughitt, Genl. Man. and S. J. Mills, Asst. Supt. C. & N. W.; R. R. Cable, Pres.; A. Kimball, Gen. Man.; R. U. Chamberlain, Div. Supt.; E. W. Kenyon, Div. M. M., and Chas. Wheeler, Train Master of the C. R. I. & P.; W. N. Geary, Supt. P. N. & N. Y.; A. Manvel, Genl. Man. St. P. M. & M.; G. Hamilton, Supt. P. & O.; D. W. Sanborn, Supt. Eastern R.R.; Payson Tucker, Genl. Man. Maine Central; Robt. Williams, Supt. B. C. R. & N.; S. Spencer, Vice Pres., Thomas M. King, Supt. Pittsburg Div.; B. Dunham, Trans. Ohio Div. and W. M. Clements, M. of T. of the Baltimore & Ohio R.R.; C. W. Smith, Genl. Man. C. & O.; S. R. Callaway, Gen. Man. C. & G. T.; M. M. Greene, Pres. C. N. V. & T.; J. H. Stewart, Gen. Man. C. W. & B.; M. E. Ingalls, Pres. C. I. St. L. & C.; H. B. Stone, Asst. Genl. Man. C. B. & Q.; E. B. Thomas, Gen. Man. C. C. & I.; G. R. Nash, Man. D. G. H. & M.; C. J. Hepburn, Supt. E. & T. H.; A. H. Swanson, Trans. Man. of the H. & T. C.; E. T. Jeffery, Genl. Supt. and A. H. Hanson, G. P. A. of the Ills. Central; D. H. Conklin, Receiver of the Illinois Midland; J. E. Lockwood, G. P. A. of the K. C. F. S. & G.; John MacLeod, Genl. Supt. L. N. A. & C.; D. S. Hill, Genl. Supt. L. E. & W.;

J. C. Anderson, G. P. A. of the N. Y. O. & W.; W. W. Peabody, Genl. Supt. and W. P. Shattuc, G. P. A. of the O. & M.; H. M. Britton, Genl. Man. R. W. & O.; G. W. Prescott, Supt. M. P. & M. of the T. & St. L.; W. R. McKeen, President, and G. E. Farrington, Genl. Agent of the Vandalla Line; Col. Robt. Andrews, Supt. of the W. St. L. & P.; H. P. Breed, Genl. Supt. St. Paul and Duluth R.R.; Robt. Barry, Asst. Genl. Supt. of the Pullman Palace Car Co., and all other railroad officials who kindly favored our delegates with free transportation over their lines, thereby contributing materially to the success of our convention.

Resolved, That we are highly pleased with the result of our Tenth Annual Convention and that we fully appreciate the services of all who assisted us in making it so successful and that we shall ever hold them in grateful remembrance.

E. B. MAYO, }
C. S. REID, } Committee.
F. L. DAVIS, }

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Adelaide Proctor.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret,
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O tell me, before all is lost!

Look deeper still. If thou can'st feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have asked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake, or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid,
The demon-spirit, Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That fate and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe thy conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay answer not—I dare not hear—
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse;
So comfort thee, my fate—
Whatever on my heart would fall—
Remember, I would risk it all!

Miscellaneous.

THE GREAT WEST.

**From Indiana to Colorado via Chicago,
Council Bluffs and Omaha.**

Indianapolis Sentinel.

I.

We write to record impressions rather than to tell the readers of the Sentinel anything that has not been previously recited in better style than we can command. A railroad ride across the Continent is now an everyday occurrence. The wonders of the "far West" are familiar to the world. Men and women, equipped with all the powers genius can confer, qualified to clothe facts in the gorgeous drapery of fancy, with tireless imagination, ready to—

"Wing their flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,"

have roamed amidst the solitudes of the "far West," have stood on its mountain elevations, and in its solemn and awe-inspiring canyons, and have exhausted the wealth of all languages in descriptions of scenery which defies description. They have written and sketched and painted until at last, with tired eyes, brain and hand, they have been compelled to confess that the half has not and can not be told. Exactness of statement reads like exaggeration. Modest affirmations are adjudged extravagant, facts as stubborn as mountain peaks are classed with fiction, reason becomes rant, and verities as enduring as mountains are likely to be accounted baseless as the visions of dream land. But such reflections aside for the present, it is in order to say en passant, that the following explains why the writer visited the "far West:—"

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 29.

Colonel J. B. Maynard:

MY DEAR SIR—You are cordially invited to attend the Tenth Annual Convention of our Brotherhood to be held at Denver, commencing September 18. It is the general wish of our members that you be one of the speakers of that occasion, and we hope you may find it convenient to accept our invitation and deliver an address to the Convention.

Very truly yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS,
Secretary Grand Lodge.

Here was an opportunity, a benediction, fortune at its flood, an invitation brimful of inspiration. To accept, to go, to see, to climb the mountains, wind through gorges, cross the plains. Gods!

Something new, peculiar, grand. We accepted, and on Friday night, September 14, the command "All aboard!" ran along the train, and we were off for Chicago. It is not required to write particularly of Chicago; the world is full of its fame. The guest of A. Winwood, Esq., member of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, B. of L. F., all things were done to make a few hours' stay in the great metropolis a matter of joyous remembrance. Carriages were provided and the tourists were permitted to see the city from center to a good share of its circumference, and at 1 p. m. we were again on the train and off for Omaha, where we arrived on Sunday at 10 a. m.

From Chicago to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was chiefly daylight through a highly cultivated country, and enjoyable. A rest of two hours at Omaha prepared the tourists, now numbering about fifty, for their ride across the plains to Denver, about 600 miles westward.

The readers of the Sentinel do not require descriptions of prairies, but the plains beyond Omaha are something more than prairies—such as are seen in Indiana, Illinois and other Western States. They are a boundless continuity of prairies—plains in which the sun rises and sets as it does in the ocean. The iron horse speeds along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and yet hour after hour the eye wanders over plains. On we go—on and on. The earth rolls eastward on its axis; the sun declines, sets. Twilight shades gather around. Darkness comes. The train rushes onward. Still only plains, front, rear, right and left—plains. The buffalo, the deer, the antelope and the Indian, all gone. Now and then a human habitation near the track; a ranch, a little cluster of habitations, break the monotony. The eye tires, the brain grows weary, and there is satisfaction when darkness brings relief.

The morning dawns—Monday morning, August 17—bright and clear. We are nearing Denver. There are evidences of civilization on every side—farms, cattle, houses, thrift, enterprises. The mountains are in full view, and there at the foot of the mountains is Denver, the Capital of Colorado, a jewel city of fabulous growth and wealth, a city of 70,000 inhabitants. The train stands still, the goal is won; sixty hours out from Indianapolis, 1,200 miles westward, 6,000 feet above sea level—we rest. In our next, No. 2, we shall endeavor to give our impressions of Denver and Leadville, of mountain scenery, gorges, parks, lakes, river, etc. Till then au revoir.

J. B. M.

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine:

Words for Women.

BY IDA A. HARPER.

Talking one day this last summer with Judge A. W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand" and other books and, at present, editing *The Continent*, at Philadelphia, I was particularly struck with one thing he said, "I would never have had any fame or any money or, indeed, have amounted to anything if it had not been for my wife. It is utterly impossible for me to look after the details of business. Why, during the past two or three months she has disbursed fifteen thousand dollars and transacted an incredible amount of business. I am entirely dependent upon her." Mrs. Tourgee sat near us and smiled as she said, "Yes, the Judge can make money but he cannot manage it." She was a fair haired woman not forty years of age, richly dressed in black satin and diamonds and quite the reverse of what we are apt to call "strongminded." From an intimate friend of the family I learned that when the "spell" seizes the Judge he writes night and day, scarcely stopping to eat or sleep, piles up page after page of manuscript, pushes it one side and never looks at it again. His wife revises it, sends it to the publisher, corrects the proof and brings out the book. The ms. of "Figs and Thistles" he threw away. She found it, put it in order and sold it for \$10,000 and, with this money, bought a summer home in Mayville, N. Y., at the head of lake Chautauqua.

Charles E. Bolton, who organized and manages the Educational Bureau of Cleveland and has done more for the working people than any man in the city, said to me, "What would I be without my wife? She is the inspiration of all I do. I never would have accomplished anything but for her." His wife, Sarah K. Bolton, is known to many by her writings in the *New York Independent*, the *Congregationalist*, *Harper's Bazar* and various other papers. She has traveled extensively through Europe with her husband and is a lovely and accomplished woman.

I have not space to mention the various distinguished men whom I have

heard speak of their wives in this manner. This is gratifying, for two reasons; it shows that wives are really essential to their husbands in the highest sense of the word and also that husbands are willing to acknowledge this fact.

It has not been many years since the wives of our great men were utterly unknown to the world. They were simply housekeepers, necessary to prepare the meals, to sew on the buttons, to look after the children; content to stay at home and shine by the reflected light of their husband's greatness. But all this has changed. The girls we were educating a few years ago are the wives of to-day and they show the results of that education. At the present time we expect our great men to have brilliant wives. Men of learning seek in marriage women of intelligence and ability, knowing that such wives will be of the greatest advantage to them, both socially and intellectually. The statesman with a talented wife has an immense advantage over his rival with an ignorant wife. The scholar knows that his studies are easier, pleasanter and more profitable if shared and enjoyed by his wife. Even the business man would find his cares lighter if he would talk them over with his partner at home.

"But," some one asks, "would you have all women DeStaels or George Eliots?" By no means. All men are not Lord Bacons or Thomas Carlyles. We would only wish that wives should be not mentally inferior to husbands. Before marriage the opportunities for education are very nearly equal; after marriage the advantage is largely in favor of the man. His very life is an educator; the every day contact with men of ideas; the necessity for continual self-improvement in order to "keep up with the times;" for these and many other reasons a man's education never stops. But there is very little about a woman's life to give her mental strength. To wash dishes, to cook, to scrub, to sew, do not call out the higher faculties. There are many days when the busy housekeeper does not see a person outside of her own family. Those she does meet have become so dwarfed and commonplace in their narrow routine of work that they do not awaken or stimulate her best thoughts. Why, when we consider these things we wonder at the intellectual advancement that has been attained by this sex. No race of men on the face of the earth has made the progress during the last twenty years that has been made by women. The outlook

is glorious. There is everything to encourage and nothing to make afraid.

May no wife be disheartened because her sphere is so small, her chances are so limited. We are only required to work according to our strength and our opportunity. Let the few leisure moments, that must be snatched from busy hours, be wisely spent, not in gossip or in poring over light and useless literature but in reading something that will tell you of the world about you, strengthen your mind and call out your best and brightest thought. Read what your husband reads or, if his taste be uncultivated, bring him up to your standard. There is no pleasure so lasting, no recreation so beneficial as good reading and, with the free libraries and the cheap editions of the standard works, this is a luxury which may be alike enjoyed by rich and poor, without regard to sex, color or condition.

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 15, 1883.

How to be Great.

GREENVILLE, TEX., Sept. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have never seen anything from the Lodge, here, the "Texas Belle." Perhaps the boys find the "Belle" so fascinating they do not care to introduce her to other admirers. Be that as it may, they are a deserving, worthy band of brothers. The officers are efficient and capable, while the members are honest, sober, moral, industrious manly men, to whom the hand of charity is never extended in vain.

The Magazine is doing much for them. As a stream of pure, clear water running into a muddy pool will e'er long cleanse and purify the whole, so as they read, month after month, the encouraging words, and note the earnest efforts made for them, they gradually acquire a higher moral sense of their own importance and influence in the world, and realize that there is

"No life lived pure in its purpose,

And strong in its strife,

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Though none of them may ever expect to be a Montesquieu, a Webster or a Gladstone, yet Longfellow says:

"Nothing that is can pause or stay."

And again he tells us that

"Our to-days and yesterdays

Are the blocks with which we build."

Then why may not an earnest, honest fireman or any other man, with the true grit in him, go on piling block upon block until his tower of fame shall reach the

goal upon which fair fortune will stand and distribute her smiles and treasures upon him.

The main work of Montesquieu, the one in which he has lived, lives to-day, and always will live, is his treatise termed "Espri de Lois." Questions of civil liberty were treated in it, after a new and most enlightened manner, and its effect upon the world in the promotion of this blessing was almost incalculable.

Webster, the second of the great men, who was born upon the same day of the month with Montesquieu—the 18th of January, is the sturdiest bulwark which our country has given to liberty. He is not among our great men, but is the greatest of our orators, lawyers and statesmen. Did they make no preparation to be great. Must we think that they did not strive faithfully and earnestly building their lives? They lived only one hour; nay, one instant at a time. Their great future was built of the to-days and yesterdays of their every day life.

But if we all cannot be great, we can live out our lives like "a blossom attit in the sun," throwing in all the beauty and sunshine we can glean from "a'neer." Make our homes bright and cheerful, and fill our lives with little acts of love and kindness.

"Think of thy brother no ill,

But throw a veil over his failings."

For the sweetest poet says:

"Excellest all the rest,

He who followeth love's behest."

No one was meant to live his life alone but to strive by every means in his power to promote the happiness and welfare of his fellow-men. If we cannot wear a crown, we can bear a cross. If we cannot connect a telephone with the moon and astonish the world and render ourselves famous forever, we can tell stories to a little sick child and make it's hours seem shorter, its life brighter, and follow the example of our "Elder Brother," who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these little ones ye did it to me."

Emerson says, "We have a kind of social strength. Our affection towards others creates a sort of vantage or purchase which nothing will supply. I can do that by another which I can not do alone. I can say to you what I cannot say to myself, other men are lenses through which we read our own minds."

I have indulged so long I fear our editor will not wish me to write again. If he does, perhaps I will tell you what a splendid ride we took on the "197" and what a nice, courteous crew she has.

IRENE.

Toledo, Ohio.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 3, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have read some very interesting letters in your Magazine, contributed by the lady friends of the Brotherhood, and I am very glad to see them take an interest in its behalf. The beautiful motto, "Ben-evolence, Sobriety and Industry," is worthy of universal approval. It happens daily that engineers and firemen are hurled into eternity without a moment's warning, so they should at all times be prepared for their fate. The Brotherhood gives them the opportunities and they should not fail to grasp them. That the blessings of God may rest upon you all is the fervent prayer of a fireman's wife.

EMMA ALLEN.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

J. G. Saxe.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

Men of different "stations,"
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Traveling together!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks
That there must be danger
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope.*



The Denver Convention.

COMO, COL., Sept. 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having attended the Tenth Annual Convention of the B. of L. F. and not being a delegate, I had an opportunity of quietly observing all that transpired from beginning to end.

Sitting there alone, gazing upon the intelligent faces of the delegates, I could not help thinking how great were the responsibilities resting upon them, individually and collectively, of the vast powers they possessed as a legislative body, holding in their hands, for good or evil, the destinies of ten thousand members of the Brotherhood and their dependents; and I felt that, though a few might be mistaken or misled by false lights of reason, the collective wisdom of the body as a whole would be sure to set all things right and that our destinies were in safe hands.

As the convention progressed and the debates grew stormy, my heart sank within me, and a feeling of dread crept over me, lest in the heat of contending passions sight would be lost of whither we were drifting, and we be wrecked on the rock of prejudice; but it was with feelings of the most heartfelt joy and satisfaction I gazed upon the closing scenes, when the storms had subsided, passions cooled, prejudices dissipated, and amid the serene calm the leaders of opposing forces clasped hands in friendship and embraced as brothers. It was a truly grand and imposing spectacle, and one that shall long retain its hold on the memory of those who beheld it.

The convention was a grand success; the Grand officers and delegates worked hard and earnestly for the good of the Order, and the vast improvement in the affairs of the Brotherhood, the large increase of membership, which is bound to take place in the next fiscal year, will prove the wisdom of their deliberations.

Now that the Grand body has done its duty and adjourned, it remains for the Subordinate Lodges to do theirs; it depends mainly on them whether the good work which, I might say, was only begun at the late convention, will be pushed forward to completion or not.

The Grand Lodge has sown the seed;

it is the duty of the Subordinate Lodges to cultivate and gather in the crop.

The Grand Lodge may pass laws innumerable, the wisdom of which no one can question, for our guidance, but unless they are enforced in the Subordinate Lodges and respected by the members, they become a dead letter on our statute books, and the efforts of the Grand body are rendered unavailing.

It is your duty, Masters and officers of Subordinate Lodges, to educate the members of your respective Lodges, to instill into their minds a due respect and observance of the Constitution and By-Laws, to disseminate among them the principles of the Order, the objects for which we are organized, and to imprint upon every heart the motto of the Brotherhood, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." In which I remain yours respectfully,

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

Ætna Lodge No. 163.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Sept. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have seen but little notice of Ætna Lodge No. 163 published in our Magazine since its organization, that one would scarcely know there was such a Lodge in existence, but I assure you you will find out differently if you will only visit Jonesboro, the home of Ætna Lodge No. 163. I had the pleasure of visiting the members of this Lodge a short time ago. During my stay in Jonesboro I had the honor of meeting Bro. P. B. Scanlan, the Master; Bro. Jas. Bullard, the Vice Master; Bro. J. N. Jennings, the Financier; Bro. Wm. Harris and several other brothers whose names I do not remember. Ætna has but few members, but no Lodge in our Order has better members, and I feel confident of Ætna's success. Bro. Scanlan seemed to be the choice for delegate to the Convention.

H. H. B. OF NO. 45.

Salt Lake City.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Sept. 16, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Thinking that the readers of the Magazine, or at least a portion of them, would be interested in hearing from Salt Lake City, the great city of the West, and having never noticed any communication from Utah, I thought I would drop a few lines and let your readers know that we are alive to our duties out here in the back bone of the American continent.

We are proud and feel highly honored in having the privilege of organizing a

Lodge of our noble Brotherhood. A. H. Chapman, a tried and worthy brother, organized Salt Lake Lodge No. 178 on the evening of August 4, 1883, assisted by members from Lodge No. 88 and others. Since August 4 we have accepted seven members by card and initiated five more. We have one of the best furnished halls between Omaha and San Francisco, and taking all things into consideration we feel that we are greatly blest. All the members seem to be imbued with the spirit of our noble craft. We have got good material to work with and will yet have a lustrous Lodge in Salt Lake City.

We would be pleased to see the happy face of our Grand Organizer and Instructor, so that we might listen to his counsel. The good old book says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

We wish to be sincere,
To do what good we can;
To dry the orphan's tear,
To be the friend of man.

We are content to be
Lovers of the good;
A leaf on virtue's tree,
One of the Brotherhood.

Who'd leave the dawning mind
From groveling on the sod,
To thoughts and deeds refined,
To beauty, truth and God.

P. T. T.

Washington Territory.

SPRAGUE, WASH. TY., Aug. 15, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It seems that there are not many members of our Lodge who are inclined to be communicative through the columns of our Magazine. But we will try and let you hear from us occasionally, so that you may know how we are getting along. Among the promotions that have been made since we are organized, we find the name of Bro. Allen, our efficient Past Master, who is now switching in the Ainsworth yard. Our ex-Secretary, Bro. Madden, is now pulling the throttle of the 201, and thinks she is the Queen of the whole line. Bro. White, our present Master, is hostler at Sprague, and Bro. Miller has a like position at Ainsworth. Madam Rumor has it that Bro. Secore is soon to take unto himself a better half—if the report is true, he will have the best wishes of all the boys. Old Sprague is booming, you may be assured. We now have 33 members and all are in good standing. The Brotherhood is considered by all the best institution on earth.

More anon.

SPRAGUE.

Eureka!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., August 27, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

Two years ago to-day, the 27th of August, 1881, is a day long to be remembered by this Lodge. It was on that day that No. 14 was reorganized and from that time dates her prosperity. The little band of brothers that were present at that meeting will never forget it. It seems strange that such a wonderful change could be wrought in two years. At that time scarcely a quorum was present, the first time in several months, but they went to work with a will to administer the obligation to the seven candidates that were in waiting for admission. The members rejoiced in the presence of the Secretary of the Grand Lodge, whose earnestness made a lasting impression upon them. From that time success has been with us, and to-day we are proud to say that we rank with the best lodges in the Brotherhood. When we reorganized we had but 19 members; we owed the Grand Lodge for 27 death claims and had not a dollar in the treasury. To-day we have 100 members; we have over \$400 in the treasury and do not owe a penny. We have endeavored to be faithful and now we are reaping the harvest of our efforts.

During the period in question we have had one death, Bro. D. D. Harrington, and one disability, Bro. J. L. Birmingham. The latter had a wife and four children, who would have been left entirely destitute had it had been for the proceeds of our bounty. As it is the family is placed above want and will be able to help themselves.

We have just entered upon the new year with splendid prospects. The newly elected officers are well qualified for their respective places and will surely take good care of the lodge. J. A. Tweedie holds the gavel, H. C. Randall is Vice Master, W. S. Screes flourishes the quill and Wm. Hugo has charge of the finances. With these men at the helm success is certain.

The officers of last year did their work well and have the cordial appreciation of the entire Lodge.

Yours, fraternally,
W. H.

Battle Creek, Mich.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Oct. 13, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Lest No. 84 should be classed among the do-nothing Lodges, I will make an at-

tempt to show our brothers what we have been doing. We have quite an extensive membership, and with the faithful officers we have to guard and direct us we are able to say that, with one or two exceptions perhaps, our boys are always in good standing. Our dues and assessments are paid with promptness and our meetings are well attended. Our members are being steadily promoted, and now and then one takes a life partner. Such is the case with our worthy Master, John Tighe. We wish them many years of wedded bliss. We have a new Round House here, adjoining which is a nicely furnished reading room, which affords all the news, daily, weekly and monthly. We all appreciate this new turn. The company is expecting a number of new Hinkley engines and the boys are eagerly waiting to see them.

The "Correspondence" is a portion of the Magazine that I greatly enjoy, and we ought to feel grateful to those of our Brotherhood who kindly replenish its columns each month.

If this meets your approval I shall endeavor to write again. Fraternally,

CALHOUN, 84.

Lone Star Miscellany.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS, Sept. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Having some leisure time, I thought I would write you a few lines for the Magazine, letting you know how Lone Star Lodge No. 70 is getting along. We have over 50 members on the rolls now and our Lodge is in a very prosperous condition. At our last meeting we admitted four new members, viz.: Turner, Ramsey, Miller and Oliphant. Quite a number of our members have been promoted lately, among whom are Chas. Higby, Oscar Brown, Wm. Samples and "Billy" Coleman. "Billy" is an important man—he helps us over the hill at his place when he has got steam, and when he hasn't he trots along behind just as though he was doing it all.

Your humble servant has also gone over to the right side.

J. A. Gremm is our delegate to the convention.

We are now occupying our new hall and find it is a very pleasant place to meet in.

We are under many obligations to Mrs. J. A. Gremm, the wife of our worthy Financier, for the use of a room to meet in last winter. Fraternally,

J. H. ALLEN.

Personal

No. 153's Willauer is the father of a girl.

C. J. RODGERS, of No. 11, is now a right hand man.

B. AND C.—Bell and Campbell—of 127, have gone over to the other side.

PAST MASTER T. J. ALLEN, of Sprague Lodge No. 133, has been promoted.

FROM the scoop to the throttle: Bros. G. Dawson, G. Phillips, J. McArron and W. Milligan, of No. 116.

ONE of the pleasant social events of Belleville was the marriage of Bro. R. Gernon, of No. 66, to Miss Mary Brown, sister of Bro. S. Brown.

WM. E. TURNER, of Colonial Lodge No. 19, was recently married to one of River du Loup's fairest daughters, and the members made him an elegant present.

THROUGH the Magazine, Bro. Harry Cochrane, of No. 127, desires to return thanks to Lodges Nos. 15, 38, 84, 67 and 116 for favors shown him while on his trip East.

JULIUS P. VASQUE, of No. 90, desires to return thanks to Lodges Nos. 10, 12, 36, 45, 49, 83, 94, 97, 135, 142, 165 and 176 for kindnesses shown him while on his way East.

MARRIED at the Church of the Holy Cross by the Rev. Father Raitz: Bro. Bernhart McGuire, of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, to Miss Mary Senott, of Portage, Wis. May their future always be happy.

BUSINESS is unusually rushing with the boys of No. 111, so much so indeed that J. H. Crider had to fairly steal the time to get married. The groom is the Magazine Agent of his Lodge and a clever young man.

THE officers and members of Wellington Lodge No. 181, desire to return thanks to Bros. Mingay Yapp, Mitchell and Drummond, of No. 38, for the very efficient manner in which they instituted Wellington Lodge and instructed its members.

DAN ROSS, whose smiling face was so well-known at the Boston Convention, was lately seen returning from a very long trip, and from the extra beam of light on his countenance the boys of No. 38 knew that he and his fair companion were returning from their wedding trip. We all wish you long life and happiness, Dan.

Firemen's Department

CROWDED OUT.

A very interesting letter from Dr. Dunphy, of Aurora, Ill., has been crowded out of this issue of the Magazine, but will appear in our next without fail. It is descriptive of the excursion of the late Convention over the Union Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande Railways and will be of much interest to our readers, particularly those who participated in that memorable event.

NOTICE TO DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

The list of District Corresponding Secretaries appointed by the Grand Master at the last Convention has been lost or misplaced, and all such Secretaries, knowing themselves to have been appointed, will please give the Secretary of the Grand Lodge immediate notice of that fact; in sending their names they are also requested to send their postoffice addresses.

DENVER PAPERS.

We have mailed to each Lodge a small package of Denver papers, containing the report of the opening proceedings of our late Convention, and as this report will be of interest to our superior officers it is requested that each Lodge will send marked copies to the officers of their roads, or make such other distribution of them as will place them in the hands of people who are interested in the work of our Brotherhood.

MAGAZINE AGENTS.

A package of Magazines has been sent to each Lodge for the Magazine Agent for 1884. These Magazines are to be used as sample copies and are for free distribution. Magazine Agents for the coming year are elected at the first meeting in November, as provided in section 2 of article 3 of the Constitution. Subscription blanks, subscription and receipt books will be furnished free to each agent on application to the Editor. We shall expect every Lodge to do its duty next year on the question of the Magazine.

AN ELEGANT HALL.

Elkhart Journal.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Bristol, one of the members of the Brotherhood, we were allowed, yesterday, to make an examination of their Lodge room, situated in the third story of Peer's new block on Main street. Arrangements have not been entirely completed, but when they are finished the boys will have a fine room for their weekly meetings. Before we come to the club room proper, we pass through, first, the reception room, which is to be fitted up with chairs and tables, carpeted, papered, pictures for walls, and is to be well stocked with books and papers for the waiting visitors to amuse themselves with while waiting here. From the reception room we pass into the ante room, which is also to be fitted up with all necessary conveniences, and in it will be kept a visitors' register, for all

persons visiting the Lodge to leave their autographs on. Passing from the ante room we find ourselves in the main hall, which is nineteen feet in width by fifty-two in length. This room is carpeted with Brussels carpet, and around the room and next to the walls, where the chairs are kept, is a strip of matting. The Lodge at present numbers fifty-four members, and chairs are provided for all, being of a neat, though substantial wooden pattern. At regular intervals are new and cleanly spittoons, for it is known that the railroad boys love to solace themselves with the weed. On the walls are a number of pictures, and many more will soon be supplied. The windows are screened by curtains of a non-transparent character, so that when the new members try to ride the goat the people in the neighboring buildings cannot look on. At the east end of the hall, on an elevation, is the Master's station, and to the right of this is the table and chair of the Secretary, and on the left is a similar table and chair for the use of the Financier. A handsome upholstered chair has been secured for the Master to occupy. At the opposite end of the hall is the Vice Master's station. Half way between the two is the altar, and on the south side of this is the Chaplain's station and on the north side is the Past Master's station. The room is lit with gas, and will be heated, together with the ante room and the reception room, by means of two handsome wood stoves. The Lodge meets every week, and at present its regular time is Monday nights. But this is to be changed soon to the middle of the week. When we remember that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is organized for the purpose of bringing together the locomotive firemen of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and that "Benevolence, Industry and Sobriety" is its motto, and that the Order insures each and every member in the sum of \$1,000 in case of death or total disability, we admit at once that its aims and objects are grand and commendable. So it is that we wish for their continued prosperity, and that Prospect Lodge No. 162 may keep on growing and spreading until its roll is increased from its present fifty-four until it embraces the name of every locomotive fireman who calls Elkhart home.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
16	Ed. Sibley	77
20	Wm. Griffin	55
31	E. L. Fuller	179
39	P. Manion	—
52	Jos. Devers	153
56	J. B. Miller	—
59	G. E. Edwards	178
59	C. H. Burrell	128
59	Joseph Ennis	130
84	Mason Anderson	116
88	B. F. McNamara	—
88	Peter T. Tibbs	178
88	David Love	178
88	J. P. Larson	178
88	A. J. Burt	178
88	E. Jeff	178
88	John Edgar	178
88	James Stewart	178
91	L. S. Frain	77
101	Henry Smith	74
106	John Foster	—
116	A. Rossiter	158
116	Fred. Broughton	158
124	E. M. Doughty	132
142	Wm. Schwarz	162

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
6	P. J. Maloney.	86	H. Collipriest.
11	Frank Flynn.	100	John Griffith.
20	Chas. Rogers.		

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
5	Sam Ettenheimer	36
56	J. B. Miller	56
74	A. H. Brown	54
126	G. W. Holmes	22
153	Joe Devers	52
170	L. C. Gorsuck	68
170	Michael Murray	65
174	H. J. Roberts	75
178	A. H. Chapman	77
178	P. T. Tibbs	88
178	David Love	88
178	James P. Lawson	88
178	A. J. Burt	88
178	E. Jeff	88
178	John Edgar	88
178	Jas. Stewart	88

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
4	M. Lynch	Contempt of Lodge.
5	John Brown	Non-payment of dues.
9	Frank Burnham	Low Character.
20	Joseph Eustis	—
32	A. B. Crandall	Non-payment of dues.
41	Chas. Hatry	Non-payment of dues.
41	M. Quinn	Non-payment of dues.
41	C. Y. Polk	Non-payment of dues.
41	J. S. Kelly	Non-payment of dues.
50	John Carr	Non-payment of dues.
50	Jas. H. Case	Non-payment of dues.
50	Patrick Harvey	Non-payment of dues.
50	Arthur Joselyn	Non-payment of dues.
50	D. B. Moyer	Non-payment of dues.
50	S. Leggett	Non-payment of dues.
50	G. L. McCardell	Non-payment of dues.
50	M. Vandevender	Non-payment of dues.
50	W. C. Mathias	Non-payment of dues.
63	John Curtis	Non-payment of dues.
63	Thomas Carter	Non-payment of dues.
63	John Burrows	Non-payment of dues.
66	C. McKerran	Non-payment of dues.
71	Hiram House	Non-payment of dues.
71	D. B. Cornell	Non-payment of dues.
71	W. Watrons	Non-payment of dues.
78	W. H. Murphy	Disorderly Conduct.
81	Wm. Wadham	Defrauding Lodge.
85	Fred Metcalf	Non-payment of dues.
86	F. McDermott	Defrauding Lodge.
	E. H. Paddick	Non-payment of dues.
99	Wm. H. Ross	Non-payment of dues.
99	W. W. Williams	Non-payment of dues.
106	W. M. Searls	Non-payment of dues.
129	Jas. O'Brien	Unbecoming Conduct.
143	C. M. Butler	Non-payment of dues.
143	Ed Colson	Non-payment of dues.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., October 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending September 30, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.
1				66	\$1 00		\$1 00
2				67			
3				68			
4				69			
5	\$15 00		\$15 00	70			
6				71	4 00		4 00
7				72			
8				73			
9				74			
10	4 00		4 00	75	7 00		7 00
11				76			
12	1 00		1 00	77	5 00		5 00
13				78			
14				79			
15				80			
16				81	12 00		12 00
17				82			
18				83	1 00		1 00
19	1 00		1 00	84			
20				85	15 00	10 00	25 00
21	5 00		5 00	86			
22	1 00		1 00	87			
23				88	8 00		8 00
24		38 00	38 00	89		44 00	44 00
25	4 00		4 00	90			
26				91			
27				92			
28				93			
29				94			
30				95	9 00		9 00
31	4 00		4 00	96			
32				97	4 00	57 00	61 00
33				98			
34				99			
35				100			
36				101			
37				102			
38				103			
39	1 00	51 00	52 00	104			
40				105	1 00		1 00
41	26 00		26 00	106			
42				107			
43				108			
44				109			
45				110	4 00		4 00
46				111	3 00		3 00
47	2 00		2 00	112			
48				113			
49	6 00		6 00	114			
50				115			
51				116		28 00	28 00
52				117			
53				118	3 00		3 00
54				119			
55				120			
56	32 00		32 00	121			
57	9 00		9 00	122			
58				123			
59	7 00		7 00	124			
60	4 00		4 00	125			
61	11 00		11 00	126		29 00	29 00
62				127		74 00	74 00
63	6 00		6 00	128			
64				129			
65				130			

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Total.
131				148			
132				149			
133				150		\$30 00	\$30 00
134				151			
135		31 00	31 00	152			
136				153	\$1 00	16 00	17 00
137				154		11 00	11 00
138	2 00	16 00	18 00	155		9 00	9 00
139				156			
140	1 00	27 00	28 00	157			
141		27 00	27 00	158			
142				159			
143				160			
144				161			
145				162			
146	1 00		1 00	163			
147							

Balance on hand September 1 \$211 50

Received during month 719 00

Total \$930 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

A. B. CRANDALL.

We are requested to ascertain, if possible, the whereabouts of A. B. Crandall, of Border Lodge No. 32. He was last heard from at Rocklin, Cal., about a year ago. Any information regarding his whereabouts should be addressed to his brother, C. A. Crandall, 133 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

S. Hunter, of No. 116, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

E. J. Cross and Frank Brown, of No. 12, will please correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

H. Magee and Geo. Champion, of Lodge No. 18, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

Patrick Kennedy and Chas. Seltz, of No. 34, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

LETTER OF THANKS.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 15, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Industrial Lodge
No. 21, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: It is with feelings of pain and gratitude that I acknowledge the prompt adjustment of the insurance policy of my son, Wm. O'Neill, who was killed July 4; pain for the loss of a good son and gratitude to the members of No. 21 for their kindness from the time of the accident until he was laid in his grave; especially to Messrs. Clarke and Baker for their prompt and decisive action to procure me his insurance. To all I return my grateful thanks, and hope the honorable Brotherhood may be seldom called on to perform such a painful duty.

With my best wishes for the good of the Brotherhood in general, I remain, gentlemen, your grateful servant,

ELIZABETH O'NEILL.

RESOLUTIONS.

EL PASO, TEXAS, May 27, 1888.

At a regular meeting of New Year Lodge No. 185, B. of L. F., held at Odd Fellows' Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of New Year Lodge No. 185, B. of L. F., were the recipients of a handsome eight-day clock, donated by P. E. Kern, for the use of our Lodge room, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Lodge tenders to P. E. Kern its sincere thanks for his kindness to us.

Resolved, That we shall so conduct ourselves that we may ever retain the confidence of said P. E. Kern.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to P. E. Kern, also placed on the minutes of the Lodge and a copy sent to the Magazine for publication.

J. B. MATTHEWS, } Committee.
A. C. MAST,
J. C. CASKEY,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Sept. 28, 1883.

At a regular meeting of North Western Lodge No. 82, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of divine Providence, whose wisdom is beyond our comprehension, we have been deprived of our beloved brother, James H. McCann, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved family in their sad affliction; and furthermore be it

Resolved, That North Western Lodge has lost one of its best members, and his family a dutiful and affectionate husband and father.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect for Bro. McCann.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased brother's family and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

C. D. STEVENS, } Committee.
FRED. MORSE,
GEO. CLARK,

WINNEPEG, MANITOBA, Sept. 16, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Northern Light Lodge No. 127, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy Brother, Thomas Campbell, while in the discharge of his duty, July 26, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Mr. Hugo Campbell, brother of deceased, our sympathy, assuring him that his loss is ours also.

Resolved, That we extend thanks to Mesdames Chapman and Bridgland, with whom Bro. Campbell boarded, for kindnesses shown us.

Resolved, That we extend thanks to Bro. James Liddell, of Dominion Lodge No. 67, for his valuable assistance in this, our first bereavement.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Bridgland, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

HARRY COCHRANE, } Committee.
HENRY LYNES,
W. SCOTT,

FT. GRATIOT, MICH., Oct. 23, 1883.

At a regular meeting of St. Clair Lodge No. 110, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby extended to Mrs. Geo. Dawson and Mrs. Thos. Shunn for their kind assistance and sympathy in our sad hour of bereavement, and also for so richly and tastefully draping our Charter in remembrance of our late Bro. A. H. Matthews.

Resolved, That their kindness shall be ever remembered by the members of this Lodge.

E. G. HUBBARD, } Committee.
H. BOUCHER,
S. S. KERWIN,

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman . . . Chicago, Ill.
C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.
W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.
A. J. Reagan Portland, Maine
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Mareney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont.
J. M. Shelle, 505 Robert St. . . St. Paul, Minn.
J. McDouough, Ave K, between
38th and 37th Sts. Galveston, Tex.
M. Shick, 135 Pacific Ave. Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. . . Boston, Mass.
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Fort Gratiot, Mich.
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. . . St. Joseph, Mo.
Will R. Dean, Box 365 Butte, Montana
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills.
S. C. Myers, Box 22 Ravenna, O.
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Baraboo, Wis.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
A. L. Van Orden Secretary
J. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.
Meets 2d Monday.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. . . Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. Mag. Agent
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
Asa Dolan, 217 Pavonia Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent

4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
Geo. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
G. Utter, Drawer 853 Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
J. S. Black, 30 81st St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St. S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison City, Tex.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
J. T. Edward, L. Box 293 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Piqua shops Master
F. L. Ellis, Piqua shops Secretary
F. W. Arnold, Pioneer Block Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua shops Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
Thos. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
P. Cummins Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
Geo. Hull Master
Robt. Mulford Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
Wm. Rhodes Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedle, 253 E. Washington St. Master
W. S. Screes, Box 66, Brightwood Secretary
Ind. Financier
Wm. Hugb, 79 N. Noble St. Mag. Agent
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St.
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
20. **STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
Wm. Williams, Box 213 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**; South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
J. Lynch, I. M. Round House, St. Secretary
Louis, Mo. Financier
J. H. Clarke, 7915 Michigan Ave. Mag. Agent
J. D. Fisher, Cor. 3d and Haven
Sts.
22. **CENTRAL**; Urbana, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. M. Garrett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
G. C. Pittenger Mag. Agent
23. **PHOENIX**; Brookfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN**; Parsons, Kan.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK**; Boone, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
J. Wood Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
26. **ALPHA**; Baraboo, Wis.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
P. B. Denney Secretary
C. H. Williams Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
28. **ELKHORN**; North Platte, Neb.
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
29. **CERO GORDO**; Mason City, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucet Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent

- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. C. DuBols, Box 434 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Avenue Master
F. Johnson, 713 N. St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. McMahan Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Sugg Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. ANBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 123 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 149 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, L. E. & W. Shops. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Lamb, Box 318 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 31 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Wash. St. Master
C. Young, 711 W. Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
Chas. Coleman Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 262 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crane Master
W. O. Shelley Secretary
W. O. Shelley Financier
H. H. Lindenberg, Pine Bluff Depot Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Washington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Webster, 8th and Scarrett Sts. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
A. Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
M. J. Kelly, 1323 State St. Secretary
J. Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
L. Burns, 20 Cano St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Cullen Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannaahan, 3931 Dearbo St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave., Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hannaahan, 3931 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Flone, L. Box 628 Master
H. Green, L. Box 628 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
W. Neupher, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. L. McGill Secretary
G. E. Brooks, Box 1172 Financier
R. S. Meers Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnkam, Box 667 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 667 Mag. Agent

- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops . . . Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops . . . Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, B. & L. Shops, Cam-
bridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
B. H. Estabrook Secretary
C. B. Dilley Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
Irvin Prebble, Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 177 10th St., Denver,
Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col., Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2-10 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Scheire, 505 Robert St. Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
A. J. Goodrich, Box 724 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. Angeline, Waseca, Minn. Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Ludell Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
H. Lavole Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 83 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Kew, 46 Tecumseth St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botaford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona,
Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. V. Barr, Box 294 Financier
T. Shields, Box 248 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. A. Canning, Box 504 Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
A. DeLong, Box 679 Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 583 Carman St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
H. Higgins, 426 S. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1823 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Financier
M. Hurley, 1515 Genessee St. Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 3837 Haverford St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupel, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, Box 2 Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, Box 1588 Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Coslin, L. Box 958 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ills.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dumphy Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717 Mag. Agent

- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 527 Nicollet Ave. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Hroll, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1003 10th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
G. T. Gaynin, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 1084 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
F. A. Woodward, Box 738 Secretary
A. H. Dixon Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. H. Haskins Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
Hans Olson Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Master
J. Sights Secretary
E. W. Dennis Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
C. H. Oliver, Box 22 Master
W. B. Taney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
Frans Ould, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wickoff, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. Dieterich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE; Texarkana, Tex.**
J. R. McCartney Master
C. B. Hall Secretary
J. P. Kline Financier
J. R. McCartney Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
G. Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Hayes, 681 Elston Ave. Master
J. Pierce, 31 Schnell St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Lebtig Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardon, Box 72 Master
J. Fruit, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith, Box 72 Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foechner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
G. F. Dutlinger Secretary
G. F. Dutlinger Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 383 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne Financier
C. M. Krull Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 446 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. O'Hearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 529 Churchill Ave. Financier
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1137 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent

- 107. ECLIPSE;** Gallon, Ohio.
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson Box 196 Financier
W. E. Armor Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER;** Chama, New Mex.
J. C. McCabe Master
K. B. Rheim Secretary
W. M. Cline, Alamogosa, Col. Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamogosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE;** St. Louis, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Friday at 7 p. m.
L. Fischer, 2811 Adam St. Master
W. Davis, 2911 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau Ave. Financier
P. Molter, 2806½ Chouteau Ave. Mag Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD;** Bucyrus, Ohio.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON;** Mattoon, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 285 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR;** Mt. Vernon, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sursa Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL;** Eagle Rock, Idaho.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
G. L. Oram Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY;** Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire, Box 625 Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY;** Galveston, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Praime, 218 West Ave. I. Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR;** Fort Gratiot, Mich.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
E. G. Hubbard, Box 154 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER;** London, Ont.
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 585 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST;** Richmond, Quebec.
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 2 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL;** River du Loup, Quebec.
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE;** Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
A. Cummings, 52 Laurel St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP;** Corning, N. Y.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
F. Hammer, Box 492 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE;** Beardstown, Ill.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
J. E. Harley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND;** Omaha, Neb.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT;** Perry, Iowa.
E. G. Fox Master
W. Rait Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE;** Marshalltown, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
W. Harrigan Secretary
M. Kelliher Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET;** Austin, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT;** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. S. Gill, C. P. Shops Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK;** Glendive, Montana.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. LaPlant, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
Jas. Eckels, Box 55 Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING;** Escanaba, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
L. R. Blake, Box 182 Financier
W. H. Blake, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR;** Milwaukee, Wis.
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE;** Stevens Point, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliff, 78 Meadow St., Oshkosh, Wis. Financier
J. M. Brown Mag. Agent

- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT;** Eagle Grove, Iowa
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE;** Washington Ty.
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
G. Williams Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN;** Richford, Vermont.
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
C. E. Jones Master
E. R. Remington Secretary
F. C. Langdon Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR;** El Paso, Texas.
C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
M. Campbell, Box 182 Secretary
Wm. P. Smith, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT;** Port Hope, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. N. Johnson Master
G. Campbell Secretary
Wm. Alexander, Box 295 Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION;** Eldon, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION;** Freeport, Ill.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY;** Tulare, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY;** Salida, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
R. Gough Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
A. F. Ducey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER;** Fort Wayne, Ind.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
F. J. Penoyer, 178 W. Berry St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
G. Miller, 212 Francis St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE;** Toledo, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. and 2d
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. H. Brown, Elkhart, Ind. Master
F. Welliver, 275 Wallbridge Ave. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower Sts Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS;** West Oakland, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood st. Financier
G. H. Voageley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF;** Campbellton, New Bruns-
wick.
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT;** San Antonio, Texas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
M. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY;** Houston, Texas.
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
J. J. Sangster, 196 Washington
St. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND;** Temple, Texas.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH;** Tyler, Texas.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Messengale, Jr., L. Box 114. Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME;** New York, N. Y.
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Sat-
urday at 8 P. M.
E. Freeman, 280 E. 10th St. Master
W. J. McColl, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS;** Marquette, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF;** Hamilton, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East. Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP;** Wells, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD;** Fort Scott, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. D. Schellinger Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN;** Ottawa, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE;** Greenville Texas.
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
W. B. Maydwell, L. Box 74 Secretary
W. B. Maydwell, L. Box 74 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent

- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
Sam. Duncan Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Malin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
James Smith Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d, E. Nashville,
Tenn. Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E.
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
D. J. Daly, 310 Foster St. Financier
J. C. Cunningham, L. & N.
Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 412 S. Main St. Master
C. C. Price, 412 S. Main St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, S. 6th St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Mondays and 2d Sunday.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
G. M. Winegardner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Master
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Loughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
A. C. Pettengill Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
J. E. Hagerty Master
P. Burns Secretary
J. R. Dickinson Financier
G. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Ferguson Master
L. E. Ferguson Secretary
F. Wall Financier
T. Brinson Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellesville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Laushey, Box 1179 Master
A. C. Vandemark Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
G. B. Cloyston, Box 918 Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. Mattes Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 227 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Financier
R. Wilson Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. L. Armstrong, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Financier
S. Porter Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
P. A. Neely Master
W. H. Farnsworth Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
W. H. Farnsworth Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 8th St. Financier
H. A. Mateer, 1619 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
J. S. Buckingham, Box 1007 Master
H. R. Brown Secretary
F. M. Howard Financier
J. Floyd, Box 602 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ills.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. W. Winnick Master
L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Secretary
L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Financier
J. H. B. Campbell Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
M. Brown, Box 1186 Master
J. C. Dunton, Box 1186 Secretary
P. Tibbs, Box 1186 Financier
D. Love, Box 1186 Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent



VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1883.

NO. 12.

Brave.

Youth's Companion.

One or two young men came out of the Academy of Music when the opera was over, and lingered in the lobby to watch the passing of the crowd. Young Fred Sautler came up to them while putting his pearl lorgnette in its case.

"Nice house, eh?" he said, languidly. "Well dressed. See Fanny Swan. Wretched taste for young girls to wear diamonds! What d'ye think of the new tenor, eh? Miserable, I say."

The older men answered him civilly and walked on, leaving him with some lads of his own age.

"What would Miss Swan say if she heard that cub criticising her?" said Dr. Pomeroy. "The most insufferable creature in the word to me is a conceited boy, assuming the tone of a man of position when he has not yet proved his right to be alive."

"I thought young Sautler had money," said one of the party. "He drives a fine horse, wears clothes made by a better tailor than I can afford, and lunches at the best restaurant."

"Money!" said the doctor, angrily. "Why, his father is head book-keeper for Smiles & Son, with a family of six. He strained every nerve to educate this boy, who now looks upon every practicable way of earning his living as plebian. I'll warrant you the fellow never had twenty cents in his pocket of his own earning. His restaurant and livery-stable bills come in to his poor old father at the end of the month."

Meanwhile, young Sautler stood complacently twirling his opera-hat and watching the pretty girls as they passed. He caught a glimpse of his dapper little figure in a great mirror—the waxed mustache, lavender gloves, wired roses in his

button-hole, and looked pityingly after the doctor and his friends.

"How those old fellows must envy us!" he said. "Wine, with life in its sparkling, and dregs, eh? Oh, by the way, I saw a curious thing to-day! Dick Knight—you remember Knight in our class, who took the scientific course to fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it appears that, times being so hard, he could get no proper work to do, so he has taken to improper. Instead of laying by as I have done, waiting quietly for an opening for an educated man to step into, he actually is—I'm ashamed to tell it!"

"What? What is he?" asked his listeners.

"Driving an engine on the Central Road!"

"Fact! I saw him, all grimy with smoke in his little caboose to-day. 'Good heavens!' I said; 'Knight, are you mad?'"

"Not so mad as to starve," he said, laughing.

"I asked him why his father did not support him and keep him from such degradation? Then he was mad."

"Do you think I, with my big strong body, will be a burden on an old man?" he said; and began to talk nonsense about laziness degrading man, and that no man was ever degraded by honest work, with more of the same sort of bosh, all very ridiculous and very disgraceful. You'll see him to-night, if you take the 11 P. M. train."

"Tut, tut!" the lads said; and "Poor Knight! he was a good fellow!" precisely, as if he were dead.

Indeed, from the light and brilliancy of the scene about them—the music, the beautiful low-voiced women, themselves daintily attired, that gay and happy part of the world—there was a gulf like death to the grimy engine-driver in the dark

depot, a gulf which none but a madman, they thought, would willingly cross.

They sauntered out of the opera-house, and a few minutes before eleven reached the depot, in time for the train that ran out to the suburban town where they lived.

"There he is!" whispered Saulter. "He takes our train out, but the engine is not yet put to it."

The engine was on a siding, puffing and spitting little jets of steam, and Dick Knight, a tall, manly young fellow, was coming at the moment down from the superintendent's room. He caught sight of his old classmates, laughed, hesitated, and raised his hand to his hat.

"Going to speak to him, hey?" said little Billy M'Gee, anxiously.

The young men grew red and embarrassed. Some of them nodded to Knight awkwardly, and seemed inclined to go and meet him.

"I say no!" said Saulter, peremptorily. "If he chooses to leave the companionship of gentlemen, I shall not follow him. I talk to mechanics and that sort of people who never had a chance to be anything better, but Knight is a social suicide, sir!"

"That's true," said M'Gee. "How well Saulter puts things!" he added, aside. "Social suicide!" Well, I shall not bring him to life."

Knight saw that the young men wished to avoid him, and turned aside with a bow and heightened color, while they hurried into the train.

It was yet five minutes until the time of starting.

The train of passenger-cars was on the main track (the engine still being detached), and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety between acquaintances meeting on their way, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages.

Just then, a short distance up the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked out in horror, "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the depot! Out of the cars!—out of the cars!"

A runaway freight train was on the track. The fireman had started it for the purpose of taking it into the freight depot. By some accident, before it had left the main passenger track, the man had stumbled as he was at his work, and had fallen nearly upon the ground. Half-stunned,

he had jumped up, but could not catch the moving engine, which was gaining speed every second, and had shrieked out his warning.

It so happened that the switch-tender, through fright, or from some unexplained cause, did not move his switch in season to run the train off the main track, and now the huge machine, with its train behind, was rushing towards the train in the depot with a speed that promised fatal disaster.

The few officials who were near had time but to gasp with horror. At the moment when the cry of danger was shrieked out upon the night air, Dick Knight was attaching his engine to the passenger train. From the cars and platform rose a yell of frantic terror, in which Saulter's voice was highest. Death seemed rushing upon the people, who had not time to get out of the cars before the driving train would be upon them.

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.

"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomeroy.

But Dick had put steam upon his engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood with his hand on the lever, calm and determined.

His huge machine sprang forward. It met the coming locomotive with a crash that threw both monsters upward, as if they had risen to wrestle and throw each other. Then Dick's engine was thrown one side, but the force of the runaway train was overcome, and the machinery of the engine so injured that all movement was stopped. Dick was hurled senseless several feet from the place of the collision.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomeroy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting-room, where he was left with the physicians.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomeroy came out, "how is it?—will he live?"

"I think so. God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"

"You know him, then? Who is he? Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train."

Dr. Pomeroy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.

"He's the true grit, sir!" was the ani-

mated reply. "There's no work so humble that a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it, as we have seen to-night. It is not the daring courage I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye, to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow," he said to the station-master.

"Who is that?" asked Fred Saulter, breathlessly, of the official.

"The President of the road. Dick Knight, if he lives, has an open road to fortune now, and he deserves it."

Fred Saulter crept into the car to go home. His lavender gloves were soiled, and the wired rose in his button-hole was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. Life itself was sickly and decayed, he thought, with a yawn, and he threw the wilted rose out of the window. Yes; and to all conceited, effeminate natures like his, it is likely to prove what Saulter's imagination pictured at that night.

Christmas.

Hon. B. W. Hanna.

We are on the eve of another anniversary of the birth of the Lord of Lords and King of Kings. Every home where the sun of civilization shines, will again be made joyful by the laughter of childhood, the greetings of youth and the memories of age. Eighteen hundred and eighty-two years ago, the Magi paused in wonder to behold the star which hung above Bethlehem. There the child had been born. He was the Son of God. A kingdom was to be founded which should be everlasting. The Prophets had foretold it; the blood of martyrs had drenched the earth because they believed it. The philosophers had discussed the plan upon which the mighty kingdom would be erected. They had disputed about it. They had conjectured it would be heralded by thunders and lightnings; that the sky would bend in softer beauty; and the great sun flood the earth with more refulgent splendor. They had prefigured a political dynasty of unexampled power; with armies on every shore, and galleys in every sea. But the birth was humble. It was in a stable. The first cries of the Mysterious Child were mingled with the coarse bray of the ass, the humblest beast of burden. The proud and great would not receive him. He did not come through their gates, and they threatened all with vengeance who did him reverence. His only friends were among the poor. They proclaimed their allegiance in guarded places, or under the stars in midnight

flight. His kingdom was inaugurated and consecrated. From Herod to Napoleon, throne after throne has since crumbled and perished. Through all the ages, vast armies have been hurled upon each other in mighty shock of battle. The earth has trembled for centuries with the conflicts of man for power, but no throne has permanently stood—none can stand but this single one set up in Judea, eighteen hundred and eighty-two years ago. The wise men have tried to solve the mystery. Infidelity has raved, and the best learning of the scholars has been brought to naught. The Star of Bethlehem still shines in the sky, and its throne of majesty still endures. Mystery of mysteries, who can solve it! The mightiest soldier the world ever saw, who had shaken every throne of Europe with the thunder of his guns, at the end of his ambitious career, in a distant island of the sea, has furnished as wise testimony as has ever been spoken, concerning the Kingdom of Christ. He had conquered man and nations by the force of genius, God-given prescience, rapid movements, and dreadful assault. He was lacking in nothing of human wisdom—but the Prince of Peace, born in the manger of Bethlehem, the mysterious captain of the little legion of twelve men; the despised, and persecuted, and crucified Nazarene, he could not comprehend upon any other theory than His absolute divinity. The words of this prodigy of humanity, this soldier of soldiers, statesman of statesmen, and monarch of monarchs, may not be uninteresting. Here are Napoleons views of Christ: "I know men, Bertrand, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see the resemblance between Christ and the Gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. Paganism was never accepted as a truth by the wise men of Greece, by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, nor Pericles; but, upon the other side, the loftiest intellects have had a living faith in the doctrines of the Gospel; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV. Paganism is the work of man. What do their gods know more than other mortals—these priests of India or of Memphis—this Confucius, this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. Are these gods and these religions to be compared with Christianity? As for me, I say, No! I summon the entire Olympus of the gods to my tribunal. I—Napoleon—judge the gods. The gods of China and India, of Athens and of Rome, have nothing which

can overawe me. I see in Lycurgus, Numa and Mohammed only legislators who sought the best solution of the social problem. I can see nothing which reveals divinity. I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They performed a lofty part in their time, as I have done. There are many resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors, allying them to myself and to humanity. It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and His will confounds me. He is a being by Himself. His birth and the history of His life, the profundity of His doctrine, which grapples with the mightiest difficulties, and is of these difficulties the most admirable solution, His gospel, His apparition, His empire—everything is to me a prodigy. an insoluble mystery; a mystery which is there before my eyes; a mystery I neither can deny nor explain. One can absolutely find nowhere but in Him alone, the immitation, or the example of His life. The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine—everything is above me; everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. I search in vain in history for a parallel to Jesus Christ, or anything which can approach the gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, can offer me anything with which I am able to compare it, or explain it. The more I consider that Gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there, which is not beyond the march of events, and above the human mind. Who but God could produce that style of perfection, equally exclusive and original? In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections? Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places; who has never succumbed to the influence of the times; who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last, He is the same, always the same; majestic and simple; infinitely firm and infinitely gentle Christ speaks, and at once generations become His by stricter, closer ties than those of blood. I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. But after all my presence was necessary. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice; the only one which is purely spiritual; in fine the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country, the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eter-

nal by His disregard of time. All His doctrines signify one and the same thing—Eternity. Behold the destiny near at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my misery and the Eternal Reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending all over the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of a God. Bertrand, if you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well—then I did wrong to make you a General."

With Alexander Stephens.

Atlanta Constitution.

Governor Stephens had an especial fondness for young-folks, and he was particularly kind to reporters who dealt fairly with him. One thing that he always insisted on was that he alone should supply the news of the Executive office. Soon after he went into office, the Constitution's young man noticed things remarkably dry about the Executive office, and after a few queries learned that the Governor had ordered that no news be given to the press. That night the Constitution's young man was in the office at the mansion. The young man was feeling a little blue, because an important source of news had been taken away, and in a voice that showed his anxiety, remarked:

"Governor, I believe you have instructed the secretaries and clerks in the Executive office to tell me nothing?"

"I have," was the reply. "My first order is that no person connected with the office shall comment on anything that is said or done there."

"But Governor," asked the reporter, "how am I to get my department news?"

Turning around to the young man, the face of the Governor lighted up with a smile as he answered almost with a shout:

"Come to me! I'm boss!"

He was as good as his word. After supper the reporters would drop around and the Governor always kept them well up with the news. Sometimes he would throw in a good story for their amusement, as seven o'clock was his leisure hour. One night three of the "boys" were there. They were scattered around the room, one young fellow leaned on the mantlepiece, another rocked on an easy chair, and the third sat over by the secretary's desk. The Governor told them the news of the day, and as they lingered he began to talk of times that were before the reporters knew of this land and clime. "Said Mr. Stephens:

"I shall never forget my first trip away from home, nor the impression it made on me. I was quite a young man, and some business fell into my hands that carried me North. I had never been so far as Washington before, and of course I wanted to see what there was to be seen. I went into the Senate gallery and took my seat. I could easily pick out the prominent men by the pictures I had seen of them. Pretty soon a question came up, and the President of the Senate announced that Mr. Webster was entitled to the floor. Of course I was very much gratified that I was to hear him. He arose and began speaking in an ordinary conversational way. I think he took his snuff occasionally. He never made a gesture from the time he opened until he closed. I thought it was all sound doctrine, but I was convinced that I knew a dozen college boys who could have beaten him speaking. The next morning I picked up a paper. There was his speech headed: "Mr. Webster's Great Speech on the Finances." Pahaw, I thought they don't call that a great speech, do they? I saw another paper. There it was again headed Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I went to Baltimore. There they had Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I reached Philadelphia and everybody was talking about Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I got to New York. There everything was in a ferment over Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. It was the same way in Boston. So I concluded that it must indeed be a great speech. It put me to thinking, and I made up my mind that it was not the way a man said anything, but what he said made him an orator."

How to Escape Nervousness.

Our Continent.

The first prescription is an ample supply of pure, fresh and cool air. The nerves will always be weak if the greater part of the day and night be passed in close, ill-ventilated and overheated apartments. The nerves more than the rest of the body, to be properly nourished, require a full supply of oxygen. They will not endure vitiated air, whether the impurities come from sewers, gaslights, subterranean furnaces, or the individual's own person, without making an energetic protest.

A gas-burner consuming four cubic feet an hour produces more carbonic acid in a given time than is evolved from the respiration of eight human beings. Bear

this in mind, you who suffer from nervousness, that when you have shut yourselves up in your rooms and lighted an argand burner (which consumes about twelve cubic feet of gas per hour), you are to all intents and purposes immured with 23 other persons, all taking oxygen from the atmosphere. Is it a wonder that after several hours' exposure to the depraved air your nerves should rebel, as far as their weak state permits, and that your head should ache, your hands tremble, and that your daughter's playing on the piano almost drives you wild?

An overheated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to 90 degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions.

It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find the woman who swelters all day in such a temperature and adds to it at night by superfluous bed clothing, cross and disagreeable from little every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her room at 65 degrees and opened the windows every now and then.

The Oldest Railway Conductor in the United States.

Conductor William Coulter, who runs the fast morning express between New York and Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been a railroad passenger conductor for nearly half a century, and is the oldest conductor in point of active service in the United States. He began railroading when there were but three railroads in the country—one in South Carolina, one near New York City, and the old New Castle & Frenchtown Road, on the route between this city and Baltimore. He was one of the first conductors of the old New Jersey Transportation Company, taking charge of his first train, which ran between Newark and Jersey City, in 1840. For seven years he was in charge of trains between those two cities. In 1847 he was promoted and became conductor of trains between Jersey City and New Brunswick. The road at that time was not built through to Philadelphia. Mr. Coulter has still in his possession the schedule of time furnished him in 1847, when he was placed in charge of the New Brunswick train. It is a written time table, showing that the trains

were to leave New York at 9 o'clock in the morning and arrive at New Brunswick in one hour and forty minutes. To-day trains run through to Philadelphia in almost as short a time.

"Railroading in those days," said Mr. Coulter yesterday, "was not so comfortable a business for the conductors as it is now. We were compelled to assist in braking, help the baggage-master and not infrequently lead a fight against the roughs who insisted upon riding for nothing. In place of the splendidly upholstered saloon cars now in use, connected with the engine by a bell-rope, and with patent steam brakes, we ran compartment cars, after the English fashion of to-day, with the passengers facing each other. There were no cushions nor any backs to the seats." Mr. Coulter says that less than 300 passengers daily constituted the entire through traffic in 1847. During the forty-three years he has been a conductor Mr. Coulter has ridden not less than 1,500,000 miles in New Jersey and hundreds of thousands more in Pennsylvania, and has attended to the numerous wants at over 4,000,000 passengers. While he was on the Jersey City and Newark trains he ran 100,000 times between the two cities. For twenty-five years his average run per day was 128 miles, and he now averages 182 miles per day.

Mr. Coulter looks as if he were good for twenty years more of service, although he is nearly 70 years old.

The Light of the Moon.

Vennor.

The moon shines with a borrowed light, or in other words is simply a reflector of the sun's light, when the latter has sunk beneath the horizon and the moon is on the oppositeside of the heavens, the earth between the two, although not exactly in a direct line except during the period of eclipse. Although the moon sheds a beautiful silvery white light, it is evident that she cannot be white herself, because, in that case, the reflection would be much stronger. If the moon were an immense mirror, for example, her reflection would equal the light of the sun.

After careful estimates of the quantity of light she reflects, astronomers assert that the moon is more nearly black than white, although in reality neither the one or the other. If covered with black velvet she would still appear white, for even black velvet reflects some light, and if the moon reflected any light whatever, it would still appear white in contrast with

the utter blackness of the sky. From Zollner's observations it follows that if the moon's surface were covered with white snow her present light would be increased about four and a half times; if covered with white paper, four times; if her surface were of white sand, her light would be nearly half as great again as at present. She gives almost the same quantity of light as might be expected if her surface were entirely weathered-gray sandstone, and more than twice as much than if it were moist earth or dark gray syenite. As some parts are much brighter than others, it may be inferred that in places her surface is lighter and in others darker than weathered-gray sandstone.

Fifty Years.

Terre Haute, Ind., Democrat.

It is quite common for the newspaper to review the past year, at the publication on or near New Years day. But a little review of the achievements of the past fifty years would be well worth our while. In that time nearly all our important labor and time-saving machines have been invented, and the discoveries of a century preceding. The development of our country in the same time has been one of the amazing things. The known world is larger too. In that time Australia, then an almost unknown land, but nearly as large as the United States, has been explored and developed a nation. Graham's land, as large as New England, New York and Pennsylvania, was discovered in 1832. Victoria, as large as Minnesota, was discovered in 1842; the Balleny Isles, in the Antarctic Ocean, and West Greenland. Africa, practically an unknown land fifty years ago, has been explored throughout its almost boundless extent. In that time great cities have sprung up like magic, where then was desert, forest and inhospitable winds. Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco were villages then. Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Denver, Portland, and many others, were not dreamed of. In 1832 there were but 222 miles of strap iron railroad in this country, and less than 600 in the world. Now there are 350,000 miles in the world, and half of it in this country. Then the telegraph was unknown. Now about 500,000 miles of wire stretch over land and under seas, bearing the world's messages of joy and woe, gains and losses, in the twinkling of an eye, to earth's remotest bounds. How little did Morse know of the wonders that his little machine would work to the

world when he reverently sent that first message, by a maiden, from Washington to Baltimore, "Behold what God hath wrought." Then it is but yesterday that the telegraph's youngest child, the telephone, was born, yet it is estimated that last year it bore 80,000,000 messages. In 1838 steam ocean navigation became an accomplished fact. Steam and electricity have come to be applied to manifold uses. Gas has been improved for heating and lighting. Petroleum has been discovered, and its products put to all sorts of uses, chloroform, ether, electrotype, stereoscopy, daguerotype and photography. To enumerate the things that have come to the advance of man, and to ameliorate his condition in the last half century, would require too much space, and would be an enumeration of everything almost that we use, eat and wear. The reaper, mower, threshing machine and separator; the sewing machine, have all come in that time. And proudest thought of all to the American, a very large proportion of all these things have come through the active brain of American genius, and the results of necessities produced by the amazing growth of 50,000,000 of people from the wilderness. Blot out the productions of the last fifty years and where would our immense crops be? Our factories and railroads would be silent, and the people would go back to the hand to mouth life of fifty years ago. It is safe to predict that the next fifty years will excel the last. The intellectual, charitable, scientific, literary and religious developments of the last fifty years, are greater than the material, since it would require Solomon to discuss them.

A Foreign Ambassador.

Luke Sharp.

A circus manager is like a king. He sends his ambassadors to all quarters of the earth. Like the genii of the Arabian story they are slaves of the ring. Mayor Warner, one of Barnum's foreign ministers, dropped in at The Free Press office in London the other day. He had only five minutes to spare, for he was merely on a little trip from Moscow and St. Petersburg to Lansing, a trifling matter of some 5,000 miles.

"You didn't get anything as big as Jumbo this time, did you?"

"Well, yes," said Lansing's ex-Mayor. "I got an elephant four inches taller than Jumbo, and I wasn't on an elephant hunt either. Besides he has tusks seven feet six inches long, while Jumbo has none."

"I went to secure some Russian dog-

faced people. They live in the Kostroma country. They have their faces completely covered with silken hair about five inches long and they look like human Scotch terriers. I secured four of them."

Mr. Barnum, it seems, is going to add to his great moral show next year, representatives of every nationality on the face of the earth.

It is always well to have attached to a circus some big educational feature, probably this, it is thought, will rake in the preachers and the schoolmaster. Twelve genuine Nubians are on their way to New York to join the show. It costs something to keep a foreign ambassador on the route. Mr. Warner had one letter of credit for \$20,000 and another for \$50,000—\$70,000 in the hands of one foreign minister. The sum total that the whole legation is carrying around with them must be something enormous.

Pity poor Artemus Ward could not see how the show business has improved since his day of wax figures. Perhaps it is not generally known that Barnum's great and only was on the point of coming to London this year. He would not take the Alexandria Palace as it was too far out. The Aquarium was not big enough. The Agricultural Hall had a royal cattle show that would break into the season. So Mr. Barnum made negotiations with the Board of Works for that large area that lies unoccupied facing the Thames embankment east of the Temple, and on that he would have erected a temporary building that would have cost \$150,000, and he would have run excursion trains from every part of England to his great moral lesson. Some of the business people near-by objected, and as there was likely to be a fuss, Mr. Barnum and Mr. Bailey—the two busy B's—let the matter drop and said that if Englishmen wanted to visit the immense aggregation they would have to come to America.

Killing the Buffalo.

The Indian's method of killing buffalo is much more exciting and spectacular, but much less destructive than the white man's. A civil engineer engaged in the railroad construction work, at whose camp I stopped, gave me an account of an Indian hunt he witnessed from the door of his own log cabin one day last winter. It was the great annual hunt of the Crows. The Indians had their scouts out for weeks in the region north of the Yellowstone, missing small scattered herds into one large one by a method similar to that used

in rounding up cattle. Having got together a herd of perhaps 5,000, they began to push them forward into Yellowstone valley, not stampeding the animals but forming a semi-circle of horsemen around nearly twenty miles of country, and showing themselves here and there to keep the animals from straying off and to move them forward in the desired direction. Couriers were sent to the Crow village, and soon the whole tribe was in motion for a small piece of bottom land on the river, half surrounded by an amphitheater of hills. Beyond the hill-tops the squaws, children, and old men were stationed, with some of the ponies and with red blankets. The most skillful hunters posted themselves, mounted, by the river side. About noon the great herd, urged on by the scouts, came thundering down the hills into the bottom. Then the people on the hills closed up their line behind them, and the hunters dashed into the herd and began the slaughter. Whenever the animals would stampede toward the hills they would be driven back by the squaws waving the red blankets. The hunters rode to and fro, with wonderful skill evading the charges of wounded bulls, and carrying on the slaughter with little more trouble than they would have had in a drove of cattle. When their ponies were exhausted they rode up the hills and got fresh ones from the squaws. After two or three hours of this kind of work the chief gave a signal, the line on the hills opened a gap, and the survivors of the herd were allowed to escape. About 500 animals were killed in all. The tipis were set up and the village feasted for a month, while the squaws skinned the dead beasts, tanned the hides, and dried the meat.

Hints to Help the Memory.

Phrenological Journal.

He who wishes to have a clear and distinct remembrance should be temperate with respect to eating, drinking and sleeping. The memory depends very much on the state of the brain, and, therefore, whatever is hurtful to the latter must be prejudicial to the former. Too much sleep congests the brain, and too little depletes it; therefore either of these extremes must, of course, hurt the memory, and ought carefully to be avoided. Many readers note in the margin of their books the most important passages, the strongest arguments, or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of cu-

riosity by useless deliberation, and, by frequent interruption, and break the current of revelation or the chain of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the passages and the thought. The act of writing, itself, in such a case, distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.

The mind is seldom fit for close attention soon after meals; the effort draws the blood and forces from their proper employment in digestion, and stomach derangement is apt to ensue, to the disturbance of the brain and the derangement of the health. Both the mind and body should be easy and undisturbed when we engage in committing things to memory, and, therefore, quiet and retirement are most fit for it.

Madame De Pompadour.

Youths' Companion.

Her name—Jeanne Antoinette Poisson—is known to every reader of history. She was a girl of remarkable wit and beauty. She had dramatic power of a higher order, was a brilliant musician and a lover of the fine arts. Many suitors sought her favor, and at an early age she married a wealthy man—Le Normay l'Etiolles. He loved her devotedly and lived almost wholly for her happiness.

Fickle, unprincipled and eager for position, Jeanne soon tired of her beautiful home and devoted husband, and resolved if possible to attract the attention of the king, Louis XV., who had inherited the wealth and glory of his father, the Grand Monarch.

She placed herself before his carriage in the park, dressed in the most attractive manner, that she might be seen by the king. Dazzled by her beauty, he sought her out, invited her to his palace, and soon she became the mistress of Versailles. In vain her husband plead with her; she heartlessly abandoned him to become the favorite of a king.

Her ambition was gratified. Her influence with her royal lover became supreme. She made and dismissed ministers of state, created cardinals, declared war and arranged terms of peace. The council of state used to meet in her boudoir. She once declared that her very lap-dog was wearied with the fondlings of nobles. She virtually compelled Maria Theresa to address her as ma cousine, and a jest at her expense is said to have been the origin of the seven years' war.

The age of 40 found her prematurely old, and with a corroding sense of un-

worthiness in her heart. She had had her will, and with what result? Listen to her own words:

"What a situation is that of the great! They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope. There is no peace in ambition. I am always gloomy; the kindness of the king, the regards of courtiers, the attachment of domestics, affect me no longer.

"I have no longer an inclination for all that once pleased me. My residence at Bellevue is charming, and I alone cannot endure it. I do not live; I am dead before my time. The public hatred grieves me exceedingly. My life is a continued death!"

She breathed her last amid the splendors of Versailles, at the age of 42.

The day of her burial was tempestuous. The king stood at the window of the palace as the funeral cortege moved away. He had long since tired of the woman who had violated conscience and God's law for his favor, and now he looked with silent indifference on her burial car fading away in the storm. No love of husband or of child followed it; few tears were shed.

"The marchioness has a rather wet day to set out on her long journey," he jestingly said.

Long journey! The pomps of the palaces had faded; the illusion was done. She had sown to sin, had reaped its rewards, and in the pitiless rain they put away the form of Madame de Pompadour forever in a dishonored grave.

Boys and Girls.

From the New Haven Register.

"If I had a dozen children I would want them all boys," said Mrs. Thrifty. "Boys can take care of themselves, they are energetic, enjoyable, and it doesn't take half so much sewing to keep a family of boys along."

"Now, if I should have any choice," said Mrs. Workhard, "I should rather have my children all girls. Girls are so gentle, so helpful, have so much more refinement than boys, and then it is such a pleasure to sew for them, they look so prettily in the garments made for them."

"Very well, ladies," said Mrs. Sensible, "you are both right and wrong. I believe in a mixed family—part boys, part girls. The boys influence the girls to self-reliance, the girls refine the boys by their gentleness. A boy who is brought up with sisters makes the most manly man, and the girl who is brought up with brothers makes the most womanly woman."

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Maidens brave and lovers fair—
Ye who know not toll or care,
Let me telegraphic tale.
Listen while I wail my wail,
I will teach you telegraphy
While you swop your love and
"taffy."

This is why the strikers struck;
This is why they're in such luck—
Just because they learned the trick
And could get their bread on
"tick;"
Also pie, ice cream and cake,
As each took his little "take."

A --- "A's" a dot and then a dash;
B --- "B," dash, three dots like a flash;
C --- "C," two dots a space, a dot;
D --- Dash, two dots and "D" you've got;
E --- "E" is but a period—
Readers, you are wear-i-ed?

F --- "F" made thus—dot, dash, dot;
G --- Dash, dash, dot, to "G" allot;
H --- Four dots "H"—how's that for
high?
I --- While two dots "I" satisfy;
J --- "J," dash, dot, dash, dot you sound;
K --- Dash, dot dash for "K" you've
found.

L --- "L's" long dash, so rest your hands!
M --- Next, two dashes "M" demands;
N --- "N's," dash, dot, made closely—see?
O --- "O's" a dot, space, dot—O, me!
P --- Five dots next for "P" suffice;
Q --- "Q," two dots, dash, dot—how nice!

R --- Dot, space, two dots for "R" next;
S --- "S," three dots—now watch my
text—
T --- "T's," short dash, half size of "L;"
U --- "U's" two dots and dash—that's
well!
V --- "V" is three dots, dash—art tired?
W --- "W's" dot, two dashes wired.

X --- Dot, dash, two dots, "X" you'll
find;
Y --- "Y," two dots, space, two dots,
mind!
Z --- Three dots, space and dot are "Z;"
& --- " & " is vice versa—see

There's your task, learn it with
care,
Maidens brave and lovers fair!
And if your task don't shirk,
You need never wish for work
When adversity draws near—
Readers all, let's drop it here.

Frank Cella, a New York four-year-old, ran out of the house to avoid kissing some female relatives from the country and got lost. The police picked him up nearly two miles from home after wandering all night. His first words to his overjoyed father were: "Is they gone?"—*N. Y. Times*.

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions, which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.—*Greville*.

Traction by Cable Across the East River Bridge.

The reader is probably aware that the East River Bridge R. R. will not be opened when the rest of the structure is, because experiments are to be made with the rope-traction power in order that all risk may be avoided. There are to be twenty-four cars, of which the most of them are already finished. They are light, airy, and comfortable. The cars are similar to those in use on the Sixth avenue elevated road, New York. There is so much glass about them that a superior system of brakes would be needed to prevent the bumping of the cars together, even if the sharp grades did not make them necessary. The grade is about one foot in one hundred, and the inertia of the cars after passing the centre of the bridge either way, would cause them to acquire an impetus, if unchecked, that would be disastrous before reaching the station. Hence three kinds of brakes are used, including the Westinghouse brake. In the event of a mishap to any one of the brakes, either of the others will be ample to control a car.

The cars will start from Brooklyn, and return by an opposite track, so that one track will be exclusively for New York business and the other for Brooklyn business. The system, which is called the circulating system, has been perfected regardless of expense. Its cost exceeds \$350,000. The endless cable is operated by a 400-horse power engine near Prospect street, Brooklyn, and is 11,700 feet long. There will be an extra cable alongside, to be put into use in case of an emergency. The cars will be attached by a clamp made of two pulleys facing each other horizontally, and under the control of a lever which, moved in one direction, will release the grip of the clamp, and, in another, will tighten it. The tighter the clamp the swifter will be the speed of the cars. When the clamp is released the same movement will apply a brake to the wheels.

It is expected that four cars will be run over at a time, carrying at a pinch, as many as four hundred passengers. The first car of the train will be attached to the cable. The cars will make through trips, and will not stop for way passengers. They will be switched from one track to another at the termini. Passengers will pass out by a stairway to be used solely as an exit. The distance to be traversed by the cars is a mile, and at the rate of speed which will be adopted,

it is expected that the trip will be made in about four minutes and a half or five minutes. In the busy hours, the speed may be greater. It is calculated, however, that the trip will generally require five minutes.

Self-Made.

Boston Globe.

"Do you see that old man near the frog pond on the Common?"

"Thirty-two years ago that old man came to Boston with one suspender and a sore toe. He also had a basket of apples which a farmer in Lexington had given to him. He peddled the apples on Washington street and netted eighteen cents the first day. How much do you suppose he's worth now?"

"Oh, a million and a half, said one.

"Two millions," cried another.

"Six millions three hundred thousand," was the estimate of a third.

"I give it up," remarked No. 4. "How much is he worth?"

"Not an infernal cent, and he still owes for the basket."

The Boy Astronomer.

St. Nicholas.

The first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's centre. This was about the year 1635.

Often, on midsummer nights, the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprang up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disk of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the

precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place. He told his secret to one intimate friend, who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted, for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disk on the paper, he expected moment by moment to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly, the church bells rung. The paper still was spotless. No shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church bells rung. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself, "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining; and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus. It crept slowly along the bright centre, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.

As in our lives, so also in our studies, it is most becoming and most wise so to temper gravity with cheerfulness that the former may not imbue our minds with melancholy, nor the latter degenerate into licentiousness. — *Pliny*.

The Hatchet Club.

"Talking about wind," continued Eli Perkins, before the New York Hatchet Club on Washington's birthday—"talking about wind, I saw an ordinary quiet zephyr out in Kansas blow an iron bedstead seventy-eight miles, and the next day it came back after the sheets and pillows." (Sensation).

"But that is nothing, gentlemen, to a wind I ran against up in Minnesota. You see it had been blowing hard enough to blow the ears off of mules and the horns off of cattle for several days. (Hear, hear). But that day I started from St. Paul to Minneapolis behind a span of mules. The wind struck the off mule—a zephyr from towards Duluth struck him when he had his mouth open and turned that mule completely wrong side out. (Sensation).

A Picture to the Life.

Take a young man, a tall young man, with a small hat, a long face, a lengthy neck, a short body, a pair of long and slim legs, with arms to match, and both arms and legs largest at the extremities, put him in a Seymour coat, encase his legs in eel-skin pantaloons, with sufficient bow in the legs to give passing glimpses between them of the mashed and astonished world that lies ahead of him as he walks; cram his flat feet into pointed shoes; tie an eyeglass to his lapel; give him a delicate mustache and cane to play with—and if there be a grander sight under the canopy of heaven, we haven't time to think it up. Perhaps a monkey with a tin tail comes nearest to the phenomenon.

GEOLOGICAL examinations of the delta of the Mississippi now shows that for a distance of about 300 miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other with the interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this description have been observed, which it is believed must have succeeded each other. Of these trees, known as the bald cypress, some have been found over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5700 rings; in some instances, too, huge trees have grown over the stumps of others equally large.

An ignorant housemaid, who had to call a gentleman to dinner, found him using a toothbrush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, when the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly; he's just sharpening his teeth."

"THE DANISH BOY'S WHISTLE."

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Oh whistle, an' I'll come to you."

[Nearly every engineer on the New York & New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.—*Daily Paper.*]

It's noon when "Thirty-five" is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Too-tee-too!"
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day
An' he's callin' his sweetheart—far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's
Bill.

"Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five a. m. there's a local comes—
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury; down by the Falls;
Summer or Winter, always the same,
She hears her lover callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-ie!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-one"
Go thunderin' West, and of all the screams
That ever startled the risin' sun,
Jehu Davis sends into your dreams;

But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here where the creek lets in,
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
Loud as a throat of brass can bawl,
"Jee-eroo shes! Je-hoo!"

But at one-fifty-one, old "Sixty-four"—
Boston Express runs East, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew;

An' away on the furthest edge of the town,
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright and clear.
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-ou-ou, Su-u-u-u-e!"

An' long at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometime—I don't know
when—

But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
Till it reaches the Y-Switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell,
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
To her like a wedding bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
You'll see "Thirty-seven" go streakin' west;
It's a local, from Hartford, same old tune
Now set for the girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Givin' her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo-loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night,
Till the old folks have voted the thing a
bore;

Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle-valve, to the girls they know.
An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts
tell
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying
bell.

Men Who Ought to be Kicked.

Woman's World.

The labor papers have been talking sympathy for this under-class a long time, and laying it on thick. It has done no good. It has been a premium on their inertia. I know a case in illustration of the situation. A girl of twelve and her brother of eight were going to the same village school. The boys of his age imposed upon him and whipped him regularly at recess every day. He would come sniveling to his sister, who would sally out with a little slat sunbonnet clubbed in her hand and fight everybody in sight in his behalf till the bell rang. This went on for a year, when she got tired of it. One day when he came blubbering to her as usual, she turned on him savagely:

"You miserable milksop," she said, "I hope they will beat you every day until you get some spirit in you." In three days time that boy had whipped every male urchin in the school within two years of his own age. He was the cock of the walk; all the small boys toadied to him, all the little girls were in love with him. I received a lesson right there as to the best manner of dealing with "milksops" generally. No, by the heavens, I have not a particle of sympathy for them, though I commenced this article by saying I had. My quarrel is not with the millionaires of this country, but with the laborers who will not think. They will not give their influence to papers that advocate their rights, nor vote for measures promising them amelioration. They support with proud toadyism the schemes of the men who own them; they doff their ragged hat to the man who in haughty insolence splashes mud over them from costly carriages in passing.

"The public be damned," said Vanderbilt, and I say "Amen" to it, if it is necessary that it should be damned in order to undamn the laborers' sense of manhood, and then I am willing to indorse Vanderbilt in such a cyclone of damns as will turn the air sulphurous from Maine to Florida.

A man who takes a damn deserves it. He who bears a kick ought to be kicked again until he so learns the virtue of kicking that he will kick back.

The Discovery of the Mammoth.

The banks of the great Northern Siberian river, the Lena, are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to 100 feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that a fisherman stopped dumb with astonishment, one spring morning many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over it, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related his story to his comrades up the river, and in the spring, with a party of his fellow fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length and weighed together 360 pounds. The hide covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty roubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of nature perhaps 50,000 years, more or less; but so well was it preserved, that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently-killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years after the animal had fallen

from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the massive skeleton entire, with the exception of one fore leg. The tusks were repurchased at Jakutsk, and the great frame was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Nothing to Do.

Boarding-house life is responsible for a great deal of idleness among women. I was recently brought in contact with a young couple whom I will call Smith. The wife spends her time doing fancy work, reading novels and making calls. The husband is a clerk, on a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. They live up to every cent, with apparently no thought of the future. Mrs. Smith said once that she supposed she spent over a hundred dollars a year in worsteds, patterns, fancy braids, gimps and the like. And she buys all her underclothes ready made, while a dressmaker is employed to make her dresses. She has a sewing-machine, which was a wedding present from a sensible uncle, but she never uses it. She has a piano, but can only play the most simple tunes, and she has a box of oil paints and a dozen or more brushes, but she has painted only a few shells and a small panel.

She is irretrievably lazy and calls herself delicate. She never gets up out of bed until half past eight in the morning, and lies on the sofa certainly half of every day. If a visitor comes in she monopolizes the conversation, and invariably manages to lead it to the subject of physical ills. Her personal ailments is a subject of which she never tires. I believe that in the few weeks I spent in that hotel with her, I heard the history of every pain and ache which had ever visited her body or her imagination since childhood. Not an ache could be mentioned by any one that she had not had, only in a more aggravated form.

When her husband comes home her method of entertaining him is to describe at length every particular pain she imagines she has felt during the day. He loves her now, and is very attentive and kind; but how much longer will his patience endure? How much longer will he submit quietly to hearing the tedious details of her headaches, backaches, neuralgia, sideaches, rheumatism, etc.? Even now he sometimes looks a little bored and weary as she begins the same old plaint

as soon as he enters the room. He knows quite well—for he is a man of good common sense—that for the most part it is only in her imagination that she suffers. She forgets all her aches and pains very quickly if there is any project for amusement on foot.

As it is, she is a burden to herself and a bore to her acquaintances. Of real friends she has none; how can such a woman gain affection and esteem?

A Good Story of Pennsylvania's Great Commoner—An Admiring Visitor.

Hon. John L. Thomas, ex-Congressman and ex-collector of the port of Baltimore, tells this good story about the great commoner of Pennsylvania: When I was in Congress I used to be a frequenter of the room of old Thad Stevens. One day, while talking together, a visitor entered unexpectedly. She was a tall, raw bone woman, with ox-bow spectacles on the bridge of her nose, and a bulky green gingham umbrella. She handed Mr. Stevens a card with the words, "Abigail Meecham, Kennebunkport, Me.," and said:

"Do I have the honor of beholding the Hon. Thad Stevens, of Pennsylvania?"

Somewhat embarrassed, Mr. Stevens acknowledged his identity, and asked his visitor to be seated.

"Thank you, no," was the reply, "but I wish to say, sir, that in my quiet home down east I have heard of your glorious efforts in behalf of the emancipated slave, of your heroic treatment of the southern question, and of your undying hostility to the enemies of my country, and I have traveled hither, sir, to ask the privilege of shaking your hand."

She shook it.

"Now, sir, I have one more favor to ask. It is a souvenir of this interview—I wish to take home with me, if I may be so bold as to ask it, a lock of the great commoner's hair."

Old Thad was for a moment more embarrassed than I ever saw him before; then he smiled faintly; he put his hand to his scalp-lock and, lifting his brown wig bodily, laid it upon the table, leaving his pate as bald as a billiard ball. "There is every hair on my head, madam; make your own choice of a lock."

Need it be added that the Maine woman did it.

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero*.

Aphorisms.

Who can all sense of others' ill escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.

—*Juvenal*.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.—*Johnson*

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates*.

He that wants money, means and content is without three good friends.—*Shakespeare*.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—*Francis Bacon*.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—*John Selden*.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.—*Colton*.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson*.

Whatever disgrace we have merited it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Disguist concealed
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

—*Waller*.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.—*From the French*.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly creates, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.—*Lavater*.

Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe Censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.—*Fuller*.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons whom it possesses, before it can destroy those it most wishes to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.—*Lord Clarendon*.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than your own choosing.—*Chesterfield*.

He Drew a Prize.

Detroit Free Press.

A few weeks ago a Detroit saloon-keeper got hold of the fact that a certain customer of his had invested in a lottery ticket, and on the night of the drawing the saloon was filled with a crowd to enjoy a joke which the saloonist was to let loose on his man. The man with the ticket dropped in at the usual hour for his beer, and while drinking it, he heard the saloon-keeper remark that ticket No. 63,256 had drawn \$5,000.

"How do you know that?" was quickly asked.

"Well, I also hold a couple of tickets, a friend of mine in Chicago has telegraphed me the winning numbers."

"Let's see the telegram!"

It was produced. It had been specially prepared for the occasion and appeared genuine.

"I hold that very ticket!" gasped the citizen as he produced his wallet.

"No!"

"Here it is!"

Congratulations were in order, and only a hint was needed to bring an order for beer and cigars without limit. At the end of a grand hurrah the saloonist presented a bill for \$13.25, and was met with the reply:

"See you later—too excited to make change to-night."

Yesterday the man of beer went to a justice to see about suing the bill and learned that his debtor was in Colorado. Just how much he made out of the joke can't be figured until he gets over kicking himself.

The Real Inventor of the Steamboat.

Hartford Daily Times.

A statue of Robert Fulton has been erected in the National Hall of Statuary, in the Capitol, to represent Pennsylvania. It was placed in its position yesterday. Robert Fulton is generally credited with being the inventor of the steamboat; and by many people he is also supposed to have been a native of New York. Both of these notions are erroneous. He was not the inventor of the steamboat; and he was a native of Pennsylvania.

The inventor of the steamboat was John Fitch. This remarkable man, a native of that part of old Windsor that is on the east side of the Connecticut River and is now included in the newer township of South Windsor, conceived the idea of a steamboat while living in Philadelphia in 1784, twenty-three years before Fulton

started his boat. Fitch went ahead with his idea, petitioned Congress in 1785 for aid to build his vessel, and submitted his model to the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. He received some assistance from individuals, went ahead, built a boat, the *Perseverance*, and had it in actual operation on the Delaware on the 1st of May, 1787. His engine was the first double-acting condensing engine transmitting power by means of cranks ever constructed. The boat made several trips, up and down the river; but, owing to the difficulty of keeping the piston tight against the comparatively rough interior surface of the cylinder, the rate was slow—only three miles an hour. Fitch then improved it, so that, in 1788, it made eight miles per hour. It was then put into regular use on the Delaware.

Fulton saw it—and in a later year saw Fitch's model in Paris, where the inventor had taken it in the vain hope of getting French artisans to build a steamer. Fulton, who, unlike Fitch, had the important aid of wealthy friends, failed in an invention of a submarine torpedo boat. Then he undertook, some seventeen years after Fitch's triumphant demonstration on the Delaware, to make a steamboat to ply on the Seine, at Paris; but it proved a total failure. He then went to England and Scotland, and studied up the mechanism of a steam canal towboat, which, built on a wrong principle, was trying to do work on the Clyde. Having the means, he bought a powerful engine, of Watt's invention, in England, in 1806, and sent it to the United States, where, in 1807, he got it at work in the first Hudson River steamer, the *Clermont*. This boat made five miles an hour up stream—not equal to Fitch's boat on the Delaware twenty years before.

But Fitch was poor and destined always to bitter trials and disappointments. Fulton had powerful friends, and obtained unjustly the credit of being the inventor of the steamboat. Fitch died in disappointment and obscurity in Kentucky, by an overdose of opium; Fulton goes into the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol. But history will yet right this matter and do justice to John Fitch.

It is believed, says the Albany (N. Y.) Journal, that Sullivan and Slade, the bruisers, will shortly open a law office in St. Louis. Why the Albany Journal believes this does not appear. Perhaps it thinks they would make a fine pair of legal ex-pounders.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Words of Wisdom.

Absence of occupation is not rest.
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
—*Cowper.*

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca.*

Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.—*Fuller.*

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he.—*Lavater.*

It is a species of agreeable servitude, to be under an obligation to those we esteem.—*Queen Christine.*

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed, while malice denies that it is ever at the full.—*Hall.*

Have you more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Learn more than thou lowest,
Set less than thou throwest.

—*Shakespeare.*

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters.—*Swift.*

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything.—*Franklin.*

After all the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as truth measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—*Shaftesbury.*

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their soul.—*Hawkesworth.*

The insolent civility of a proud man is, if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be; because he shows you, by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him, and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretense to claim.—*Chesterfield.*

Why He Knew it Was Not a Dream.

Chicago Herald.

"No, boys; I'll swear it was not a dream," said the narrator. "One of the figures dashed something cold over me and I shivered convulsively. Another one danced before in a horrible fashion, and then I became unconscious and knew no more until morning, when the sun, streaming through the little window and its gauzy curtain, restored me to consciousness. I was sitting on the bed. Looking up among the rafters I saw a hand covered with blood."

"Look here," said one of the listeners, "are you certain that was not a dream?"

"Yes."

"Can you account for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"Easy enough. The whole thing is lie!"

How Many Toes Has a Cat?

Paterson Press.

This was one of the questions asked a certain class during examination week, and, as simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency the principal was applied to for solution, and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When the idea was announced, the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when to the relief of all it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet. After the question was solved, the cat was allowed to depart, much to his satisfaction.

A convict released from the Connecticut penitentiary told the agents of the Prisoners' Aid Society, with tears streaming down his cheeks, that he had left in his cell a little mouse, the only friend he had in the prison. It came from a hole in the cell's corner every morning, and ate crumbs from the prisoner's hand. "He would playfully run down my arm and play about my face, let me feed him, and stay by me when I was eating my supper. When I went into my cell and did not pay immediate attention to my little pet, he would chatter and scold at me in such an earnest way that it made me laugh. He was my one friend, and I have come away forgetting him."

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.
WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

DECEMBER, 1883.

Musings.

Farewell 1883, its joys, griefs, hopes, fears, successes, disasters; all are swallowed up in the eternity of the past. Welcome 1884, its joys, griefs, hopes, fears, successes, disasters; all still rest in the eternity of the future. We stand with one hand touching the flickering pulse of 1883, and with the other touching the young but bounding pulse of 1884. Another mile stone on the road of life has been passed. What have we done as individuals to make the year 1883 rose-lined with pleasant memories? What have we done to make the year 1883 black with the pall of regret? To some 1883 has brought success, to some disaster. To some 1883 opened pearl-tinted and gold encrusted; it closes for them with the ebon hue of the grave. To some 1883 opened with the sombre tints of despair and closes with the orange glow of triumph. To some 1883 has been an even, uneventful journey, colored by the grey quietude of a winter's morning. To all of us, what will 1884 bring? It will bring the same old human story, unchanged since the dawn of that morning when God said, "Let there be light." Some will walk with us all through the coming year, some before its close will be lulled to a dream-

less sleep. Life and death will travel hand in hand during the coming year as ever heretofore.

Our Magazine.

The outside world judge of our Brotherhood, its standing, aims and teachings, by our Magazine. Through its medium do we inculcate the lessons of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Its pages inform our employers what our ideas are about the relations of employer and employed. These great results being dependent upon the character of our Magazine it will be apparent at once that a high standard of excellence is necessary in its make-up.

In the first place it is the duty of its pages to teach to our members the imperative necessity of observing our bed-rock principles—Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry. Brotherhood and sympathy between our members must be taught.

In the second place the relations between labor and capital; between employer and employee, must be fearlessly and clearly stated. We come before the world with the profession that we do not believe in violence and strikes as means by which wages are to be regulated, but that all differences must be settled by mutual understanding arrived at by calm reasoning. We have nothing to do with the sudden, awful arbitrament of violence, we invoke the peaceful methods of discussion and deliberation.

In order to place before the public clearly and fully our ideas on these great aims and objects, a high literary standard is necessary for our Magazine. It will not do for us to place our ideas before the public in crude editorials and muddy correspondence. We have arrived at that stage of importance that our Magazine is looked to as a source of information; this must be furnished in the best style possible and will be so furnished in the future.

We have determined to exclude everything from our pages that is not excellent both in matter and manner of statement. It is the first duty of an editor to have a

big waste basket and to keep it full to the top with rejected matter. Only the best should be published. We desire our readers and correspondents to bear in mind that our Magazine is purely a business venture, and we expect to so conduct it as to make of it a financial and literary success.

We desire to say kindly, but firmly, that everything sent to us for publication can not be published. Only that can be published that we deem fit for publication in our pages. We receive hundreds of letters, all have to be attended to, our duties are numerous and arduous, and we desire to say to members especially that we can not possibly publish every suggestion, every letter and every poem sent us, nor can we take the time to give reasons for not so doing. We are glad to receive contributions, but we must insist upon our right as editor to reject anything sent us. We desire to offend no one by refusing to publish what is sent us, at the same time neither do we desire to have our pages filled with matter not in good shape for publication; therefore we hope nothing will be sent us unless it has merit both as to information and literary style.

Hoping we have made the matter clear without offense, we must in the future fearlessly exclude everything from the pages of our Magazine that is not first-class in all respects. We desire to furnish our readers a Magazine that will be worth its price and that will be a fit mouth-piece of our great organization.

The Closing Year.

This is the last time we will address our readers in the year 1883. It will be remembered that at the beginning of the year we predicted a large increase in the circulation of our Magazine and in the numbers of our membership; have we as an organization come up to this prediction? When the convention was held at Terre Haute in 1882 we had a membership of 5,000, now our numbers foot up 8,000; we had then 121 Lodges, we have now 181 Lodges, all in good standing and

perfectly organized. Our Magazine in 1882 had a circulation of 8,500, now we have on our books upwards of 15,000 subscribers. We have paid out in the last year to the widows and the fatherless the sum of \$55,000. These figures show prosperity and wonderful success.

With such a history for the year 1883 we may well feel satisfied. Our members have labored faithfully and with an enthusiasm that can bring nothing but success. The past has secured the future. Our Brotherhood is a fixed fact. It has come to stay. The great trouble heretofore with organizations of laboring men has been faithlessness on the part of officers and indifference on the part of members. Both of these evils we have escaped. All of our officers, both of the Subordinate and the Grand Lodges, have done their work faithfully. Our members have labored with a vim, in and out of season, that is simply remarkable. All obstacles to success have been overcome by these united and persistent efforts, and as a reward we have the noblest and best organization of laboring men in the country. We are not organized for a few months; we are not organized to fight any particular corporation; we are not organized for personal schemes; we are organized for all time, upon the solid basis of benevolence among the members, and justice between employer and employed.

We challenge any one to point to one instance where our Brotherhood has been used to antagonize capital. Steadily we have inculcated the doctrine that labor and capital are friends and that their differences can and must be settled by reason and arbitration and not by demagoguery and by violence.

We have mentioned only a part of the great work performed by our organization. We have said nothing about the mutual aid and comfort rendered by our members; nothing about the sympathy that has smoothed the pathway to the grave of many an unfortunate brother; nothing about our cheer offered to the

widow and the fatherless; nothing about benefits extended to the sick and maimed; these acts of our members are the silent, unwritten results of our Brotherhood, but they are the results that speak loudest in our praise.

This is the history we present to our readers at the close of 1883. We bid the year good-bye without regret. Our work speaks for itself. Before leaving 1883 forever we desire to thank our numerous subscribers to the Magazine for their liberal patronage and their patience with its shortcomings. We ask them to continue with us during the coming years and we will make our Magazine second to none in the country. Its size will be increased and its matter will be kept up to the best standard. We desire also to thank our Magazine Agents for their untiring work and its magnificent results.

In closing the year we thank all of our friends throughout the whole country and hope prosperity and happiness will crown their coming years. Adieu, 1883! Welcome, 1884!

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

BY CHOLLA.

A tireless steed whose pulses stir,
Obeying neither whip nor spur;
An iron monster yielding still,
Obedient to a master's will.

Flashing across the glowing plain
Between fields of corn and golden grain,
A trail of smoke against the sky
Marks where the train has thundered by.

An iron curb upon its will
Holds firm the fiery monster still,
A loosened rein still leaves it free
Shrieking aloud in wildest glee.

With angry snort as if in pain
A meteor flashing o'er the plain,
Thundering through some rocky gorge
An angry Vulcan's mystic forge.

Gliding along with tireless might,
Scaling secure some steepy height,
In days bright glow or evening shades
Speeding between high palisades.

Ah! the human souls it onward bears,
What weight of woe, what burden of cares;
Little it reckes of joys or of woes,
At a reckless pace it thundering goes.

A tireless steed whose flag unfurled
Has changed the commerce of the world.
An iron monster, yielding still,
Obedient to a master's will.



For Firemen's Magazine.

Ice.

BY ELMON J. NOYES.

In answer to "Query," in the October number of the Firemen's Magazine, I will give, in a few words, the result of such investigations as I have been able to make, hoping they may benefit the reader.

In selecting a field from which to harvest ice for domestic purposes, the following facts should be kept in mind:

1st. Water, by freezing will not free itself from such impurities as endanger health.

2d. Cold does not wholly suspend chemical action.

3d. Freezing does not destroy the vitality of disease germs.

4th. The decomposition of vegetable matter furnishes disease germs. During the warmer months of the year the decomposition of refuse matter goes on very rapidly and the resulting offensive gases rise, partially to escape in bubbles to the surface of the water beneath which they are produced, and partially to be absorbed by the water, while a large amount remains behind to rise and become entangled in the ice when the water freezes. Cold diminishes the rate of decomposition, but does not wholly suspend the process, and bubbles of foul gases continue to rise to the under surface of the ice all Winter, where they become imprisoned as the ice thickens and remain to be set free when the ice is used.

Many cases of sickness are on record, the cause of which has been traced to the use of ice water, where the ice was taken from water beneath which decomposition was taking place, and I think it would be much more beneficial to the public if our agricultural journals would devote more space to the methods by which decaying organic matter may be removed from the immediate vicinity of ponds and rivers from which ice is to be taken, and less to the construction of ice-houses. The safest and most convenient rule to go by in selecting an ice field is to examine carefully the surroundings and avoid all possible sources of filth. Strict attention should not only be paid to the condition of the pond from which ice is to be harvested, but to the incoming streams as well, for the germs of disease are liable to be transmitted from places many miles distant.

Special Correspondence

Our Brotherhood Excursion.

AURORA, ILL., October 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Leaving Denver at 8:30 A. M. on Saturday, September 22, in a special train consisting of six cars dedicated to the delegates of the B. of L. F., in their Tenth Annual Convention at Denver, we proceed to behold the beauties of our glorious land, viz.: the Rocky Mountains. The first few miles out of Denver prepare us to accept the almost incredulous fact that tradition has learned us to revere. Before we try to detail to the reader the glories of the eye beholding, we will describe the road which permitted us to take our observations. For the first fifteen or twenty miles the eye sees nothing that is really interesting, except a few sharp curves such as are seen in Eastern States, but when we leave the small station of Graywood we behold scenes that pen cannot describe or language express. Sitting in the rear coach, rapt in profound thought, I am suddenly startled by the sound of a human voice, and in looking in the direction whence it came, I can surely say that I was amazed beyond a peradventure. I was saluted with a query by the fireman of the locomotive (66) that was hurling us through space at the minimum rate of thirty miles per hour, "Are you a B. L. F. man?" and before I could gain my composure to inform the brother that I was, he took a circuitous course and was on straight track, six cars ahead, thus leaving me in a position to speculate on the progress of the age. The scenic view that the eye beholds is sublime and gorgeous and the poetic feelings of Longfellow rise to the surface. The first scene that is exhilarating and profound is to gaze upon the peaks of the lofty mountains covered with the velvet flakes of congealed dew, and in the aslant depth of eight hundred and eight feet we are in a paradise of equatorial atmosphere. The next in interest are the canons of Colorado fame, and to say more than what has been said in regard to description is like unto the expression of Burns:

"To gild refined gold,
To paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue unto
the rainbow."

We will now proceed to name the ob-

jects of interest that present themselves. The first in order is Dome Rock, so named on account of its prominence and the position it occupies on one of the peaks; its entablature is, indeed, grand and noble. Next is Pleasure Park, so named on account of the social gatherings that take place there. It would be unjust for a mortal to attempt to describe this delectable haven. It has an area of one and one-half square miles, and is situated between two peaks of towering heights, and, no doubt, created for a place of recreation. Next in line is Estabrook Park, situated at the top of Deer Creek Canon, and from its eminence we gaze upon the most sublime freaks of nature.

The first stop worthy of notice is Pine Grove, where we replenished the fireman's larder with a full tank of coal and prefixed an extra engine. From thence we climb some of the almost insurmountable hills of Western fame. From Pine Grove to Como is a country worthy of notice, high mountain peaks, slanting sides, irregular surface, dotted here and there with shrubbery of isolated regions, rivulets trickling through their mighty sides, rushing with a velocity of accelerated force, and sounding like a canon roar at its base; we imagine we are in a region of unknown bliss. At Grant the B. L. F. man again becomes famished and we fill his larder once more with coal. This particular station was named after the Governor of Colorado, on account of being the first personage that ever cast an angling hook in the waters that flow through the hamlet. At Como, where we replenished the inner man, we are in close proximity to the clouds, and had we the telephone present, we might communicate to the man in the moon. With your permission I will digress a little, in order to say that every person is thoroughly imbued with the same feeling of the writer, and every place we stop the cars are cleared of their occupants, in order that they may procure some souvenir to remember their delightful trip through this region; and I might here mention the names of some of the distinguished persons on board. Rev. Father Brennen, of Denver, spiritual adviser; Mr. A. C. Rumble and wife, chief engineer of the Colorado Northern; Hon. E. C. Bradford, Hon. D. Mahoney, delegates of B. L. E. Div. No. 186; F. W. Arnold, Grand Master B. L. F.; F. P. Sargeant, V. G. Master; S. M. Stevens, G. I. and O.; J. J. Hannahan, Chairman of Grand Executive Committee, and 165 delegates and friends. But the quick, shrill blast

of the locomotive whistle, which indicates danger, is heard, and in less than one and one-fourth minutes, we were at a halt, and learned that Bro. Drake, one of the delegates, had fallen from the train, but received no injury beyond a few scratches and a severe jolting. Being filled with carnivorous and herbivorous fruits, we are on the alert for any thing interesting and amusing. Webster is a place of 200 inhabitants and is noted for being the headquarters of the old stage-route, plying between here and Leadville. Passing on, we come to South Park, which includes a square section of table land. At this point we describe a circular course, wending around a huge hill in order to gain the summit, necessitating a five mile course to advance one. The acme of this mountain peak is kissed by the clouds' dizzy height. While ascending this progressive height, I wish to say a word about the boulders that present themselves. Vast outlying rocks of a million tons seem to be suspended by a single thread and threaten destruction to every thing beneath. But they have stood the test of time, and are noble monuments of God's creative power. At Kenosha the ladies and gentlemen on the train, alighted and placed granite rocks, in pyramidal shape, and dedicated the monument to the B. L. F., as a tribute of esteem, hoping that in a short time it would be perpetuated over the earth and that its teachings would never be effaced from the heart of man. At 4:25 we partook of refreshments at Como, and resumed our journey at 5:40 toward Buena Vista. During the 87 miles that we traveled through canyons and over hills from Denver to Como, we placed ourselves as a protege of the cool and practical engineer, Mr. Smith, and his worthy assistant, Mr. Haubich, who furnished the liquid pressure by the combustion of the solids and who, in the aggregate, dwarfed distance. On leaving Como we were furnished with a fresh engineer, J. W. Brainerd, and fireman, W. Swanson, who were as faithful as their predecessors, and did everything in their power for the edification of their cargo. Leaving here, the country is not as rugged as before, but presents a noble view; for miles outstretching we gaze upon a vast prairie, diversified with a few hills, studded with a few frame houses and stray cattle, but no improvements, showing that man's genius has not yet settled here. We pass on with nothing particular to attract the eye till we descend Trout Creek Canyon, ten miles in

length. Either side is marked by grand and undulating scenery. It is now about eight o'clock and darkness overshadows the earth, but sleep comes not, for the holy hour is made restless by the hum of many voices, for the occupants are singing hymns to our Maker and thus we defy morpheus. At Buena Vista we change cars for Salida; now that we reach Buena Vista, we cannot help but feel grateful to the Denver and South Park R.R. for their courteous treatment. Here we also leave the gentlemanly conductor, Mr. J. Marron. We now embark on the Denver and Rio Grande and on reaching Salida we meet a pleasant surprise for Lodge 140, B. L. F., gives a grand reception as a mark of respect and honor. After shaking the light fantastic till the "wee sma" hours we retire to prepare for the morrow's journey. Leaving Salida at 7:45 A. M. we pass through a country as famous as before. The chief peculiarity that attracts our attention is the precipitous incline we ascend. For 25 miles we ascend the vast slope with moderate rapidity. In some places we wind around hills three or four times to gain the summit, and this continues to be enacted till we reach the far famed Marshall Pass, whose elevation above the sea is ten thousand four hundred and eighty feet. As soon as the engine and train were turned we started back to Salida, where we replenished the inner man. The gentlemen in charge of this train were courteous and obliging, and to them we return our heartfelt thanks, engineer, Mr. Mosely; fireman, Mr. Gibson, and conductor, Mr. Myleham. Leaving Salida at 1:55 P. M. we proceed to Pueblo, where we halt for supper. During the journey we behold the same mammoth superstructure as on the Denver and South Park Road. Winding down in close proximity to the steel highway is the Big Arkansas River, though here it is nothing but a small rivulet, but as it rolls on in forward course, it assumes gigantic magnitude. About fifty-five minutes ride from Salida we look for the first time on a manufacturing enterprise between stations, namely, "The Great Charcoal Kilns" whose daily exports are five and six cars. We also pass a lonely cemetery with a few monuments, showing that pestilence and disease do not confine themselves to cities alone. The first wild animals we perceive are the burrows, closely allied to the ass, and their services in these regions, as mountain climbers, are very desirable. We now enter Grand Canyon and behold

sights that sink the architectural designs of St. Paul, and West Minister Abbey into insignificance. We behold the crested mountain peaks of one thousand feet in altitude, delineated and caricatured with all the figures of ancient mythology; outstanding ledges of every shape and form conceivable, here and there an opening to admit the eye to gaze upon some far away peak, covered with velvet snow and whose base is frescoed with the waters of a mighty stream, and thus for miles we behold the works of God exemplified. When we penetrate the canyon about five miles we enter the Royal Gorge. We behold the majestic sides of the canyon marked with every color of the rainbow and its solid bearing transfigured by rain and winds, for wherever we look we see its facade hollowed and indented. Boulders, of vast dimensions, have fallen into the chasm below. We see here spiral peaks, ascending into space with grandeur and eloquence indescribable. In the ingress of the twain of these perpendicular heights flow the limpid waters of the Arkansas and as they dash against the ledges and rocks, they form a billow of seafoam. The dashing re-echoes and reverberates till the canyon is filled with monotone. We also see stalactites of granite, hanging in the intervening, and as we round the curves and see the sun's glistening rays penetrating cereals growing on the aslant sides, we imagine we are in a grotto of delectable surprise. When we think of the ingenuity of man in constructing a railroad through this mighty chasm, we are startled, and recognize the gift of God to man, for before education made them scientists God made them man. At the egress of the canyon is Canon City, beautifully situated, and overlooks the greatest treat of nature. Here is also situated the Colorado State Prison. Between Canon City and Pueblo we see the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe R.R. Before we reach Pueblo the mountains lessen in stature and give way to hill-like formations, and we now see the sturdy farmer reaping his rewards from the uneven fields. Trees of fertile climes become numerous, and population more dense.

At Pueblo we received an ovation, and as we departed from the city three loud cheers were given as an endorsement of our Order. On the outskirts of the city we see by the reflection of the furnace fires, the gigantic smelting works, which make Pueblo famous. By the reflection of the heavenly luminator we behold Pikes Peak, from whose summit floats

proudly to the breeze the American flag. At the foot of this romantic height is situated Manitou Springs, or the Western Saratoga. We also pass through Colorado Springs, noted for its medicinal waters. The last object of interest, but not least, is Loch Katrine Lake, but as the darkness is so intense we cannot see it as we wish.

As we near our destination we must not forget to thank Mr. John O'Shea, formerly a C. B. & Q. conductor, but now plying between Denver and Pueblo; also his engineer and fireman.

We are now at Denver again, and from the bottom of our hearts we thank this railroad company for the courtesies they extended us and we hope they may never have cause to regret them.

Doc.

Humorous.

ALWAYS open to conviction: The penitentiary.

"How is business?" asked a man of a glazier. "Putty good," was the reply.

"Dwo vas schoost enough, budt dree was too blendty," remarked Hans, when his best girl asked him to take her mother along with him to the dance.

The young man who practices on the trombone in the back yard is not a "private tooter." At least, not as private as his neighbors desire.—*Norristown Herald*.

Joaquin Miller says that flowers are queer. Any man caught throwing a bouquet to a favorite actress should be immediately arrested for "shoving the queer."—*Cheek*.

A rich broker has been sued by his washerwoman for services rendered. Such is the flat-irony of fate. If he doesn't settle he should be collared and cuffed.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

First small girl—"I know what I'm going to be when I grow up!" Second ditto—"What are you going to be when you grow up?" First small girl—"A widder."—*American Queen*.

An Englishman made the members of the St. George's Club, at San Antonio, believe that he had fallen heir to an estate, and he borrowed wealth from them. The St. George is now spoken of as a "stuffed club."

"No, I can't write in cold blood," remarked Fenderson; "I have to be thoroughly warmed up to do good work." "The same is true of the goose the tailor uses," murmured Fogg in a stage whisper.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE GREAT WEST.

Denver and Its Surroundings—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen Reception, Etc.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

II.

In Monday's issue, the 29th ult., we spoke briefly of our ride to Denver and of the inducements which led to the journey. To be the guest of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to have for companions de voyage such men as Debs, Stevens, Smith and Hugo and fifty others, equally devoted worshippers of fire and steam, is to have a "good time," to realize that this world is not "all a fleeting show;" and if to the masculine ministry of kindness be added the melody of woman's words, their adieu to dull care and weariness is the motto, and "riding on a rail" a thousand miles becomes a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Denver, in the distance, was all that "fancy painted her," but proximity added to the enchantment, and when the train men announced "Denver" and the iron steed stood still in the grand depot, one of the finest in the land, there was a sense of relief akin to ecstasy. We had reached the goal. A magnificent city spread out before us. Broad and shaded avenues, elegant and substantial buildings, residences and business houses, spires and domes, churches and school houses, Opera Houses and Exposition Buildings, thrift, enterprise, progress—the Capital city of Colorado, the youngest of the sisterhood of States. There it was basking in the glorious light of a cloudless morning, with the sentinel mountains in the distance, the foot-hills of the "Rockies," saying to idle hands in all lands, "Come and dig and grow rich!" The more one sees of Denver the more captivating does it become. The streets and avenues are broad, along which streams of limpid water are ceaselessly flowing. The public buildings display architectural skill of a high order. The hotels are abreast of the demands of the times. Schools are graded up to the extreme demands of education, the churches represent the theologies of the times, the press keeps step to the music of progress in art, literature, science, politics and industries, the climate has a world-wide fame for salutariness, the air is exhilarating, and the city, being 8,000 feet nearer heaven than some other places we could mention, a great many people visit it to prolong their days in the world, and if they start soon enough, their san-

guine hopes are realized. Disease succumbs, health revives, the bloom returns to the cheek, luster to the eye, elasticity to the step, and the verdict is that Colorado is the fabled land where man may renew his youth like the eagle.

The St. James hotel was the headquarters of the Brotherhood of the Locomotive Firemen, and there is where we cast anchor. As a traveler's home it will compare favorably with the Bates, the Denison, or the Grand, of Indianapolis. Rooms large and airy, beds clean, soft and inviting, and the tablesupurbs supplied with the latest styles of crockery and glassware, waiters attentive, but forgetful, and the bills of fare well printed and tempting. The time consumed in filling orders affords an opportunity to test patience, fortitude and appetite, and when the delicious viands are served a sense of thankfulness that anything at all has been secured is productive of boundless contentment. At the St. James we waited the arrival of Captain W. B. Myers, who had promised to join our party at Omaha. Faith in his coming was maintained until Tuesday, when it faded, and we were writing our disappointment to go out on the next train, when the telephonic "hello" greeted our ears, and, by George! there stood the gallant Captain as large as life. The firemen were glad to meet him, and his reception was a miniature ovation. He was in time for the public demonstration at the City Hall, and to see Denver from center to suburb.

The reception of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen by the citizens of Denver, by the local Firemen and Engineers, met every expectation, leaving nothing to be wished for to heighten the pleasure of the occasion. The welcome was broad-gauged, Western, big, mountain based, grand. There were no clouds—all sunshine. Bouquets, balls, excursions, everything in keeping with the fame of Denver. To say that the boys were pleased would be like referring to a Kansas cyclone as a zephyr. They were delighted, and the praise of Denver was the theme. Having done Denver as best we could in two days we started in company with Captain Myers on Wednesday morning for Leadville, having been courteously complimented with passes over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad by its gentlemanly officials. The distance from Denver to Leadville by the track is 277 miles, all the way up hill and roundabout. In a direct line we would estimate the distance between the two cities at not more than 100 miles. But to the tourist

the longer the route the better, since every mile displays new wonders of scenery. To the thoughtful and reverent, to those who give fancy and imagination free rein, to those whose minds can be quickened, whose souls can expand; to the lovers of the beautiful, the solemn, majestic, rugged, sublime, a ride from Denver to Leadville over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad meets every requirement. A ride through the Royal Gorge—ten miles—is a thousand fold compensation for weariness, risks and expense. To “see Venice and die” may be the right thing to do, but to see the “Royal Gorge” and live and wonder, admire and worship is better. The train enters the gorge at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. An observation car is provided for those who desire to behold the wonders of creative power; and as the train speeds on the awe inspiring mountains close around, coming nearer together as we proceed. The effulgence of a noon-day sun is mellowed down to twilight. The Arkansas River, here a rushing stream of a rod in width, lends enchantment to the scene. The mountains on either side lift their heads 2,000 feet above; their sides jagged and fissured, overhanging and threatening, excite the nerves and extort exclamations of surprise. The train moves around the base of the cliff in a ceaseless succession of curves, wonders increasing at every turn. As the eye takes in the wonderful panorama, mind and heart and soul respond. God built the world. He only could have been the architect. He heaved “its pillars one by one,” and no wonder when it was finished the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.

Out of the gorge we are still in a land of wonders. On all sides mountains. “Hills peep o’er hills and alps on alps arise.” Night comes at last, and at 9 P. M. the train stands still at the depot in Leadville.

We have written of the ride from Denver to Leadville, over the Denver & Rio Grande Railway—“the scenic route across the continent.” We could make no richer wish for the enjoyment of our readers than that they might be whirled along the road by the wonderful scenery that on all sides meets the eye and extorts exclamations of admiration. But our purpose now is to say something of Leadville, a city which for growth in population, wealth and importance, is scarcely within the range of descriptive writing, and which reduces the wealth of hyperbole to commonplace talk. The city is situated 10,200 feet above

the sea level, up in a cloud land, and still Leadville is surrounded by mountains still more cloud-piercing, whose peaks are often in the clouds, and some of which wear crowns of eternal snow—angel picnic grounds. One of the peaks is known as the “Mount of the Holy Cross,” for on its summit deep fissures filled with snow make a cross, upon which the eye of Christians rest with reverent joy and inspiring faith, for the imagination readily transforms a freak of nature into a symbol of salvation, and in the blendings of sky and clouds and sunshine fancy takes on all the force of fact and the heart beats responsive to hope.

The city of Leadville is about five years old and has a population of 20,000 souls. It began its existence in a gulch, where at one time from 10,000 to 20,000 gold-hunters washed the sands for gold, and when the dirt ceased to pan out paying quantities of the shining dust, picked up their pans and disappeared in the mountains. Then came new discoveries; not of gold, but of silver, up in the mountains, treasures of fabulous value and the population came again and came to stay. Leadville got out of the gulch—“California Gulch”—and climbed to higher elevations. It now has broad and beautiful streets, well lighted and thronged with a busy multitude by night and by day. Leadville has beautiful churches, school houses and other public buildings, an elegant opera house and inviting homes. It is no longer a mining camp, but a city of law and order, thrift and security, wealth and work, and is growing in sympathy with the best civilization known to a law and a liberty-loving people.

In company with Captain W. R. Myers we reached Leadville at about 9 o’clock P. M. Awaiting our arrival at the depot was a carriage and warm friends, Indians, to welcome us to the bright and beautiful home of T. A. Wickersham, Esq., formerly of Madison county, and now a successful merchant of Leadville. At the residence of Mr. Wickersham, where we had the pleasure of meeting R. R. McKahan and George S. O’Hara, also of Madison county, everything possible was done to make the visit to Leadville a delightful reminiscence.

After a brief rest it was proposed to see Leadville by gaslight, and five hours were spent in “doing” the town. There are many things to be seen in Leadville after night productive of constant surprises. The gambling houses are all open. There is no effort at concealment, neither screen nor curtain. In Leadville a gambler is a

gambler, nor does it appear to be specially discreditable to be a gambler in Leadville.

At one of the gambling tables, a county "high official" was pointed out, who gambles regularly as a matter of business. There he sat surrounded by admiring constituents, calculating chances in a mathematical way, and demonstrating pretty conclusively that a faro bank is not, after all, vastly more dangerous than are average savings banks. Poker and faro seemed to be the popular games, though a customer could be accommodated with any game in the entire list. Our escorts, Messrs. Wickersham and McKahan, informed us that Leadville has its "honest" (?) as well as its "dishonest" gambling houses, and the different houses are as well known as are any legitimate business houses in the city. Leadville has its "Zoo," which is in charge of the man who started the Indianapolis "Zoo." It was all ablaze the night we saw Leadville by gaslight. No language can do full justice to the Leadville "Zoo." It would be difficult to comprehend such an aggregation of mortality, or prudently analyze its morality, a sight once seen never to be forgotten. The Leadville dance houses, the sub-cellars of society, are as open as the gambling houses or the "Zoo." Those who have read the "Mysteries of Paris" can form some idea of a Leadville dance house, and yet, as the Leadville tourist walks along some of the streets of the city, he has pointed out to him dens worse than its "dance houses." Said our escort, Mr. Wickersham, "On this street a man has been killed for every ten feet of its entire length." "For God's sake," we responded, "let's get away." "Perfectly safe now," was the rejoinder. The reason is that Leadville has a superior police force, men who know Leadville and whom Leadville knows. Fearless men, who dare to arrest the most desperate characters—who know no fear—and, as a consequence, the little party who were viewing Leadville by gaslight were as secure as in any city on the continent. There is in Leadville a kind of liberty that shocks the nerves and is repulsive to the sight, the result of conditions which will in due time, and at no distant time, pass away; but there is law in Leadville and a civilization that respects law and order, and is as true to every trust of civilization as in any other city. It is steadily solving social problems of Leadville, and in less than another decade vice will be required to be more discreet in its exhibitions. Already the good people of Leadville are asking the proprietors of gambling houses to close their es-

tablishments on Sundays and the response is encouraging.

Turning from such scenes as gaslight discloses, we look with pride upon the school houses and churches of Leadville, its business blocks, its smelters, factories, mines and general industries, objects denoting culture and refinement, thrift and enterprise, progress and grand possibilities.

Contemplating such things, the conclusion is the bad must go, the good survive.

No power can arrest the civilizing forces in operation on this continent, and Leadville, with the broad based mountains which stand around it filled with precious metals, can no more resist the civilizing influences pouring in upon it than disease can resist the vitalizing power of its mountain air.

With the early morning, after a few hours of refreshing sleep and a breakfast fit for the gods, one of the finest "turn outs" in Leadville was in readiness for a tour to the mountains. The steeds at a dashing speed were soon upon the pike, as fine a road as there is in America, and with mountains seven miles away, the pleasure was simply enrapturing. As we sped on "Wickersham Park" came into full view, with varying changes of meadow and mountain. We were soon at the base of the mountains, where we quenched our thirst at one of nature's soda fountains—the waters being the most delicious we ever drank. Then we climbed the mountains to evergreen lakes, mirrors in the mountains which reflect their mountain frames with such fidelity that whether you look upward or downward the sublime grandeur of the scene is the same. At the upper lake—they are on the mountain terraces—there are hotel accommodations and sail-boats for tourists. We were soon afloat and sailed around upon waters 10,500 feet above sea level. The scenery of surpassing beauty made the tourists wish they could live there all the summer days of life. As we made fast to the shore, and surveyed the beauties of the picture for the last time, we named the mountain jewel "Rex Lake," in honor of Mr. Wickersham's beautiful boy of two years of age, who makes the home of his parents joyous by his prattle and play. Just below "Rex Lake" is another, little less in area, surrounded by scenery susceptible of indefinite embellishment. This we named the "Duchess," in honor of the infant beauty just down from the skies, to grow in loveliness and add new joys to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wickersham. From the lakes on the mountains we

wended our way to other elevations, after going through a great smelter in company with the affable manager, Mr. Brotherton. Here we saw many different kinds of ore, were told their value, and the methods by which they were ascertained, and saw running streams of silver mixed with gold and lead. Then we climbed the sides of "Mount McKahan" to an elevation of 11,200 feet and saw the stupendous works of the Iron and Silver Mining Company. Here we were for once above the clouds. They floated at our feet, and in descending we encountered a fierce snow storm, where but a few moments before we had looked upon cloudless skies. Again in Leadville we had the pleasure of meeting Captain Jaque and Mr. Eugene Larger, formerly of Indianapolis, and Judge J. N. Templar, formerly of Muncie. Weary with the delights of Leadville surroundings, we relished the viands of Mr. Wickersham's bounteous board, which was made all the more enjoyable by the presence in addition to our hosts of Mr. R. R. McKahan, Mr. George S. O'Hara, as also of Mr. C. F. Lee, formerly of Des Moines, Iowa. Dinner over, we were permitted to pay our respects to Mrs. Wickersham, whose blessed infirmity kept her from the social circle and the family board. We said good-bye to "Rex" and on the velvety cheek of the "Duchess" imprinted a farewell kiss. Then the carriage was ready, and away to the depot. The train was about to start. With heartfelt regrets, Captain Myers and the writer hereof said farewell to Wickersham and McKahan. The word was, "All aboard." In a few moments Leadville was out of sight, but not out of mind, and the train was speeding its way among the mountains, through the Royal Gorge in the darkness, and on to Denver. A few hours in the Capital City of Colorado, with many happy meetings and greetings with the "boys" of the Brotherhood, whose partiality made a trip to Colorado possible for the writer, we were again en route on a splendid coach of the Union Pacific Railroad for Indianapolis. The trip from Denver to Omaha was made specially agreeable by the attention of the conductor, Mr. J. H. Clark, and by Mr. J. H. Eyler, conductor of the magnificent parlor car which we inhabited. The pleasures of the trip were also embellished by the society of G. D. Bennett, M. D., of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., who, with his accomplished wife, had made the tour of Western fairy land. A voyage of 3,200 miles and of wonderful discoveries and experiences had been made in nine days, and when, with Captain Myers, the

Union Depot in Indianapolis was reached and home was in sight there were becoming expressions of gratitude—for all is well that ends well. J. B. M.

Pioneer Life.

In a previous issue we had occasion to call attention to *The Romance and Tragedy of Pioneer Life*, published by Jones Brothers & Co., Cincinnati. The advance pages of the work gave proof of sterling merit. An examination of the complete book has strengthened and heightened our former conviction, and we say, without hesitancy, that the author has made the public his debtor for one of the most readable, entertaining and instructive volumes which have been given forth in the last decade. The book is emphatically historical. The matter has been gathered with special care as to authenticity, and it has been no part of the author's purpose to prepare a series of novels. He who fails to procure and read *Romance and Tragedy* will miss an opportunity which comes not often, and perhaps never returns.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THY WANDERING HEART.

BY MRS. EVA KANFER.

An hour or two of dreamy talk
Along the old, gray garden walk,
The deepening twilight, soft and gray
To shed upon our homeward way,
The hallowing touch of "auld lang syne"
Would bring thy wandering heart to mine;
With all the faith of former years,
With all the thronging hopes and fears.

A letter stained and torn,
Another a little less worn,
The handwriting, the eye knows well
Which the throbbing heart doth plainly tell;
That upon reading the first short line
It would bring thy wandering heart to mine,
With all the shadows cast aside,
We could wander again side by side.

A picture, a little soiled and faded,
Another quite to it mated;
They bring to mind, days so bright,
Filled with joy, their hearts so light,
If sending these treasures back to thee
Would bring thy wandering heart to me,
With all the love of a former day,
I would hasten to send them on their way.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., July 23, 1883.

"My appetite never goes back on me," said Smiley, and he called for the second plate of oysters. "Yes, and you never go back on your appetite, I see," said Jones, who was paying for the oysters.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

Ladies' Department

For Firemen's Magazine.

The Young Mother.

BY IDA A. HARPER.

From the ideal conception of the Madonna and Christ down to the present day, artists and poets have never tired of this beautiful subject, the mother and child, but, with brush or pen, have continually delighted in forming exquisite pictures of the beauties of maternity. Judging from the painters, the mother is always charmingly dressed, hair nicely arranged and every detail of the toilet neat and becoming. The baby is a dear, little, dumpled darling, robed in spotless white, lying in the most graceful attitude and gazing into its mother's face with a heavenly smile. And to hear the poets describe the scene, the mother is always bending over the cradle in adoration while the infant coos and smiles in return or, as is generally the case, lies wrapped in sweet unconscious slumber. To let the artist or the poet tell the story, one would suppose the most desirable thing on earth is a baby. And, so it is—after you have got it.

But, if these writers and painters would be faithful to life, let them illustrate the baby with a fit of the colic. Let them depict various scenes in the history of the infant while it is cutting teeth. Let them picture the mother with a day's work before her and the baby screaming at the top of its voice and demanding her whole attention. Let them paint the bride in her fresh loveliness and then show us the same woman after she has taken the twins through their second summer.

There are many pretty and interesting things connected with babyhood but, taking everything into consideration, there is no person who has a greater claim upon our love and sympathy than the young mother. Maternity, even in an animal, commands regards. The mother of many children deserves our highest honor and respect. But there is something peculiarly touching and appealing about the mother with her first babe. I never meet such a one upon the street but that my heart goes out to her with sympathy and tenderness. I seem, for the moment, to share all her feelings, bear all her burdens.

There is probably no period in a woman's

life when she feels so utterly helpless as when, for the first time she is left entirely alone with her baby. What shall she do when it wakes? What if it should cry? Or, if it should be sick? In that moment she puts away, forever, childish things and takes up life's hard realities, never, perhaps, to lay them down again.

The young mother must pass through many a hard experience. Accustomed always to sound, refreshing sleep, she can now have only broken slumber and many a night none at all. She feels all the dreadful responsibility of managing her baby and yet is totally ignorant of how it should properly be done and both mother and child must suffer on account of this ignorance. All her life she has been free to dress and go out when she chose and now she is firmly tied at home, or, if she snatches a few moments for recreation, her mind is so burdened with the thought of her baby that she is compelled to hasten back. If she takes the infant with her, she must push around an awkward baby carriage, which nobody wants in the way, and run the risk of having the baby take a fit of crying in the middle of Main street just as her old lover is passing by. She must, in a great degree, give up the theatre, the party, the shopping jaunts, the new book, the afternoon nap, the many things that made life bright and pleasant and devote her time to nursing, to doctoring, to taking endless steps, to the piles of sewing, to the everlasting round of duties that follow close upon the advent of the first baby. Perhaps the heaviest cross of all, to the loving and devoted young wife, is the grief of being so much separated from the companionship of her husband. Even if he be faithful and stay at home, the baby is constantly coming between. It interrupts the cosy meal, the parting at the door, the twilight whisperings. It brings the young couple down from the realms of romance to the plane of matter-of-fact.

The time soon comes when the baby is considered as a thousand times more valuable than all of these pleasures together; when, if put in the balance, they will be outweighed by a single smile, a tear, a cooing accent from the precious baby; when no sacrifice, no renunciation is too great for the darling child. But there is a little while in the life of every young mother when she feels as if the world had suddenly come to an end. You can read this thought in her careworn, disheartened face, in the lagging step, the listless tone. It is when she sees the transient pleasures of life fading away and before

the baby is firmly established upon the throne of her heart to reign forever.

This is the time, oh! husband, when she needs your love, your sympathy, your encouragement. Neglect or indifference now, in this supreme moment, cannot be atoned for by years of attention. Let no attraction be strong enough to take you from the home where you have placed your young wife, almost as helpless as the baby she has borne for you. Kindness and devotion in these trying hours, the real test of married life, will fill the young mother's heart with a happiness and gratitude that will last until, with tear-filled eyes, she shall see her own beloved daughters go forth into the world to find, for themselves, the same old but ever new experience.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., NOV. 15, 1883.

Pansy Blossoms.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

The Magazine has been a welcome visitor at our home for the past two years, and you may believe me when I say we always hail its coming with pleasure, and the last one is always best until the next one comes, then it seems still better. Perhaps you will consider me an intruder, but I have the honor to be the wife of an engineer and we represent the Enterprise Lodge No. 75 of Philadelphia, and you may rest assured I am proud of my situation as such. I think the Brotherhood a grand and good organization, and if the brothers who go forth daily to face death with so much zeal would be prepared for any emergency and remember that "in the midst of life we are in death," how differently would be the record they would leave behind. Some die heroes, others martyrs, yet how little they comprehend the result of being hurled into eternity without a moment's warning. I often have occasion to say to them, as I see them start out in their line of duty, be careful and "Be ye therefore also ready." How often do we commend our own loved ones unto him who holdeth our lives in his hands, dear reader of the Magazine! Dear brothers of the noble Order, prepare to meet thy God, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.

PANSY.

Houston, Texas.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, Oct. 10, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

The ladies of Texas, I notice, take quite a prominent part in assisting to replenish

the "Correspondence" columns of your Magazine. They take a lively interest in the Brotherhood and manifest the same by helping the boys here and there in any enterprise they may attempt. In reading the correspondence it came to my mind that I had better try myself and see if I could not write something acceptable. Texas has quite a number of Lodges and represents a good portion of the B. of L. F. I am acquainted with members of Lone Star Lodge No. 70 and Gulf City No. 115, but my main interest lies in No. 146. Located as it is in my place of residence, I have every opportunity to learn of the condition of the Lodge and the quality of its material. If No. 146 is a specimen of the Order, then I have all respect for the Brotherhood, for a finer little band of men can no where be found than those who comprise No. 146. Leading forth with an example fit to follow, they make it a point to accept no man into their little fold who in any particular fall short of their standard of morality. With these principles it will not be long until they command the respect of every citizen and their employers.

That the prosperity of Bayou City Lodge may never grow less, is the earnest wish of
MOLLIE R.

Tribute to a Friend.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 12, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

As I am a wife of one of the brothers of Lodge No. 95, I wish these few lines published in the Magazine in regard to the death of my friend, the wife of one of the brothers of the same Lodge.

DIED.—July 6, at 5 P. M., Alvilda, beloved wife of Rudolph Lund, aged 22 years.

Gone, O Lord! how sad to think,
In woman's prime departed.
The husband left to mourn his wife,
The mother broken-hearted,
One loving sister left to mourn.
Bereft of every pleasure,
The husband of the faithful wife
Was left to love and treasure.
All, all to-day, I'm in pain to say
Are stricken, sore and sad,
For her whose dust is here encased
Her spirits gone to God.
Farewell, my dearest friend,
My long loved cherished friend;
May we one day meet in heaven
Where our joy shall never end.
O, that peaceful happy country,
Where the saints of God reside,
In His sacred heart forever
May we one day abide.
There our parting will be over
When we reach that port of rest
With a diadem of glory crowned
Forever we'll be blessed.

MRS. E. B.

Ball at Hornellsville.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1884.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been a reader of your valuable Magazine for the past few months and not having seen anything from our ladies yet, I thought I would say a few words for this noble class of Brotherhood men. My husband is an active member of H. G. Brooks Lodge No. 169 of this place, and I do all I can to encourage the interest he takes in the work. No. 169 are going to have their first annual ball, and I hope that every wife will make an extra exertion to make the affair a pleasant one. Wives, mothers and sisters, let us do all we can to encourage the good work.

GUNSIE S.

From the Pacific Coast.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 2, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been a reader of your very interesting Magazine for four years, but have never noticed anything in the "Ladies Department" from Los Angeles, so I thought a few lines might be acceptable. Although my husband is not a fireman now, I think I can understand the trials of a fireman's life, for I know how he struggled to gain the position he now holds as engineer; he is still a member of the B. of L. F., in which he takes great interest. No. 97 is in a prosperous condition, quietly doing its noble work. No one can appreciate its true benefits so well as the widow, the orphan and the aged mother.

If this is acceptable, I should like to write again. Will some of the sisters tell me what they prepare for lunches? I have to put up twelve or fourteen a week, and like to have as great a variety as possible.

EVELYN ASHLEY.

Sedalia, Mo.

SEDALIA, MO., Oct. 30, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I am a regular reader of your book and only regret that it does not come once a week instead of once a month. I can assure you that it is a welcome visitor at our house. I have often desired to write something for it, if only a few lines, to show my appreciation of a book well worthy of so noble a Brotherhood. My husband, one of its members, receives every encouragement from me, to be prompt in his attendance at meetings and ready to meet every obligation. While attending these meetings I have the satisfaction of knowing that he is in good

society and at the same time is performing his share of a good work. How nobly do the brothers of this Order cling together and how grandly do they assist the widows and orphans of their deceased brothers. I am justly proud to have my husband's name enrolled upon the membership of the B. of L. F. Golden Eagle, No. 78, is the Subordinate Lodge to which he belongs, and I can safely say that No. 78 is a credit to the Order in many respects. With a membership of eighty men or more this Lodge is in a prosperous condition.

May God bless every member of this Brotherhood and crown their efforts with success is the wish of

MARGARET E. N.

Rock Island, Ills.

ROCK ISLAND, ILLS., Oct. 12, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have been asked several times by my husband why I did not write something for the Magazine. He at last said it was because I did not think much of the Order of the B. of L. F., of which he is a member. Now, in order that others may not think the same and that he may change his mind, I will just express my opinion of the B. of L. F. I do think it a noble Order and one that ought to be greatly encouraged, especially by the wives, mothers and sisters. How much they can do toward helping the members live up to their well worded motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The boys of Twin City Lodge, No. 39, have been striving hard to live up to that motto. Their Lodge is at present in splendid condition, all working together with a will. And now if the kind sisters would only get to work and get those long wished for regalias for the boys, I know it would add greatly to their pleasure and comfort. Just try it and see if it don't. I am willing to do my share of the work but being a stranger here would not know where to begin as well as you who have been located here, and who are acquainted. I will cheerfully assist in the enterprise if some one will but make a beginning. We take the Magazine and always glad when the time of its arrival is at hand. Where is that Bro. "Stoker?" His last effort for the Magazine was good, let's hear more of your experience, brother.

For fear of tiring your patience, I will bring this letter to a close, and if these few lines find their way into the Magazine, I may some time be tempted to write again.

MAME.

For Firemen's Magazine.

**TO THE ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN OF THE
WEST DIVISION OF THE O. & M.**

BY T.

In my view of justice, 'tis one that I like,
For I think that it is mighty and true,
"That things done by half, are never done
right!"

So what did the West end men do?

They've done nothing at all to deserve such a
fate,

For when a "*fast run*" is the call,
Either Bill Day, or Murphy, can take the cake,
And not half try at all.

Now to slight one these, is a sin more than
grave.

For a better crew none cares to see.

They are brave—they are bold!

And Mrs. Jones should be told
That she's treated them most shamefully,

So here's to the boy—both young and old,
Who run on this western line.

And here's to the passenger as well as the
freight,

And to those on the 100.

For to them, do we owe that *record* great,

And Day, the *hummer*, does shine

As he flies along on his western trip

On his pride, the 100.

But, hello! here's Mike, he always was dear,

And Murphy's praises we'll never decline,

For in running, Mike's record is "somewhat
near"

To that of the hundred and nine,

Now the 108 aint so bad, my lad,

For Freddie is nigh to us all.

But the name of Beecher seems to make them
all glad

At picnic, fair or ball.

The 120 will soon, without fail,

Be out of the back shops at last.

Now won't Mooney smile, as from Vincennes
he sails,

And once more the throttle he grasps?

With all new improvements for him to ad-
mire

She will steam for them all they can use.

And then if they fail to keep up with the time
Just give them a dose of the hose.

Of all the engines on this line, I fain would
name their masters,

If I tho't your dear patience, to me'd incline,
I'd surely name the dear "mashers."

All pass me dally on their run

And all seem glad and cheerful,

For as their duties they perform

Their hearts are made less fearful.

There's the 95 and the 54 and the 40 and 82,

I know not which of them to name;

They are all so brave and true.

For Hall's so very tall and great

And Grant you'd think was hid.

While Borders is so "awful *mate*,"

Al. Lancaster is no kid—

So of the four I'll give it up,

Nor try to read a bid.

The 94 comes on our list, as also do the 100,

Both run by men whom all like well.

Then comes our brother Hubbard.

Then slyly creeps the 97, to wait for the 58.

The 102 then sails along, but she's not out of
line;

The 122 flies swiftly by, just a little ahead of
time,

That Clarence may skip across the way and
get a dandy ilon,
For of sweet flowers he's passionately fond,
He will surely go to Zion.

But still there's others I must name before I
am done,

The number I refer to now is the famous 61.

They seem to fly along the track,

Nor cast one longing glance to wife nor

friends they leave behind,

For they'll soon come safely back.

The 35 I know her not, but still I cannot
slight her.

To me, tho' she a stranger is to some there's
none more brighter.

The 41 comes for her share of song and hearty
praises,

Altho' the engineers is small his fireman fills
his places,

But Mr. Lish will pardon me if his name
the last I bring,

For tho' he's last upon the boards his praises
all do sing.

But Beefy takes the poetry out of us one and
all—

Especially if you could see him play a trial
game of ball.

I think he'd make a first-class clown in P. T.

Barnum's ring.

And if the place is vacant we'll send him in

the spring.

For he makes the other engineer seem sour,
morose and grave.

Altho' no other engineer could take big Geo.

Bons place,

For both do, do their duty and switch with all

their might

And we hope that with the rest of the force

Their future may ever be bright.

So you may talk of all your brave men

And think you've something great.

But the West end men of the O. & M.

Will surely take the cake,

For a more deserving or better crew

On the O. & M. can't be found,

And God grant that the trip after death may
be

For all of them heavenward bound.

Firemen's Brotherhood.

Indianapolis Review.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has proven to be one of the strongest labor organizations in the country, and in its workings is a most model organization. It is very conservative and holds to the doctrine of arbitration in righting all grievances which grow up between employer and employee. Its benevolent features are most admirable, and one of its strongest tenets is sobriety. It discountenances strikes, and to avoid them it endeavors to make its members so efficient, so commendable in conduct and so prompt and reliable in the discharge of their duties, that the corporations which employ them cannot afford to underpay them. The Order supports a Magazine which now has sixteen thousand subscribers. It is controlled by Mr. Eugene V. Debs, of Terre, Haute, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood.

Correspondence

Helena, Montana.

HELENA, MON., Oct. 17, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

As we are way up here in the cold and snow, I don't suppose it is hardly worth while to notice us, but would like to say a few words, for I don't think it right to let our worthy brothers of the States have it all their own way, because we are in a territory and up in the mountains. I notice Bro. Alvin Sparks, of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68. Bro. R. A. Rogers, of Royal Gorge, No. 59, Bro. W. Hignaman, of Pioneer Lodge, 108, and Bro. Geo. Howe, of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, with their faces all smiles, sitting on the right hand side and getting to be old timers. Bro. W., I think you do one of your worthy brothers an injustice, to pass him by, but thinking you had forgotten him, will excuse you for this time. He is still here under the guardianship of our highly esteemed M. M., Mr. G. S. LaRue, of the grand old Northern Pacific.

Hoping this will reach you in due time, I remain, as ever,

Faternally yours.

FISH.

Duties of Officers.

GREENLAND, Oct. 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine :

Since I wrote my last contribution I have been placed in positions where I could see the vast difference in some points, between the duties of membership and the duties of officers, and now being, so to speak, on the retired list, I wish to give vent to my ideas through the columns of the Magazine.

There is, to my notion, a great field yet untouched by our subordinate officers, of course speaking in a general way. We have men in prominent positions in our Lodge, who are thorough-going, painstaking and eminently the right men in the right place, but a great many, on being elected, seem to think, that all they have to do on assuming the office, is to put on the regalia, sit in a chair and look wise; now, a wise look costs nothing, and is proportionately valuable to a Lodge; if a man can do nothing better than look wise, he had better resign—in point of duty it is perfectly proper for him to do so. I do not wish to be considered as intimating that a man should be eternally

gabbing, but one that holds a position of trust in a Lodge should be an earnest, diligent worker in a cause, of which a majority expect so much, for, it is only false modesty, some of our members put on, when they disclaim any thought of the benefits our noble Order has in store for the diligent and faithful.

The constitution and by-laws prescribe certain duties for the various officers, but I would like to know if, after fulfilling these requirements, an officer's duties are done. Certainly the written ones are performed, but to a careful, honest officer there come implied duties that he is in honor bound to execute, and in their execution he should have the entire support of the members of his Lodge. Members must not expect a steady, healthful growth of a Lodge if they do not support their Master in all honest ways to elevate not only his own but their moral and social standing. Col. Maynard spoke in Denver of the leveling up and leveling down process, which was going on. Brothers, we must do the filling up and allow those who are above us to do the cutting down, and in so doing our officers must be the first to break the ground and lay the foundation of an organization that shall last for all time, and in so doing he must carefully select the best material. The lasting benefits of our organization will be gauged, in a great measure, by the public generally, by our own actions as individual members in the next few years. A man's faculty and perceptibilities may be reckoned from a close observation of his tools or habits, if his tools are dull, ill shaped or imperfectly made, his mental capacity is proportionately low. If his habits are slovenly and slack, it may be safely inferred that his ambition as a rule is not of the highest or most refined order; of course there are exceptions to every rule, but I take the term in its general sense.

Our officers of Subordinate Lodges have duties to perform, which should have an upward tendency, morally, mentally, physically and socially, but if an honest effort is made in regard to the first, the balance will undoubtedly follow, and when members are electing officers they must bear in mind that "There all the glory lies." If they select the best man, and then uphold him, they need not fear the balance. Officers, especially, should endeavor to make the Lodge room attractive; it is the home of our Brotherhood and should have as powerful inducements for our brothers as the dram shop or gambling room, and I appeal to the

better nature of our Masters, especially to put forth honest effort in this direction, conduct themselves in a dignified manner, not above their fellows, shun those who seek to destroy our institutions, draw our members to our councils, maintain the integrity of our order, accept only good material for membership, men whose moral, mental, and physical ability is unquestionable, and by thus elevating the moral standard among ourselves, we will command the respect of our fellow-men, and ere long our bands of Brotherhood will embrace every honest, sober and industrious engineman in the nation, and when we once obtain the good will of our neighbors, that of our superiors is sure to follow.

But as I have occupied considerable space, I will have to bring this to a close. With thanks for your indulgence, if you read it, and not offended if you pass it by.

Fraternally yours.

DR. KANE.

St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 19, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I ask but a small space in which to give you a little news concerning No. 109. Our Lodge is doing exceedingly well—her prosperity due in a great measure to the noble work of our worthy Master, Bro. Louis Fischer. We all know what he has done for us and feel grateful to him. Then the Financier, Bro. Leathers, wants the boys to know that they need not be afraid of paying too much, by sending \$1.00 every month for assessments. Alex. Kelly had quite a close call a few days ago, his engine turning over, on account of a misplaced switch. Bro. Kelly was not seriously injured, but pretty badly scared. John Hackett, the worthy Postmaster, is running a "Hog" on the Missouri Pacific. Be careful, Jack. Other members busy, each in his way.

Fraternally yours.

Peace.

Obituary.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., Oct. 14, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Heuthorne, the mother of our esteemed Bro. Walter Heuthorne, of No. 59. At the time she was taken sick, Bro. Heuthorne was in Pueblo and was called by a telegram to his mother's dying bed. Mrs. Heuthorne was a very estimable lady and was, when taken ill, keeping

house for her son Frank, who is employed as Train Despatcher at Stansberry, Mo., and was removed, at her own request, to Brunswick, her former home, where, on the 15th of August last, at 5 o'clock in the evening, she entered the sleep that knows no waking, save on the eternal shore. At the time of her death was surrounded by her family of children and an aged brother. Mrs. Heuthorne was in the 59th year of her age at the time of her death, and her loss was deeply felt by her relatives and friends, who sincerely mourn her loss, because she had just arrived at that age where she could enjoy the society of her children, but it was ordained different and she has at last crossed the river to that reward that awaits us all. We sincerely regret this blow that has fallen upon Bro. Heuthorne and his brother and sisters, but we feel that they must look to Him who doeth all things well, for courage and fortitude, and when the time shall come we earnestly hope that it will be one unbroken band, on the celestial shore around the Throne of Grace.

M.

Pioneer Notes.

CHAMA, N. M., Nov. 1, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As I have noticed nothing lately from Pioneer Lodge No. 108, I have concluded to say a few words in her behalf, lest our sister Lodges may be led to believe that we are not as active in the work of the Order as we should be.

Although we have been laboring under some difficulties, we are still at the front with some twenty-three members in good standing, all deeply interested in the success of the cause.

Our worthy Magazine agent, N. S. Smith, has been promoted to the right side, and so has Bro. Murphy. Both are getting along first rate.

Some of the boys are having grief among the mountains, as it has commenced to snow there and business has begun in earnest. "The summer soldier and sunshine patriot" will have to seek other quarters.

Bro. Rheim has resigned his position as Secretary and Bro. Wm. Davis has been chosen in his place. Bro. Rheim's resignation was necessary, as he was so situated on the road that he could not attend to the office. No matter what change may be necessary, you will always find Pioneer Lodge in the front.

PIONEER.



FRANK KINCH is happy now. What is it, Frank?

Ex-SECRETARY OWENS, of No. 129, is a new engineer.

W. O. SMALL's promotion is a matter of great pleasure to his friends.

THE left side no longer knows Bros. Chas. Kendall and Wm. Daley, of 101.

EUREKA Lodge No. 14 is working like a charm. We were among them recently.

BROS. CATLIN, Morris and Chesebroe, all of 122, have been promoted to the right hand side.

A MATRIMONIAL cyclone recently carried Bros. McClure, Wilkinson and Murphy into wedded bliss.

A BIG boy has been added to the family of George Irvin, of New Era Lodge, No. 76. Shake, George!

As a result of labor well performed in the capacity of fireman, Bro. A. Kleeman, of 86, has been made a U. P. engineer.

THE sad death of the infant daughter of Bro. Harlow is announced. No. 94 extends its sympathy to the afflicted parents.

THE members of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, have our warm thanks for their kindness to us on our recent visit to Louisville.

MANY thanks are returned to Bro. C. A. Cripps, of Vincennes, for a fine lot of dressed squirrels recently received from him.

J. EUGENE STOUT's picture now graces our album. He is the latest addition to the family of Bro. Jep Stout, of Little Rock.

T. F. BOOCK speaks in high terms of the treatment he received at the hands of the "Just in Time" boys, while in New York recently.

A NEW recruit has been added to our list of Benedicts in the person of Bro. L. Shannon, of No. 114, who wedded Miss Anna Brey.

THE policy of Bro. John F. McNab, of No. 127, is now payable to Mrs. John F. McNab. John was quietly married a short time ago.

CHAS. MILLER, of Lodge No. 68, returns thanks to members of Lodges 8, 27, 30, 37, 54, 93 and 156 for favors shown him on his northern trip.

THE members of No. 68 return thanks to Lodges 78 and 24 for favors shown Bro. C. M. Miller. Special thanks are returned to Bro. Peters and wife.

GEORGE ABBOTT, of No. 34, is getting right along. First came marriage, then promotion and now a pair of twins have come to cheer his home.

I. P. TUBBS, of No. 139, is running a yard engine in the Tulare yard. Dr. looks well on the right side. Bro. E. F. Wright scoops the 42 on passenger.

IF you wish to see a generous, whole-souled, round-house foreman, go to Belle Plaine, Iowa, and call on Mr. Hutchison. He is said to be the "boss."

TOM MCGUIRE, of Falls City Lodge, is one of nature's noblemen. His hand and his heart go together in our cause, and we have a full appreciation of his value.

It is said that Bro. Shepherd, of No. 60, would like to get on the police force of Denver, provided he could get to patrol the block west of the American House.

THOMAS LEA, of Clinton, Iowa, was derailed the other day and his engine turned bottom side up. Fortunately, he escaped with nothing more serious than a lame back.

THE membership of No. 101 has so increased that her Financier, Bro. W. L. McClure, has found it necessary to take an assistant, said assistant was formerly Miss Mollie Butler.

THROUGH the Magazine, Bro. Charles Sweeder, of No. 131, desires to return thanks to the brothers of Nos. 43, 82, 84 and 124 for their kind treatment of him while in their midst.

BRO. H. K. BURKET, Master of No. 101, has laid down the scoop and associated himself with the firm of Burket & Burket, funeral directors. We all wish him success, as he is worthy of it.

WAR has just been declared against the Papagoes, and James, of the Cactus Lodge, was wounded in a late engagement. Donations of court-plaster and old linen will be thankfully received by him.

A VOTE of thanks was tendered Chas. E. Bullard by Bay State Lodge, No. 73, for the efficient manner in which he performed his duties while acting as their delegate at the Denver Convention.

CARDS have been received, announcing the marriage of Bro. H. S. Hinman, the popular Financier of No. 59, to Miss Nettie L. DeLane. May prosperity always smile on the happy young couple.

Two members of 94, Bros. Spahr and Dietz have just returned from the East. While there Bro. Spahr met with a sad loss in the death of his mother. The sympathy of No. 94 is extended to him in his affliction.

The officers and members of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, desire to return thanks to Engineer Williams and Bros. Malwey and Cook, of Jersey City, for courtesies extended Bro. Fred Burges during his recent travels.

WASHINGTON LODGE, No. 13, reports the marriage of Bros. Ed. Dewitt, Frank Wilkerson and Wahl Donevan and wishes them every success. Sam Lowery is proud of his new boy, as he is seen out riding every Sunday.

MANY thanks to Bros. Collins, Crofton, Campbell, Molan, Hummell, Carter, Bailey, Weller, Hamby and other members of Adair Lodge, No. 100, for courtesies received at their hands while on our recent visit to Bowling Green.

MR. J. EVANS, Master Mechanic over our boys of No. 133, has, by the kindness of his manner and his general good will, endeared himself to the members of Sprague Lodge. May the boys prove worthy, as they doubtless will.

The completion of the first year of the existence of H. B. Stone Lodge, No. 122, is remarkable for having had neither an expulsion or suspension, and for having exactly doubled her membership. All honor to her officers and members.

TIM FAGAN, JR., now graces the household of our esteemed friend and co-worker, Wm. F. Hynes, of Denver. Bro. Hynes is more than proud to be a father, and it is said that he has increased in stature at least three inches since the happy event. May Tim Jr. be as good a man as his father.

E. B. MAYO, of South Pueblo, paid us a friendly visit on his return from Pennsylvania, where he spent a few weeks with his relatives. Bro. Mayo is a Brotherhood man clear through, and we count him among our most substantial supporters. Good luck to Mayo—he is one of our kind, and we shall always be pleased to see him.

BUSINESS at Brainerd seems to be looking up. Bro. Congden has lately got married to a very estimable lady, and Bro. McGuire has been promoted. The best kind of luck to both of you, boys! The Lodge has moved into its new hall and the members are very proud of it.

The sympathy of all his friends is extended to Bro. John Cherry, of Trinity Lodge, in the loss of his beloved little daughter. She was a bright and charming little girl and her loss is mourned by a large circle of sympathizing friends.

WHILE at Bowling Green, Ky., recently, the members of Adair Lodge, No. 100, made our stay exceedingly pleasant. We return many thanks to all the boys for the interest they manifested in our behalf. They entertained us with true Kentucky hospitality.

A FINE photograph of Bro. I. F. Chopper, of No. 86, and his estimable wife, accompanied the announcement of their marriage, which occurred at Laramie, on the 17th of October. We shall give the picture a prominent place in our Brotherhood gallery.

At Louisville, a few days ago, we were made glad by meeting John Clark, of No. 55, and Alex. Cronin, of No. 103. These two members are among the oldest veterans in the cause and were with us "during the times that tried men's souls." Both are old engineers, but they still cling fervently to their first love.

WE had the pleasure of meeting with the members of Adair Lodge, No. 100, at Bowling Green, Ky., recently, and found them to be a wide-awake, active and energetic body of men. Owing to the heavy business on the road they are not able to attend meetings regularly at present, but they will come to the front in good order when time and opportunity permit.

J. W. DAVISON, of Anchor Lodge, No. 54, and Miss Nora Ryan, of Springfield, Ills., were united in marriage at the bride's residence, Oct. 31st. Bro. Davison was accompanied by Bro. R. Nicholson, of No. 54, and Mr. Lodge, of Moberly. He is very popular among his associates, and his bride is an accomplished lady and has a host of friends. They were the recipients of many elegant presents.

WE note with pleasure the double marriage that took place at Bowling Green, Ky., recently. On the 24th of October George Wilkes was married to Miss Anna Graham, and John Noaks to Mattie McGinnis. Both gentlemen are members of Adair Lodge, No. 100, and figure prominently in the social circles there. The ladies are well known and highly esteemed in that locality. We unite with the "Old Hundred" boys in the hope that George and John and their bonny brides may be as happy as they are worthy in their journey through life.

Firemen's Department.

A DIAMOND PIN.

Vigo Lodge No. 16, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Express their Esteem for their Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

A Congratulatory Telegram from Eureka Lodge and a Letter from Hon. J. B. Maynard—A General Surprise Party.

Terre Haute Express.

When Eugene Debs put on his rubber coat last evening, and went out in the rain to fulfill an engagement, he had no idea what a surprise was in store for him. About 8 o'clock a number of his friends, members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, assembled at his home, No. 1102 Main street. Several brought their wives with them. Among those present were Messrs. Adelbert Guernsey and wife, Chas. Bennett and wife, James Smith and mother, Thomas Grace and wife, Mr. E. B. Glenn and wife, James White and wife, John Heini and wife, O. E. Fox, D. V. Crowe, P. H. Stewart, Roy Kilmer, George Badersdorf, Ed Donnelly, Frank Smith, S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Elmer Dearmin, E. B. Mayo, of Pueblo, Col., T. S. Moore, Herman Hugo, of Indianapolis; J. F. Clark, of Hamilton, O., John F. O'Reilly and Kate Baur. The guests were shown to the parlor where they awaited the coming of Eugene. Eugene came home, was met by his mother and sister, and couched up stairs. He started for the parlor, raised his eyes, saw that it was filled with his friends, and exclaimed, "What does this mean?" After a few minutes conversation, in which Mr. Debs expressed his pleasure and surprise, Mr. J. F. O'Reilly was announced by Mr. S. M. Stevens as spokesman of the party. Mr. O'Reilly said:

"MR. EUGENE DEBS: It gives us all much pleasure to meet you here to-night, on this, your twenty-eighth birthday. Those assembled here are your friends. They admire you and respect you more than I can command words to tell. But let me tell you a little story. Twenty-eight years ago to-day a child was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Debs. It was a frail infant that was launched upon the voyage of life. A mother's care watched over you. A loving father and mother watched your growth. With loving hands they gave you every attention their loving hearts could conceive. You grew to be a boy. You went to school, and improved your mind. Next we see you as a locomotive fireman. You told me yourself that it was the proudest day of your life. Next you held an important position in one of the largest wholesale houses in the State of Indiana. Then your fellow-townsmen and friends called you to the office of city clerk, and again they called you to the same important position. When the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was on the verge of bankruptcy, its leaders cast about from East to West, from North to South, to find a man. They selected you. How faithfully you have fulfilled that trust we all know. You have guided the old ship through a storm-tossed sea to a safe harbor. To you belongs all the honor and credit, and to you we give it. And, now, to-night, we

have assembled here to express, in a humble way, our regard for you. Take this (handing him a handsome diamond pin), wear it, and know that it comes to you as the gift of true friends, from men whose hearts beat in union with yours."

Mr. O'Reilly's remarks were received with applause. He is an eloquent speaker, expressing himself in well-rounded sentences. Mr. Debs was almost overcome.

MY FRIENDS: This is a surprise to me—a pleasant surprise. I have not the language at my command to thank you. I can only say that I thank you. I will keep this token of your regard to my dying day. What I have done I would do again. I did it because it was my duty. Whatever regard I have won from you, I am thankful for it."

After the conclusion of Mr. Debs' remarks, Mr. S. M. Stevens read the following telegram:

"INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Nov. 5.
"MR. EUGENE DEBS: The men of old Eureka unite in sending congratulations. The jewel can be no more brilliant than your record in the service of the Brotherhood.

JOHN A. TWEEDIE, Master."

Also the following letter:

OFFICE OF THE DAILY SENTINEL, }
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Nov. 5, 1883. }
S. M. Stevens, Esq., Grand Organizer Brotherhood of L. F.:

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to join with you and other members of the noble Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in doing honor to Eugene V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer. I have known him, and each added day of our acquaintance has only served to increase my admiration for his noble traits of character, and your intimation of the Brotherhood's high appreciation of his virtues, adds new lustre to its fame.

Mr. Debs is worthy the precious token of esteem which you propose to bestow—and no knight of the olden time had better right to be known as a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

Please convey to our mutual friend my best regards and believe me your devoted friend.
J. B. MAYNARD.

After the reading of the congratulatory telegram and letter refreshments were served and a jolly time had. Mr. Debs, his mother, father and sister know how to entertain their friends, and made every one feel at home. Locomotive firemen are a whole-souled set of fellows, and every one of them had a kind word for their esteemed friend. It was certainly the proudest and happiest night of Mr. Debs' short and happy life. His friends, everywhere, will join with his friends of the Brotherhood in wishing him a long and prosperous life.

Special to Indianapolis Sentinel.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Nov. 5.

Eugene V. Debs, Esq., of this city, is the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, and also the editor of the Firemen's Magazine, published in this city. Mr. Debs is a young man of twenty-eight years, but he has the ability of men much further advanced in years. In this city of his home, he is immensely popular, having been for a number of years City Clerk. He is a gentleman of the highest integrity, and in his official capacity, as Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, has brought order out of chaos, and given to the Order a standing, a name and credit equal to any other benevolent order in

the country. As editor of the Firemen's Magazine, his success has been equally pronounced, and the publication now has a monthly circulation of about 15,000.

This evening Mr. Debs was taken completely by surprise by his friends and admirers of Vigo Lodge No. 16, B. of L. F., who had quietly determined to give him a valuable token of their appreciation of his services and the esteem for his many noble qualities of head and heart. As a result, they cornered him elegantly, and when all things were ready, Mr. John O'Reilly, Secretary of the Lodge, presented him with a beautiful and costly diamond scarf pin in a neat and well-timed address. Mr. Debs was quite overcome with emotion, but he responded in words glowing with devotion to his friends and to the Brotherhood, and the occasion was one of the most enjoyable the "boys" ever experienced in this locality.

BOILER EXPLOSION.

Portland (Me.) Argus.

"About 4 o'clock yesterday morning engineer Charles B. Pearson and fireman Henry J. Butler started for Gorham, N. H., with one of the old engines of the Grand Trunk road, to put it in the repair shop. Just this side of Yarmouth the fireman had concluded firing the engine, and the engineer had slowed down, when the boiler suddenly exploded. The entire top of the engine, weighing nearly a ton, was thrown a long distance and buried in the earth. Butler was thrown over the tender and found himself in a sand bank. He was bruised on the shoulder and neck, but did not lose his senses. He gathered himself up, and called out to the engineer, but received no answer. Butler then went back to the engine, where he found the engineer in the tender among the coal. He had been stunned, and had just recovered consciousness. He had received two cuts on his forehead. Remembering that a train was due in a short time, they took a lantern and flag and went up the track half a mile and flagged the train, thus preventing another disaster. They then started to find the telegraph operator, and it was 6 o'clock before they found him and got him to the office.

Both engineer and fireman are members of Great Eastern Lodge No. 4. We congratulate the boys on their narrow escape. Since the explosion Bro. Pearson wears the sobriquet "Cast Iron Engineer."

IMPORTANT NOTICES TO LODGES.

On the 15th of November we sent by *Express* a package of revised Constitutions and By-Laws to each Lodge and by *Mail* two copies of the proceedings of our Tenth Annual Convention. Any Lodge having failed to receive either package will please notify the Secretary of the Grand Lodge. The first package of Constitutions is furnished free of charge—all subsequent orders will be charged at the rate of three cents per copy.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

On the first of November we mailed to each Lodge a package and also a circular of instructions to Magazine Agents. The package contained a subscription book, a receipt book and some subscription blanks. The circular contained instructions of importance to the Agents. Any Agent having failed to receive the package or the circular will please give notice of the fact to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge, so that others can be substituted.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., November 1, 1883.
To Subordinate Lodges:
SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending October 31, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Assess'ts 31 and 32.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Assess'ts 31 and 32.	Total.
1		\$84 00		\$84 00	66		\$39 00		\$39 00
2	\$15 00	26 00		41 00	67	\$2 00	50 00		52 00
3	4 00	118 00		122 00	68		33 00		33 00
4	16 00	28 00		44 00	69		21 00		21 00
5		27 00	\$28 00	55 00	70	11 00	23 00		34 00
6		18 00		18 00	71		65 00		65 00
7	3 00	18 00		21 00	72	1 00	37 00		38 00
8	1 00	19 00		20 00	73		48 00		48 00
9	1 00	48 00		49 00	74	6 00	32 00		38 00
10		78 00		78 00	75	3 00	62 00		65 00
11		100 00		118 00	76	51 00	54 00		105 00
12	18 00	73 00		91 00	77		32 00	\$72 00	104 00
13		76 00		76 00	78		46 00		46 00
14		45 00		45 00	79		33 00		33 00
15		108 00		108 00	80	2 00	46 00		48 00
16	1 00	24 00		25 00	81		83 00		83 00
17	9 00	32 00		41 00	82		47 00		47 00
18		33 00		33 00	83	10 00	52 00		62 00
19		39 00		39 00	84	25 00	61 00		86 00
20	5 00	36 00		41 00	85	4 00	23 00		27 00
21	4 00	35 00		39 00	86		41 00		41 00
22	3 00	29 00		32 00	87				
23		30 00	\$8 00	38 00	88				
24		36 00		36 00	89	1 00	11 00		12 00
25		38 00		38 00	90	4 00	18 00		22 00
26		81 00		81 00	91		1 00		1 00
27		54 00		54 00	92		36 00		36 00
28		39 00		39 00	93		58 00		58 00
29	1 00	18 00		19 00	94	2 00	59 00		61 00
30	10 00	66 00		76 00	95		34 00		34 00
31	1 00	27 00		28 00	96	4 00	22 00	47 00	53 00
32		44 00		44 00	97		22 00		22 00
33	1 00	34 00		35 00	98	2 00	48 00		50 00
34	3 00	30 00		33 00	99		22 00		22 00
35	5 00	58 00		63 00	100		74 00	2 00	76 00
36	15 00	60 00		75 00	101		25 00		25 00
37		72 00		72 00	102	1 00	36 00	26 00	63 00
38					103				
39			55 00	55 00	104				
40		68 00		68 00	105	1 00	34 00		35 00
41	16 00	4 00		20 00	106		21 00		21 00
42		24 00		24 00	107	1 00	24 00		25 00
43		34 00	67 00	101 00	108		25 00		25 00
44		34 00		34 00	109	12 00	23 00	29 00	64 00
45	13 00	50 00		63 00	110		22 00		22 00
46	3 00	23 00		26 00	111	6 00	31 00		37 00
47		40 00		40 00	112		35 00		35 00
48		21 00		21 00	113		17 00		17 00
49	22 00	83 00		105 00	114		32 00		32 00
50	2 00	75 00		77 00	115		40 00	25 00	65 00
51		40 00		40 00	116		15 00		15 00
52	1 00	59 00		60 00	117	5 00	17 00	17 00	39 00
53		31 00		31 00	118		21 00		21 00
54					119		28 00		28 00
55					120		38 00		38 00
56		124 00		124 00	121				
57	4 00	10 00		14 00	122	2 00	38 00	38 00	78 00
58		80 00	90 00	170 00	123		25 00		25 00
59	3 00	74 00		77 00	124		18 00		18 00
60	16 00	77 00		93 00	125				
61		33 00	36 00	69 00	126				
62		38 00		38 00	127				
63	5 00	30 00		35 00	128	2 00	31 00	7 00	38 00
64		37 00		37 00	129				
65					130		29 00		29 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Assess'ts 31 and 32.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 29 and 30.	Assess'ts 31 and 32.	Total.
131	\$2 00	\$19 00	..	\$21 00	153	\$17 00	\$17 00
132	..	21 00	..	21 00	154
133	..	21 00	..	21 00	155	..	10 00	..	10 00
134	..	21 00	..	21 00	156	..	\$17 00	..	17 00
135	37 00	37 00	157	..	20 00	..	20 00
136	..	18 00	..	18 00	158	..	24 00	..	24 00
137	..	22 00	..	22 00	159	..	13 00	..	13 00
138	..	7 00	..	7 00	160	..	21 00	..	21 00
139	..	23 00	..	23 00	161	..	20 00	..	20 00
140	30 00	30 00	162	..	27 00	41 00	68 00
141	30 00	30 00	163	..	14 00	15 00	29 00
142	..	53 00	..	53 00	164	..	20 00	20 00	40 00
143	..	16 00	..	16 00	165	..	16 00	..	16 00
144	..	19 00	..	19 00	166
145	16 00	16 00	167	..	13 00	..	13 00
146	..	8 00	..	8 00	168	..	17 00	..	17 00
147	..	12 00	..	12 00	169
148	170
149	..	46 00	..	46 00	171
150	1 00	..	30 00	31 00	172
151	..	34 00	..	34 00	173	8 00	8 00
152	..	18 00	..	18 00	174	\$1 00	..	19 00	20 00

Balance on hand October 1 \$930 50

Received during month 6,876 00

Total on hand November 1 . . . \$7,806 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

OMISSIONS.

In the report of our Committee on Resolutions at the late Convention the names of J. C. McMullen, general manager of the C. & A. R.R., and O. S. Lyford, general superintendent of the C. & E. I. R.R., were overlooked and did not appear. We return thanks to these gentlemen for their favors to us.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons writing for publication will please write on one side of the paper only. When written on both sides it is extremely inconvenient to prepare matter for the press. We receive many contributions that are so carelessly written that we are unable to do anything with them. In such cases no fault should be found if publication is denied.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the following members have been appointed District Corresponding Secretaries for the year 1883-'84, viz:

Geo. Utter, of No. 5; Wm. Weller, of No. 11; H. H. Burrus, of No. 45; T. H. Vradenbough, of No. 57; E. B. Mayo, of No. 59; C. H. Maul, of No. 75; W. H. Dumphy, of No. 80; Zeb Moore, of No. 93; F. Crawford, of No. 123; G. W. Nesper, of No. 142; Will J. Torrance, of No. 160; and E. K. Cole, of No. 162.

Your duties are specified in Section 8 of Article 4, of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge. At the annual convention of 1884 you will submit a report of the Lodges written to during the year, and also a bill of your postage and stationery for allowance.

Attest:

EUGENE V. DEBS,
G. S. & T.

F. W. ARNOLD,
G. M.

SURRENDER OF CHARTER.

Inter-State Lodge No. 92, of Texarkana, Ark., surrendered its charter to the Grand Lodge October 20th. The scattered condition of its members was the cause.

PATRICK KENNEDY.

We are authorized to publish Patrick Kennedy as expelled from Clinton Lodge, No. 34, Clinton, Iowa, for defrauding the Lodge. The "weeding-out" process must continue until the last fraud is "fired."

CYRUS SHINGLE.

By authority of Enterprise Lodge No. 75 we publish Cyrus Shingle as an ingrate and a dead beat. He was expelled from the said Lodge recently for the worst kind of fraud. Shortly after he became a member he had a death in his family, and the Lodge generously loaned him \$60 with which to defray the funeral expenses. In addition his dues and assessments were kept up by the Lodge. After getting the money he remained away from meetings and shunned the members, and although two years have passed the debt still remains unpaid. A man who would not pay a debt of that nature is vile enough to steal, or do anything else that is mean.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

ONEONTA, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1883.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I acknowledge with profound thanks the donation made to me by your last convention. The amount, \$775.00, was paid to me by A. De Long, Financier of Susquehanna Lodge No. 71.

Very gratefully yours,

RHODA MAKLEY.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 6, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: Allow us, through the columns of your Magazine, to extend our most sincere thanks to those kind-hearted firemen who aided us during our recent bereavement in the accidental death of our son, Charles Witt, who was killed in Wisconsin. Our thanks are specially due to Fred Keeler, Wm. Snyder, Fred A. Mallery, Julius Ball and Newton Bennett, of Lodge No. 26; C. M. Heffy, of Lodge No. 35, and J. B. Murphy, of Lodge No. 150.

Yours truly,

CHRISTOPH WITT.
ANNA WITT.

WEST BROMWICH, ENG., Sept. 10, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from the Financier of Alpha Lodge No. 26, of the B. of L. F., a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00), on account of the death of my son, Albert Gething, for which I extend you many thanks.

I shall always feel indebted to your Order for the great kindness shown me in this dreadful trial. Although my son died far away from home and loved ones, I feel and know that he died among friends. That your association may prosper and continue to be a blessing is the prayer of

Yours sincerely,

MARIA GETHING.

BRainerd, Minn., Nov. 2, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from W. Lincoln, Financier of Pine City Lodge No. 81, a draft for the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000) Dollars on the policy of Insurance held by my late husband, F. D. Millsbaugh.

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the money and also to tender my sincere thanks to the members of No. 81 for their sympathy and assistance at the burial of my husband. I hope and trust that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen may long continue to exist and be a blessing to the widow and the fatherless. Yours, very gratefully,
MRS. F. D. MILLSBAUGH.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

WM. T. THOMAS,

of Welcome Lodge No. 72, died of Oedema August 30th. His policy is payable to his legal heirs.

F. H. AMICK,

of R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31, lost his leg in a collision on the A., T. & S. F. R. R. September 1st, and became entitled to a disability claim.

B. F. DOUGLASS,

of Beacon Lodge No. 111, was pronounced totally disabled September 1st from enlargement of the heart, and becomes entitled to a disability claim.

J. W. DEERING,

of Mount Ouray Lodge No. 140, was killed September 9th, by an explosion of powder, on the D. & R. G. R. R. His policy is payable to Mrs. S. M. Deering.

A. H. MATTHEWS,

of St. Clair Lodge No. 116, died of typhoid fever September 13th. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. A. H. Matthews.

J. E. POWELL,

of Faith City Lodge No. 103, was killed by the overturning of his engine September 17th. His policy is payable to his legal heirs.

B. F. PARKS,

of New Era Lodge No. 76, was declared disabled September 20th, by the loss of a hand, and becomes entitled to a disability claim.

P. O'CONNOR,

of Sacramento Lodge No. 58, was declared disabled September 20th, by the loss of his reason, resulting from a fracture of the brain sustained in a railroad accident, and becomes entitled to a disability claim.

H. A. SPEAR,

of Cactus Lodge No. 94, died September 27th, of yellow fever. His policy is payable to his sister, Mrs. Maud Ryan.

J. H. McCANN,

of Northwestern Lodge No. 82, was killed in a railroad accident September 28th. His policy is payable to his wife.

FRED CASSIDY,

of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29, died of typhoid fever October 3d. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. Clara J. Cassidy.

T. H. McMakin,

of Red River Lodge No. 8, died of typhoid fever August 16th. His policy was void at the time of his death, owing to delinquency.

L. M. PHIPPS,

of Old Post Lodge No. 17, died from injuries sustained in a collision September 27th. His policy was void on account of delinquency.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. R. Barnfather, of Dominion Lodge, No. 67, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

H. Campbell and R. Reynolds, of No. 81, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

Frederick Kelley, of Davy Crockett Lodge No. 145, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of said Lodge.

R. Von Harten, J. K. Myers, Sam Trevellyan and H. C. Cahow, of Stuart Lodge No. 20, are hereby requested to correspond with their Financier.

P. C. Leavitt, of No. 129, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge. Joseph Tover, of Just in Time Lodge No. 149, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

L. Algier, Wm. E. Benson, P. J. Freeman, John Kerns, John H. Long, John Mathison, T. J. Quinlan, J. C. Grant and J. Burkin, all of No. 89, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

J. W. Dobbins and N. B. Wicks, of Trinity Lodge No. 83, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge. Address Jno. O'Malley, L. Box 406, Fort Worth, Texas.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of M. A. Cook, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., will please correspond with H. L. Crofut, No. 1 Delevan street, Rochester, N. Y. He owned a silver mine in Carlin, Nevada.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
8	Sam. Plummer	83
27	Pat. Manlon	39
44	C. M. Pence	49
47	A. J. Randall	113
50	Wm. Griffin	20
54	C. C. Hamilton	54
63	Jos. Austin	40
63	Dennis Casey	36
65	Geo. Graham	26
76	P. H. Giblin	61
77	Ed. Sibley	16
82	P. F. McNamara	98
85	W. J. Cahill	85
97	J. K. Ross	87
124	J. M. Foster	106
128	M. La Plant	41
135	J. R. Paskell	87
140	L. S. Frain	91
140	J. A. Welborn	37
143	L. E. Enos	19
158	A. Rossiter	116
158	F. Broughton	116
162	Wm. Swartz	142
165	Geo. W. Washburn	36
167	Wm. Ogg	77
172	Edward Clement	118
178	Geo. E. Edwards	69

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
11	Wm. Cook.	85	John Burns.
21	P. Ryan.	85	Geo. Eastwood.
38	C. J. Smelter.	89	Wm. Belden.
37	A. G. Turlay.	126	E. C. Fennell.
39	L. C. Peck.		

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
8	Geo. McNeillis	General Principles.
10	J. McAdams	Non-payment of dues.
12	E. J. Cross	Non-payment of dues.
14	C. F. Travis	Contempt of Lodge.
18	Geo. Champion	Non-payment of dues.
24	L. D. Barker	Non-payment of dues.
36	Frank Hoyt	Defrauding Lodge.
36	F. Schelmyer	Non-payment of dues.
37	F. F. Hartman	Non-payment of dues.
47	L. F. George	Non-payment of dues.
56	Thos. Morrissey	Non-payment of dues.
56	Harry Young	Non-payment of dues.
57	Ed. H. Kane	Disorderly Conduct.
59	F. F. Brigham	Non-payment of dues.
59	E. A. Jones	Non-payment of dues.
59	W. W. Joiner	Non-payment of dues.
59	Mell. Lund	Non-payment of dues.
59	Jas. O'Neill	Non-payment of dues.
59	Geo. Silvernail	Non-payment of dues.
59	J. H. Shannon	Non-payment of dues.
59	E. Turk	Non-payment of dues.
61	C. G. Converse	Non-payment of dues.
63	Chas. Schwartz	
70	Al. Bilby	Non-payment of dues.
75	Cyrus Shingle	Defrauding Lodge.
76	H. E. Stewart	Non-payment of dues.
76	E. H. Barnard	Non-payment of dues.
76	Chris. Johnson	Non-payment of dues.
77	Wm. Enos	Non-payment of dues.
77	J. J. Guyton	Non-payment of dues.
81	R. G. Knoll	Non-payment of dues.
82	W. P. O'Brien	Non-payment of dues.
82	J. W. Millard	Non-payment of dues.
85	Lawrence Welch	Non-payment of dues.
87	R. M. Slout	Non-payment of dues.
87	B. H. Raynor	Non-payment of dues.
87	Julius Johnson	Non-payment of dues.
87	H. E. Cautlin	Non-payment of dues.
87	Jno. Taggart	Non-payment of dues.
89	John Allen	Violation of obligation
89	Frank Smith	Non-payment of dues.
91	C. Fisher	Non-payment of dues.
91	Owen Dally	Non-payment of dues.
91	F. Kearns	Non-payment of dues.
91	A. J. Cunningham	Non-payment of dues.
91	H. Hubbard	Non-payment of dues.
95	E. Wall	Non-payment of dues.
95	C. B. Smith	Non-payment of dues.
95	A. LeBrun	Non-payment of dues.
95	Thos. Quinlan	Non-payment of dues.
95	Frank J. Haynor	Non-payment of dues.
95	H. E. Curtis	Non-payment of dues.
97	L. L. Baker	Non-payment of dues.
98	F. E. Hall	Non-payment of dues.
100	A. H. Green	Contempt of Lodge.
105	Ed. W. Litner	Non-payment of dues.
107	G. Miller	Non-payment of dues.
135	A. F. Lance	Dead-beat.
143	E. C. Jordan	Contempt of Lodge.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
22	Geo. B. Latte.	59	David Shaw.
59	G. L. McCardell.	63	Chas. Schwartz.
59	Robert Mann.	75	E. W. Frantz.
59	E. Turk.	75	E. Vaughn.
59	E. Jones.	75	Thos. Simpson.
59	Mel. Lund.	118	F. E. King.

LIMITED WITHDRAWALS.

Issued by Lodge No.	Names.	To join Lodge No.
10	H. G. Bechold	107
26	Geo. Graham	—
26	Wm. Coppin	—
31	J. F. Page	153
31	W. T. Shryock	179
31	W. A. Doolittle	179
36	C. H. Hoffman	164
37	J. A. Weilborn	140
37	G. Hedigar	178
37	C. C. Dewey	178
37	E. H. Prindle	180
39	Fred. B. Dalzell	85
40	Joseph Austin	68
50	W. A. Stephenson	162
56	Jos. Browning	54
59	Chas. Donnelly	—
61	P. H. Giblin	76
70	Joseph Healy	155
77	Geo. Quess	—
77	M. McConnell	—
90	A. W. Clark	173
97	H. Longstaff	—
98	C. Schaeffling	178
108	Frank Van Hagen	178
122	Wm. Kessel	39
140	Chas. Huff	178
140	Dennis Ryan	178
140	S. S. Sanford	178

RESOLUTIONS.

PALMERSTON, ONT., Nov. 4, 1883.

At a regular meeting of Wellington Lodge, No. 181, held November 4th, it was unanimously

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to Bro. Phillips for a beautiful gilt frame for our charter; also to Miss Cotterill for a handsome satin motto entitled "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be presented to Bro. Phillips and Miss Cotterill and that a copy of the same be sent to the Magazine for publication. D. J. NICOLL, Secretary.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct. 31, 1883.

At a special meeting of Orange Grove Lodge No. 97, held October 19, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our highly esteemed brother, Henry C. Amadon, was murdered by cowardly assassins on the 27th day of September, and

WHEREAS, Our Order has lost a staunch supporter and his father, mother and little ones an affectionate son and father, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to the father, mother and little ones our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. While they have lost a devoted parent and son we have lost an honored member, whose memory we shall cherish for all time.

Resolved, That we tender to the various fire companies of which he was a member our thanks for the interest they took in the funeral of our departed brother.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days as a token of our sympathy for our deceased brother; that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the afflicted family and that they be published in Firemen's Magazine.

H. E. MOORE,
FRED. POTTER,
A. L. POTTER, } Committee.

RICHFORD, VT., Oct. 26, 1888.

At a special meeting of Eastman Lodge No. 134, B. of L. F., held October 26, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this earthly lodge below to the Grand Lodge above, our brother and Master, C. E. Jones, who was killed on the 22d day of October, while jumping from a train, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Eastman Lodge No. 134, regard the death of our departed brother and Master as the loss of one of our most earnest workers, and one of the first to found our Lodge.

Resolved, That to his mother, father, brother and sister our warmest sympathies are hereby extended in their bereavement, and they may be assured that they will ever find the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen able and willing to aid and encourage them through life.

F. C. LANGDON,
JAS. BURNS, } Committee.
W. J. RUMSY,

MARQUETTE, MICH., October 13, 1888.

At a regular meeting of S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150, held in this city October 13, 1888, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the universe, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed brother, Charles A. Witt, who was killed in a collision on the Madison Division of the C. & N. W. R. R. October 11, 1888; and

WHEREAS, Our Order has lost one of its Charter members and a true B. of L. F. man, and his parents an affectionate son; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150 tender to his bereaved parents their heartfelt sympathy; while they have lost a noble son, we have lost an honored member, whose memory will long be cherished by us.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect to our deceased brother; also that these resolutions be published in our Magazine and a copy be sent to the bereaved parents.

JNO. HOOSER,
WM. KITTS, } Committee.
JOHN CHATTEM,

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 25, 1888.

At a regular meeting of Falls City Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F., held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, whose wisdom is above our comprehension, we have been deprived by death of the fellowship of our newly acquired and highly esteemed brother, Jake E. Powell; therefore be it

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved relatives and friends of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their affliction; while feeling that we cannot estimate their sorrow, we trust that they may be enabled to bend with resignation and fortitude our mutual loss.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days in respect to our late brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved parents of the deceased, spread on the minutes of the meeting and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

R. C. STADER,
JOHN T. O'Hearn, } Committee.
WM. PETTIBONE,

BROCKVILLE, ONT., Sept. 30, 1888.

At a regular meeting of Island City Lodge No. 68, B. of L. F., held in their hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The sister of our worthy brother, Wm. Flanigan, has presented this Lodge with a beautifully worked altar spread and an appropriate motto:

WHEREAS, These handsome gifts are objects of beauty and taste, and are beautifully designed for their purposes;

Resolved, That we consider these gifts as a token of respect for our Order, and trust that she may long live to cherish these feelings of love and esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the donor of these beautiful gifts that now adorn our Lodge room; also be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

F. G. LAWRENCE,
R. F. TURNBULL, } Committee.
E. MORTIMER,

FT. GRATIOT, MICH., Oct. 23, 1888.

At a regular meeting of St. Clair Lodge No. 118, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of divine Providence, whose wisdom is beyond our comprehension, we have been deprived of our beloved brother, Abraham H. Matthews, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved family in this sad affliction.

Resolved, That St. Clair Lodge has lost one of its best members and his family a dutiful and affectionate husband and brother, and we commend them to Him who alone can comfort the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, as a mark of respect to our deceased brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the late Bro. Matthews, and that they be also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

E. G. HUBBARD,
H. BOUCHER, } Committee.
S. S. KERWIN,

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23, 1888.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held this day, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise Providence, to remove from our midst our esteemed brother, James L. Dewitt, who died of typhoid fever on July 31, 1888; and

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother to say that, regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our esteem and confidence;

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the wife and family of the deceased; on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to inflict them we commend them for consolation to Him who ordered all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That we express our regrets, by draping our Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days; that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, that a copy be presented to the bereaved widow and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

F. DUPELL,
J. PENNYPACKER, } Committee.
H. C. EWING,

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., Nov. 5, 1883.

At a regular meeting of New Era Lodge, No. 76, B. of L. F., held Nov. 4th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been made the recipient of a beautiful banner, ornamented with tinsel fringe, the work of Mrs. Geo. Sebastian, wife of our worthy Master, therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this gift as a mark of the great appreciation in which our noble Order is held by this worthy lady.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Mrs. Sebastian for the elegant gift received from her and for the interest she has taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Sebastian, also that they be spread on the record of this Lodge and published in the Magazine.

BENJ. PARKS, }
J. CLARK, } Committee.
GEO. MILNER, }

MASON CITY, IA., Oct. 19, 1883.

Died—At his home, in Sanborn, O'Brien Co., Iowa, on Wednesday, October 3d, of typhoid pneumonia, Frederick Cassidy, aged 29 years. The deceased had been a member of our Order less than a year, but owing to his steady habits, unassuming manners and fidelity to our principles he had endeared himself to every brother who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and had earned for himself the respect and esteem of the citizens of the place in which he lived. He leaves a wife and one brother here, with relatives and friends in New Hampshire to mourn his loss.

One comforting thought, however, is that he died, not as most men in his dangerous calling do, by violence and without a moment's warning; but on the contrary, sweetly finding him in full possession of his faculties, prepared for the great change which he knew was inevitable. At a regular meeting of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29, B. of L. F., held on Sunday, October 7th, 1883, the following resolutions of respect and sympathy were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the pleasure of the Grand Master of the universe to remove from our midst our esteemed and worthy brother, Frederick Cassidy, by death, therefore be it

Resolved, That we recognize in the death of Bro. Cassidy the loss of a worthy and exemplary brother whose example in life is fully worthy of our emulation; and the loss to his wife of a loving and devoted husband and protector.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved wife and other relatives and friends of the deceased our truly heartfelt sympathies, believing that we can in some measure appreciate the depth of their sorrow by our own.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our departed brother the charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the record of our Lodge; that copies of the same be presented to the wife and brother of the deceased, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine and the Sanborn Pioneer.

At the same meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. H. E. Cory and John O'Leary for their kind assistance to us during the sickness and at the burial of our brother; also to the host of friends who contributed so liberally to the relief fund.

JOHN GALLAGHER, }
J. J. FARRELL, } Committee.
JAMES CLAYTON, }

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahsen, Chairman . . . Chicago, Ill.
C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.
W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.
A. J. Resgan Portland, Maine
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 853 . . . St. Thomas, Ont.
Wm. Weller Phillipsburg, N. J.
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Little Rock, Ark.
T. H. Vradenough Boston, Mass.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 . . . S. Pueblo, Col.
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. . . Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. Dumphy, Box 436 . . . Aurora, Ill.
Zeb Moore, 713 Falcen St. . . Keokuk, Iowa
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway . . . Toledo, Ohio
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. . . Evansville.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- 1. DEER PARK;** Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 28 Master
J. L. Van Orden Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 2. HAND IN HAND;** Providence R. I.
Meets 2d Monday.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. . . Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. . . . Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent
- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER;** Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
Asa Dolan, 217 Pavonia Ave. . . . Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
- 4. GREAT EASTERN;** Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . . Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. . . . Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 5. CHARITY;** St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
Geo. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
G. Utter, Drawer 853 Mag. Agent
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST;** Desoto, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
Aaron Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findon Mag. Agent

- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D.C.**
J. S. Black, 30 Sixth St., S. W. . . . Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. . . . Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. . . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St., S. E. Mag. Agent
- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Tex.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. K. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
J. T. Edward, L. Box 233 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
J. F. Mathews Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Piqua shops Master
F. L. Ellis, Piqua shops Secretary
J. W. Arnold, Pioneer Block Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua shops Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St Master
Thos. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
P. Cummins Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 385 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Geo. Hull Master
Robt. Mulford Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
Wm. Rhodes Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedie, 233 E. Washington St. Master
W. T. Screeb, Box 66, Brightwood
Ind. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Can.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Master
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Financier
C. A. King, 477 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
F. Smith, 419 N. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
Wm. Williams, Box 213 Financier
E. Cahow, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
J. Lynch, 1. M. Round House, St.
Louis, Mo. Secretary
J. H. Clarke, 7915 Michigan Ave. Financier
J. D. Fisher, Cor. 3d and Haven
Sts. Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. M. Garrett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
G. C. Pittenger Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton, Brookfield, Mo. Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
J. Wood Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
P. B. Denney Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
J. Humphrey Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 187 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
F. McKay, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Gransley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. C. DuBels, Box 434 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. B. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Avenue Master
F. Johnson, 713 N. St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. McMahon Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent

- 33. SUCCESS**; Trenton, Mo.
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. J. Iler Secretary
G. Atherton, Box 353 Financier
T. Sugar Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON**; Clinton, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 139 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY**; Amboy, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE**; Lafayette, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 150 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, L. E. & W. Shops. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE**; Centralia, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON**; Stratford, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Lamb, Box 318 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY**; Rock Island, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING**; Bloomington, Ills.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washington St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD**; Mandan, Dakota.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO**; Madison, Wis.
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH**; St. Joseph, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Financier
H. Dunn, Elwood, Kan. Mag. Agent
H. P. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ills.
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
W. H. McGarrahan, Box 171 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 238 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crane Master
W. O. Shelley, 723 West 4th St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 723 West 4th St. Financier
H. H. Lindenberger, Pine Bluff Depot Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Washington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Webster, 8th and Scarrett Sts. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. H. Giff, 17 O'Brien St. Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash Ave. Financier
L. Burns, 20 Gano St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES**; Peoria, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Cullen Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND**; Decatur, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3391 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hannahan, 3391 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO**; North Springfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 96 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL**; Logansport, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Fione, L. Box 626 Master
H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
F. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
W. Neupher, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA**; Emporia, Kan.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. L. McGill Secretary
M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR**; Moberly, Mo.
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 867 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 867 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 867 Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY**; Memphis, Tenn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER**; Stansberry, Mo.
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent

- 67. BOSTON;** Boston, Mass.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands, Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass., Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown District, Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass., Mag. Agent
- 68. SACRAMENTO;** Rocklin, Cal.
C. W. Myers, Master
B. H. Estabrook, Secretary
C. B. Dilley, Financier
J. P. Clark, Mag. Agent
- 69. ROYAL GORGE;** South Pueblo, Col.
Meets every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45, Master
I. S. Pribble, Box 782 Pueblo, Col., Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col., Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col., Mag. Agent
- 70. UNITED;** Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St., Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St., Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2610 Alder St., Financier
J. Shepherd, 2610 Alder St., Mag. Agent
- 71. MINNEHAHA;** St. Paul, Minn.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St., Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave., Secretary
J. M. Sheldre, 505 Robert St., Financier
S. J. Murphy, 491 E. 5th St., Mag. Agent
- 72. VANBERGEN;** Carbondale, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh, Master
J. Cobb, Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288, Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288, Mag. Agent
- 73. HERCULES;** Danville, Ills.
Homer Davis, Box 772, Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772, Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772, Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772, Mag. Agent
- 74. SIOUX;** Sioux City, Iowa.
J. L. Sheely, Master
W. H. Roberts, Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278, Financier
E. A. Bennett, Mag. Agent
- 75. FORT RIDGELY;** Waseca, Minn.
J. Ansellne, Waseca, Minn., Master
Wm. Bauman, Secretary
P. G. Lindell, Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26, Mag. Agent
- 76. CHALLENGE;** Belleville, Ont.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry., Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry., Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry., Financier
H. Lavole, Mag. Agent
- 77. DOMINION;** Toronto, Canada.
Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St., Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St., Secretary
J. Kew, 46 Tecumseth St., Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St., Mag. Agent
- 78. EAU CLAIRE;** Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis., Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis., Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis., Financier
W. J. Edgar, Box 124, Altoona,
Wis., Mag. Agent
- 79. ISLAND CITY;** Brockville, Ont.
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer, Master
N. J. Scott, Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294, Financier
T. Shields, Box 248, Mag. Agent
- 80. LONE STAR;** Longview, Texas.
T. Cordell, L. Box 364, Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364, Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364, Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364, Mag. Agent
- 81. SUSQUEHANNA;** Oneonta, N. Y.
C. C. Bunker, Box 672, Master
J. A. Canning, Box 504, Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679, Financier
A. DeLong, Box 679, Mag. Agent
- 82. WELCOME;** Camden, N. J.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 593 Carman St., Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St., Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St., Financier
H. Higgins, 428 S. 3d St., Mag. Agent
- 83. BAY STATE;** Worcester, Mass.
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St., Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court, Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St., Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St., Mag. Agent
- 84. KANSAS CITY;** Kansas City, Mo.
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave., Master
W. Piercy, 1323 18th St., Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St., Financier
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St., Mag. Agent
- 85. ENTERPRISE;** Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 3837 Haverford St., Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St., Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St., Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St., Mag. Agent
- 86. NEW ERA;** Fergus Falls, Minn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251, Master
G. Miller, Box 2, Secretary
W. R. Roberts, Box 252, Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252, Mag. Agent
- 87. ROCKY MOUNTAIN;** Denver, Col.
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St., Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St., Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St., Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St., Mag. Agent
- 88. GOLDEN EAGLE;** Sedalia, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham, Master
J. H. Nisewanger, Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100, Financier
J. Coslin, L. Box 968, Mag. Agent
- 89. J. M. DODGE;** Roodhouse, Ills.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 186, Master
D. M. Young, Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19, Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48, Mag. Agent
- 90. SELF HELP;** Aurora, Ills.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478, Master
W. H. Humphrey, Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252, Financier
H. Gass, Box 1717, Mag. Agent
- 91. PINE CITY;** Brainerd, Minn.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. A. Boadecker, Box 624, Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37, Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 782, Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458, Mag. Agent

- 93. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 8 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicollet Ave. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Iroll, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1003 10th Ave. S. Mag. Agent
- 94. TRINITY; Forth Worth, Tex.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
G. T. Gaynin, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 94. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Flghe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 1084 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
J. Randolph, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 95. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
F. A. Woodward, Box 738 Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 96. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. H. Haskins Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 186 Secretary
Hans Olson, Box 156 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 97. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Mag. Agent
- 98. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
E. W. Dennis Financier
S. Blackham Mag. Agent
- 99. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nev.**
Meets every Tuesday at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
W. B. Tuney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 100. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
- 101. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCraigh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops. Financier
A. Dieterich, S. P. R. R. Shops. Mag. Agent
- 102. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Harris, 15 West 8th St. Master
J. O. Geran, 147 West 8th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Ulita St. Financier
T. Lee, 10 Babcock St. Mag. Agent
- 103. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Z. Moore, 713 Palean St. Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
G. Sick, Box 810 Mag. Agent
- 104. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Hayes, 681 Elston Ave. Master
J. Pierce, 31 Schnell St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith, Box 72 Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 102 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
G. F. Duttlinger Secretary
G. F. Duttlinger Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
J. S. Vickers, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 114 E. Locust St. Financier
C. M. Krull Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. O'Hearn, 1629 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
W. M. Reardon Master
James Noe Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy Master
C. McCutchnia Secretary
J. C. Herron, 524 Mulberry St. Financier
H. W. Wallbaum, Box 1187 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson Box 190 Financier
W. E. Armor Mag. Agent

- 106. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
W. M. Cline, Alamosa, Col. Financier
H. S. Smith, L. Box 2622, Alamosa, Col. Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Friday at 7 p. m.
L. Fisher, 2409 Adams St. Master
W. Davis, 3019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau Ave. Financier
P. Molter, 2806½ Chouteau Ave. Mag Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Illa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Doppell, Box 565 Financier
L. Welsh, Box 295 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sursa Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
A. D. Isom Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
Wm. Hull Financier
G. L. Oram Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
W. McGuire, Box 625 Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Pralme, 216 West Ave. I Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
E. G. Hubbard, Box 154 Financier
F. Minard Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
W. Temple, 109 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 7 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorbam, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
A. Cummings, 52 Laurel St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 83 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
F. Hamner, Box 492 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 183 Financier
J. E. Hurley, Box 341 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Casey, Cor. 13th & California Sts. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Rait, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
W. Harrigan Secretary
M. Kelliher Financier
F. W. Snyder Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillette Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Cochran, 159 Ross St. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. S. Gill, C. P. Shops Financier
H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. LaPlant, Box 55 Master
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
W. H. Clark Financier
W. H. Blake, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 318 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliff, 73 Meadow St., Oshkosh, Wis. Financier
J. M. Brown Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent

- 133. SPRAGUE;** Sprague, Washington Ty.
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
G. Williams Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN;** Richford, Vermont.
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
C. E. Jones Master
E. R. Remington Secretary
F. C. Langdon Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR;** El Paso, Texas.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. J. Luft, Box 182 Master
M. Campbell, Box 182 Secretary
Wm. P. Smith, Box 182 Financier
J. B. Matthews, Box 182 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT;** Port Hope, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
H. N. Johnson Master
G. Campbell Secretary
Wm. Alexander, Box 206 Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION;** Eldon, Iowa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
C. W. Sheffer Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION;** Freeport, Ill.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
P. Hayes Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY;** Tulare, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
W. H. Evans Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY;** Salida, Col.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
R. Gough Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 569 Financier
A. F. Duey Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER;** Fort Wayne, Ind.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St Master
F. J. Penoyer, 178 W. Berry St Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St Financier
G. Miller, 212 Francis St Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE;** Toledo, Ohio.
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and
every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
H. H. Brown, Elkhart, Ind Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
J. L. Allen, Cor Dix and Knower
Sta Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS;** West Oakland, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood st Financier
G. H. Voegel, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF;** Campbellton, New Bruns-
wick.
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
H. B. Maltby, New Castle, N. B. Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT;** San Antonio, Texas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY;** Houston, Texas.
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St Financier
J. J. Saugster, 196 Washington
St Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND;** Temple, Texas.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH;** Tyler, Texas.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114. Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME;** New York, N. Y.
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Sat-
urday at 8 P. M.
E. Freeman, 280 E. 10th St Master
W. J. McCall, 328 Ninth Ave Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St Financier
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS;** Marquette, Mich.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF;** Hamilton, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St Financier
Wm. Baines, 40 Magill St Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP;** Wells, Minn.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD;** Fort Scott, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
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W. D. Schellinger, Box 1244 Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willaner Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN;** Ottawa, Kansas.
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE;** Greenville Texas.
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
W. B. Maydwell, L. Box 74 Secretary
W. B. Maydwell, L. Box 74 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES;** Palestine, Texas.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
Sam. Duncan Mag. Agent

- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
James Smith Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
Geo. Spackman, 430 Forte St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
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J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn. Financier
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Financier
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Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Mag. Agent
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W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
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C. D. Price, 412 S. Main St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Mondays and 2d Sun-
day.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
G. M. Winegardner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Master
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Loughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
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A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
A. C. Pettengill Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
J. E. Hagerty Master
P. Burns Secretary
J. R. Dickinson Financier
G. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
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G. A. Ferguson Master
L. E. Ferguson Secretary
F. Wall Financier
T. Brinson Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Stirmemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellesville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
A. C. Vandermark Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
G. B. Cloynton, Box 918 Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. Mattes Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Financier
R. Wilson Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
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J. L. Armstrong, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Financier
S. Porter Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
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P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
W. H. Farnsworth Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
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H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
H. A. Mateer, 1619 5th St. Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
J. S. Buckingham, Box 1007 Master
H. R. Brown Secretary
F. M. Howard Financier
J. Floyd, Box 602 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. W. Winnick Master
L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Secretary
L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Financier
J. H. B. Campbell Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
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C. W. Tenney, Box 673 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs Financier
D. Love Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 166 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 166 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
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D. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sargeon P. O. Mag. Agent

JANUARY, 1883.

VOL. 7.

NO. 1.



FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

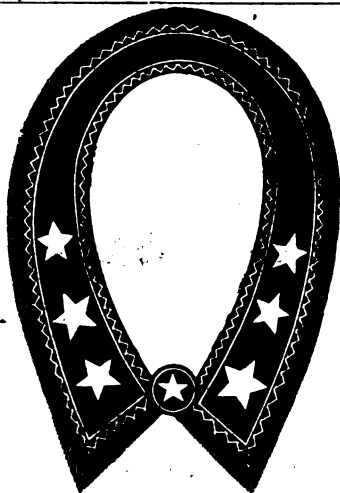


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FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.



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EUGENE V. DEBS,
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TERRE HAUTE, IND.

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WM. F. HYNES,
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DENVER, COL.